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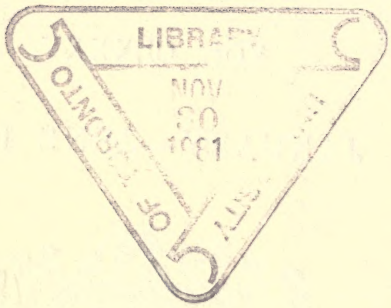

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCXIX. JANUARY 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

The Story of the Young Turks, . . . 1

Old Irish Life: Duels, ... 13

Some Memories of My Spare Time, 1856-1885.—III.
By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., ... 29

The Franco-German War—Aid for the Wounded—After Sedan—In Metz—Under Fire.

Cuvée Reservée. By "Ole Luk-Oie," . . 49

The Mountains of the Moon, ... 61

Tiflis to Constantinople *viâ* the Black Sea Ports, 70

Crabbe. By Oliver Elton, ... 78

The New June. xlvii.-lii. By Henry Newbolt, . 91

The Two Painters. A Tale of Old Japan.
By Alfred Noyes, 107

Sea-Wolves, ... 115

The Church and Social Problems, . . . 126

Musings without Method, ... 133

Oxford and the Working Class—The Broad Avenue to Scholarship—The Synoptic Mind—The Failure of University Extension—The New Plan—The Injustice done to the University—Provincial Colleges—Sir Henry Maine's 'Popular Government'—The True Meaning of Democracy.

Our Manacled Fleet.
By an Admiral with Fifty-one Years' Service, 143

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCXX. FEBRUARY 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

THE COMPANY OF THE MARJOLAINE. By JOHN BUCHAN, 151

A CATERAN IN CALCUTTA. By GRANGATLI, . . 171

OXFORD, PAST AND PRESENT.
By the Warden of Wadham College, 181

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. By CHARLES WHIBLEY, . 192

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.—IV.
By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., ... 203

The Commune—How I Got Out of Paris—A Heavy Bombardment—"Domestic Fury and Fierce Civil Strife"—An Interview with the Emperor—Bazaine—My Book Suppressed.

FROM SHAM TO THE CITIES OF SALIH.
By F. G. Clemow, M.D., 219

BOSWELL, ... 233

THE NEW JUNE. LIII.-LXI. By HENRY NEWBOLT, . 252

AT A TURKISH ELECTION, ... 272

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD, ... 276

Democracy True and False—Compulsory Service—The Benefit of Training—A National Spirit—The Decay of Independence—The Power of the Navy—The Danger of Surprise—What we have to Lose—Thrift, Public and Private—The Virtue of Economy.

THE TANGLE IN INDIA.
By Sir Charles Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I., 286

THESE BE YOUR GODS, O ISRAEL! . . . 300

NEW YORK:
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCXXI. MARCH 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

MOUNT ABU. By EDMUND CANDLER, . . . 307

THE OFFICERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. By O. C. WILLIAMS, 321

THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE, PAST AND PRESENT. By the WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE, 335

POLITICAL INTERLUDES—COMIC AND OTHERWISE. By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P., 344

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.—V. By GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B., ... 351

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN—WRITING AGAINST TIME—OFF TO NATAL—SOME REMARKABLE SERMONS—WORK FOR 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE'—WORK FOR 'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH'—A 'WORLD' DINNER—MARSHAL MACMAHON—A DINNER OF EDITORS AND SOLDIERS—OFF TO CYPRUS—A STORY OF A GRIEVANCE—OFF TO ZULULAND—OFF TO INDIA—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE—LORD LYTTON.

"THE BLUIDY MACKENZIE," 368

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.—II. By CHARLES WHIBLEY, 380

THE NEW JUNE. THE END. By HENRY NEWBOLT, . 392

WHEN DOG EATS DOG. By "OLE LUK-OIE," . . 418

THE LOSS OF A LUSTRUM. By COLONEL A. KEENE, R.A., 428

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD, ... 438

THE DEATH OF COQUELIN—CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC—COQUELIN A CLASSIC—MME. BERNHARDT AND IRVING HIS ANTITHESES—"LE JUIF POLONAIS" AND "THE BELLS"—COQUELIN'S TEMPERAMENT—THE TRADITION OF MOLIÈRE—"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"—THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS—THEIR FOUNDER—THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE KILT—A NOBLE RECORD—AT WATERLOO—AND AFTER.

THE DOMINATING ISSUE, ... 449

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MONTHLY.

No. MCXXII. APRIL 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.
By Sir Nathaniel Dunlop, LL.D., Shipowner, . 459

The Error of the Modern Economist—Britain's Commerce and Prosperity not due to Free Trade—The Lesson Taught us by Germany—The Remedy.

TO THE HILLS OF SMOKE AND THE IMPERIAL PORPHYRY QUARRIES OF THE ROMANS. By A. E. P. Weigall, 472

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.—VI.
By General Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., . 483

Military Attaché in Paris—Prince Napoléon—The Waddington Family—Gambetta—De Blowitz—De Lesseps—Canrobert—Ireland—Valentine Baker—Gibraltar—A Perilous Voyage—Gordon Relief Campaign—A Strange Coincidence—Sir Ian Hamilton—Ouida.

THE LITERARY SIDE OF THE LAW REPORTS, . . 506

THE COCKNEY BOUNDER. By Sidney Low, . . 520

THE SEAMAN. By David Hannay, . . . 536

A FIGHT IN THE BUSH, ... 546

LADY LOUISA STUART. By Florence MacCunn, . 554

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS. By Grangatli, . . 567

ACTÆON. By Alfred Noyes, ... 574

BLUFF IN THE BALKANS, ... 579

The Great Serb Idea—Aehrenthal's Diplomacy—Europe's Responsibility—The Passing of Servia.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD, ... 585

The Victorian Era—The Queen's Journal—The Art of Government—A Ministry of Amateurs—Training *v.* Good Intentions—The State of the Navy—The Instincts of Englishmen—A Patriotic Minister.

BREACHING THE BUREAUCRACY.
By Sir Charles Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I., . . 595

Popular Election in India—Hybrid Parliaments—Government by Suggestion—Lord Morley and Mr Gokhale.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCXXIII. MAY 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

A Man's Man. Book One. Chapters I.-III.
By Ian Hay, Author of 'The Right Stuff,' . 605

Sir John Ardagh.
By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., ... 627

The Year Round in Northern Nigeria.
By W. B. Thomson, ... 645

Sir John Sinclair and Arthur Young.
By A. T. S. Goodrick, ... 658

A Winter Venture. By X., ... 671

The Admirable Crichton. By Charles Whibley, . 691
A Prodigy in Arts and Arms—Knight-errant of Pen and Sword—A Masterpiece of Panegyric—Heroic Tasks and a Challenge—Slain: a Dastardly Crime—A True Child of his Age—Only a Name.

An Anglo-Indian Worthy, ... 706

Sir Hugh the Palmer. By Henry Newbolt, . 720

Musings without Method, ... 723
Relics of the Saints—A Modern Pilgrimage—Mr Birrell and the Motor-Cyclist — Another View — Congreve and Voltaire—The Body-Snatcher Abroad—Shakespeare and Posh—The Strike at Ruskin College—*Les Disciplines de la France*—The Encroachment of Germany—The Triumph of the Second-Rate.

In Memory of Swinburne. By Alfred Noyes, . 733

Naval Defence by Panic.
By An Admiral of Fifty-one Years' Service, 735

The *Coup d'État* in Turkey, ... 742

The Parliamentary Situation, ... 749

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCXXIV. JUNE 1909. Vol. CLXXXV.

CONTENTS.

"Characters." By Charles Whibley, . . 757

A Day in a Game Reserve.
By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton, . . 770

A Man's Man. Books One and Two. Chaps. IV.-VI.
By Ian Hay, Author of 'The Right Stuff,' . 785

A Sacred River-Head. By Professor James Sully, 813

The Prisoner of War, ... 821

A Jaunt to Janina. By Orlo Williams, . . 834

With my Salamanders, ... 844

Schweinehund, ... 856

Diary of Recent Events in Constantinople.
By One on the Spot, ... 863

Musings without Method, ... 873

University "Reform"—Lord Curzon's Proposals—The Poor Man—Ability or Poverty?—The Duty of the University—Ideals Old and New—Degrees for Women—Convocation to the Rescue!—The Budget—Finance or Revenge—An Unsettled World—The Profits of Literature.

Editorial Note—Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, . 886

Index, ... 887

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THE STORY OF THE YOUNG TURKS.

Salonika, *December*.

It would not be possible to begin the New Year in a better manner than by studying briefly the extraordinary phenomenon that has been witnessed in the Near East in 1908. The present writer was bold enough to suggest in the pages of 'Maga' nearly three years ago that the reflection of the results of the Russo-Japanese conflict was certain to make itself felt throughout the world for several years to come. Nor has this been proved an empty prophecy. Not only has the awakening of the East been responsible for a readjustment of the grouping of the European Powers, but it has given impetus to a spirit of nationalism from which, with perhaps the exception of Afghanistan, no considerable country has escaped. In the East proper China is heaving against the lethargy of despotism; India has deceived herself into believing that she is ripe to imitate Japan; Persia has created and armed a national party; and in Europe, while the Russian people have clipped the claws of absolute monarchy, Turkey, the effete, the crumbling Empire, has committed herself to a revolution, possibly the most amazing, because it was the least expected, in the history of mankind. The story of the Young Turk movement is so interesting, and the results it has attained are so astounding, that the outline of the movement deserves a more consecutive record than exists at the present moment.

Abdul Hamid came to the Ottoman throne pledged to make Turkey a constitutional Empire. The first Turkish constitution lasted barely a year, and the country relapsed into a state of Oriental despotism, which existed until July 24, 1908. It is not neces-

sary to trace the paralysing effect of this retrogression. This history of Turkey for the past generation has stood in Europe for all that was backward and effete. Disastrous wars had snatched territory from the Empire, internal disorder had estranged the sympathies of Europe, and oppression and deliberate opposition to progress had apparently sapped the Turk of all his pristine virility. It appeared that the Ottoman Empire was only suffered because its strategical position, passing into other hands, menaced the whole fabric of European tranquillity. The Powers made covenants about it; they dragged its dignity in the dust by imposing conditions upon it; and they even forced upon it foreign control for its more intimate institutions. In fact, the Ottoman Empire was treated as a magnificent ruin standing at the eastern boundary of Europe, from which every tourist Power might clip a relic as a *porte bonheur*.

For once the intuitive faculty of Europe had missed fire. In spite of system forced upon them, the Turks are still a race of conquerors. You have but to witness the servility of the parasitical races in their midst to realise this fact. They are a race of conquerors exhausted by the worst attributes of conquest. Right by conquest was their original claim to Empire. And until the very last gasp of the Hamidian rule it was by the relics of this right alone that they clung to their patent of sovereignty. But the fate of nations does not depend only upon this right. Conquest may bring sovereignty, for a while even it may secure it, but in the long-run it is integrity and justice that confirm the title. Blind despotism trading upon an ancient title will eventually crumble before either external pressure or internal disruption. Both these elements were already at war upon the Turkish Empire. But although propinquity to Europe, with its menace of progress and armament, forced upon Turkey some slight measures of modern advance, mental licence was but grudgingly admitted. To hold even a despotic empire an army was necessary, and it was through this army that the Turkish nation was to see first light. To obtain even the small level of efficiency which the Hamidian rule grudgingly allowed to the army it was necessary that some few officers should come into contact with the outer world. Their influence gave the first sensation of insecurity to the Yildiz *régime*. To counteract the evil effects of this contact with a progressive world a merciless system of espionage was fashioned in Constantinople. Freedom was denied to conquerors and conquered alike. None except the very carefully selected were allowed to travel; no man's existence was safe from the labyrinth of Palace espionage. Officers who commenced their studies in the military schools in the capital, once they graduated, were posted to regiments

in the provinces, and were never allowed to return to the Bosphorus. The navy, since if it became efficient by contact with the outside world it would imbibe the poison of free-thought, was destined to become a collection of useless hulks, affording nominal commands for Hamidian instruments. The *corps d'élite* of the army, the Palace Guard at Yildiz, was composed of the most ignorant and fanatical material to be found in the Empire. It was pampered and cajoled in the environment of the sovereign, while its officers were selected from promoted sergeants who could not read. Fanaticism and fatalistic confidence in the Sultan were taught and encouraged by stirring up periodical race conflicts. Massacre and rapine against Christian sections of the community were employed to fan the worst interpretations of Mohammedanism. Public funds were deliberately converted to private uses, while the administrative bureaux of the country were starved, until it was only by the profits from corruption and oppression that the ordinary machine of state could run at all.

Abdul Hamid, however, is by nature a coward. If he had been otherwise, it is possible that the decadence of the Ottoman Empire might have taken another course. His cowardice has proved his solitary virtue as a ruler: it is responsible for the Young Turkish *régime*. Always fearful that the multitude of his sins would find him out, Abdul Hamid instituted a campaign against individual progression amongst his subjects. The merest suspicion of enlightened tendency was sufficient crime to warrant banishment. It is credibly stated that in the last decade no less than thirty thousand educated Turks have fled the country or been banished to the "Siberias" of the Empire. Many, under flattering invitation from the Palace, have been summoned to Constantinople and a worse fate. Some, of course, have surrendered to the blandishments of power and office. But so grinding was the iron heel of despotism that Europe saw no fate for the Ottoman Empire other than disruption by decay.

But Abdul Hamid's terror of personal violence was really working towards the salvation of his Empire. Many of his subjects under the ban of his displeasure settled upon Paris as a convenient *point à pied*. Here they came under the influences of modern progress; were able to judge of the qualifications for modern statecraft; and what is more important, to realise the full measure of the canker at the heart of their own country. In this small knot of fugitives from the wrath of the Yildiz despotism is found the genesis of the Young Turkish Revolution.

Some years back these fugitives in Paris banded themselves into a patriotic committee, which had as its object the somewhat chimerical prospect of a regenerated Turkey. It founded a paper which was published in Paris, and for

some time rallied round the person of Murad Bey. But Murad Bey was of inferior clay, and he seceded to the blandishments of Yildiz, and returned to Stamboul to lay the whole story of the movement before the Sultan. Unwittingly, Murad Bey proved a patriot, because this knowledge so frightened the cowardly Abdul that he increased the vigour of his domestic campaign against progress, and thereby drove a further number of patriots into exile, while he heightened the despair of the more intelligent of his remaining subjects. But the real live impetus given to the regenerating movement found its genesis in Macedonia. Here the intelligent Turks were face to face with the real Nemesis which was threatening their Empire. They had already witnessed the passing of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina from the star and crescent. They saw in the grouping of the Powers the imminent dangers that threatened their country. The dark alliance between Austria and Russia, to encourage disorder between the Christian elements in Macedonia. The impatience of England, France, and Italy to assert a right of interference in Turkey's internal affairs. They witnessed the sinister aloofness of Germany, with its rapacious friendship at Yildiz Kiosk. They saw their country in its impotence drink deep of the cup of national degradation when the Powers of Europe, along the sights of their naval guns, forced capitulations upon the Sultan. Of all these demonstrations of impotence, insulting to the *amour propre* of a great nation, perhaps the establishment of the international *Gendarmerie* and of the Italian Posts drove furthest home.

But even these indignities brought their compensations. With the exception of the British "section," the foreign-instructed *Gendarmerie* was not a success. But the influence of British officers, their marked superiority over their foreign colleagues, their capacity and enthusiasm for instructional work, and their extraordinary similarity with the Turks in the matter of good manners when dealing with the men, opened a train of thought in the minds of the resentful, but yet observant, Young Turks. The *Gendarmerie* was a blessing in disguise; for while it furnished that fillip to awakening sensibility that resentment alone could furnish, it stimulated the belief that the Turks themselves were capable of doing likewise, if only it were permitted to them to make the attempt. Then came the all-instructive lesson from the Far East. The Young Turks realised that their hopes were not all dreams. They saw what a small and determined nation had been able to effect. From that moment the Young Turkish movement, which had hitherto seemed a chimera, became a rapidly increasing national sentiment. The desire for progress had broken through the dwarf-

ing influences of a hundred years.

The movement included educated Turks in both military and civil employ, and naturally enough it was in Macedonia, where the effects of the abuses of the Hamidian *régime* were most in evidence, that the movement crystallised. Either a constant fear of espionage, or perhaps the peculiar Oriental quality of secretiveness, enabled the young Turks of Salonika to establish themselves as a nationalist secret society. The exact initiation of this fraternity, and its means of safe promulgation, are naturally shrouded in much obscurity. It is the Turks' own secret, and apart from their natural reserve, there is no reason why they should advertise it. Let it suffice to say that it came into being upon a model of freemasonry. It is about three years since the "Committee of Liberty" was inaugurated at Salonika. In spite of the energy of the Palace *mouchards*, in spite of one effective sweep by the Palace arm, the movement made phenomenal progress.

It opened communication with the Paris fraternity, which had made great headway under Ahmed Riza Bey, so much so that, as the objects of the two societies were identical, they became identified under the title of the "Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress." In time this organisation established branches throughout the Empire. The working of the central Committee appealed to the national sentiment. The movement spread with a rapidity that might well have caused the old despot at Yildiz many sleepless nights, if he had realised the extent to which it had ramified. Working committees were formed in every considerable town in European Turkey, and the propaganda was carried by courageous emissaries into Anatolia and Syria. Europe had known of the Parisian Young Turks for years, but had never given them serious thought. Such virility as Young Turkey has demonstrated during the past six months was not expected in so desiccating a carcass as was the Turkey of Europe's conception. But the Young Turks have shown not only that they possessed the virility to uproot the upas-tree of despotism, but that they possessed also a clear-sighted vision of the requirements of their own case, which enabled them to launch their endeavour upon a set and studied programme. It is for this reason that the great work they have effected is apart from, and superior to, all contemporary national movements.

The Committee is probably the most remarkable directing board the world has ever seen. It is absolutely impersonal. It has no leader, no group of leaders, party, or faction. It meets under the direction of a chairman, but the dignity of the chair lasts but for one *séance*, the function of which passes in rotation. Its decisions are impersonal. Its

extent even, and the form of its deliberations, are unknown outside the circle it encloses. It is the Committee, and, to the outside world, that is all there is to it. The Committee realised that without the army the venture of Young Turkey must prove a failure. It determined, therefore, that its first duty should be the conversion of the 3rd Army Corps, the Macedonian garrison, into the instrument of Young Turkey.

It has already been shown how, of all the provinces of the Turkish Empire, Macedonia was the most influenced by the immediate dangers threatening the solidity of the Empire. In like manner it presented the most profitable field for the spread of the Young Turk propaganda. The constant war waged in the mountains of Macedonia against Greek, Bulgarian, and Albanian bands kept the Macedonian army at a strength, and in a state of practice for war, that was unknown elsewhere in the army. Moreover, it was officered, for the most part, by "the dangerous young men from the military schools," the Sultan preferring, as has already been shown, to officer the Home Army Corps with officers promoted from the ranks. Also, the army of Macedonia was much scattered. The unrest in the Christian provinces necessitated much detachment duty. This simplified the labour of instructing the men. Removed from the watchful eye of unsympathetic seniors, and promptly dealing with all Palace spies themselves, the young officers so plied their instruction that by the end of 1907 practically the whole of the 3rd Army Corps had taken the oath of fealty to the Constitution. But it must not be thought that the Committee rested satisfied with its work in Macedonia. Far from that, it carried on an active campaign by propaganda throughout the Empire. But it set itself to have the solid support of the largest and most efficient, the 6th Army Corps, in case circumstances should arise to force the passive campaign of propaganda and organisation into active revolt against the reigning dynasty. Efforts were made in Anatolia, which is the depot of Turkey's reserve in fighting men, to so prepare the minds of the people that battalions sent to quell a revolution in Macedonia might be trusted to fall into line with the new movement. The 2nd Army Corps at Adrianople produced sufficient sympathy in its officer ranks to admit the hope that it would join the banner of freedom *en masse* if the agitators were given time until 1909 to perfect their arrangements.

There are two points that stand out with regard to this campaign of propaganda. The first is the rapidity with which it made ground, and the second is the secrecy of its growth. The success of the propaganda must have come as a surprise even to the Committee; the secrecy of the movement not only defeated the scrutiny of the Yildiz Palace spies, but quite upset the calculations of

all Europeans who were intimately connected with Turkey. It was, of course, known that such a movement was afoot. The Paris organ openly boasted of it. But the Palace was, until the beginning of last year, content to treat it as a chimera, and Europeans never gave the Young Turks the credit of being able to create the wonderful organisation they had already perfected. To prove how the Committee kept its secret, an English officer of the *Gendarmerie*, who is immensely popular with the Turks, told the writer that until two months before the establishment of the Constitution he knew nothing of the adherence of the army to the movement. Then a Turkish officer with whom he was intimate, at the end of a long confidential dissertation on the grievances of his country, said suddenly, "We will solve it by a strike of the army." In common with the rest of the world, the writer's informant considered this as an impossible and chimerical threat.

But towards the beginning of 1908 the information that had filtered through to the Palace, and a certain unrest among the officers of the Adrianople garrison, had alarmed the Sultan, and he sent a commission to Salonika to inquire into the affair, and cautioned his senior officers to stamp out the movement in the army. This commission of Hamidian time-servers furnished Yildiz with a certain number of names. The work of this commission but added to the fire of resentment that was now smouldering so fiercely, and as a direct result one Niazi Bey, an officer of the Macedonian army, made for the hills of Resna, and with a small following raised the flag of revolt against despotism. This was on July 5, and on the following day hectographed manifestoes declaring a Constitution appeared posted in public places in the town of Monastir.

Frenzied messages kept the wires hot from Yildiz. The Turkish general in the northern *vilayet*, Shemshi Pacha, was instructed to move at once with all necessary force and definitely exterminate the mutineers, who, from the Resna hills, had now declared the Constitution established. They had chosen their ground well, for while being removed far from the executive power of the Sultan, they were in the heart of the country which they had already moulded to their cause. Almost to a man the soldiers of Monastir and Ochrida had taken the oath of fealty to the Constitution. Shemshi Pacha proceeded to put his instructions to the test. Before, however, he could leave Monastir to place himself in a position from which to operate, he was deliberately shot, in broad daylight, by one of the officers of the Macedonian army. This officer, in uniform, walked up to the carriage and shot the general dead. Having committed this act, he sauntered leisurely away. Not a hand was raised to stay him. He was the instrument of the will of the people.

Still further alarmed, the Palace sent stringent wires to the commander of the army corps to crush this open development of the Young Turk movement. It was now that symptoms declared the malady. When put to the test the army of Macedonia refused to act against the insurrection. Then the Sultan sent a certain Nazim Bey, a notorious Palace myrmidon, to Salonika to proscribe the ringleaders. Nazim Bey worked hard in the interests of the Palace. Salonika and Macedonia were flooded with spies.

On the 8th of July forty-eight officers known to be in sympathy with the movement were arrested and sent off at once to Constantinople, where they were cast into prison. As a response, on the 10th July, one Hakki Bey, a Palace informant, was shot in Salonika itself, and on the following day, July 11th, Nazim Bey was shot at and wounded in broad daylight in the streets of the same town, while the would-be assassin escaped arrest. Nazim Bey immediately fled back to Constantinople, and laid the desperate state of affairs before the Sultan. Abdul Hamid was now terrified beyond all anticipation, and he immediately dispatched yet another commission to carry out a further policy of repressive proscription. The first to fall under the ban was a certain Enver Bey, a young staff-officer of great promise, who had been attached to Hilmi Pacha's staff. The procedure of the new Commission took a more subtle course than open arrest. Enver Bey received a most flattering invitation from the Palace to visit Constantinople, with promises of immediate advancement. Perceiving the cloven hoof, this young officer opined that the invitation meant either "the fatal cup of coffee," or acquaintance with the shells at the bottom of the Bosphorus. He, therefore, preferred the freedom of the Resna hills. Taking a further contingent from the mutinous army with him, he joined Niazi Bey at Resna, and thereby converted incipient insurrection into an open revolt against the despotism of the Sultan.

From this moment affairs moved with great rapidity. On July 13 the Committee of Union and Progress at Salonika publicly associated itself with the mutiny of the army in the north, and it was realised for the first time by foreign observers that the secret work of propaganda had been far more widespread than any one had imagined. The whole of the army in Macedonia was implicated in the movement. Moreover, the signs given in Adrianople showed that the 2nd Army Corps, though not so completely convinced as that in Macedonia, was sufficiently prepared to warrant the threat, which the Committee now cabled direct to the Sultan, that unless he granted the Constitution the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps would march upon Constantinople.

The Palace, though pitiable in its vacillation and indecision,

was not yet convinced of the true state of affairs; and Osman Pacha, who had succeeded the luckless Shemshi, reeled off the usual Palace tirade to the troops at Monastir. His message from the Sultan began with terrible threats, and ended, as all such missives usually did, with promises of rewards and promotion to those whose loyalty was proved. As a result the troops actually fired upon the Pacha. After this proof of the temper of the army the Sultan seems to have realised that he must meet the movement with concessions, though apparently he was not yet convinced of the steadfast determination of the leaders. He could not realise that he had subjects who could not be bought. His first sign of weakening, however, came on July 21, when the thirty-eight officers who had been arrested at Salonika and transported to the capital were released from jail. But before this concession was granted the mutineers were pressing their campaign. The Committee of Union and Progress had informed the foreign Consular body in Macedonia that the Constitution was established. Nor was this an empty boast. In the north, the mutineers had marched upon Monastir, while at Salonika the town was actually in the hands of the Committee, which, in spite of the Director-General, Hilmi Pacha, had issued its manifesto.

It is here that Hilmi Pacha, the Sultan's chief representative in Macedonia, publicly enters the arena. The Committee of Union and Progress informed him on July 23rd that he must declare the Constitution on the 24th or take the consequences. Hilmi Pacha played a most courageous part. He told the Committee that although his sympathies were with the Young Turkish movement, yet he held his office from the Sultan in the interests of the existing *régime*. Therefore he could not act at the suggestion of the Committee unless he received instructions from the Palace. The Committee gave him twenty-four hours in which to arrange that these instructions should reach him.

This was tantamount to a sentence of death, for no one at that moment believed that the Palace was sufficiently instructed or imaginative to admit the necessity of a surrender. But, although he had not admitted it to the Committee, Hilmi Pacha, as Inspector-General of the three Macedonian *vilayets*, had already informed the Sultan's Ministers of State that nothing but the granting of a Constitution would save the situation. It can be imagined how, when he actually received the ultimatum from the Committee, his messages kept the wires to Yildiz Kiosk red-hot. But even the assurances of Hilmi, who to the last held the confidence of the Sultan and his advisers, did not readily drag the concession from the grudging despot. The story of the last meeting of Ministers under the old *régime* is not the least dramatic

incident in the story of this wonderful revolution. It was late at night before the Ministers could come together. In their anxiety the existing Ministers had called in two elder statesmen from retirement to aid them in their all-important deliberations. At last, after long discussion, the President admitted that, as the force did not exist with which to quell the mutiny, there was no solution but to grant the people the Constitution they desired. He proposed, he said, with the consent of the assembled meeting, to go to the Sultan with this decision. His words were received in silence. He looked into the faces of his colleagues, and each in turn, so it is said, averted his eyes. Then the President rose, and repeated a Turkish proverb which, in translation, means "Gentlemen, I take your silence for consent." Leaving the Ministers sitting there in silence the President passed through the *portière* into the presence of the Monarch.

On the following day Hilmi Pacha came down to the crowds assembled before the White Tower at Salonika and read to a people frenzied with joy the announcement that the Sultan had granted a Constitution to his Empire, and had placed upon an equality all races, creeds, and denominations living within the vast area of the Ottoman dominions. Thus Macedonia, the rock upon which all Europe believed the crazy ship of Ottoman Empire was destined to disintegrate, proved to be, on the contrary, the haven responsible for her repair.

But although the Young Turks had wrung a great concession out of their reluctant sovereign, they were not altogether out of the wood. After the establishment of the Constitution they had a task in front of them even more difficult than the great end they had already achieved. They had to face the elements of reaction, and in the presence of this opposition find the men to weld and organise the many conflicting nationalities in their midst. They had to be prepared for the resentment of at least one of the great Powers, and perhaps more, that would not view a remodelled and progressive Turkey with complaisance. They had to satisfy the rapacity of the Greeks, Albanians, and Bulgars, who, nurtured in lawlessness in Macedonia, could hardly be expected to sink immediately into law-abiding subjects of a Government of whose metamorphosis they could not be sure.

But the Committee of Union and Progress was still working upon a plan. Success did not find it at fault. The Committee's first step after assuming the reins of government, or rather of establishing itself in the position of the "man behind the scene," was, as far as possible, to propitiate the unruly element in Macedonia; to eliminate from the 2nd Army Corps such reactionary elements as had remained loyal or doubtful before the *coup d'état;* and to establish an unquestionable

influence over the existing Ministers of State.

The first expedient proved more successful than even the most sanguine had hoped. Macedonia was tired of partisan warfare, with its constant drain upon all the resources of the villagers; the leaders of all the bands gave willing ear to the Committee officers who went amongst them, and, for a time at least, they have laid aside their arms. The simple expedient of dismissing the time-expired soldiers of the 2nd Corps, and shipping them back to their homes in Anatolia, killed the reactionary element remaining in that army; while the transfer of many of the strongest influences for reform to Stamboul prevented an immediate organisation of those reactionary propensities which naturally still existed in the capital. But there were other elements at work which carried a far greater impetus than could any personal effort of the devoted band of Young Turks. The *coup d'état* had opened the floodgates of light and liberty upon a country that had been in the dark and in bondage. The army of spies and palace touts vanished into obscurity; free speech and liberty of the press flooded the capital and country with sensations neither had ever before experienced. Turk, Greek, Armenian, and Jew fraternised in public. Ottomans of all creeds and distinctions experienced a pleasure in life that under the old *régime* had never even touched them in their dreams. Whatever hopes the reactionaries had entertained for the future, at the moment of granting the Constitution, must now be dissipated beyond all expectation. There is now no promise of their ever again seeing in Turkey a state of affairs even approximating the old and corrupt despotism.

It is not the object of this paper to follow the fortunes of the Young Turkish *régime* through either its recent foreign difficulties or the shoals it is now passing. Recent events in the Near East have created a situation so complicated and so delicate, that it were almost impossible to treat of them in a single paper. It has been the writer's humble desire simply to place on record a consecutive narrative of the means the Young Turks employed to bring about possibly the most startling revolution of all time. Now that the Committee of Union and Progress has effected its general election, and established a Parliament for its country, it claims that its mandate as a governing body has ceased, and it accepts the less ambitious *rôle* of a political party in the Parliament it has itself brought into being. It has, however, created in its mysterious inner circle another powerful committee, the definite object of which is to watch over the interests of the Constitution. This is another way of saying that it proposes to guard the Constitution from any possible forces of reaction that may chance to be arrayed against it. We have

now to see how the salvation of the Ottoman Empire, which has opened so favourably, will be worked out. We have witnessed much wisdom on the part of the Committee of Union and Progress. It has in many cases shown a foresight which has astounded Europe. It has exercised in its successes a forbearance and equilibrity of purpose which should be the admiration of all observers. It may not have shown the same aptitude to apply organisation that we may have expected after the lifting of the veil upon its marvellous powers of solid organisation. But it must be remembered that the upheaval was forced upon the Committee several months before the time it had itself appointed. This being the case, it was forced to content itself with much of the existing machinery of State. To the Committee it seemed the better course to convert this machinery rather than invite the inevitable chaos that would have followed its immediate dissolution. It would not be fair to say that the Young Turks were not right, until time shall have proved them wrong. We now witness the same ship of State, under the same titular captain, putting out upon the perilous seas of European politics, but with a new complement of officers, a crew that no longer consists of galley-slaves, and what is perhaps the most interesting experiment, with the addition of a totally new compass, in the existence of a powerful "secret society" behind the chart-room. It is a venture that all Europe must watch with interest and perhaps with anxiety.

OLD IRISH LIFE: DUELS.

ROBERT MARTIN of Dangan, concerning whom I wrote in my last paper,[1] was succeeded in the ownership of Connemara by his more celebrated son, Richard, who was entitled to style himself either counsellor or colonel at his pleasure. He had been elected Colonel of the Galway Volunteers upon their embodiment in 1779, when he was but twenty-five years of age, and he had also been called to the bar, as was very customary with young Irishmen of position at that time, though save in the solitary instance when he appeared against Fighting Fitzgerald, which has been already narrated, he never practised as a barrister. He is, however, better and more honourably known by his nickname of Humanity Dick, which was bestowed on him because of his great love of animals. It was entirely owing to his efforts that the first Act for their protection, still known as Martin's Act, was passed through Parliament after the Union. Like his father, he was a noted duellist, but whilst the elder Martin was renowned for his swordsmanship, it was as a crack pistol shot that his son won his fame. He was once asked how he could reconcile his readiness to fight duels with his indignation at any suffering inflicted upon animals. "Sir," he replied curtly, "an ox cannot hold a pistol." His meaning, of course, was that the dumb creatures who serve us have no means of avenging their own wrongs. The story of his duel against Fighting Fitzgerald has been already told; earlier in his life he fought another against his quondam friend and distant relative, James Jordan, which is less known, but was much more tragic in its outcome.

Jordan belonged to the adjoining county of Mayo, and till their disastrous quarrel Richard Martin and he had been the closest of friends and associates. Jordan had likewise been called to the bar, and both the young men belonged to the Connaught circuit, and went upon its rounds, more, it would seem, for the conviviality conjoined with those legal journeyings than for purposes of practical business.

The progress of the Connaught bar in those days from one assize town to another was an event attended with much pomp and circumstance. Every counsellor rode on horseback, and was followed by his servant also mounted, and carrying his master's belongings in saddlebags which dangled from the horse's flanks. It was forty years after the time of which we write before the Connaught bar purchased a waggon in joint possession, wherein to transport its members' baggage. From consider-

[1] 'Maga,' Jan. 1908.

ations of safety, no less than of *camaraderie*, the whole troop kept together upon the road, and at the entrance of each circuit the grand jury and the sheriffs with their halberdmen came out to receive and welcome the cavalcade.

Soon after Dick Martin and Jordan had come to man's estate they decided to see something of the world in each other's company, and set out accordingly upon a prolonged tour abroad. After visiting most places of note in Europe, they proceeded to America, where they spent a considerable time, partly in New England and partly in the West Indies. Jordan had entrusted his mother with the management of his affairs during this lengthy absence from home, and upon his return he was by no means pleased at the condition into which they had been allowed to lapse. He reproached her for her neglect of his interests more warmly than was perhaps altogether fitting, and the relations between mother and son became very strained in consequence.

Upon the next coming of the Connaught bar to Castlebar, Mrs Jordan sought out the youthful Colonel of the Galway Volunteers, and confided her troubles to him. Dick Martin, who was always ready to champion the helpless and the distressed, was stirred to indignation by the widowed mother's complaint, and he unfortunately allowed his feelings to get the better of him. At the bar dinner that night, in presence of a large company, he spoke out strongly to Jordan, upbraiding him for his unkindness and disrespect to his mother. Jordan hotly resented what he regarded as an unwarrantable intrusion into his private concerns. Angry words ensued, and a hostile message followed in due course.

A night's reflection had, however, served to convince Dick Martin that he had been in the wrong, at any rate in the publicity which he had given to his remonstrance, and he was most sincerely anxious to avoid a rupture with his former friend and crony. He was already a duellist of proved reputation, but for the first and only time in his life he declined the challenge, and offered a full and complete apology in its stead. Jordan, however, refused doggedly to accept of any *amende*, and a meeting was therefore arranged to take place in a field in the outskirts of Castlebar. Even then Richard Martin came upon the ground unarmed, hoping that at the eleventh hour, and at sight of him, the companion of his boyhood, Jordan's better feelings would assert themselves. But Jordan proved implacable; he was deaf to all attempts to bring about a reconciliation, and he insisted that since Colonel Martin had come unprovided with pistols he should make use of one of his. The ground was measured out, the adversaries placed opposite each other, and at the first discharge Jordan fell, mortally wounded. He died after a few days of great suffering, to Richard Martin's lasting and most passionate grief. Many months afterwards, when

dining at a friend's house in the county Galway, he was seen, in utter oblivion of his surroundings, aiming his dinner-knife at an imaginary opponent. "I could not have missed you," he muttered to himself; "no, Jordan, it was impossible."

Fighting Fitzgerald had also a very serious encounter early in his tempestuous career. He fought a regimental officer in the town of Galway, and was himself very dangerously wounded in the head. A well-meaning but rash relative posted off to the county Mayo to summon his father to what was believed to be the deathbed of the son, whom he at that time idolised. It may possibly be remembered that later in life Fitzgerald and his father were at deadly feud, and that Fitzgerald kept his father in custody, chained alternately to a dray and to a pet bear. Upon this present occasion his parent, on receipt of the disastrous intelligence, gave vent to his feelings by drawing his sword and plunging it into the body of the Job's messenger. Luckily the blade struck the hip-bone, and the over-zealous relative was thus preserved from being run through.

It was a matter of argument in those days whether assize or election times were most productive of affairs of honour. At least three hundred notable duels were computed to have been fought in Ireland in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. No gentleman was held to fill his station in life properly till he had smelt powder, and one of the first inquiries always made concerning a newcomer into any neighbourhood was, "Has he blazed?"

Galway and Tipperary were considered the foremost counties for duelling. Galway carried off the palm for swordsmanship, whilst the duellists of Tipperary were the most accurate and deadly shots. Mayo came not far behind in either branch of the art, and was followed, though more distantly, by Sligo and Roscommon. At the summer assizes of 1777 delegates from these five most pre-eminent counties met at Clonmell and drew up a code by which the procedure in affairs of honour, and all points of etiquette connected therewith, were to be governed in future. It was somewhat grandiloquently entitled "The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmell summer assizes and presented for general adoption throughout Ireland," but was more familiarly known as the Thirty-six Commandments, the rules and regulations laid down being thirty-six in number. Every Irish gentleman was considered bound by them, and was expected to keep a copy in his pistol-case, so as to be unable to plead ignorance as an excuse for any breach of these maxims. The chief points enumerated were that the original aggressor must be the first to apologise, even should the aggrieved have been guilty of the greater rudeness. For instance, should one gentleman accuse another of some trifling breach of manners or of court-

esy, and the other retort that he lied, yet the former must make the first apology, because he gave the first offence, and not till after such apology and one exchange of shots might the other offer his excuses. After two shots had been fired on either side, however, it was open to the more grievous offender to make his explanation and the original aggressor might then apologise. If any doubt existed as to which of the parties was the original aggressor, the question must be decided by the seconds, and if they should be unable to agree the duel must proceed till two rounds had been exchanged, or till one of the adversaries was wounded, as the challenger should elect. Firing in the air, or dumb-shooting, as it was called, was strictly prohibited. A challenge should not be given, so it was very reasonably contended, without due cause, and if the challenged had given just offence, he should have apologised before coming on the ground. *Children's play*, said this rule, was therefore dishonourable to one side or the other. The regulation was none the less very frequently disregarded, and more honoured in the breach than the observance. Another very sensible rule decreed that challenges must never be sent at night, unless the individual to be challenged intended leaving the locality before morning, by this means ensuring at least sobriety and the cooling effects of a night's sleep to heated and heady dispositions. The choice of weapons rested with the challenged, unless the challenger passed his word of honour that he was no swordsman; but in that case he might not object to whatever weapon the challenged selected as his second choice. The challenged had also the selection of the ground, but the challenger named the distance at which the combatants should stand, whilst the seconds fixed the time and the manner in which the firing was to take place. A special rule referred to what were called simple, unpremeditated encounters with the small sword: that is to say, where two gentlemen quarrelled and fought the matter out there and then, without preliminaries of messages or seconds, with the swords that were always worn ready to hand in those days. In these cases the rule laid down was simple and short. First draw, first sheathe, it said, unless blood were drawn, when both combatants must sheathe and proceed to investigation, —whether of the wound or of the cause which had led to the fracas, the rule did not make clear.

Seconds were bound to do their utmost to effect a reconciliation before the meeting took place, and also whenever in their judgment sufficient shots had been exchanged, or one party or the other had been seriously enough wounded. It was very specially enacted that seconds must be of the same rank and social standing as their principals, inasmuch as they were very likely to be

drawn into the dispute and to become principals in their turn. Should the seconds quarrel over their arrangements and decide to have a combat on their own account, it must take place simultaneously with that of their principals, the seconds standing at right angles to them, and shooting across their fire, something after the fashion of a quadrille figure. If the duel were fought with swords, then the seconds were to fight side by side with their principals, five paces apart.

One four-handed duel of this sort was actually fought in Galway. Sir John Bourke of Glinsk, over an election dispute, challenged Counsellor Amby Bodkin, one of the committee who had drawn up the Thirty-six Commandments, and who was considered to be the best authority of his day on all points of duelling etiquette. The seconds were not to be outdone, and resolved to have their share of the fun. A great crowd gathered to witness the meeting, and the retainers of the family brought out Sir John's son and heir, a little fellow of four or five summers, "to see papa fight." He was perched on the steward's shoulders to watch the fray at his ease. The four combatants were drawn up in quadrille form, ten paces apart, and the signal was given by an umpire discharging a pistol into the air. At the first volley the two principals were slightly wounded; the second discharge took better effect,—Counsellor Bodkin and both the seconds reeled and came to the ground. They were all three more or less seriously wounded, but happily no lives were lost as a consequence.

Upon another occasion Counsellor Ned Lysaght, a noted duellist, or gamecock as the expression then was, was acting as second to two other counsellors, when his fellow second said to him, "Take care, Mr Lysaght, your pistol is cocked!"

"Well, then, cock yours," retorted Lysaght, "and let's have a slap at each other as we are idle." That time, however, the request was not acceded to.

During the General Election of 1783, when Colonel Martin unsuccessfully contested the county Galway, one of his strongest supporters upon the hustings was a Mr D'Arcy, a very fluent speaker, endowed with a fund of humour, a powerful Irish brogue, and unlimited courage. He had, however, unhappily lost the use of his lower limbs, and was therefore transported from place to place in a sedan chair, or carried, where the chair could not go, in the arms of the brawny chairmen. During the election, which, by the way, lasted nearly two months, he received some affront from a young gentleman belonging to the opposite camp, a stranger in those parts, and promptly called him out. The young man was naturally averse to fight a man considerably older than himself under such unequal conditions, and he begged that Mr D'Arcy would nominate some one of his friends to meet

him. D'Arcy, furiously incensed, swore that it was not his fashion, nor the fashion of the county Galway, to fight by proxy, and that he himself and no other would fight the young spark. Having therefore no alternative, the latter went to the ground at the time appointed, and found D'Arcy seated in an arm-chair and eager for the fray. Not to be outdone, the younger man despatched his second for another arm-chair, and, sitting opposite each other, the combatants fought several rounds, till the seconds at last intervened and the affair terminated.

The law, then as now, declared duelling to be illegal, but no one had cause to trouble themselves on that score when the legal profession distinguished itself above all others for its pugnacity and its readiness to fight "for the dissension of a doit." During one western circuit, at a somewhat later date, an attorney named Fenton and Counsellor Hillas of the Connaught bar, who were engaged in the same case, had a dispute concerning fees. Fenton challenged Hillas and shot him dead. Fenton was apprehended and brought to trial at the ensuing assizes. The facts were undisputed, and the presiding judge charged the jury accordingly. By the law, he said, it was murder, wilful and premeditated, but then, warming to his subject, "Before God, gentlemen," he cried, "I vow I never heard of a fairer duel in the whole course of my life." Needless to say, the jury, without leaving the box, acquitted the prisoner. Other judges very frequently put it to the jury whether there had been any foul play or not, directing them to acquit if they found there had been none, and the jury, most of whom were probably duellists themselves, or at any rate in strong sympathy with the custom, were only too ready to respond. One very notorious case did indeed occur in the West of Ireland. In the year 1788 two gentlemen, Robert Keown and George Nugent Reynolds, having quarrelled, went out to fight each other. Mr Reynolds, on coming on the ground, took off his hat and courteously wished Mr Keown good morning, whereupon Keown shot him through the head. Reynolds' second cried out furiously, "Murder! a foul murder!"

"If you don't like it, take that!" retorted Keown's brother, who was acting in like capacity, and snapped his pistol at his co-second, but happily it missed fire.

Keown was found guilty of murder; he appealed, but the conviction was upheld, indeed one can hardly conceive its having been reversed, and he was duly executed.

Such occurrences were fortunately most rare, affairs of honour being in general conducted with the most scrupulous punctilio, and enjoying, as already said, the highest legal sanction. Young men destined for the law were exhorted to perfect themselves in the noble science of defence, as a most important part of their equip-

ment for their future career, and many men of high eminence at the bar owed their success quite as much to their daring, and the number of duels they had fought, as to their eloquence or their legal acumen.

"My young friend," said Dr Hodgkinson, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, to a student who aspired to be called to the bar, and who had consulted him as to the course of study which he had best pursue, "practise four hours daily at Rigby's pistol-gallery. That will advance you to the Woolsack faster than all the law books in the college library."

John Toler, who was afterwards Lord Norbury and Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, was the younger son of an impoverished Tipperary landlord. His father, when he lay dying, called him to his bedside, and told him that as the estate must pass to his elder brother, all he could bequeath to him was £50 and his duelling-pistols,—a handsome, silver-mounted pair of barkers such as were heirlooms in most Irish families at that day, being handed down from father to son and marked, some of them, with a nick for every man they had brought down.

"Now, Jack," said the dying man, "always be ready to keep up the credit of the family and the honour of an Irish gentleman."

Toler took the paternal advice to heart, and became no less renowned for his deeds of arms than for his legal attainments. He obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons, and being a thick-and-thin adherent of the Government, he was always the man whom the Administration relied upon to challenge any member of the Opposition who made himself obnoxious. His promotion in consequence was so rapid, that it was said he *shot up* into preferment.

During one debate, whilst he was Solicitor-General, and before his elevation to the peerage, he made a violent attack upon Sir Jonah Barrington, who was a member of the same august assembly. Barrington retorted that Toler's own character was but too well known, that he had a hand for everybody and a heart for nobody. Toler promptly sent a friend across the floor of the House to demand either satisfaction or an apology. Barrington returned that he would give no apology whatever, but as much satisfaction as Toler desired. Toler thereupon rose in his place, cast a meaning glance in Barrington's direction, and both honourable members, moved by a common impulse, made for the door of the chamber. The quarrel and the challenge had however been too public for any one to doubt their intention, and the Speaker commanded the Sergeant-at-arms and his myrmidons to pursue the members who had dared to disturb the decorum of the House, and to bring them before him. Barrington and Toler took to their heels and ran for it. Barrington got clear away, but Toler in his haste to escape let the doors of the House

swing to upon the skirts of his coat. In his frantic efforts to free himself he tore them completely off, but was none the less captured and brought back. Barrington continued his flight as far as Nassau Street, where he was overtaken, and as he resisted arrest he was unceremoniously seized, and, to the great delight of the mob, hoisted like a sack upon the shoulders of a stout janissary. In this fashion he was carried back to the assembly which he had just quitted, and tumbled down upon the floor in front of the Speaker's chair. The Speaker read both members a lecture upon their conduct, and commanded them to pledge their honour to him forthwith that the matter should proceed no further. Toler stood up to make his defence, but in the abbreviated remnants of his coat he presented a most ludicrous figure, and his appearance was greeted with roars of laughter. Curran rose up and said with great gravity that a most unparalleled insult had been offered to the House, as it would seem that one honourable member had trimmed another honourable member's jacket within its walls, and almost within view of the Speaker. Amidst the renewed merriment which this sally occasioned, both the offending members made haste to tender their apologies to the Speaker, and to give the undertaking required of them.

Toler fought at least one duel after he had become Lord Norbury, and upon attaining the highest judicial dignity he let it be known that, as he expressed it, "he would not seek shelter behind the bench nor merge the gentleman in the Chief-Justice."

His brother Chief-Justice, John Scott, Earl of Clonmell, who presided over the court of King's Bench, had the reputation of having tried more cases and fought more duels than any other judge upon the bench. He fought Lord Tyrawley on some dispute about his own wife, and Lord Llandaff about his sister, and others for miscellaneous reasons as he put it himself, both with sword and pistol. In one encounter which he had late in life, however, and which was not fought either muzzle to muzzle or hilt to hilt, he had very much the worst of it.

John Magee, printer and proprietor of 'The Dublin Evening Post,' had been sued for libel by Francis Higgins, a disreputable attorney, who had become wealthy by keeping a gaming-house, and of whom the Chief-Justice, to his own discredit, made a boon companion. This personage was more commonly known as the Sham Squire, owing to his having early in his career, through most disgraceful trickery, obtained the hand of an unfortunate girl, the daughter and heiress of a Dublin merchant. He is commonly believed, and with apparently good reason, to have been the individual who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hiding-place to the Government. Lord Clonmell, straining the law as it then stood in his ally's

favour, issued a writ called a fiat against Magee, who was thrown into prison till he could find security for £7800, the whole amount which Higgins claimed as damages. The matter was brought before the Irish Parliament and Magee was released, though under enormous bail. He no sooner found himself at liberty than he set about finding means to pay off his score against Lord Clonmell.

As a first step he had placards extensively posted about Dublin announcing that he found himself possessed of £14,000, and that, having settled £10,000 upon his family, he intended, "with the blessing of God, to spend the rest upon Lord Clonmell." The Chief-Justice had some time previously purchased a country residence, called Temple Hill, a few miles from Dublin, on the outskirts of the village of Blackrock, which he intended to be the home of his declining years. He had planted it extensively, and had spent large sums in beautifying it with pleasure-grounds and parterres and other such amenities. Magee succeeded in renting the fields immediately adjoining his lordship's demesne, and having done so, he issued another placard announcing in high-sounding terms that he, John Magee of Fiat Hill—so he had appropriately christened his newly acquired property—but late of Fiat Dungeon Cell, No. 4, in the New Bastille, opposite the Courts of Irish Justice, proposed in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, old Lammas Day, the 12th of August 1789—this was a skilful touch, for what could seemingly be more loyal or commendable than to celebrate the anniversary of the Heir-Apparent's birth?—to hold a Lau Braugh Pleasura, what in the English of the present day would be styled a garden party or rustic fête. He accordingly presented his respectful compliments to the men of Ireland, and to those fairest objects of creation, the lovely daughters of Hibernia, and begged that they would honour his Irish festivity with their presence. Permission was given to all tavern-keepers and publicans to erect tents upon the ground, the only condition being that they must be well and handsomely covered, and that "native punch, nectar ambrosial," should be dispensed thereat. The invitation so liberally given was, needless to say, equally liberally responded to. From early morning the road from Dublin was thronged by crowds on foot, all hastening towards Fiat Hill, and also by well-laden noddies and low-backed cars. These two vehicles were at that time the public and the private conveyances patronised by the lower orders of the Irish metropolis. The noddy, which plied for hire in the Dublin streets, was an old, worn-out chaise, which had been converted to this humbler use by fixing a stool upon the shafts to serve as a driving-seat. It had its name from the nodding motion which this perch, right over the horse's quarters, imparted to the jarvey, and was to be had at so much a "set

down." It very often proved to be a set-down in good earnest, the fare being deposited in the gutter by a wheel coming off the crazy machine. The low-backed car, on the other hand, was the old Irish car, with solid wooden wheels fixed to a revolving axle. It was in universal use for conveying merchandise of all kinds about the town, and on Sundays or other occasions of junketing, it was converted into what was grandiloquently styled a chaise marine by laying a mat or, where its owners possessed such an article, a feather-bed upon it. Half a dozen people besides the driver could find accommodation thereon, two on either side and two at the back, and in this fashion they were dragged along at a foot pace, their feet dangling a few inches from the ground.

At Fiat Hill upon this memorable day the fun was fast and furious. There were boat-races from the "Admiral's Barge" moored off the pier at old Dunleary—not for many years to be converted into the fashionable Kingstown—to the shore below the "tented field," as John Magee styled it in his advertisement. Every boat must carry the flag of Ireland, and every brave sailor who competed must wear a clean white shirt and round black hat, adorned with band and cockade of blue and buff, which latter would be supplied gratis by the Admiral.[1] Prizes for the winners were, for the first boat, a complete suit of the colours of ancient, imperial, and independent Ireland, the harp and crown upon an azure field, with permission to add the Prince of Wales's plume, and a guinea to bumper long life to George, Prince of Wales; and for the second boat, an ensign with the harp and crown, and half a guinea to toast health and festivity to the same individual. On *terra firma* harpers and pipers had been provided for those who chose to dance, and for others a variety of sports had been arranged, cudgel play "upon an elevated stage, with proper judges upon the boards, to prevent ill-temper and preserve good humour," a needful precaution doubtless. The prize to be a beaver hat richly laced with gold. There were to be foot-races and races in sacks and football. "The boy who plays his game most active and clever," so John Magee promised, "shall be enrobed in triumph glorious, with an excellent frize greatcoat."

[1] Blue and buff were the colours of the Prince of Wales and of the Whigs. The celebrated controversy over the Regency had taken place a few months earlier. The Irish Houses of Parliament, it will be remembered, had supported Fox and the Whigs in their contention that the Prince of Wales was Regent in right of his birth, and that Parliament had no power either to confer that office upon him or to limit its prerogatives. In the teeth of the Irish Government of the day—Pitt's nominees—they had unanimously passed an address to the Prince, praying him to exercise the full royal power during the king's illness. The Lord Lieutenant refused to transmit the address to England, and the controversy was put an end to by the king's unlooked-for recovery. Magee in his newspaper had vehemently supported the Irish Parliamentary party.

The crowning effort of the day, however, was reserved for the afternoon. By that time several thousands of people, including all the rabble of Dublin who had been able on foot or by vehicle to transport themselves so far, were assembled on the ground. A drove of active pigs, with their tails well shaved and soaped, were produced, some of them were dressed up in wigs and gowns to resemble Lord Clonmell and other legal dignitaries, and the biggest and fattest porker of them all had been christened Shamado, after Higgins, Magee's enemy. Silence having been with difficulty procured, it was proclaimed that an Olympic Pig Hunt was about to take place, and that whoever could catch a pig by its tail and hold it fast might have it for his own, after which, at a given signal, the whole number were let loose. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. The terrified animals, penned in by the crowd in all other directions, burst through the fence which separated Lord Clonmell's pleasure-grounds from Fiat Hill, with the whole mob in full cry behind them. Shrubberies and plantations were broken and trampled down, lawns and flower-beds trodden into indistinguishable ruin, and within half an hour John Magee saw himself amply avenged for the wrongs which he had suffered from the noble owner.

Another legal luminary much distinguished for his duelling propensities was John Egan, who subsequently became Chairman for the Quarter Sessions of the county of Dublin, always held at Kilmainham. He was a big, burly, black-haired man, commonly known as Bully Egan, because of his rough, overbearing manners and his readiness to give and accept challenges. In those days it was no uncommon occurrence for two counsellors who had a difference in court to retire to a neighbouring field to settle the question by a resort to arms, and then to return and resume their arguments at the point where they had been broken off. Egan was on one occasion conducting a case at the Waterford Assizes, and had a dispute with the opposing counsel over a point of law. They exchanged glances, and both simultaneously disappeared from court. They crossed the Suir in the ferry-boat, and having by this means gained the county Kilkenny and put themselves beyond the jurisdiction of the Waterford authorities, they deemed that they were safe from any possible interruption. It chanced, however, that a Kilkenny magistrate had been in court, and guessing whither the gentlemen had betaken themselves he hurried after them. He crossed the river in the next trip of the ferry-boat, and arrived upon the scene just as the combatants had taken their ground and were about to fire.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted; "I'm a justice of the peace for this county."

"You may be St Peter from heaven for all we care, you won't stop us!" retorted Egan.

Finding commands of no avail, the J.P., who was a big, broadly-built man, planted himself boldly between the antagonists, thus effectually masking their fire.

"If you don't get out of that, by —— we'll shoot you first, and pound you to a jelly afterwards," swore Egan's opponent.

Appalled by this threat, and finding all his arguments and protests vain, the worthy magistrate at length consented to stand aside and allow the combat to proceed. The opposing counsel emptied a case of pistols, as the phrase was, without damage being done to either side, and recrossed the river to the court, where they found the judge, the jury, and the general public, who had all thoroughly well understood the cause of their abrupt departure, quietly waiting to hear which of them had been killed before proceeding with the case at hearing.

Another of Egan's duels was fought with Curran. Egan, as already said, was a stout, bulky man, and on coming on the ground he complained that Curran had an unfair advantage over him, for whilst he himself was as big as a turf-stack, Curran was as thin as a blade of grass.

"Oh, Mr Egan," said Curran, "I have no desire for anything that might be considered unfair. Let my size be chalked out upon your body, and any hits outside the line shall not count."

The handicap proved unnecessary, however, as neither of the combatants was wounded: Egan, indeed, notwithstanding the numerous duels which he fought, both with sword and pistol, had the singular good-fortune to come off unscathed in them all. It must be said that the marksmanship of the Irish fire-eaters does not seem to have been of the best, or the tragic results of these encounters would have been much greater than they were. In one duel in which the Right Honourable G. Ogle, Privy Councillor and Member for Dublin, figured, he and his opponent were so inveterate that they insisted on discharging four brace of pistols at each other, but the only damage sustained on either side was that one of the seconds tumbled into a potato-trench and broke his arm.

Late in life, after he had been made county court judge, Egan had an encounter with Roger Barett, Master of the Rolls. The duel was fought upon the fair-ground at Donnybrook, and a large concourse gathered to witness it. Both men were humorists, and the meeting was characteristic. Upon the combatants taking their ground, Barett, who was the challenger, promptly fired without waiting for the signal to be given, and then walked coolly away, calling out, "Now, Egan, my honour is satisfied."

The judge was, however, by no means contented, and shouted, "Hilloa! stop, Roger, till I take a shot at your honour!"

Barett thereupon came back, and planting himself in his former station, said composedly, "All right then, fire away!"

Egan presented his pistol, and taking most deliberate aim, first at one part of the Master of the Rolls' anatomy and then at another, seemed determined to finish him off outright. At last, however, he called out, "Pho, pho, I won't *honour* you, I won't be bothered shooting you, so now you may go to the d—l your own way, or come and shake hands, whichever you like best."

Barett chose the latter alternative, and, amidst the plaudits of the crowd, the antagonists departed from the field in much good-humour and the best of friends.

Like most counsellors of any eminence, Egan was in Parliament, sitting as one of the members for Tallagh in Waterford. He distinguished himself by his absolute integrity, a quality only too rare in that venal assembly, one member of which, on being reproached for having sold his country for filthy lucre, thanked God that he had a country to sell. Egan was entirely without private means, and dependent upon his stipend as chairman of Kilmainham. He was indeed so poor that when he died three shillings, found upon his mantelpiece, represented the sum total of his worldly wealth. During the struggle over the Union it was intimated to him with great plainness that he would incur the Government's most serious displeasure if he opposed that measure, whilst he might hope for very substantial advancement if he supported it. As the debate progressed, Egan was seen to be labouring under intense though suppressed excitement. At last he could restrain himself no longer, but springing to his feet he delivered a vehement denunciation of the Bill. At the end of it he paused, then stamped his foot violently: "Ireland! Ireland for ever!" he shouted, "and *damn Kilmainham!*"

For the honour of the Government, it must however be recorded that no attempt was made to deprive him of his post, which he continued to hold up to his death.

Sir Jonah Barrington's and Toler's abortive attempt to fight each other was by no means the only encounter occasioned by a debate in the House of Commons, nor is this surprising considering the amazing language which the Speaker permitted the members to indulge in. A younger scion of a titled family having on one occasion addressed the House, the speaker who rose to reply to him declared that the race to which he belonged were rotten and corrupt every one of them, from the member who had just sat down to the toothless hag grinning in the gallery. This last was a delicate allusion to the mother of the member in question, who had come down to hear her son speak. Even Grattan himself stooped to invective and personalities at times. He was small and slender of build, and once when he had assailed Egan, the latter retorted by calling the great orator "a duodecimo volume of abuse."

The fiercest and most envenomed conflict of rhetoric upon the floor of the Irish

House of Commons, however, was that between Grattan and Flood, who till then had been close political friends, and members of the same opposition, but had differed upon a motion of Flood's for retrenchment and reduction of the army in Ireland. Flood, who had but recently recovered from illness, and spoke with difficulty, twitted Grattan with being a mendicant patriot, who had been bought by his country, and had sold that country for prompt payment of the sum at issue.[1] Grattan, in return, sneered at Flood's bodily infirmity, which he hinted was assumed to suit his own purposes, and likened him—Flood being of gaunt and cadaverous aspect—to an ill-omened bird of prey with broken beak and sepulchral note. Flood was on his feet in an instant. At least his infirmity had not made him afraid of the right honourable gentleman, and he would meet him anywhere, upon any ground, by day or by night.

At this point it would seem to have dawned upon the Speaker that matters were going rather far, for he arose and appealed to the House to support him in keeping the gentlemen in order. A Mr Burke thereupon moved that the honourable members be made to promise that nothing further should happen. The House was cleared, and during the confusion attendant upon that process, Grattan and Flood both succeeded in slipping out and making good their escape. A meeting was arranged to take place the following day at Blackrock, and the antagonists had nearly reached the trysting-place when they were overtaken by messengers bearing the Chief Justice's warrant, and arrested. Being brought back to Dublin in custody, they were bound over in recognisances of £20,000 each to keep the peace.

The last expiring struggle of the Irish Parliament was not without another dramatic episode of this sort. Upon the night of February 14, 1800, Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose to move the resolution for the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. In his speech introducing that measure, he made a violent personal attack upon Grattan because of the hostility which he had always shown to it in his writings and in his utterances both within and without the House. He accused him of associating with disaffected persons, and wound up his harangue by calling him an unimpeached traitor.

Grattan's reply was vigorous and forcible. "Far be it from us," said a Dublin newspaper of the following day with commendable reticence, "to communicate to the Public the portrait which one Honourable Gentleman holds forth of another on an occasion of this kind; but it may at least be

[1] The Irish Parliament had voted Grattan £100,000 for his services to his country. He could only be induced to accept £50,000, and that under extreme pressure.

said that the picture was a full length, in which, whether or no there were some features that might be overcharged, there were none that were not touched in with great strength and spirit." What may be called an outline drawing has, however, come down to us. Grattan declared that he would not call his adversary a villain, both because it would be unparliamentary and because he was a privy councillor, nor would he call him a fool, because he happened to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Half minister, half monkey, a prentice politician and a master coxcomb, he had abused the privileges of the House by using language which, if he had uttered it outside its walls, he, Grattan, would have replied to with a blow.

He had scarcely resumed his seat when an intimation was conveyed to him that General Cradock, the honourable and gallant member for Thomastown, desired as Mr Corry's second to wait upon him in the Speaker's room. Grattan, who practised oratory and pistol-shooting with equal zest in the woods of Tinnehinch, his Wicklow home, lost no time in betaking himself to the sacrosanct spot appointed for the interview, and it was agreed that the meeting between him and the Chancellor of the Exchequer should take place with the least possible delay,—in other words, as soon as it was light enough for the combatants to see each other. The rest of the night was occupied by a very desultory and protracted debate. Several members, we are told, spoke more than once,—a matter of the less moment, as no one appears to have listened to them, the attention of all being engrossed by the impending duel. At daybreak the gentlemen stepped out from the heated atmosphere of the chamber, lit by the flaring candles of its chandelier, into the chilly dawn of the winter's morning. Ball's Bridge, a mile and more away, was the place fixed upon, and out of the many members who had eagerly proffered him their services, Grattan had selected Mr Metge, one of the members for West Meath, to act as his second. Just, however, as Grattan and his antagonist had been placed opposite each other, up rushed a sheriff's officer—whom we should nowadays term a policeman—who had got wind of the affair. "Gentlemen, this must not go on," he gasped, with as much dignity as he was capable after his race; "I forbid these proceedings." General Cradock, who had distinguished himself greatly in the West Indies, who had borne a large part in putting down the rebellion of '98, and who was moreover a very large and powerfully-built man, was not to be so easily daunted. Seizing the representative of the law in his arms, he swung him round and deposited him in a little ditch near by. The officer might very easily have emerged from it, but he either deemed discretion the better part of valour, or else, his conscience once eased, he was anxious, like a true Irishman, not to spoil sport, and he pre-

ferred to remain where he was and see the fun out. It was still barely light, and Grattan complained that he could not see his opponent clearly. "The gentleman is placed too far off," he said; "let him come nearer." And the distance between the duellists was accordingly shortened.

At the first exchange of shots the Chancellor of the Exchequer received a ball through his left arm. This wound, however, though painful, was not disabling. Their other pistols were therefore handed to the combatants by their seconds, and once again the word was given. This time, however, neither fired, though each called upon the other to do so. A brief pause ensued, then the seconds once more simultaneously cried "Fire!" Again the gentlemen stood motionless, and it was plain that neither of them desired to continue the combat. As, however, no apology had been made or explanation offered on either side, honour, according to the rules by which affairs of this kind were governed, could not be considered satisfied, and a second discharge was imperatively required. Corry, who was by this time bleeding profusely, called out to Grattan to suggest that they should both give their word of honour to fire the next time the signal was given. This they did, and having let off their pistols without any further damage being done, both abruptly turned and quitted the field. Upon regaining the road Grattan inquired with some anxiety from General Cradock whether the Chancellor's wound were dangerous. The general reassured him on this point, and the ice having thus been broken, he in his turn approached Mr Metge and expressed his regret that the combatants had separated without exchanging the compliments customary on such occasions. Mr Metge fully concurred in the desirability of such an exchange taking place, and spoke to Grattan, who was ready to do all that might be required of him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, without waiting for these confabulations, had in the meantime got into his carriage and driven off to his residence with the surgeon, who as usual was in attendance. Grattan pursued him thither, and being shown up to the room, where the surgeon was busy with bandages and dressings, he courteously expressed his hopes for Mr Corry's speedy recovery from the wound which he had himself given him. The Chancellor replied with equal politeness, and with low bows and further civilities the late combatants separated.

On August 1, 1800, the Act for the Union between Great Britain and Ireland received the Royal sanction, and the Irish Parliament ceased to exist.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.

BY

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

III.

My being sent out to the war as Chief Representative of the National Aid Society came about in this wise. When visiting the Exhibition at Paris in 1867, I was much interested in the display of ambulance material exhibited by the Société Internationale de Secours aux Blessés; this led me to study the work done by the American Sanitary Commission during the war between North and South, and the aid given by independent organisations during the Prusso-Austrian and Austro-Italian Wars of 1866; and, having become profoundly impressed with the value of and need for such an organisation at home, in January 1868 I published two long articles in 'The Standard,' entitled "Help for the Sick and Wounded," describing what had been done in these wars, and sketching the volunteer organisations of foreign nations. The last paper ended with these words—

"We have seen what other nations have done. What is England doing? We have our Nightingale Fund for training nurses, our Patriotic Fund for relief of Crimean sufferers. Where is our branch of the 'International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded,' and what work is it doing? Where is its shipload of comforts to follow the Abyssinian expedition? There lies before us the catalogue of that most interesting exhibition of objects for relief of sick and wounded soldiers held in connection with this International Society at Paris, near the chief entrance; and in the midst of the thousands of objects exhibited England sends two books, and one of those is called 'America and its Army.' Surely this is a slur on our national humanity, a blot on our fair escutcheon. In Heaven's name let us be up and doing. We have signed the Convention of Geneva. We are bound in honour to be working in time of peace not for ourselves alone, but for all the other nations whose wounded may, by even the remotest possibility, ever fall into our hands. We invite discussion and action on a subject affecting both our soldiers' lives and our national honour."

These articles brought me into communication with two gentlemen, Mr (now Sir John) Furley and Captain C. J. Burgess, who were both much interested in the same object. On my return from France, at the beginning of August 1870, I learnt that a Committee for the purpose of starting a national fund had been formed under the presidency of Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, M.P., and I was invited to move one of the resolutions at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms on 4th August. At this meeting a National Society was formed, of which the Prince of Wales accepted the presidency, and an executive committee was named of which I became a member. We met daily in rooms lent by the Government in St Martin's

Place, Trafalgar Square; and I gave up to this work every available moment of my time. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was our Chairman, Captain Burgess was our Secretary, and those whom I remember as constant in their attendance were Lord Overstone, Sir Harry Verney, Captain (afterwards Sir) Douglas Galton, Lord Bury, Baron N. de M. (now Lord) Rothschild, and Lord Shaftesbury. Mr Furley and Captain Burgess both started for the Continent on the night of the 4th, to visit Geneva, Paris, and Berlin, to make inquiries.

The story of the work done by the Society has been admirably told by Lady Wantage in her Memoir of her late husband, and my own share in that work is all that will be related here. On August 17 a long letter from Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, the well-known S.G.O. of 'The Times,' appeared in that paper and seemed to us to cast doubt upon the need for our efforts, and upon the method of them. This letter, with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's "high approval," I answered in the following day's 'Times'; Lord Sydney wrote again, and I again replied; our public correspondence then ceased, but there lies before me a letter from him of August 24 thanking me for my "kind letter in 'The Times' today," and saying, "I cordially accept its spirit and its letter." My letter of 17th had brought me a number of letters enclosing cheques for the fund, among them one for £1000 from a correspondent who desired to remain anonymous.

On the morning of Monday, September 2, when I arrived at the committee room, Colonel Lindsay took me aside and said that in view of the large contributions which were pouring in, of the growing and somewhat scattered operations of the Society, and of the news which had that morning appeared of the fighting at Sedan, the Committee had decided to request me to go out to the seat of war and control their operations there. I was rather startled, and pointed out to him that there would be two great difficulties in the way—my Professorship of Military History and my work for 'The Standard.' I said that I was not prepared to give up my professorship, and did not think it would be possible to obtain leave; but that if leave were granted I would go, and give up the work for 'The Standard.' It was a serious decision, for at that time the considerable remuneration which I was receiving from 'The Standard' was a matter of great importance to me. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay at once took the matter in hand. After much difficulty with General Sir Lintorn Simmons, the Governor of the Academy at Woolwich, he prevailed upon Mr Cardwell, the Secretary of State for War, to agree to the Committee's request, so far as to order that a month's leave should be given me. To complete this part of the story, it may be stated here that before the end of the month I was up to the eyes in work of great importance; and it was clear that I could not give it up

without detriment to the interests of the Society and of the sick and wounded of the two armies. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay again tackled Mr Cardwell and Sir Lintorn Simmons, and succeeded in getting my leave prolonged to the end of the year, on condition that I should receive no pay from H.M. Government during my absence. Colonel Charles Chesney, Professor of Military History at the Staff College, kindly carried on a course of lectures for me throughout the term, receiving my salary; and I remained abroad till the end of the Christmas vacation, which coincided with the armistice concluded at Paris and the end of the war. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay sent me the whole of his correspondence with Mr Cardwell, and it has been referred to for the above details.

That day and the next were spent in obtaining the necessary credentials, and making preparations; and on the evening of the 3rd September 1870, provided with a passport duly *visé* and the armlet or *brassard* of the Society, I started with the Honourable Reginald Capel and a courier for Brussels, where through the kindness of our Minister, Mr Savile Lumley, I obtained a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, recommending me to the local authorities near the frontier, and charging them to give me every possible assistance. My instructions were to visit Luxemburg and Arlon, to establish a depôt at whichever appeared most favourable for lines of communication to the hospitals across the frontier, and to telegraph to London for whatever I might require.

We went first to Luxemburg, and soon found that, owing to difficulties as to customs and railway transport, it was quite unsuited for a depôt, but in the few hours we remained there we succeeded in obtaining a certain amount of wheeled transport, thanks to the kindly help of that straightforward gentleman, M. Norbert Metz, an ironmaster, and chief of the Liberal party of the Duchy. While we were inspecting horses and waggons, I saw M. Metz suddenly turn upon my courier, hit him hard between the eyes, and knock him down. To my inquiry, he replied: "What do you think this blackguard did? He whispered to me, 'There's money to be made over this; give me a share.'" When my courier emerged from under the waggon, where he had crawled, with black eyes and a swollen nose, I promptly packed him off to England, telegraphing to Loyd-Lindsay, who sent me out a dear honest old fellow called Christian Sonder, who remained with me to the end of the war.

Having decided on Arlon, within twenty-four hours of Sedan for our waggons, as the best place for our chief depôt, the local authorities there gave me every help. The ground-floor of the Palais de Justice was given me for a store; the commissary of the arrondissement arranged for hire of transport, the commissary of police for labour. Both transport and labour were very difficult to obtain, as it was the season of harvest.

The first days seemed to drag, for progress was slow owing to want of sufficient staff and stores, but I telegraphed to Loyd-Lindsay, and he never failed me. The Belgian customs and railways vied with each other in pushing our men and stores through; and on September 9 I was able to report that we were fully at work, supplying the hospitals in and round Sedan by means of country carts. At Arlon I found Mr Furley and Captain de Kantzow, R.N., who had already done much invaluable work, and they gave me cordial help. Capel took charge of the depôt at Arlon till relieved by another agent, and I began to visit the hospitals, where our surgeons were already at work. I had reached Brussels on the 4th, Luxemburg on the 5th, Arlon on the 6th, and on the 7th Furley and I started for the small hospital under Dr Chater at Douzy, where we learnt that Dr Philip Frank was at work at Balan, three or four miles off. And here I will quote from my letter of the 9th to Loyd-Lindsay—

"I drove on at once with Furley, in a little light trap which I had got for *grande vitesse*, and found Frank established at the Mairie. Before I speak of him, let me say in a few words what I saw *en route*. I know you and I agree in not wishing to call up British feeling by dint of relating horrors, so I shall speak in a matter-of-fact way. Horses dead and dying; newly-made graves with dead men a foot or two under the soil; fields trodden down; the *débris* of the fight all around; broken waggons; boxes for mitrailleuses, all the marks of the battle on every side. Presently we reached Bazeilles, which Joanne calls in his Guide a town of 2048 inhabitants, situated in the midst of beautiful plantations, with cloth factories, forges, and other industries. It was a heap of blackened ruins. Not one house stands, from one end of the town to the other. Burnt walls, heaps of stones, mud, and desolation, constitute the town of Bazeilles. Balan is not so badly off. The fire which was put to it failed to destroy the whole.

"At Balan, then, I found Dr Frank and Mr Blewitt at work in the Mairie, given over to them as a hospital. If England can ever gain kind thoughts from France and Prussia, it is by the work of such men as these—Frank dressing the wounded men all through the battle, in a house where the bullets came in like hail through the windows, and crashed into the walls of the room; Blewitt going out through the hot fire to get what was needed to help. It must have been an awful fight here: 129 Bavarian officers and 2000 men killed in and about Balan. Street-fighting in its worst form, and what is worse than street-fighting? They had gone from Sedan to Balan the night before the battle, on purpose to be ready for the work. And now I found them at the work; and no words that I could use would express the pride that I felt that such men had come out from us. They had then 120 wounded, and I learn that they have since got many more. I will tell you what I saw. I found them dressing a wounded Bavarian who had been hit in the left side by a chassepot ball, which had passed through his left lung and out near his spine. I wish the people who have given us money so generously could have seen that one sight alone. The young, handsome, plucky Bavarian, sitting so coolly while his wounds were dressed with a solution of carbolic acid, leaning so completely on Frank, who is a woman in gentleness and a man in strength and firmness, and a young girl of the village helping him and Blewitt bravely and quietly. The next case I saw him dress was a French soldier, wounded in the thigh by a needle-gun bullet, which seems not to be yet extracted, and who groaned so that Frank gave him chloroform while Blewitt dressed his wound. Those

were but two sights of many. There they lay side by side together, French and Germans, enemies no longer, all quiet in their common suffering. Floors covered with the poor fellows, with every sort of wound. Some dying with balls through the chest, some with crushed arms or legs from shells. One Frenchman had lain for three days in a ditch, and was brought in to have his thigh amputated. He asked for a cigar the moment the amputation was over. Another Bavarian with his thigh and hip smashed to pieces by a shell; and, alas! in such a condition that I could not go near him, though his wounds are dressed with pure carbolic acid. The wounds are now in their stage of suppuration, and a cigar was necessary for men who, like myself, are not accustomed to such places. But I must pay the highest tribute to Dr Frank for the care with which his patients are tended, the cleanliness and purity of his hospitals, and the evident love with which he was regarded by his wounded. He speaks French and German perfectly. Blewitt is a thoroughly good French speaker. These are the men who do us credit—to whom not only French and Germans, but England should be heartily grateful. Dr Frank has several other houses in the village near the Mairie full of patients. In one he had utilised the bacon-hooks in the kitchen ceiling to sling a broken leg. He is a man of endless resources. But I found him badly off for chloroform, while at Douzy they had cases of it lying useless. His subcutaneous syringes for morphia were worn out. He was badly off for carbolic acid; badly off for linen; badly off for almost everything. He had been badly off for food, but now the Bavarians supply rations. I could write you nearly a volume about Frank's hospital alone. But let me wind up with one fact for the information of medical men. He tied a carotid artery unassisted, and by the light of a candle, and with perfect success. Frank wanted no surgical assistance, unless I could guarantee him a gentle, clever man. I sent him Mr F. Aubrey Thomas, who came to us with high surgical recommendations from Edinburgh, and whose charming disposition I had learnt in the few days we passed together.

"Dr Frank then went with me to Sedan. There I saw the hospital of our Anglo-American Ambulance in the *caserne* on the top of the hill. They have 400 beds. There we have at work for our Society as surgeons—Dr MacCormac, Dr Woodham Webb, Mr Wyman, Mr Hewett; and as dressers—Mr Scott, Mr Ryan, Mr Walker; while the Americans have Dr Marion Sims as *chef d'ambulance*, Dr Tilghman, Dr Pratt, Mr Nicholl, and Mr Hayden. I was glad to hear they had no fever, though they have gangrene and other mischief. I was unable to stay long enough to see much of the work; but the rooms seemed pretty good for a hospital, though not high enough. However, my opinion on these points is worth very little. I was indeed chiefly occupied in filling a bag with bandages for Dr Frank, and my pockets with what bottles they could spare him of chloroform and carbolic acid. Next day I supplied him from the excess at Douzy with some useful stores.

"From Sedan back to Balan, and there we took some supper with Frank and others, in the room where a French officer was lying wounded. To my great interest he belonged to the 19th Battalion of Chasseurs, of the division of Guyot de l'Esparre, which I had travelled with about the end of July from Strasburg to Hagenau—the division which covered M'Mahon's retreat from Woerth, and which took a wonderful route to regain M'Mahon at Chalons, only to suffer terribly again at Sedan.

"Back with Furley in the dark to Douzy, past Prussian patrols who questioned nothing, as our white flag with its Red Cross protected us even from inquiry. Then from Douzy, Capel, de Kantzow, and myself started from Balan, and drove all through the night, changing horses at Florenville, arriving at Arlon at 8 A.M. yesterday morning. At Florenville we found a poor curé dead beat with his exertions, having walked from Sedan, and gave him a lift for twenty miles or so.

"There have been gigantic indi-

vidual efforts, which have nearly worn out Furley, de Kantzow, and others, but which were only isolated efforts. Had there been a central power anywhere, and a good staff, we would have made a gigantic combined effort and shown abroad what England can do here, something worthy of the great work which her people are doing at home. Even now I do not think it is too late. I am too tired to continue writing, so I must reserve for to-morrow what I have done since I came back from Arlon, which I think will please you. I will only add now that Capel, who returned to Arlon at 8 A.M. yesterday, and who had driven with me nearly 100 miles in 36 hours, started again at 10 P.M. with a convoy of stores back to Douzy. He had only the rough country waggon to drive in, and small chance of a bed either at Florenville or Douzy. That is work. Such a man, willing to act under orders, anxious to help, a genial, cheery companion, and speaking French, is simply invaluable. Such men save life, save misery, and are a credit to the country that sends them out to help in such a glorious cause."

A few days later I gave M. Thieblin, the correspondent of 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' of whom I have previously spoken, an introduction to Frank at Balan and MacCormac at Sedan. He wrote thanking me, and said in his quaint English—

"I have seldom seen so honest Englishmen. There is nothing but work, hard work, and not a single boast, not even a shade of vanity so natural in men performing so splendid a work. I wish you heartily to bring all your ambulances to the point which that of Balan and of the Caserne d'Asfeld had already reached."

A curious incident happened on that drive from Sedan to Balan in the light two-wheeled trap of which I have spoken. Furley was by my side, and I was driving. I had over my shoulder, but under my overcoat, a strap to which was attached a courier bag containing a large sum in gold that I had brought from Arlon in case it might be needed at Sedan. We had no lamps, and it was pitch dark. As we drove across the drawbridge, which was lowered for our exit, our off wheel struck a large stone at the corner of the bridge, and Furley and I were both pitched out on opposite sides. Two German soldiers were sitting smoking close to where I fell. Neither of them moved. We drove on to Balan. On arrival there, when I took off my overcoat I found my bag was gone; the strap had broken with the jolt and the weight of the bag. We hastily drove back, and there in the road, not six feet from the two soldiers still placidly smoking, groping in the darkness I found my bag with its contents safe.

For the next few days I was constantly on the road between Sedan and Arlon, always travelling at night, so as to have the days free for work. I do not know how many nights I spent sitting up in the carriage, which, with a change of horses at Florenville, was our means of accomplishing that frequent journey of about fifty miles each way. One evening there arrived at Arlon a portly gentleman, who brought me a letter from Colonel Loyd-Lindsay saying that suggestions had been made that the work of supplying the hospitals might with advantage be handed over to a firm of contractors, that Messrs Spiers &

Pond had been approached, and were sending out their manager, Mr S., who would hand me this letter, and to whom he was sure I would give every opportunity of judging for himself if his firm would undertake the work. I ordered dinner for him, showed him our stores in the Palais de Justice, and the packing and despatch of a convoy, and asked him if he would like to accompany me to Sedan, whither I was going at 10 P.M. He went with me to Sedan, Bazeilles, and Balan. While I was busy consulting and arranging with the chiefs, he was shown round the hospitals, being present at a serious operation in the Caserne d'Asfeld. The following night we drove back to Arlon, whence he departed for London by the first train, after overwhelming me with thanks and compliments. The upshot of it was that he wrote a letter through his firm, in which he said the work could not, in his opinion, be better done, and that his firm could not undertake it advantageously. Messrs Spiers & Pond sent a handsome cheque to the Society, and I was given a letter by which I was virtually placed on the free list of their restaurants, a privilege of which I never availed myself.

We had now our own hospitals at Beaumont, Douzy, Balan, Bazeilles, and Sedan, all thoroughly supplied; we had given help to the Belgian Société de Secours, and to the 5th French Ambulance, to which three of our surgeons were attached. Now, as the wants of the Sedan district became supplied, and as the wounded were being evacuated from the hospitals on that battlefield, it became possible for me to turn my attention to the Metz district. Hitherto the strain had been so great, that I had neither time to examine into the wants round Metz, nor to establish those personal relations with the chief authorities which it was desirable to maintain. But Mr Ernest Hart and Dr Berkeley Hill, though not agents of our Society, had rendered valuable service by inquiring into and reporting on the condition of affairs; so that when I was able to leave Arlon for Saarbrück the way was, to some extent, paved for our reception. By this time, also, Sir Paul Hunter had, at my request, bought a number of covered *camions* at Brussels, with horses and harness, and had engaged drivers, so that we became independent of hired transport, almost impossible to obtain in the Metz district.

At Saarbrück I was fortunate in establishing friendly relations with the Prussian Royal Commissioners of the Freiwillige Krankenpflege, Count Königsmarck and Herr von Treskow, both of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, and under the supreme control of Prince Pless, and with their aid I obtained a plot of ground in the railway premises adjoining a siding. Here I had a large wooden storehouse built. At first the Johanniter wanted to claim control over the distribution of our stores, but this I was compelled to resist, as both the Johanniter and the Berlin

Society gave from their stores to Prussian troops who were neither sick nor wounded, on the principle that prevention is better than cure. However sound their doctrine might be in the abstract, we should have been guilty of a breach of neutrality had we let our stores be so used, and though the Commissioners promised me this should not take place, I succeeded in making them see the force of my argument that under their proposal we should only be enabling them to help still further the troops from their own stores; and I at last prevailed, and obtained that independence of action which I insisted on as an indispensable condition of further assistance.

By the beginning of October the situation was this: Every hospital in the Sedan district had been visited, and but few wounded remained. Dr (afterwards Sir William) MacCormac still had about 70 bad cases in Sedan, Frank as many at Balan and Bazeilles. We had accepted charge of a hospital of 100 beds at Saarbrück, and had a hospital with about 60 cases at Briey, in the Prussian lines round Metz. The Arlon depôt, under Capel, still remained, and supplied by hired transport the Sedan district and our advanced depôt at Briey, whence our own horses and waggons conveyed stores daily to the hospitals on the left (south) bank of the Moselle. Our depôt at Saarbrück, under Mr Bushnan, was in working order, with an advanced depôt at Remilly, under Captain Norman and Mr (now Sir Henry) Austin Lee, whence stores were conveyed daily by our own horses and waggons to the hospitals on the right (north) bank of the Moselle.

Feeling that the organisation was now so far advanced that in a very few days the sick and wounded in the entire circle of hospitals round Metz would have all the appliances and comforts required, I went off to England as fast as I could travel to consult the Committee on some important questions connected with our future proceedings, chief among which was the provision for throwing relief into Metz, whenever the beleaguered fortress should fall.

During the few hours of my stay in London, I wrote a short report for the Society on the work already done, showing how impartial had been our aid to French and German. On the night of the 4th I started for Brussels, having arranged for a conference on the following day with the headquarters of the French Society there. For the next three weeks, visiting Arlon and Saarbrück occasionally, I spent much of my time at Brussels, which was a convenient headquarters, where earlier and better news from the seat of war could be got than at the small towns nearer the front. I had more than one interview with the King of the Belgians, who showed himself anxious to assist us in every way. The French Minister, Monsieur Tachard, trusted me, and kept me informed to the best of his ability; and at the Hôtel de Flandre there was a colony

of French refugees, through whom I expected to get the earliest news as to the probable date of the fall of Metz, and did obtain information as to the most pressing needs of the sick and wounded in Metz, so that I was able to pour into Arlon and Saarbrück, Briey and Remilly, the stores most urgently required. We used to meet in the salon of Madame Walewska, the widow of Count Walewski, that son of the great Napoleon, who had been Minister in France and French Ambassador in London during the Empire. There I generally met M. Tachard. I returned once or twice to London to consult personally with the Committee, crossing over from Ostend one night, and returning the next night.

On October 26 Bazaine held his penultimate *Conseil de guerre*, when authority was given to General Jarras to sign a military convention "under which the French army, conquered by famine, would become prisoners of war." On the morning of the 27th the convention was signed, and the news reached me late that afternoon. Immediately on receipt of the news I telegraphed to Arlon and Saarbrück; and on the following morning (28th) I got from the bank at Brussels as much gold as I could conveniently carry, and started by train for Arlon, accompanied by the Maréchale Canrobert, her servant and mine. We remained at Arlon for the night, as I was occupied till a late hour in discussing and arranging future plans with Capel and Bushnan, and the roads were not very safe for night travelling between Arlon and Metz. Early on Saturday we started for Metz in a carriage, horses having been laid on half-way at Aumetz. Soon after passing Longwy, we encountered Mr Schoots, of our staff, under escort of the French authorities, who had stopped his convoy, and were taking him back to the commandant of Longwy. They entirely disbelieved that Metz had capitulated, and were scarcely convinced when I showed them the King of Prussia's despatch in a Belgian newspaper. However, the special letter of recommendation which I showed them from the French Minister at Brussels enabled me to pass Mr Schoot's convoy on as well as my own carriage. At Aumetz we met the first Prussian soldiers, making requisitions, but we were not stopped. We shortly met on the road Mr Stewart Sutherland returning with empty waggons from Briey, and a gentleman of Luxemburg, who told me we should be refused permission to proceed beyond Ucange, as no one was to be allowed to enter Metz till the following day. However, at Ucange we drove straight to the office of the Commandant, who treated us with remarkable kindness, and, moved by the Maréchale's position, gave us a pass to proceed. A convoy of stores from Luxemburg was not allowed to proceed farther.

Delays of one kind and another made it dusk when we approached within some six miles of Metz, where we found

the road blocked by masses of French prisoners marching out to bivouac. We had come by the main *chaussée*, along which the 6th Corps, Marshal Canrobert's, was moving. It was a pitiful sight. There were 22,000 men still in the corps, and it had lost 10,800 in the two days about Rezonville and Gravelotte. Half starved, worn and weary, they came out to lie down in the same mud where for so many weary nights the Prussian outposts had lain. By advice of the escort we turned off to another road, but it was so blocked that we did not enter the town of Metz till nearly midnight. The rain was pouring down as we drove to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where General von Kummer had taken up his quarters; and it was easy to see, by the beds that were being made up on the floor for the officers, that we should find no quarters there, and easy to conceive that all hotels would be in the same condition. I asked for the General, but he had gone to bed. His aide-de-camp, however, Captain von Foerster, showed us the utmost attention. The Prussian officers vied with each other in offering to turn out from their rooms to allow the Maréchale to be accommodated. But a bright thought struck von Foerster, and he went to General Coffinières, the French commandant of the fortress, who had left his official residence and taken up his abode at the Hôtel de Metz, and ascertained from him that the Marshal was outside the town, but that the "Division," the official headquarters of the commandant, was empty. Then we were conducted to the "Division," and formally installed there; so that in all Metz that night there was nobody so well lodged as ourselves —so far as house room went. We had a great mansion to ourselves, but not much else. We made up a bed on a mattress on the floor for the Maréchale, and we had taken the precaution to bring our own food; but water was given us very sparingly, as it was scarce.

At seven in the morning of the 30th I called on General Coffinières, and found him in bed. But he came to see the Maréchale at eight, and we told him his first news from the outer world. We ascertained from him that Marshal Canrobert's headquarters were at Laronde, outside the fortress, and I conducted the Maréchale there. On the road we met the Marshal *en route* for Prince Frederick Charles's headquarters at Corny. By ten o'clock I was back in the town, and met Mr Austin Lee and Captain Norman, arrived with a fourgon of salt the previous evening at six o'clock, which had at once been distributed to the hospitals that had been without salt for a long time. Unfortunately one of our fourgons had broken down on the road. A ditch cut by the Prussians across the road had been filled up with soft mud, and horses and fourgon had plunged in. But very soon Mr Schoots arrived with his convoy from Arlon, and shortly afterwards Mr J. C.

Bushnan with three fourgons from Saarbrück. Three more waggons were due from Remilly; and another large convoy from Arlon, under Mr Ramsay Bushnan, soon came in with every description of necessaries for the hospitals.

When I met Mr J. C. Bushnan in the afternoon, he told me that he had seen Prince Pless; that the Prince had sent for him, hearing he was in Metz, had offered him a building for a depôt and other facilities, and touched on other questions which Mr Bushnan had desired should be referred to me. Bushnan accompanied me to Prince Pless, with whom I held some conversation, another appointment being made for noon on the 31st, but this discussion was postponed, as Prince Pless was summoned to Prince Frederick Charles's headquarters and did not return that night. We received a building for a depôt, and Mr J. C. Bushnan unloaded his waggons into it, I having previously unloaded Mr Schoots's convoy into the military hospital, where the store was all but empty. When the convoy arrived from Arlon, I sent the waggons direct to the military hospitals to unload, as it seemed better to fill the hospitals at once with such things as they required than to stock a depôt and mete out sparingly.

I had no chance as yet of ascertaining the exact number of sick and wounded in the hospitals; it was by one apparently trustworthy account about 17,000, by another 22,000. They had had no bread except wretchedly coarse brown bread, no meat except the flesh of starved horses, scarcely any medicines, for days past. It is not easy to picture the delight of the chief surgeon at receiving from us a case of medicines. I had arranged for Capel to start at once for Epernay and Nanteuil, but as Prince Pless was anxious to discuss with me the question of supply in the direction of Paris, I detained Capel in Metz for another day, thinking it far better to lose a day and decide definitely after hearing the Prince's opinion than to send him on to act hastily. By the time that he could reach Epernay a quantity of stores would be there, which I had sent by way of Charleville, Rethel, and Rheims; so that he would not go on empty-handed.

My difficulty at this moment lay in my being so short-handed. Mr Austin Lee, to my great regret, started for England on the 31st, having received an offer of an appointment at home which was too good to be lost. I wrote to Loyd-Lindsay that two or three or more such men—linguists, active, hardy, and willing—would be invaluable.

Meat began to come in on the 31st, but not till some days later was there any meat but horse for dinner at my hotel. I have reason to know that more than 40,000 horses were eaten during the siege. A few poor beasts were still wandering about dying of starvation. I saw one fall and die on the bridge between the gates of the Porte de France.

As I write this, there lie before me two numbers of the newspaper, 'L'Indépendant de la Moselle.' The first, dated October 28, 1870, is bordered with black, and contains the proclamation by the Municipal Council of Metz announcing the capitulation which had been signed on the previous day, and below it a short article, "Metz en deuil," that seems to have been written with the very heart's blood of the writer, so poignant is the grief that "Metz la Pucelle verra pour la première fois de sa vie l'ennemi passer sous ses portes, et penétrer dans ses murs." Then followed a manly proclamation by General Coffinières, in which, after describing how provisions were exhausted, he says, "Nous sommes donc condamnés à succomber, mais ce sera avec honneur, et nous ne serons vaincus que par la faim." And he ends, "Sachons supporter stoïquement cette grande infortune, et conservons le ferme espoir que Metz, cette grande et patriotique cité, restera à la France."

The second number, dated October 31, contains the proclamation issued on the 30th to the inhabitants by the Prussian Commandant, Lieutenant-General von Kummer, the orders as to the days and hours of the trains by which the French officers are to proceed to their places of captivity in Germany, and a notice that a German postal service had been established from the 30th. It also contains an interesting document, which purports to be an exact reproduction, compiled by several officers, of the official communication made verbally to the French officers by their *chefs* on October 27, announcing that the capitulation had been decided.

It was either on October 31 or November 1, that on the invitation of Marshal Canrobert I lunched with him and his staff at Laronde. It was to me full of tragic interest to see the old Marshal, so familiar a name to all Englishmen from the days of the Crimean War, brave as a lion, adored by his soldiers, about, after three months of fighting and hardship, to be parted from his men and sent as a prisoner into Germany. Naturally I avoided touching on any topic of the moment which might be painful, and he talked to me more of his old Crimean days, of the Duke of Cambridge, of the Queen, whom he had seen on his visit to England, and of those troops whom more than all others he admired—"les Ig-lan-ders, avec leurs jupes." His staff took me into corners and, with brimming eyes, told me anecdotes of the Marshal's splendid personal bravery. I would not remain long, and when saying good-bye, little thought under what circumstances I should next meet the grand old soldier.

On the following day I had an interview with Prince Pless, and it was arranged that Capel should go on to Château Thierry, on the line between Epernay and Paris, and establish a depôt there. This depôt was subsequently advanced forward to Meaux. As Metz must undoubtedly remain my

headquarters for some considerable time, I rented a small house to serve as an office and to house myself and a gentleman whom the Committee had sent me as an accountant. This gentleman, Mr W. J. Tyler, proved to be a very pleasant companion, and his services were a great relief to me; as hitherto, amidst all the labour of organising, I had been obliged to keep my own accounts.

There is little to be said about my time at Metz, where typhus fever and small-pox were raging. There was plenty of work—visiting the French hospitals, arranging to supply needs, and corresponding with the other depôts. The French Société de Secours at Metz paid us the compliment of asking me to distribute their stores for them. I found time, however, to visit the battlefields of Borny, Rezonville, and Gravelotte, which were still littered with the *débris* of the fight, and where the dead had been buried in the place where they fell, so that from the masses of empty cartridge-cases and the position of the graves it was easy to see where the fighting had been hardest, and to some extent to reconstruct the chief events of the battles. Here I made a small but interesting collection of medals and orders, all of which had doubtless been taken from the bodies of the French dead. I paid a visit, by invitation, to the German lines round Thionville, which was still holding out, where, also by invitation, I visited the advanced posts. I must mention here that, while wearing civilian clothes in Belgium, once inside the French frontier I wore the undress uniform of a Captain of the Royal Artillery, with the National Aid Society's armlet, bearing the Red Cross of Geneva, and stamped by the German and French authorities, which served as my passport. With this uniform was worn the absurd little gold lace cap in vogue in those days, perched on the right side of the head. At Thionville, in the early morning, I crept with two German officers to the edge of a wood, the German most advanced post, within but a short distance of the French advanced sentries. There was the ping of a bullet, and simultaneously my cap was snatched from my head and I was pulled backwards. With profuse apologies for his conduct, one of the officers explained to me that the fire had been attracted by the glint of the sun on my cap; and as other bullets followed the first, we beat a retreat.

In October we established, in conjunction with the Johanniter, a so-called restaurant at Forbach, a station on the railway between Metz and Saarbrück, where wine, coffee, and food were supplied to the sick Germans who were being sent back in thousands from the lines round Metz into Germany, and in some cases we exchanged their sodden rags for warm clothing. This continued well on into November, and was of use to the sick and wounded among the French who were being sent as prisoners to Germany. Nothing

could exceed the miserable condition of the mass of those who were thus befriended: 19,500 men were helped at this restaurant.

Towards the end of November I went by way of Epernay to Meaux. At Epernay, where Dr Frank, after leaving Balan, had established a hospital, I was the guest of Monsieur Chandon, of the famous firm of Moet & Chandon, to whom I had an introduction from Baron N. de Rothschild. He had a number of German officers billeted upon him, whom he had to provide with meals. I dined alone with him, and he gave me a delicious still wine, which he told me was the natural produce of their best vineyard before being made into champagne, and on my leaving he kindly presented me with some bottles of it. He took me to see the great bricked-up caves, in which the wine was stored. It is certainly greatly to the credit of the Germans that they left untouched the huge stores of this wine at Epernay, Rheims, and other places in the Champagne districts.

Capel had been obliged to return to England, and the depôt at Meaux was now in charge of Captain Richard Nevill, who had been a captain in the Austrian cavalry and served on the staff in the campaign of 1859 in Italy. He married a daughter of Charles Lever, the famous novelist, and years afterwards I came across him again at Hyderabad, where he was holding a command in the Nizam's army.

In order to consult with Mr Furley, who was now in charge of the Society's depôt at Versailles, Nevill and I left Meaux on the 29th, and drove to Lagny. Thence on the following day we started in a carriage on our way to Versailles. As we advanced we heard the sound of heavy firing, both guns and musketry, and presently we were asked by a German staff officer who saw the Red Cross on our carriage if we were doctors, as there was a large number of wounded in need of help. Alas! we had no surgical aid to offer. We halted our carriage and walked in the direction of the firing, when we learnt that the French had made a sortie in great force, and had temporarily possessed themselves of Champigny and Brie, within the German lines. We advanced to the wall of a park, behind which the Germans were posted; but the attack had now died out for the day, and we saw nothing of the fight. I shall never forget, however, the march into bivouac of the Würtemberg regiment, which had borne the brunt of the day's fighting, leaving great numbers in killed or wounded: how they came past us in the dusk, marching slowly and, it seemed, sadly, but triumphantly singing their national hymn. We drove on to Villeneuve St Georges, which I had last seen a smiling little town, but where we now in vain sought for a decent habitation for the night. It had been abandoned by the French on the advance of the Germans, and every house was more or less a wreck. Doors,

window-sashes, and all furniture had been used for firewood; everywhere the ground-floor had been used as a stable. In one of these dismantled dwellings we passed the night, and on the following morning drove on to Versailles. Here we found Furley: and I called upon Colonel Beauchamp Walker, our military attaché; on Dr W. H. Russell, the correspondent of 'The Times'; and on Lord Odo Russell, our ambassador to the King of Prussia. That evening I spent in Dr Russell's rooms, but we left early, as he was starting at daybreak for Champigny.

The next morning, December 2, I lunched, by command, with the Crown Prince of Prussia. It was an interesting and somewhat dramatic meal. I sat on the Crown Prince's left. On his right was General von Blumenthal, his Chief of the Staff. During the previous day the French had entrenched themselves in the positions gained on the 30th, and a truce had been arranged in order to clear the battlefield of the dead and wounded. The Germans also had strengthened their positions and sent large reinforcements to the threatened points. Early in the morning of the 2nd the Germans opened the attack, and during luncheon despatches were constantly arriving from the scene of the fighting, which were read aloud by General Blumenthal. As it was not till 5 P.M. that the fighting ceased, the Germans having repulsed the French, the despatches which I heard, though generally favourable, did not record any very marked success.

The Crown Prince expressed his great sympathy with the work in which I was engaged, and spoke to me of his own hatred of war. He assured me that Germany had not entered upon the war with any idea of annexation of territory, but that now the German national feeling on the subject had become so strong that it would be impossible to avoid the annexation of Alsace. I left profoundly impressed with the character of this soldier-prince, who, fresh from the battles on the frontier and with some of his troops engaged in a hard struggle at that very moment, was not ashamed to avow, in the presence of his whole staff of war-worn soldiers, his hatred of war.

Never shall I forget the bitter cold of those early days of December. The wine in our basket of provisions froze into a solid mass. In the railway carriage in which I returned from Meaux to Metz, the ice of our frozen breath formed thick on the closed window-panes. Though the intense cold doubtless saved the lives of many wounded lying out through the night on the field, by stopping the flow of blood, it is terrible to think of what they must have suffered. But the seven Jew sutlers who were my fellow-passengers, snugly ensconced in their fur coats, were openly expressing the hope that the war would not come to a speedy end. This was indeed the seamy side of war.

During the next two months Metz was my headquarters. At the end of December I paid a short visit to England *viâ* Brussels, Lille, and Calais. On New Year's night I dined with the French Minister in Brussels, starting by train immediately after dinner. It was a wild stormy night. The next day the Prussians closed the line between Lille and Calais, so we were lucky to get through. The only passengers by the steamer from Calais to Dover were my courier and myself and one other. The whole of the mails were contained in two small bags. There was no other cargo, and the boat tossed about like a walnut shell on the waves. We were three and a half hours doing the twenty miles. I returned by way of Ostend.

I also paid a visit to Mainz, to see with my own eyes the condition of the sick French prisoners at the large camp there established. I was convinced that the Germans were doing all they could for them, but their condition left much to be desired, as there was a great want of warm clothing. At my suggestion the Society placed a thousand pounds at the disposal of Madame Canrobert, who undertook to employ it in relieving the most pressing needs of the French sick and wounded prisoners. Her letter of thanks lies before me. It begins—

"Stüttgart, 24 *decembre*.

"Mon cher Capitaine,—Je suis riche pour longtemps. Messieurs Doertenbach m'ont porté ce matin des formidables rouleaux de florins, qui vont rendre bien heureux des malheureux qui ne le sont guère à présent. Pensez si je vous suis reconnaisante. Du fond du cœur je vous en remercie. Vous m'avez rendue bien heureuse, et je ne saurais assez vous le dire."

On the 20th January the old Marshal, then a prisoner of war at Stuttgart, wrote me a letter which ended thus:—

"Je serais tout heureux s'il m'était, un jour, permis de me montrer pour vous ou les votres aussi parfaitement bon que vous avez pris la peine de l'être pour nous. Je saisis l'occasion, Monsieur le Capitaine, de vous offrir mes sentiments les plus distingués, et les plus dévoués.

"M[l]. Canrobert, G.C.B."

At the end of January 1871 I returned to England to resume my duties at Woolwich, and on February 4 made my final report to the Society, of which the following is an extract:—

"I enclose you a map showing seventy-six towns and villages round Paris, containing hospitals that have been supplied from our depôt at Meaux with such necessaries and comforts for the sick and wounded, by whom they are filled, as it is morally impossible they could ever have received but for volunteer aid. These villages are almost entirely deserted by the French inhabitants, and the Germans, though doing all they can, are unable to meet the great wants of those numerous hospitals, containing thousands of sick and wounded, too ill to be moved from the beds on which they lie. Our aid, given most impartially to the French and Germans, has saved lives and relieved suffering to an extent difficult to realise.

"And it has been very gratefully received. Not only are our fourgons hailed with pleasure by the surgeons in charge of the hospitals, but I have myself been witness of the expression of thanks of high German military authorities and French civilians. The

French Mayor of Lagny has had the names of our Meaux staff inscribed in the records of the town. The Mother Superior of the Hôtel Dieu at Lagny told me the wounded in their hospitals must have died but for us. The Crown Prince of Saxony and the Würtemberger General in Command at Meaux are among those on the German side who have publicly expressed their gratitude.

"Now I am very anxious to make known at what cost of personal exertion by our staff the Society's work is carried out, for the large sum of money subscribed by the public by no means represents all that England is doing in this noble cause. I will take Meaux as an example of our depôts—its staff as an example of the labours freely and ungrudgingly given by our volunteer agents. The depôt at Meaux is under charge of an English gentleman, a retired captain of Austrian cavalry, whose previous experience of war, on the staff in the campaign of Italy, and whose thorough knowledge of languages peculiarly fit him for the post. Under him are two officers, retired from our own army, a Cambridge Wrangler reading for the Bar, a clerk of the House of Lords, a captain of the London Scottish Volunteers, a bankers' clerk, and a medical student, besides business men in charge of the stores. The 23 horses, and their English and Belgian drivers, are under the control of the driver of the Waterloo coach.

"In spite of this strange mixture of classes and professions, so well has the staff been selected, that among all those sent out by your Committee —amounting to considerably more than 100 in my district—there has not been one case of dishonesty, and scarcely one failure of any kind. And I must not omit here to speak of the noble self-sacrificing exertions of the medical staff of our various hospitals, and the English ladies who have acted as nurses.

"When authentic requests for supplies are received at the depôt, the stores are sent in our own fourgons, under charge of a member of the staff. The journey is generally from two to six days' duration. The fourgons have been well under fire; the chances of shelter for the night are always doubtful. Mr Hinton was searching for stabling for his horses from four o'clock one afternoon till two o'clock the next morning. Through all that bitter weather of the past two months, our English fourgons showed their Union Jacks everywhere round Paris, with English gentlemen sitting for hours upon the driving-seat, exposed to the piercing cold. In some instances the hardship has caused personal suffering. Mr Sutherland, Mr Jeune, Mr Hinton, Mr Barrington Kennett, Mr Job, have done what Capel used to call our 'carters' work' under much exposure and privation, with the most unflinching good-humour. It is not to be wondered at that, as Captain Nevill writes, the people who see the work can only slowly believe that it is done without some deep ulterior motive.

"I have been grieved to see persistent statements that we have done more for the Germans than the French, and that we have only been relieving the Germans from doing for their own and the French wounded what otherwise they must have done. Both these statements are very wrong, and the last argues entire ignorance of the terrible strain under which Germany is carrying on this war. Germany is making enormous efforts on behalf of the sick and wounded, but do all she can, she cannot meet the wants. Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, Russia, have all lent a hand to the poor suffering victims, to raise them from their straw to decent beds, to give them the sustenance required to sustain life in bodies drained of blood, to aid by surgical skill the overtaxed exertions of the German surgeons. But I need not say England stands pre-eminently first in this work of charity. In regard to our aid not being given equally to the French, I have often been accused abroad of doing more for them than for the Germans. I have honestly striven to keep the balance even, but the spectacle of destitution and humiliation, mental and bodily suffering which the invaded districts of France afford, compel the sympathies of most men rather towards weak France than towards strong Germany, proud in her consciousness of power. We have done all in our power for the

French. Not a tale of sore need has reached my ears but it has been inquired into, and relieved according to its circumstances. And I am bound once more to speak of the frank gratitude with which France has accepted our help. Were it necessary I could call up an overwhelming array of evidence to show how much we have done for the French side. I have never asked for testimonials or an expression of thanks; and you know in what manner the French Government has desired to show, through me, its appreciation of our Society's efforts. There is not a Frenchman in the north of France who would not repudiate the idea of our Society having failed in its duty to his country."[1]

On my return to England Loyd-Lindsay handed me the following letter:—

"National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War.

"9 St Martin's Place,
London, W.C., *4th February* 1871.

"My dear Brackenbury, — The leave of absence granted you by the War Office having expired, you have returned to this country to recommence your duties at Woolwich. The Central Committee of this Society desire me to express to you their regret at the severance of an official connection which has lasted for five months, during which time you acted as their representative abroad with the utmost zeal and self-devotion, combined with great practical ability in the administration of a noble Charity springing out of the benevolence of Englishmen excited by the suffering arising from the present war.

"For such exertions the Committee desire to tender you their

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[1] From the lists in the Society's Report on the war it appears that there were working in my district—

34 Surgeons.
20 Dressers.
5 Chiefs of depôts.
14 Storekeepers.
10 Convoy agents.
2 On special service.
3 Transit agents.
2 Clerks.
1 Secretary, paymaster, and accountant.
1 Superintendent of hospital orderlies.
20 Lady nurses.
12 Commissionaires.

124 Total staff.

From the audited accounts it appears that the money which passed through my hands was £30,033, 8s. 8d., which was thus expended—

Transport	£5,565	0	4
Food	6,671	18	0
Medical stores	1,207	6	8
Surgical instruments	18	18	0
Clothing and bedding	298	18	6
Staff allowances and expenses	7,331	16	6
Money grants	6,552	19	0
Postage and telegrams	79	5	9
Buildings	649	6	9
Miscellaneous	1,657	19	2
	£30,033	8	8

And it is to be remembered that the cost of transport and agency includes the cost of distributing the enormous amount of stores and medical comforts sent out to us by the Society from home.

grateful acknowledgment, and while so doing they must not omit to recognise the zeal, ability, and energy with which the staff working under you have seconded your efforts.

"To this expression of thanks on the part of the Committee allow me to add my own for your constant attention and courtesy displayed in all your dealings with the Society at home.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

"R. Loyd-Lindsay,
Lt.-Col. and Chairman of Committee."

My relations with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, the leading spirit of this great national movement, grew and ripened into a close friendship, which I look back upon as one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Of that friendship and of his noble character I have already written in an article that was published in 'Maga' in February 1908, under the title "Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B."

In my report I spoke of the manner in which the French Government had desired to show through me its appreciation of the Society's efforts. On my way home M. Tachard had informed me that the French Government of National Defence had made me an officer of the Legion of Honour, and the original decree, dated Bordeaux, January 25, 1871, was sent to me officially through the Horse Guards on March 4. The document runs thus:—

Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.

Vu les services rendus sur divers champs de bataille par le Capitaine de l'Artillerie Royale Anglaise, Mr Henry Brackenbury en tête des ambulances qu'il a lui-même organisées et les soins courageux qu'il a prodigués à nos soldats blessés, pendant le siège de Metz.

Voulant donner à ce dévouement si fraternel une marque publique de reconnaissance, en même temps qu'une récompense à son intrépidité.

Décrête.

Article Ier. Le Capitaine Henry Brackenbury, de l'Artillerie Royale Anglaise, est élevé au Grade d'Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Article II. Le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères est chargé de l'exécution du present Décrêt.

Fait à Bordeaux le 25 janvier mil-huit-cent-soixante et onze.

Ad. Crémieux,

Par délégation du membre du gouvernement, Ministre de l'interieur et de la guerre.

Ad. Crémieux.

L. Fourichon. Glais Bizoin.

In February the King of Bavaria did me the honour to confer upon me the order of St Michael (Ritter Kreuz of the 1st class), and the Brevet and a highly complimentary letter, together with the decoration, were sent to me through Lord Odo Russell, who thus wrote to me from Windsor Castle on March 15:—

"I sent you the Bavarian parcel by Mr John Furley, and hear you have received it. The Crown Prince wishes to give you the Iron Cross, if you can obtain leave to wear it, not otherwise. Do you wish me to make the application for you? I hope it will not be refused, but I cannot answer for a favourable result. Please write me a line to the Foreign Office.—Yours sincerely, Odo Russell."

Later in the month he wrote: "All my efforts have failed; the Regulations are against you." The line taken by the Foreign Office was that as I was not in the execution of any duty imposed upon me by H.M. Government, I could not be recommended for permission

to accept and wear the Iron Cross. A similar decision had already been conveyed to me privately by Lord Granville's private secretary as regarded the Legion of Honour; and, of course, equally applied to the Bavarian Order of St Michael.

There were others in the same position as myself, and on August 12 Mr Eastwick, M.P., raised the question in the House of Commons on the motion that the House go into Committee of Supply, and moved that the orders be so revised as to admit of British subjects accepting and wearing foreign decorations given as rewards for services rendered to the sick and wounded in the field during war under the Convention of Geneva, when such services have been performed with the permission of H.M. Government. Lord Enfield, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, opposed the motion, which was supported by Sir John Pakington, Colonel Anson, and others. On the division Mr Eastwick's amendment was carried by a majority of one; but before the amendment could be put as a substantive motion, Mr Gladstone interposed, and said he must take the sense of the House again, as he objected to a representation being made to the Crown on an isolated point of the Regulations: and on the amendment being put as an original motion, it was defeated by a majority of eleven, five of those who had voted in its favour turning round and voting the other way, and two abstaining.

At a following sitting Mr Gladstone undertook that the Foreign Secretary should look carefully into the matter and see whether the rules could be modified to the public advantage. But of course nothing was ever done, and permission was never given me to accept or wear the orders.

Long before this debate I had received, through our Ambassador to Germany, the Bavarian Order of St Michael; within a fortnight of the debate I received the Iron Cross, with a document from Prince Pless direct from the German Military attaché in London; and on September 25, I received the Cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Brevet direct from the Grand Chancelier of the Order. It was not till eight years later that I received from the German Ambassador in London the Diploma of the Iron Cross signed by the Emperor William.

I was not to be allowed to wear the decorations. I felt it rather keenly at the time, for I knew I had done really good service in a national capacity in aid of the Powers who wished to show their gratitude to my country. But as I grew older all feeling of rancour died out, and the decorations, together with the bronze cross of the French Société de Secours, and the cross of an Honorary Associate of our own Order of St John, made up rather a pretty little case to balance the case of French orders purchased on the field of Gravelotte.

(*To be continued.*)

CUVÉE RESERVÉE; OR, THE WIDOW'S CRUSE.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE."

"And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!"

—*The Rubáiyát.*

THE sentry leaned over the bridge and hissed between his teeth. A man standing underneath, attired in nothing but a grey shirt, looked up.

"Jest tell the corporal of the guard to come up here a minute, will you?"

"Carn't *you* do it? Me feet are bare, old son," was the protest.

"No; I don't want to whistle, and I've got me eye on something."

The semi-nude one picked his way grumbling along the rock, among scraps of iron and stones, and disappeared behind the nearest pier. The sentry shaded his eyes with his bandaged hand and again stood at gaze, looking steadily towards the south.

The day was brilliant with true South African brilliancy, and the scene was one of cheerfulness almost amounting to gaiety. From the soft blue of the sky and the deeper blue and violet of the fantastically shaped hills all round—which looked as if they had been cut out of tin, so well defined were their edges in the clear atmosphere—right across the intervening stretch of yellow veldt and green bush to the river, was one giant pattern of subdued colour. The air had been cleared by the slight local shower which had fallen during the night, and heavy storms towards Basutoland had swollen the *spruit* and converted the chain of almost stagnant pools of the day before into the eight-foot torrent which was now flowing—as befitted a tributary of the mighty Orange—red and turgid. At the point where the bridge crossed it, the stream curved in a horseshoe bend to the south. On the south bank, on the outside of the curve, the flood had reached the soil and was fretting it away in great lumps, which fell periodically and with sudden splash; on the other side, the water lapped over the slope of sheet rock, picking up pieces of paper, straw, and the thousand and one oddments of a camp and workshop, which danced about merrily till they were drawn into the current and whisked down-stream. In the shade underneath the undamaged part of the bridge, where the rock was still uncovered, *débris* of wood-shavings and scrap-iron showed what had been the carpenter's and smith's shops during the reconstruction. At these spots the word "TIMMERWINKEL" and "SMEDERIJ" had

been painted in foot-high letters on the smooth rock by some wag of the erstwhile workers possessed of a knowledge of the official language across the border. On the pier itself, where there was no trace of bar or even liquor store, the words "GOED KOOP WINKEL —WHO SAYS A COOLER?" in emerald green, bore witness that the artist possessed the gentle gift of satire as well as that of tongues.

The detachment, the tents of whose camp could be seen close by on the north, was placed at this spot in order to guard a recently repaired railway bridge not far from the border of Cape Colony; but beyond the stacked rifles underneath and the armed sentry on top there were no conspicuous signs of war. The little force, including officers,—all, in fact, except the guard,—were taking advantage of the God-sent water. It was an opportunity not to be missed. Some, like boys, were wallowing about in the flood with merry din and splashing; others were squatting at the water's edge, busy beating out their "grey-back" shirts on the stones.

The sentry stood on top of the end girder, where the old bridge ended and the trestles began. It was the highest point above the veldt for some three miles, and had the disadvantage of conspicuousness; but this was not of much importance, for the bridge itself was visible above the surrounding bushes for many hundreds of yards. It needed no figure in khaki standing on top to announce the presence of a British force.

Brightly as the whole scene was coloured, its brilliance seemed to culminate at the sentry. Near his feet the dull chocolate hue of the ironwork was relieved by the gaudy colour of a freshly rivetted patch, which glistened in its recent coat of red-lead. Across this his shadow fell—a purple bar. There was nothing brilliant about the faded khaki of the uniform or the tanned face; but the blue of the sky was outrivalled by that of the bandage on his left hand. Many a squalid scene in South Africa indeed owed its only relief—in an artistic sense—to the universal veldt-sore and its alembroth-gauze dressing. Yes, the sentry was the centre of the colour scheme; but he was not the centre of interest,—to himself at least,—for he continued to peer towards the south with a perturbed expression.

Very soon another soldier hurried across the bridge, each step ringing out on the iron slats of the narrow four-foot way. Climbing up alongside the watcher, and incautiously placing his hands on the half-dried paint, he arrived at the top with smeared uniform and vermilion palms, and around him the atmosphere of gaiety and peace was instantaneously dissipated! He finally concluded by addressing the sentry—

"Well, what is it now? Some more blarsted ostriches?"

"No," replied the soldier,—who seemed sensitive on the point,—in a ruffled tone, "it

ain't. It's mounted men and waggons or guns. See that flat kopje? Well, under the hump at the end, jest to the left of the—one—two—three—fourth telegraph post."

"By gum! Y're right, it ain't birds this time. That's a big cloud of dust. There's a crowd of men under that, I lay."

There was indeed at the point indicated a thick column of yellow dust which gleamed in the sunlight: the rain of the night before had been slight. At this range the watchers could not know that, caught under the last waggon of the approaching force, where the escort did not notice it, was a dead bush. Nothing better calculated to exaggerate the size of a force seen from afar than this improvised broom could have been devised. At a distance the result might have made a brigadier pause and think.

It must be explained that these events occurred at a kaleidoscopic period of the war when no post knew what to expect. At one hour a solitary rider or a convoy of remounts, practically without escort, might appear; the next it might be a prowling commando. The detachment at the river was one of the "Thaba 'Nchu Thrusters," an irregular unit in which things were done first and reported — or not — afterwards. Very, very rarely did matters take the officially proper channel, usually a tortuous one, badly buoyed and lighted even for the regular.

In this case the corporal did not call a sergeant for his opinion, and no sergeant, after inspection, called upon an officer for his. The N.C.O. on the spot was satisfied that a large force was approaching, arms and the men were close at hand, and the captain had only recently lectured them on the importance of accepting responsibility and not taking chances. It was enough.

"Let her go, Gallagher!" he muttered, and, placing his first and little finger between his lips, he gave a "butcher's whistle" three times.

The effect was electrical. Within a minute Michael Angelo's celebrated cartoon of soldiers surprised while bathing was reproduced with "Up-to-date Effects." There was a shouting, splashing, and scurry, a hasty scramble for shirts, boots, and bandoliers, then a mob of men, some nude, many bootless, but all armed, ran to their various alarm posts. All knew their positions, and within three minutes there was hardly a man visible except those on the bridge.

The commandant and the second-in-command, the latter with a lathered chin, rushed coatless from a tent and joined the little group on the top of the bridge — now swollen to three by the addition of a corpulent sergeant. With the precipitancy of youth — they were subalterns — the officers scrambled up quickly. It was not until they had both placed their hands well on to the red-lead patch that the sergeant turned round and thoughtfully remarked—

"Beg pardon, sir — that's wet paint there."

Once again there was some little unpleasantness on that girder-top. When things had quieted down a bit, it was, according to the custom of the service, the sergeant and not the corporal, nor of course the private, who proceeded to explain the cause of alarm. Unfortunately for formality, besides having begun badly, the sergeant had not himself had time to discover exactly where the danger lay. Thus, vagueness in facts was added to nervousness in demeanour.

Throwing routine overboard, the commandant — one Lieutenant Wolfe—cut him short and asked generally—

"Come, come. Who's seen what and where?"

Like one man corporal and sentry started off to elucidate the situation; but the former's tone caused the private to drop out of the race and leave the last word with his senior. Glasses were brought to bear on the dust-cloud, now strangely shrunk in size.

"Umph!" said Wolfe after a steady stare. "That's only a waggon or two, and I never saw burghers, even a commando, come along a track with all that song and dance."

"No more Boers than we are," curtly echoed the second-in-command, Lieutenant John Orle, as he put down his glasses. Being called out for nothing in the middle of a shave does not lead to unnecessary suavity.

Without more ado Wolfe pulled out a whistle and blew loudly. Like so many meerkats half a hundred men popped up in all directions and turned towards the bridge. "Carry on," he shouted, waving his arm; and the garrison left their lairs, and, with many scowls at the sentry, proceeded back to pile arms. The commandant turned to the man who had caused the trouble—

"What the deuce d'you mean, Corporal Dockery? I don't call that *much* dust."

"Well, sir, the captain said we were to take no chances, an' me an' Riley here thought it was a large body. There don't seem to be so much dust now, but two minutes ago there was quite a lot. Riley saw it as well as me." There was now more hesitation in coming forward on the corporal's part than there had been. He appeared to rely somewhat on the junior for corroboration.

"Yes," replied that luckless man eagerly, thus drawing fire on himself, "it ain't nothing now to what it was."

"Oh rats!" was the unsympathetic reply. "You were not born yesterday, and you know as well as I do that Boers don't show themselves like that. You won't be popular if you play this game often, and I daresay we'll be having some men touched up by the sun after this damfool business," and the speaker looked wrathfully at his hands as if for signs of the disease. The sergeant and corporal had both gradually edged away into the background during this speech, and, for whomsoever the reproof was intended, it was the sentry who got it.

Wolfe turned to the white-chinned Orle. "I'll go out and meet them and see who they are." With that he strolled across the trestles and out over the veldt, and the garrison resumed its interrupted ablutions. The loss, in the hasty assembly, of some of their few priceless pieces of soap considerably increased the general annoyance. There was no reticence about its expression, which was quite audible and not comforting to the aggrieved watcher now again alone on high. *He* had got all the blame, but after all it was the Non-Com. who had sounded the alarm. Besides, it had been a big cloud—a very big cloud — much more than a waggon or two could make. 'Twas in vain that he puzzled over the inexplicable change. How was he to tell that a large bush had suddenly dropped from underneath a vehicle of the approaching force?

It was not long before Wolfe returned with the strange party. It consisted of one subaltern and four men of the "A.E.S.R.," or "All England Seaside Rifles," with two waggons. The men were on the waggons; the officer was riding. He was a nice-looking youngster, by name Stanley Simkin, but was not at all the type usually associated with the real-business-and-no-dam-swagger-and-that-sort-of-rot volunteer soldier. He was beautifully dressed and wonderfully equipped, all his gear being as fresh as himself, and his pink complexion, smooth hair, and eyeglass were suggestive of a stage Guardsman. He was on his way northwards *viâ* Grampian's Pont, conveying stores up to regimental headquarters.

"No, I am afraid this is no good," Wolfe was saying as they came up, speaking of the drift close to the bridge; "there must be a good six foot of water over it now. You'd better doss down here for the night—these floods go down as quickly as they rise, and if it stops raining away up in Basutoland, you will be able to cross to-morrow."

"Thanks, awfully good of you, but I must reach the Pont as early as possible. Isn't there some other ford—I mean drift—anywhere within a reasonable distance?"

"Oh yes, there's Valk Drift about four miles away. It's a toss up whether that will be passable either; but the *spruit* is broader there, and I daresay it may be. If you think it's worth chancing, have a bite with us, and I'll ride out with you afterwards. We can pick up a Dutch farmer on the way who will guide us across the drift. I don't know it well, and it's crooked and not properly marked."

Simkin was profuse in thanks. The mules were outspanned, and officer and men came across to enjoy the hospitality of the irregulars for lunch. During this simple meal, at which the last tin of asparagus was broached in his honour, the guest's rather stiff manner thawed, and he gave his hosts a great deal of interesting information about his

regiment, relating how the various corporate bodies of the watering-places of England had competed to fit it out with every conceivable and inconceivable luxury. Perhaps he was a bit full of "Ours," but it was natural, and not a bad trait in a young officer. In their jealousy Wolfe and Orle seriously discussed the advisability of resigning their appointments in their own rough and ready corps and travelling home to join the "All Englands." They also gave Simkin many "facts" about South Africa,—its climate, customs, flora and fauna, and especially about the ways of Brother Boer. Though British born, they had been in the country for many years,—quite long enough to teach the brand-new, open-eyed Simkin a thing or two, and his arrival only afforded pleasant and healthy exercise for the imaginative powers. He did not make a hearty meal, the "bully" and the flies were too much for him as yet; and after smoking some of his excellent cigars the little party set off to the west, taking the farm of one Koos Van der Merwe — a worthy and now painfully loyal Dutchman—on the way, in order to obtain his services as guide. Simkin quite expanded under the genial influence of the swashbuckler; and it was in cheery conversation that the tedium of the road was enlivened, for Wolfe was a light-hearted fellow, and made the most of all chances of enjoyment. The volunteer asked many questions about the enemy, and seemed to be extremely pugnacious. They found the farmer at home and quite willing to guide, and it was not long before they were standing on the north side of the swollen river. Here they halted a minute, in order to give the dripping mules a rest and to have a last word.

"So long! When the *spruit* is full already, it is not easy, Captain. Maar alles zal recht kom, eh?" said the bearded guide, turning to Simkin.

"No, by Jove! You guided us top hole." The expression somewhat puzzled Koos, but coming of a race not easily abashed, he was in no way put off his stroke.

"You have some coffee, perhaps, eh? My wife, she tell me to ask the Captain." The volunteer was now puzzled: not knowing of the dearth of coffee in many farms in the north of Cape Colony at that time, he imagined that this was a well-meant but somewhat belated invitation on the part of Mrs Van der Merwe.

"*So* sorry; 'fraid I can't—must be gettin' on. Please thank your wife, though: it's awf'lly good of her."

The cadging and once more mystified Dutchman grinned idiotically and scratched his ear. Wolfe, who was greatly enjoying all this — what he would have called Blind Man's Buff — was about to explain Van der Merwe's meaning when Simkin broke in tentatively, as if fearful of giving offence: "I say, don't you think we might celebrate the occasion—crossing of the Rubi-

con and all that sort of thing, eh what?"

"Most appropriate," said Wolfe promptly. "I'm sure old man Koosie looks as if he could lap down something and agrees with the Governor of North Carolina, and who am I —to say nay? *You* know how a detachment mess is always treated."

This service platitude was indeed a *coup de Jarnac*, for though the irregular's knowledge only extended to one detachment mess, the volunteer had no knowledge, and the imputation of experience was pleasing.

"Ra*ther*," he said, and went up to a waggon.

After fumbling under the tarpaulin he produced a straw case, and in a matter-of-fact way drew out from it a champagne bottle. Wolfe's heart leaped; but he had so often drunk whisky poured from champagne bottles, pickle bottles—once even from a blacking bottle — that the palpitation was only temporary. When, however, he saw the unbroken gold foil and read on the visible half of the label

VEUVE CLICQUOT—
REIMS

he coughed and rubbed his eyes. Meanwhile his host had produced three mugs, and was calmly manipulating the wire. When he had handed round the wine he removed his eyeglass, polished it with a silk handkerchief, and smiled.

"It's all right, I think—perhaps a trifle dry, but *quite* a good brand — eh what?" There was no answer. Both his listeners were too astonished for words. He went on, "Your health! I am extremely obliged to both of you," and bowed in courtly fashion to his two guides.

"Ch-cheero!" stammered Wolfe, when he had recovered himself, with that indescribable twist of the head which indicates a desire for another man's prosperity.

"Gezondheit! Alles ten beste!" said the Dutchman.

"Would you care to take a bottle to Orle, and you one to your wife?" was the next thing that shook the still dazed Wolfe.

"Eh?" he replied.

"Wouldn't you like a bottle for your mess?"

"Take one with me? Yes!"

Wonders did not cease: some more fumbling and Simkin calmly produced two more straw cases, which he handed over. Quite forgetting to thank him, Wolfe simply stared at the waggon.

"I say," he remarked at length gravely.

"Yes."

"Have you got a *waggonful* of Bubbly there?"

"Well, not quite full. It's a present to the regiment from the mayors and corporations of the watering-places of England."

The irregular smiled. He was badly shaken, and the smile was a veneer which did not hide the wistful regret underneath.

"Yes," drawled Simkin, lighting a cigarette, "and I've

had to wait to bring it up. Awful noosance stopping behind for this, don't cherknow, when all the other fellows are at 'the Front.'" He pronounced the last words as printed in inverted commas just as he had seen it below hundreds of portraits in picture papers—A Hero "At the Front," The Wife of a "H. a. t. F.," The Little Son of a "H. a. t. F.," The Boots of a "H. a. t. F.," and so forth.

"Yaas, of course," said Wolfe. "It must be." *He* had had plenty of the fly-blown front for some time. "It's awfully jolly up there. Why not go up by mail train yourself, old man? You may be cut out of some big thing by hanging round here with these rotten stores. *You* go up. Leave the stuff with me and I'll send it along in a truck after you. The R.S.O. at Grampians is a pal of mine, and I can get a truck very quickly."

Wolfe could not tell whether Simkin's expression was one of pure fatuity or cunning as he said, "Thanks awfully, but I've got orders to bring it up by road myself and not to lose sight of it. Must obey orders, you know—what?"

"Of course, of course, if that's the case," said Wolfe. "Nothing more doing here *yet*," was his thought as he rose.

"Good-bye and good luck. It's not a very difficult track to Grampians, but it winds about a good bit and is overgrown now."

Koos and he carefully picked up their prizes. As the pair slowly reforded the river, Simkin gave the word to *trek*, and with many shouts from the Kaffir drivers the convoy moved northwards.

On his way back Wolfe was assailed by temptation. He thought of making Van der Merwe stand and deliver his ill-gained loot. What did a Dutch farmer know even of gooseberry? And this was Veuve Cliquot of a special year. It would be wasted on him and his ample vrou: they would far prefer coffee. But the soldier's better instincts prevailed, and a feeling of *noblesse oblige*, which he himself would have called "cricket," prevented the dastardly act contemplated. They rode on in silence, both marvelling at the lunacy of a man who not only wandered about the veldt with a waggon-load of liquor, but let people know of it. At the parting of their ways the Dutchman turned off towards his farm, and Wolfe galloped back to camp cursing the fate which had allowed him to assist in getting that waggon across the river before he knew what was in it. Arrived in camp, he walked straight up to the stuffy mess tent, outside which Orle was sitting.

"Hullo! Why this hurrah face? Struck an outcrop?" was the latter's greeting.

Keeping one hand behind his back, Wolfe stalked slowly up to the plank on two barrels which formed the mess table before he replied. "Aha! So long—already! You vait one meenit!" He took his hat off and spun it round on his finger.

Had Orle not known his senior's light-hearted ways, he might have been perturbed. Wolfe continued: "Vait one leetle meenit: you vatch dis hat—hein? Vot you like? I pull for you a life rhabbit or some echte golddfisch—I call 'im Minnie—I call 'im Charrlie—Boom!"

While his puzzled audience blankly stared at the spinning hat, Wolfe quickly placed his burden on the table, and, whipping off the straw cover, struck the true conjuring attitude. "See vot I gif you! Vot you tink? Hein? Der is no decebtion, ladies and shentlemens! Rah, Rah!"

Orle watched, silent.

"*You*, my well-beloved and trusty lootenant, go out foraging and bring back a brace of *koorhahn* or a measly *sprenghaas*. I produce a bottle of Bubbly, allwoolla, top-hole brand too, and none of your cheap lines!"

Now the secret was out. There was no question, no unnecessary curiosity. Orle fetched a tin-opener and two mugs, and silently opened the bottle. In half a minute the two "Thrusters" were regarding each other over the brims of their mugs and wagging their heads with the usual formula.

"Here's to our guest! Bless him," added Wolfe.

"Now," said Orle, wiping his moustache, "tell us all about it. Who've you been robbing? Not our petted Percy?"

"Jack," replied the other with a sigh of content, "that fellow of the All Englands may be a petted, kid-gloved, glass-house Percy, but he's a white man and a peach, and has a perfect action in dealing drinks."

"Did *he* give you this?"

"Yes; and not only this, young feller-me-lad, but he gave Koos Van der Merwe another, and we cracked one on the spot after getting across!"

"Three?"

"Yes. The little brute, if you please, has a waggon full up to the gunwale of it——" He was interrupted by an exclamation from Orle, but continued. "I know what you are thinking. I've been kicking myself all the way home, too. If we had only known——! But there it is—he's across now. It'll take him some time to reach the Pont though, and he's not out of reach yet if Grafter and Davey drop in this afternoon, as they said they would. We must fix up something with them. It would be a crime to let him go past our fellows with all this stuff. He's dying to chuck it away, and will only waste it on those greedy brutes further on. They'll be round him like flies. Whatever happens, you bet his mess will never see much of it."

"But tell us all about it."

"Well, we picked up old man Koos all right. He was at home and only too keen to oblige. When we got across, of course the slim old *verneuker* starts his usual song and tries to cadge coffee for the missus,—thought he'd a soft thing on; but he was properly scored off,

because——" There was a sound of hoofs, and the speaker jumped up, exclaiming, "Here they come—Grafter and Davey," as two fresh officers cantered up.

"Hello!" was the shout of the foremost as he saw the table. "What have we here? Tea in a gooseberry bottle or a drop of the real stuff? All to yourselves, in the afternoon too! What'cher been up to? Railway accident, hospital train smashed up—salvage—willing helpers lend a hand—eh?"

"Let 'em all come," said Wolfe, lifting up the bottle and examining it; "there's just a toothful left for each of you. It's no gooseberry, my sons; look at this," and he pointed to the label, while Orle produced a cracked tumbler and a teacup.

"Now, you two," said Wolfe, "if you want a drop more of the same dog, just listen. Let *ons maak a plaan.*" They listened. "There is an almighty fool—no, he's a dear boy really, but a Percy—who is now trekking with two mule waggons and four or five men from Valk to the Pont. He left the drift about three o'clock and his mules have been trekking since morning, so you can figure out his pace for yourselves. The point is that one of his waggons is bang-full of champagne!"

"*Ikona!*" came as one word from the two newcomers.

"Fact; present from home, if you please, for the regimental mess—'All Englands.' But never mind that: he's got the stuff," Wolfe slapped the bottle conclusively. "And he seems inclined to throw it about. Van der Merwe and I guided him over the drift, and we scoffed a quart on the spot and each brought a bottle away with us."

"Didn't Van der Merwe—er—lend—you his?" suggested Grafter with meaning.

"No, no; I draw the line somewhere. Now, it's a pity to waste what Providence has put in our way, and we mustn't let those other brutes up north get it all. Orle and I can do no more now—we have done our bit; but there are lots of us between this and Grampians. That's the size of the situation, and I leave it to you. You can run it your own way; but I advise you to ride after him, ask him where he is going, play the Samaritan, tell him he's gone astray, take him round a bit, and put him back on the same road. And if you don't each get a bottle, I'll eat my hat!"

No more was necessary. The "Samaritans" were already mounting. One leaned forward to Wolfe—

"See here, old son. What's wrong with holding him up? Ambush the lot, shoot a mule or two from cover, and then Davey and me ride up in the nick of time, having driven off the enemy?"

"No, I wouldn't; dangerous. He's got some men; they're all armed, and Percy is all right—only he doesn't know who to watch. If he thought it was 'hostilities,' he'd hoist half-a-dozen Union Jacks and fight to the bitter end, and some one

might be killed or wounded. No, no, it won't do; it's gently that does the trick. Afterwards you can pass the good news on to Batley and the others."

"How about the waggon breaking down?"

"Can't be done in daylight with four men round it. Besides, that'll be a last resource when he gets fed up with giving away quarts of fizz to friendly guides. You'd better do as I say, but I don't care a darn how you do it: there it is, take it or leave it, only don't kill anybody, and if you get an extra bottle or two somehow, think of me and Jack here. Get a move on. The sooner you work it the more chance for the next lot."

"You're a beauty; thanks. Good-bye. Good-bye, Jack. Come on, Dave," and the two cantered off northwards side by side in deep consultation. Wolfe and Orle chuckled as they watched them out of sight, then turned to their duties, which, though not heavy, were extremely monotonous when nothing happened. Their little excitement was over, but the bright sun which shone on the bridge guard was also shining on a small convoy now some miles away, and upon two brigands "pricking o'er the plain" towards it in a small cloud of dust.

. . . . . .

Some six days later Lieutenant Wolfe had cause to go by train to Grampian's Pont. He arrived towards evening, when the station was crowded. The train which had brought him drew up in a siding some distance from the platform, and he got down on to the ground. On the main line alongside was another train just about to start for the north. As he strode along the row of trucks he saw an officer trying to climb into one with some difficulty. It was not an unusual occurrence, but something familiar in the man's appearance at once attracted the Thruster's eye. Upon a second glance he saw that this officer, though looking a little older, much dirtier, and more in keeping with his background than at the time of their last meeting, was no other than Lieutenant Simkin of the "All Englands." Evidently much hampered by a straw bundle that he was carefully hugging under his arm, he only succeeded in getting aboard as Wolfe got abreast of him. The engine whistled. Wolfe jumped up with one foot on the axle-box and held on to the side.

"Hello, old chap! you still here and *railing* up? What's happened to your convoy?"

Simkin, besides looking decidedly the worse for wear, seemed too depressed to show much surprise or any cordiality at his friend's reappearance. "Yes, it's me. Had the devil's own time since we last met. Lost my way several times, had several—almost too many—kind friends to put me straight though, but when I got near this infernal den of thieves everything went wrong." The train began to move with a series of jolts, which, as they reached Sim-

kin's truck, almost threw down the redoubtable Wolfe. "Waggons kept on breaking down; mules went lame, strayed, fell sick; lost nearly all my stuff, so I dumped the remainder on the rail, and here I am. Had enough trekking."

The train was gathering speed, and Wolfe had to drop off and run. Though surprised and breathless, yet like the good officer he was, he did not get confused or lose his head. He went straight for the — to him — strategic point.

"Good Lord! lost all that Bubbly?" he panted.

"Oh no," said the "Peach," raising his voice as Wolfe fell behind in the race. "Not all; I've got *this*," and taking the straw case from under his arm he carefully withdrew a fat bottle with sloping shoulders and gold top, which he triumphantly brandished.

Wolfe waved a farewell and stopped running. The train rumbled on into the gloom.

Thoughtfully he picked his way behind it towards the station, muttering, "Well, that beats the band — all gone! Some of these irregular corps are simply hogs. Just my luck! Five minutes earlier and I'd told him that he was in the wrong end of the train, shoved him into another truck, and then——" There came back to him a scene of a river in flood. Above the swirl of water he heard the snapping of wire, the pop of a cork, and the words, "Perhaps a trifle dry, but *quite* a good brand—eh what?"

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

TWENTY-FOUR centuries ago a line of Æschylus—"Egypt nurtured by the snow"—embodied a geographical theory which descended from Heaven knows what early folk-wandering. Aristotle with his *ἀργυροῦν ὄρος*, the Mountain of Silver from which the Nile flowed, continued the tradition in literature. Meantime Sabæan Arabs, trading along the east coast of Africa, and making expeditions to the interior, came back with stories of great inland seas and snow mountains near them. What they saw may have been only Kilimanjaro and Kenia, but the popular acceptance of their reports points to the earlier tale linking the snows with the Nile valley. Greek and Roman travellers spread the rumour, and presently it found its way, probably through Marinus of Tyre, into the pages of the geographer Ptolemy. Ptolemy had no doubt about these snows. He called them the Mountains of the Moon, and definitely fixed them as the source of the river of Egypt. For centuries after him the question slumbered, and men were too busied with creeds and conquests to think much of that fount of the Nile which Alexander the Great saw in his dreams. When the exploration of Equatoria began in last century the story revived, and the discovery of Kenia and Kilimanjaro seemed to have settled the matter. It was true that these mountains were a long way from the Nile watershed, but then Ptolemy had never enjoyed much of a reputation for accuracy. Still doubt remained in some minds, and explorers kept their eyes open for snow mountains which should actually feed the Nile, since after all so ancient a tradition had probably some ground of fact. Speke in 1861 thought he had discovered them in the chain of volcanoes between Lake Kivu and Lake Albert Edward, but these mountains held no snow. He received a hint, however, which might have led to success, for he heard from the Arabs of Unyamwezi of a strange mountain west of Lake Victoria, seldom visible, covered with white stuff, and so high and steep that no man could ascend it. In 1864 Sir Samuel Baker was within sight of Ruwenzori, and actually saw dim shapes looming through the haze, to which he gave the name of "Blue Mountain." In 1875 Stanley encamped for several days upon the eastern slopes, but he did not realise the greatness of the heights above him. He thought they were something like Elgon, and he christened them Mount Edwin Arnold (a name happily not continued); but he had no thought of snow or glacier, and he disbelieved the native stories of white stuff on the top. In 1876 Gordon's emissary, Gessi, recorded a strange apparition, "like snow-mountains in the sky," which

his men saw, but he seems to have considered it a hallucination. Stranger still, Emin Pasha lived for ten years on Lake Albert and never once saw the range—a fact which may be partly explained by his bad eyesight. Ruwenzori keeps its secret well. The mists from the Semliki valley shroud its base, and only on the clearest days and for a very little time can the traveller get such a prospect as Mr Grogan got —"a purple mass, peak piled upon peak, black-streaked with forest, scored with ravine, and ever mounting till her castellated crags shoot their gleaming tops far into the violet heavens."

The true discoverer was Stanley, who, in 1888, suddenly had a vision of the range from the south-west shore of Lake Albert. Everyone remembers the famous passage—

"While looking to the south-east and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar-shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver colour, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, I became struck with the deep blue-black colour of its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaux I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow. . . . It now dawned upon me that this must be Ruwenzori, which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock, as reported by Kavali's two slaves."

Stanley had neither the time nor the equipment for mountain expeditions, though to the end of his life Ruwenzori remained for him a centre of romance. It was his "dear wish," as he told the Royal Geographical Society shortly before his death, that some lover of Alpine climbing would take the range in hand and explore it from top to bottom. In 1889 one of his companions, Lieutenant Stairs, made an attempt from the north-west, and reached a height of nearly 11,000 feet. Two years later Dr Stuhlmann, a member of Emin's expedition, made a bold journey up the Butagu valley on the west, discovered the wonderful mountain vegetation, and nearly reached the snow level. In 1895 came Mr Scott Elliot, who was primarily a botanist, but who, in spite of bad malaria, managed to struggle as far as 13,000 feet. Then followed troubles in Uganda, and it was not till 1900 that the work of exploration was resumed. To make the story clear it is necessary to explain that the range runs practically north and south, and that about half-way it is cut into by two deep valleys—the Mobuku running to the east and the Butagu running to the Semliki on the west. Fort Portal at the northern end is the nearest station, and as from it the eastern side is the more accessible, it was natural that the Mobuku valley should be chosen as the best means of access. In 1900 Mr Moore reached its head, and ascended the mountain called Kiyanja to the height of 14,900 feet. He had no sight of the range as a

whole, but he believed this to be the highest peak, and put the summit at about 16,000 feet. In the same year Sir Harry Johnston followed this route. He ascended to the height of 14,828 feet on Kiyanja, and saw from the Mobuku valley a mountain to the north, which he named Duwoni. He came to the conclusion that the highest altitude of the range was not under 20,000 feet, and in this view he was followed by other travellers, like Mr Wylde, Mr Grogan, and Major Gibbons, none of whom, however, actually made ascents of any peak.

The first serious mountaineering expedition was made in 1905 by Mr Douglas Freshfield and Mr A. L. Munn, who suffered from such appalling weather that they had to give up the attempt. Being experienced mountaineers, however, they reached some valuable conclusions. From the plains they had a clear view of the tops, and ascertained that the mountain called Kiyanja at the head of the Mobuku valley was certainly lower than a twin-peaked snow mountain beyond it to the west. They also placed the extreme height of the range at no more than 18,000 feet. Meanwhile Lieutenant Behrens of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission had made an elaborate triangulation, and gave to the twin tops of the highest peak altitudes of 16,625 and 16,549 feet—measurements, let it be noted, which were only a few hundred feet out. One other expedition, which occupied the close of the same year and the beginning of 1906, deserves mention. Mr A. F. R. Wollaston, of a British Museum party, found an old ice-axe in a hut (probably left by Mr Freshfield), and, with a few yards of rotten rope, set off with a companion to climb Kiyanja. He reached a height of 16,379 feet, and also climbed a peak to the north, which he believed wrongly to be Duwoni, and which now very properly bears his name. The whole performance was a brilliant adventure, and Mr Wollaston has recently published the story of his travels in a delightful book.[1]

Such was the position when in April 1906 the Duke of the Abruzzi and his party left Italy to solve once and for all the riddle of the mountain. The Duke is perhaps the greatest of living mountaineers. As a rock-climber his fame has filled the Alps, and no name is more honoured at Courmayeur or the Montanvert. He has led polar expeditions, and has made the first ascent of the Alaskan Mount St Elias. His experience, therefore, has made him not only a climber, but an organiser of mountain travel. It is to this latter accomplishment that he owes his success, for Ruwenzori is not so much a climber's as a traveller's problem. The actual mountaineering is not hard, but to travel the long miles from Entebbe to the range, to cut a path through the dense jungles of the valleys, and to carry

[1] From Ruwenzori to the Congo. John Murray.

supplies and scientific apparatus to the high glacier camps, required an organising talent of the first order. The Duke left no contingency unforeseen. He took with him four celebrated Courmayeur guides, and a staff of distinguished scientists, as well as Cav. Vittorio Sella, the greatest of living mountain photographers. So large was the expedition that two hundred and fifty native porters were required to carry stores from Entebbe to Fort Portal. It was not a bold personal adventure, like Mr Wollaston's, but a carefully-planned, scientific assault upon the mystery of Ruwenzori. The Duke did not only seek to ascend the highest peak, but to climb every summit and map accurately every mountain, valley, and glacier. The story of the work has now been officially written,[1] not indeed by the leader himself, who had no time to spare, but by his friend and former companion, Cav. Filippo de Filippi, who was not even a member of the expedition. It is an admirable account, clear and yet picturesque, and it is illustrated by photographs and panoramas which we have never seen equalled in mountaineering literature.

The charm of the book is its strangeness. It tells of a kind of mountaineering to which the world can show no parallel. When Lhasa had been visited, Ruwenzori remained—save for the gorges of the Brahmaputra — the only great geographical mystery unveiled. Happily the unveiling has not killed the romance, for the truth is stranger than any forecast. If the Mountains of the Moon are lower than we had believed, they are far more wonderful. Here you have a range almost on the Equator, rising not from an upland, like Kilimanjaro, but from the "Albertine Depression," which is 600 or 700 feet below the average level of Uganda; a range of which the highest peaks are a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, which is draped most days of the year in mist, and accessible from the plains only by deep-cut glens choked with strange trees and flowers. The altitude would in any case give every stage of climate from torrid to arctic, but the position on the Line adds something exotic even to familiar mountain sights, draping a glacier moraine with a tangle of monstrous growths, and swelling the homely Alpine flora into portents. The freakish spirit in Nature has been let loose, and she has set snow-fields and rock *arêtes* in the heart of a giant hothouse.

The Duke of the Abruzzi was faced at the start with a deplorable absence of information. Even the season when the weather was clearest was disputed. Mr Freshfield, following Sir Harry Johnston's advice, tried November and found a perpetual shower-bath. Warned by this experience, the Duke selected June and July

[1] Ruwenzori; An Account of the Expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi. London: Constable.

for the attempt, and was fortunate enough to get sufficient clear days to complete his task, though he was repeatedly driven into camp by violent rain. Another matter in doubt was the best means of approach to the highest snows. The obvious route was the Mobuku valley, but by this time it was pretty clear that Kiyanja, the peak at its head, was not the highest, and it was possible that there might be no way out of the valley to the higher western summits. Still, it had been the old way of travellers, and since the alternative was the Butagu valley right on the other side of the range, the Duke chose to follow the steps of his predecessors. Just before Butiti he got his first sight of the snow, and made out that a double peak, which was certainly not Johnston's Duwoni, was clearly the loftiest. Duwoni came into view again in the lower Mobuku valley, and the sight, combined with the known locality of Kiyanja, enabled the expedition to take its bearings. Duwoni was seen through the opening of a large tributary valley, the Bujuku, which entered the Mobuku on the north side between the Portal Peaks. Now it had been clear from the lowlands that the highest snows were to the south of Duwoni, and must consequently lie between that peak and the Mobuku valley. The conclusion was that the Bujuku must lead to the foot of the highest summits, while the Mobuku could not. The discovery was the key of the whole geography of the range, but the Duke did not act upon it. He wisely decided to explore Kiyanja first, so, thinning out his caravan and leaving his heavier stores at the last native village, he pushed with his party up the Mobuku torrent.

The Mobuku valley falls in stages from the glacier, and at the foot of each stage is a cliff-face and a waterfall. The soil everywhere oozes moisture, and, where an outcrop of rock or a mat of dead boughs does not give harder going, it is knee-deep in black mud. The first stage is forest land, great conifers with masses of ferns and tree-ferns below, and above a tangle of creepers and flaming orchids. At the second terrace you come to the fringe of Alpine life. Here is the heath forest, of which let the narrative tell:—

"Trunks and boughs are entirely smothered in a thick layer of mosses which hang like waving beards from every spray, cushion and englobe every knot, curl and swell around each twig, deform every outline and obliterate every feature, till the trees are a mere mass of grotesque contortions, monstrous tumefactions of the discoloured, leprous growth. No leaf is to be seen save on the very topmost twigs, yet the forest is dark owing to the dense network of trunks and branches. The soil disappears altogether under innumerable dead trunks, heaped one upon another in intricate piles, covered with mosses, viscous and slippery when exposed to the air; black, naked, and yet neither mildewed nor rotten where they have lain for years and years in deep holes. No forest can be grimmer and stranger than this. The vegetation seems primeval, of some period when forms were uncertain and provisory."

But the third terrace is stranger still. There one is out of the forest and in an Alpine meadow between sheer cliffs, with far at the head the gorge and shelter of Bujongolo and the tongue of the glacier above it. But what an Alpine meadow!—

"The ground was carpeted with a deep layer of lycopodium and springy moss, and thickly dotted with big clumps of the papery flowers, pink, yellow, and silver white, of the helichrysum or everlasting, above which rose the tall columnar stalks of the lobelia, like funeral torches, beside huge branching groups of the monster senecio. The impression produced was beyond words to describe; the spectacle was too weird, too improbable, too unlike all familiar images, and upon the whole brooded the same grave deathly silence."

It is a commonplace to say that in savage Africa man is surrounded by a fauna still primeval; but in these mountains the flora, too, is of an earlier world, that strange world which is embalmed in our coal-seams. Under the veil of mist, among cliffs which lose themselves in the clouds, the traveller walks in an unearthly landscape, with the gaunt candelabra of the senecios, the flambeaux of the lobelias, and the uncanny blooms of the helichryse like decorations at some ghostly feast. The word "helichryse" calls up ridiculous Theocratean associations, as if the sunburnt little "creeping-gold" of Sicily were any kin to these African marvels. Our elders were wise when they named the range the Mountains of the Moon, for such things might well belong to some lunar gorge of Mr Wells's imagination. Beyond Kiyanja the Duke found a little lake where a fire had raged and the senecios were charred and withered. It was a veritable Valley of Dry Bones.

Bujongolo offered the expedition a stone-heap overhung by a cliff, and there the permanent camp was fixed. Among mildews and lichens and pallid mist and an everlasting drip of rain five weeks were passed with this unpromising spot as their base. The first business was to ascend Kiyanja. This gave little trouble, for the ridge was soon gained, and an easy *arête* to the south led to the chief point. The height proved to be 15,988 feet, and the view from the summit settled the geography of the range and confirmed the Duke's theories. For it was now clear that the ridge at the head of the Mobuku was no part of the watershed of the chain, and that the Duwoni of Johnston was to the north, not of the Mobuku, but of the Bujuku. The highest summits stood over to the west, rising from the col at the head of the Bujuku valley. The Duke saw that they might also be reached by making a detour to the south of Kiyanja, and ascending a glen which is one of the high affluents of the Butagu, the great valley on the west side of the system. It may be convenient here to explain the main features of the range, giving them the new names which the expedition invented, and which are now adopted by geographers. Ki-

yanja became Mount Baker, and its highest point is called Edward Peak after the King. Due south, across the Freshfield Pass, stands Mount Luigi di Savoia, a name given by the Royal Geographical Society and not by the Duke, who wished to christen it after Joseph Thomson the traveller. Due north from Mount Baker, and separated from it by the upper Bujuku valley, is Mount Speke (the Duwoni of Johnston), with its main summit called Vittorio Emanuele. West of the gap between Baker and Speke stands the highest summit of all, Mount Stanley, with its twin peaks Margherita and Alexandra. North of Mount Speke is Mount Emin, and east of the latter is Mount Gessi. Five of the great *massifs* cluster around the Bujuku valley, while the sixth, Mount Luigi di Savoia, stands by itself at the south end of the chain.

The assault on Mount Stanley was delayed for some days by abominable weather. At last came a clear season, and the Duke with his guides crossed Freshfield Pass and ascended the valley at the back of Mount Baker. There they spent an evening, which showed what Ruwenzori could be like when the clouds are absent. They found a little lake, embosomed in flowers, under the cliffs, and looking to the west they saw the sun set in crimson and gold over the great spaces of the Congo Forest. Next day they reached the col which bears the name of Scott Elliot, and encamped on one of the Mount Stanley glaciers at the height of 14,817 feet. At 7.30 on the following morning they reached the top of the first peak, Alexandra, 16,749 feet high. A short descent and a difficult piece of step-cutting through snow cornices took them to the summit of Margherita (16,815 feet), the highest point of the range.

"They emerged from the mist into splendid clear sunlight. At their feet lay a sea of fog. An impenetrable layer of light ashy-white cloud-drift, stretching as far as the eye could reach, was drifting rapidly north-westward. From the immense moving surface emerged two fixed points, two pure white peaks sparkling in the sun with their myriad snow crystals. These were the two extreme summits of the highest peaks. The Duke of the Abruzzi named these summits Margherita and Alexandra, 'in order that, under the auspices of these two royal ladies, the memory of the two nations may be handed down to posterity, — of Italy, whose name was the first to resound on these snows in a shout of victory, and of England, which in its marvellous colonial expansion carries civilisation to the slopes of these remote mountains.' It was a thrilling moment when the little tricolor flag, given by H.M. Queen Margherita of Savoy, unfurled to the wind and sun the embroidered letters of its inspiring motto, '*Ardisci e Spera.*'"

The conquest of Mount Stanley was the culminating-point of the expedition. After that, the topography being known, it only remained to ascend the four *massifs* of Speke, Emin, Gessi, and Luigi di Savoia. In addition, the Bujuku valley with its tributary the Migusi was thoroughly explored. The aim of the Duke being completeness, many of the peaks were ascended several times to

verify the observations. There is an account of how from one peak in a sudden blink of fine weather the leader saw two portions of the expedition in different parts of the range moving about their allotted tasks. The result of this wise organisation is that to-day the world knows every peak, glacier, and valley in Ruwenzori far more minutely than many habitable parts of the East African plateau. The expedition was not only a fine adventure, but a wonderful piece of solid and enduring scientific work. No Englishman will grudge that the honours of the pioneer have fallen to so brilliant a climber and so unwearied a traveller as the Duke of the Abruzzi. The Italian name has always stood high in mountaineering annals, and the Duke has long ago earned his place in that inner circle of fame which includes Mummery and Guido Rey, Moore and Zsigmondy.

The riddle of equatorial snow has been solved, and there is nothing very startling in the answer. The upper part of the mountain has no marvels to show equal to the giant groundsels and lobelias and the forest of heath on the lower slopes. The glaciers are all small, without tributaries, as in Norway; and there are no real basins, but merely "a sort of glacier caps from which ice digitations flow down at divers points." All the same, the glacier formation is more respectable than Mr Freshfield thought, for he saw only the small ice-stream at the head of the Mobuku, and was not aware of the much greater one from Mount Stanley which descends to the upper Bujuku valley. The limit of perpetual snow is about 14,600 feet. Mr Freshfield was so struck by the small size of the Mobuku torrent where it issues from the glacier, and by its clearness, that he thought it must come from some underground spring rather than from a real melting of the ice. He maintained that tropical glaciers were consumed mainly by evaporation and only in a small degree by melting. The Duke has, however, made it clear that the glaciers of Ruwenzori are subject to the same conditions as those of the Alps, and that their streams are true glacier torrents. The limpidity of the water he ascribes to their almost complete immobility, which means that there is no grinding of the detritus in their beds.

On the whole, the range offers no great scope for the energies of the mountaineer. The ice and snow work is easy, and even the huge cornices, such as are found on Margherita, are fairly safe for the climber, owing to the way in which they are propped by a forest of ice stalactites caused by the rapid melting of the snow. On the other hand, there seems to be abundance of rock climbing of every degree of difficulty, for the mountains below the snow-line fall very sheer to the valleys. Luigi di Savoia, Emin, and Gessi are virtually rock peaks; an isolated summit, Mount Cagni, is wholly rock; and there are fine rock faces on Mount Baker and the

Edward and Savoia Peaks of Mount Stanley. We doubt, however, if Ruwenzori will ever be a centre for the rock gymnast. The weather would damp the ardour of the most earnest *habitué* of Chamonix or San Martino. A few hours of sunshine once a-week are not enough in which to plan out routes up cliffs whose scale far exceeds the measure of the Alps. The Grèpon or the Dru would have long remained virgin if their crags had been for ever slimy with moisture and draped in mist, and the climber had to descend to no comfortable Montanvert, but to a clammy tent among swamps and mildews.

And yet it remains almost the strangest of the world's wonders, and its ascent will always be one of the finest of human adventures. They are Mountains of the Moon rather than of this common earth. The first discoverers brought back tales which were scarcely credible — ice-peaks of Himalayan magnitude, soaring out of flame-coloured tropic jungles. For long mountaineers have been consumed with insatiable curiosity as to what mysteries lay behind that veil of mist. For all they knew, equatorial snow might be difficult beyond the skill of man, and Ruwenzori the eternal and unapproachable goal of the adventurer's ambition. The truth is prosaic beside these imaginings. Any man who can afford the time and money, who selects the right time of year, and is sound in wind and limb, can stand on the dome of Margherita. But the experience will still be unique, for these mountains have no fellows on the globe. The other day Dr Cook published his narrative of the first ascent of Mount M'Kinley in Alaska, and there is a certain kinship between his tale and that of the Duke of the Abruzzi. That gaunt icy peak is as unlike the ordinary snow mountain as Ruwenzori. The climb begins from the glacier at a height of a thousand feet, and nineteen thousand feet of snow and ice have to be surmounted. The pioneers slept out on the slopes six nights before they succeeded in crawling to the summit. The Alaskan giant and the Mountains of the Moon stand at the opposite poles of climate, but both are alike in being outside the brotherhood of mountains. They are extravagances of nature, moulded without regard to human needs. For mountains, when all has been said, belong to the habitable world. They are barriers between the settlements of man, and from their isolation the climber looks to the vineyards and corn-lands and cities of the plains. An ice peak near the Pole and a range veiled in the steaming mists of the Line are solitudes more retired, and sanctuaries more inviolate. The common mountain-top lifts a man above the tumult of the lowlands, but these seem to carry him beyond the tumult of the world.

TIFLIS TO CONSTANTINOPLE *VIÂ* THE BLACK SEA PORTS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *November.*

EAST of Belgrade no one is ever in a hurry, and what is more, no one anxious to hustle receives much sympathy. When I arrived at Tiflis I received advices which required my presence in Constantinople at the earliest possible date. From Tiflis to Constantinople is no great journey. In ordinary circumstances the traveller drops down the picturesque mountains by a quite fast train to Batum; here he finds a German, French, Austrian, or even Russian steamer which will land him on the shores of the Bosphorus in any time from forty-eight hours to six days. But it may well be said that in the Russian Caucasus all normal standards of reckoning have ceased. When I reached Batum I found not only a town terrorised by a handful of Georgian brigands, but a seaport under the ban of quarantine. Cholera was raging in St Petersburg. Therefore the Ottoman Government had ostracised all Russian ports. It has ever been impossible to argue with the Ottoman Government, but to impose a five days' quarantine on shipping from Batum because there is cholera in St Petersburg would seem as sagacious a measure as a similar imposition on ships bound for Liverpool from New York because of disease at Gibraltar. As a consequence of this Ottoman dread of epidemic, practically all foreign shipping had been withdrawn from the Black Sea ports. Therefore to reach Constantinople and evade quarantine, the traveller had perforce to make almost a complete circuit of the Black Sea in a Russian coaster, then squeeze up the Danube in a river boat, train to Bucharest, and there avail himself of one of the great Continental railway arteries. Even though this was a journey of nine days, it showed on the reckoning a profit of five days over the direct route plus the enforced quarantine. A journey along the coasts of the Black Sea in October is probably one of the most delightful yachting cruises that the traveller can take. Except in very rare circumstances, he will find the treacherous inland sea as smooth as a mill-pond. The atmosphere is perfect, retaining a little of the balmy heat of the Euxine summer tempered with a freshness that is delightful. As you coast along the land you have in turn the grandeur of the Caucasian mountains and the almost Italian beauties of the Crimea. You touch port after port, each furnished with its individual interest. You see that strange mingling of East and West which is peculiar to these regions of the Russian empire. The personal interests upon the deck of a Russian coaster are alone worth a journey to the Euxine. Here you find, con-

fined in the small area which Russian shipping companies allow to the first-class passengers, every class and nationality of passenger: Russian officers from Central Asia; English and American mining engineers from the oil- and copper-fields of the Caucasus; British diplomatists returning from Teheran; political refugees from Persia; wonderfully-attired Hungarian sportsmen; Viennese botanists from the Karabagh; urbane Turks; treacherous Georgians; Bokhara carpet merchants, and the thousand and one indescribable nondescripts who make up the living mass of nearer Asia.

The Russian Steam Navigation Company's *Xenia* left Batum at two o'clock on a Wednesday morning. Being possessed of a full measure of British dislike of shipboard gregarianism, I had approached the head steward as to the possibility of reserving in their crowded ship a four-berthed cabin to myself. You must not wonder at my audacity, for I have travelled in Russia before. The head steward said that it was impossible. I jingled a five-rouble gold piece on the marble top of a saloon table. The steward showed me to my cabin, and in exchange for the little disc of gold I received the magic key. Nor had I been unwise. In the next cabin to mine was an American who had as his companion a Russian General. This American was a well-equipped traveller. His dressing-case was a marvel of ivory fittings and useless glass bottles with silver stoppers. The second day he missed sundry of the fittings, — a bottle or two and the ivory hair-brushes. He rang for the steward. The whole affair was very mysterious. The steward knew nothing, and the General, lying on the berth, only grunted. By accident the American touched the General's blue-grey overcoat. It was hanging upon a peg behind the cabin door. Something hard was in the pockets, and the American, being desperate, turned these receptacles out. The General's sole comment was a series of grunts as the missing articles were drawn from the capacious lining of his coat.

On the first morning we called at two little ports, —little white-barred settlements nestling at the foot of the grand wooded mountains, which seemed to rise sheer out of the dark waters of the sea. At first the routine of shipboard life was disconcerting. On Russian ships luncheon is served at half-past ten in the morning, dinner at four-thirty. As both are heavy meals, they rather outrage English appetite and digestion. I found myself placed at an exclusively Russian table. At the head of the board sat the captain, a gorgeous Russian both in size and raiment. Opposite me was an opulent Jew with his wife and daughter. They reminded me of the flesh-reducing advertisements — dainty girl, comfortable girl, and fat girl. Papa's figure served for the fat girl. Madam was, to say the least of it, "comfortable," and Mademoiselle might still claim to be in the "dainty"

category. Next to me was a good-looking naval lieutenant bound for Sevastopol. With the latter I was able to converse in French. But the captain filled me with admiration. He was such an enormous eater that the steward always served him last, and left the entire dish at his side. As far as I could judge, the captain never failed to empty it.

As was only natural, my conversation with the sailor drifted into the quicksands of the late war with Japan. I have always admired the open and unprejudiced way in which Russian officers are prepared to discuss their recent adversities in the Far East. My latest Russian friend was possessed of a new theory concerning the passage of Rodjesvenski's fleet past the Dogger Bank. He admitted that, at the time of the disaster, he, with other officers of the Black Sea fleet, did not believe in the myth of the presence of Japanese torpedo boats, but, since the war, two circumstances had given rise to a different opinion. They were both hospital instances. In one a Russian officer was in the next bed to a Japanese officer who discussed the war with great freedom. At last the Russian put the question squarely: "Were there any Japanese torpedo boats with the English fishing-fleet?" The Japanese turned away with an expressive smile as he said, "That would be telling you too much." In the other case a sick Russian officer met a Japanese commander in hospital. The latter was suffering from some lung trouble which he attributed to exposure in North Sea waters. On such shadowy evidence is the Russian Navy content to justify its own nervous breakdown.

The second morning out of Batum the *Xenia* arrived at Novo Rassüsk. Here the landscape had undergone a change. The giant wooded hills of the Caucasus had given place to bare low downs. Novo Rassüsk has the appearance of having been a failure as a commercial seaport. Although half a dozen great corn-shoot jetties stretch out into the sea; though the town possesses wonderful quays and sea-walls; though there is berthage for scores of big vessels, the port was deserted. Our own little packet was the sole occupant of all this engineering grandeur. The town itself is primitive Russian, and, as a town, presents no attractions. In winter, with the well-known north-east wind blowing from the vast steppes of Siberia, its climate is said to be unbearably cold.

We untied from Novo Rassüsk at midday and steered our course for Theodosia. Leaving the mountains behind us, we skirted the flatter coast-line leading down to the Azov. During the night we called at Theodosia, and on the following morning steamed in alongside the sea-wall at Yalta. If Russia possessed a middle class I would be inclined to say that Yalta was its Margate. But, as the Russian middle class does not exist in sufficient quantities to admit this parallel, I can only allow myself to suggest that Yalta is to Russia what

Brighton must have been to England in the days of the Georges. It possesses the most delightful and salubrious climate, and it is possibly the most picturesquely situated town in all Russia. It nestles to the side of a wooded Crimean hill, and is furnished with luxurious hotel accommodation. In the summer all Southern Russia and his wife—mostly his wife—forgather at Yalta. The town has all the made properties that go to furnish a seaside pleasure-ground: band-stands, promenades, garden cafés, amusement piers, tiers of souvenir and trinket shops—everything except a sanded beach. It also has, even for Russia, a reputation for laxity of morals which, again, utterly defeats the Margate parallel. We had arrived at the breaking up of the autumn season. It was probably the last week that Yalta would suffer its fair visitors to dress in clinging silks and cloudy muslins. In a month it would exact furs and sables from those who clung to its parades and cafés.

It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the flock of hibernating passengers that boarded us at Yalta. They not only filled the after-deck of the packet, but the waist and well of the ship were also crowded with steerage passengers. The majority were simply journeying to Sevastopol, a four hours' run, there to catch the railway artery that feeds the whole of Russia. There was a sick ambassador from St Petersburg; a goodly crowd of officers, smart and dowdy—and Russia has more dowdy officers than any other nation,—with their own families; the smart ones were in attendance on fair ladies whose successful season at Yalta was suggested by the armfuls of bouquets that were presented to them on the quay. There were questionable artistes of the *café chantant* denomination, priests, laymen, and students galore. The gear with which all and sundry were encumbered suggested an artlessness in travel that one would have thought latter-day advertisement in cheap leather goods had rendered impossible. Aged generals staggered up the gangway simply laden with decorations and brown-paper parcels. The best even did not consider it beneath them to have half their belongings folded into what appeared to be soiled pillow-cases. One of the chief attractions of the run to Sevastopol seemed to be the inclusion of that awful afternoon dinner. When the bell rang the saloon became a pandemonium. Still hanging on to their brown-paper packets, the crowd fought for the limited accommodation at the tables, while the less successful, lining the alley way, though innocent of plate, knife, or fork, rifled the dishes as the perspiring stewards bore them to the board.

Although I had visited Sevastopol before, I had never seen the narrow entrance to Balaclava. Therefore, having secured my Russian naval officer as a guide, I hung over the rail and watched the cliffs of the Crimea as we steamed

past them. My friend was interesting. "You English are extraordinary people," he remarked as we neared the opening. "Last year was the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Crimean war. Yet, though you claim that it was a victorious campaign, you take not the slightest interest in so noteworthy an event as its fiftieth anniversary. We, on the contrary, who have less reason to celebrate the occasion, were at great pains to organise a festival. The officers of the garrison and fleet held a dinner and reception, and we telegraphed our good wishes and congratulations to our comrades. The telegram remained undelivered, as no one in England seemed to have remembered the occasion. Is it always thus?" I had to admit that the Crimea had to some extent slipped the memory of the present generation.

We were now abreast of the entrance to Balaclava. From the sea it looked but a narrow fissure. But the very fact that it was the spot whence the great empire of Russia was invaded filled one with interest. Then, as the cliffs gave way to a more open foreshore, one saw the plains that stretch up to the slopes of the fortress town. One could hardly picture, in that peaceful landscape, the terror of these Crimean winters, the ferocity of those sanguinary encounters which to the present generation read like fairy tales.

Sevastopol itself now grows out distinctly in the background. It makes an imposing picture,—the Admiralty buildings on the colline, the hotel grounds and well-kept gardens on the bluff, the antiquated stone batteries at the entrance, the gaunt battleships in the anchorage, and the great line of marine barracks upon the spit. I am of the present generation, yet even for me Sevastopol conjures up scenes of battle and bloodshed. The last time that I put into the port the fort guns were thundering at the mutinous cruiser *Achakoff*, and a battery of field artillery was in action upon the historic boulevard, bursting disciplinary shell above the marine barracks. That was three years ago, and even now, at the back of the harbour, we could see the *Achakoff* still expiating her sins at the hands of the shipwrights.

They have made Sevastopol a very clean town,—very German looking and pleasant, and well kept withal. The *Xenia* tied up for two hours, and I took the opportunity of visiting the newly opened panorama on the summit of the historic boulevard. Even if there had been no panorama it would have been an interesting drive, as you pass along the edge of the peculiarly sloped valley which enabled Todleben to frustrate the best endeavours of the Allies to carry him by storm. The panorama itself is in a handsome Byzantine building standing on the summit of the hill. It is surrounded by a spacious and carefully laid out park that in itself makes a worthy memorial to Sevastopol's memorable siege. As a picture of war in all its active passion

the panorama is splendid. It brings you face to face, in a most realistic manner, with the great attempt to storm the Malakoff and Redan. You stand, as it were, amid the palpitating soldiery in the Russian trenches and help to nullify the temporary success of the gallant French infantry. Away on your right is depicted the British failure. Amid the fleecy smoke of battle you catch glimpses of the scarlet tunics you know so well. The artist has caught the true impression of war; you might be a prisoner in the Russian batteries praying for the success of your comrades. You can see the desperate straits of the leading companies. You can see that the shot and shell have blasted them to a standstill, and yet you seem to hope against hope that the supporting battalions, indistinctly charging through the grey veil of smoke, will reanimate the faltering line in front. It is but an artist's snare, an optical illusion, but it seems very real, especially when, five minutes later, you are standing at the gate of the Park and you recognise the very slopes which the picture has photographed on your mind.

When the *Xenia* next put to sea she had disgorged her superfluity of passengers. As I dived into the companion I cannoned into a tall Russian lady who had joined us at Yalta. I apologised in French. She replied in perfect English, "That is nothing. It was my fault. I mention this little incident to lay stress upon the linguistic abilities of Russians in general. This lady, as she informed me in subsequent conversation, had never before spoken with an Englishman. When she was a girl she had for a short time had an English governess, but, for the rest, her knowledge of our language was the result of reading English literature. Kipling and Conan Doyle were this lady's favourite authors.

The following morning I parted company with the good ship *Xenia*, her comfortable skipper and smiling stewards. We had reached Odessa. In Odessa I was able to renew many old acquaintances. Things were better in the great seaport town than they had been three years ago. Then it was racked with martial law and black-hundreds. The most sympathetic Consul-General in the whole of our Consular service gave me a pleasant welcome, and entrusted me with a cover for delivery in Constantinople. Hereby hangs a tale which I will presently unfold. I found that my best way to Bucharest, where a very charming friend from London was due to meet me, was by way of the Danube to Galatz, and from there by train. One of the bi-weekly boats of the Danube service was leaving that night. This was infinitely preferable to making the fast railway journey *viâ* Volochinsk and Lemburg to catch the Berlin-Bucharest express, or the slow railway journey *viâ* Ungheny and Jassy.

At eight in the evening I boarded the little yacht *Rossia*, and woke up in the morning to find that we were in the Danube. This part of the river is not

interesting. The banks are low and the scenery commonplace. Neither were my fellow-passengers of a kind to perpetuate a memory. The captain, however, who travelled with wife complete, was full of *bonhomie*, and informed me that he had once carried Sir John French as a passenger. We passed two nights on the Danube. The second was obligatory owing to the fetish of quarantine. Very early on the third morning we tied up at the Roumanian inspection station. A dapper little doctor overhauled us, and put on an air of great pomposity when he discovered that my passport spoke of Batum,—the cholera, be it remembered, was in St Petersburg. I pressed my claim for exemption with all humility, and trusted that I had secured my object, when he directed that my bedding and that of my servant should pass through the "fumigating machine." In order to humour him the more, I feigned an interest in the little tin hospital which he had in preparation for the patients that never came. But my wiles were in vain, for when we had received *pratique*, and the little doctor was waving polite adieux from the shore, I found that he had marked me and my servant for a five days' quarantine before being allowed to pass to Turkey. It seemed that all my efforts were to prove futile, that I might just as well have waited a week for the German packet at Batum, and done my five days rolling in the swell of Sinope roadstead.

But, as the bookmakers say, "faint heart never won fair lady," and I journeyed on. The Roumanian customs at Galatz, however, took handsome toll of my effects. Being a traveller of some experience, I carry a miscellany apparently not often seen in Roumania. It was very amusing to the employés to see and handle the typewriter, telescopic glasses, camp canteen, and cooking kit of unknown designs and uses; but unfortunately they did not pay for the little bazaar they made of my effects. It cost me two pounds in duty to amuse them.

The journey by train from Galatz to Bucharest is devoid of interest. You pick up the Berlin express at Buzeu, and this deposits you in the capital about seven in the evening. I had then to search for a lodging. Now I am going to give a little hint to travellers in general. Long experience has taught me that it is a very rare thing for a big hotel to be so full that it cannot take in an insistent guest; this same experience has also convinced me that it is customary for the myrmidons at the hotel doors to turn away proposing guests if the latter do not carry the appearance of affluence on their sleeves. Listen to my story. A fly deposited me at the best house in flashy Bucharest. Myself and luggage had been travelling through India and Persia for the last six months. Evidently my attire and travel-worn trunks did not promise wealth to the gilded henchman at the door. "The hotel is full," he said. At the end of a long journey it is heart-breaking to have your visions of dinner and bed deferred. So I brushed past

the man of gilt, and walking to the bureau demanded "the Director." The man of gilt followed me. "The hotel is full," he said in tones of decision, in order to instruct the clerk in the bureau. Taking no notice of the porter, I ordered the clerk to call the Director. "But he is having his dinner," was the reply. "What does that matter?" I answered severely; "I desire you to call him at once." "What is it monsieur desires?" "That is between me and the Director." "Is it that monsieur requires a room? if so, we have a nice room on the third floor just vacant"; meekly, "if monsieur should wish it," &c., &c. And so it came to pass that I slept in that hotel and had the best dinner I had eaten for six months—viz., caviare, grilled sole, a couple of snipe, and half a bottle of red wine!

If I were to attempt the beauties and allurements of Bucharest, it would require an article especially devoted to itself. All I can say is that the women are consistently beautiful, the officers have the smartest-cut uniforms outside London's productions, and the Café Capsa gives you the most delightful light breakfast you can desire. I was a bird of passage, and had to catch the Constanza mail that night. I caught it. It was three hours late. But I did not regret the delay, as it gave me the opportunity of seeing "Carmen Sylva," who left the station in the royal train during my interval of waiting. The mail brought my friend, and together we made a fast run to Constanza. I had sent my servant on ahead with my luggage, and on arrival he greeted me with the bogey of the five days' quarantine. The inspecting officer had refused to allow him to go on board. We should have to wait until the five days were completed. Then it was that I bethought me of the mild little despatch which had been entrusted to me in Odessa. I took the inspector aside, and told him of the importance of the missive. It had to be delivered personally, and without delay. He asked to see the packet. Never before had I blessed red tape and sealing-wax as I blessed them then. At the sight of the official envelope his resistance weakened, and he passed us on board. In five minutes we were turning in the fairway, and the following morning we raced up the glorious Bosphorus. Tabriz to Constantinople, *vid* the main circuit of the Black Sea, in twelve days.

CRABBE.

LONG before the philosophic passion for mankind met and deepened, in Wordsworth and Shelley, the waters of Romance, we can trace a larger humanity slowly gaining on our eighteenth century writers, and taking in fresh types and social layers. The humble and the dowdy, the pariahs and eccentrics of the earth, the trader, the seaman, and the bourgeois could stir the imagination after all. Wesley claimed their souls; Oglethorpe, Howard, and other noble reformers, won them better schools and prisons; Johnson was their helpmate; Fielding with friendly deep irony, and Hogarth with the affection that chastises, took their likenesses; and Gray thought of them gently when they were dead. In all this there is little doctrine. We are seldom told of the rights of the poor, or of their abstract equality with ourselves, or of the poetic spark in their natures, or of the value of landscape to their education, or of the hope that some day, under a new heaven, they may be happy and redeemed. Such ideas come fully to light, and win prosaic or inspired form, in the tracts of Bentham and Godwin, in the prefaces to the "Lyrical Ballads," and in "Prometheus Unbound"—with many a premonitory flash, as of no summer lightning, in the verse of Blake. Such apostles are unlike the earlier poets and story-tellers, who, with an old-fashioned equipment of theory, simply watch humanity and describe it. The last of these is George Crabbe, who is a rhyming novelist of real poetic mark, and whose code and ruling conceptions precede—and in no way prophesy — those of 1789, though he wrote on till 1819 and even later and lived till 1832.

His first work of any character, "The Village," came out in 1783, in the same decade as Blake's "Poetical Sketches," Burns's Kilmarnock poems, and Cowper's "Task." For this Crabbe is miscalled a pioneer, though he really stands at the close of a literary age. If he is a pioneer at all, it is more in the history of fiction than in that of poetry. His style and verse, with some exceptions, are of the old school. His aims are those of the preacher and the photographic satirist, not those of the makers of romance. Hence his vogue and its long eclipse. Burke launched him and Johnson greeted him; he was thinking in their own spirit; he chronicled realities of their own time in a cadence which they knew and sanctioned; he tacked a homespun moral to a concrete anecdote in a familiar rhyme which disconcerted nobody. If he wrote to show up Goldsmith's idyllic picture of Auburn, he did so only in a modification of that classical style and rhetoric, of which Goldsmith had used another modification. Later, the arch-reviewers Jeffrey and Gifford, who briefed themselves

against Wordsworth and his fellows, poured their praise on Crabbe, and indeed rated him more truly than a later age, if with some extravagance. Crabbe was priceless to them; he showed what could be done in the old poetic manner which they officially upheld, as distinct from the new poetic manner which they were vainly committed to obstructing. But their praises perished with their rule, to the detriment of Crabbe's glory, which dwindled, although Scott honoured him, and Byron, in a famous line, spoke to his "sternness" and veracity. Wordsworth's appreciation is of note, being unwittingly a tribute to the "classical" school which he detested. Crabbe's works, he said, "will last, from their combined merits as Poetry and Truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance." He especially admired the sketch of the poorhouse in "The Village," no doubt for its "truth"; but the "poetry," which is in the minute style of Pope when Pope drew the deathbed of Zimri Duke of Buckingham, Wordsworth might at best have been expected to tolerate—

"Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed. . . ."

As the more winged kind of poetry triumphed, this sort of excellence went out of vogue, and Crabbe with it, to be defended from time to time by connoisseurs like Edward FitzGerald. But the reason why Crabbe is little read lies deeper than the advent of Keats and Tennyson, or than his own undeniable gift for being lengthy and obvious. His scene is too like that of life as we know it really to be; and most of us, so far from rejoicing in that scene, go to poetry and fiction in order to forget it and to be charmed out of all necessity for reckoning with it. But there is a minority. Crabbe's stories, like those of the late George Gissing, must retain a small yet stubborn public, who do not mind being made to wince by the representation of life as they know it to be, even though the tones of the recital be hard, grim, and didactic. The chronicles of Aldborough at the close of the eighteenth century, and of New Grub Street at the end of the nineteenth, do they not endure like hammered ironwork? Why should they be pleasant? So Crabbe of late years has received anew the notice of scholars. The Cambridge edition of his works by Dr Adolphus Ward is to be commended for textual fulness and precision; and M. René Huchon has produced a monograph as faithful and exhaustive as Crabbe's own "Borough." The Life of the poet by his

son still holds its place as one of the best, frankest, and discreetest of our biographies.

The rare sallies of Crabbe into romantic verse are remarkable. They are not in the fashion of "Marmion" or "Lara," but in that of the "Lyrical Ballads," whose occasional influence upon him is manifest though never avowed. "Sir Eustace Grey," "The World of Dreams," and "The Hall of Justice," none of them printed earlier than 1805, are in fact "lyrical ballads," not novelettes in heroic couplet. The author has read Coleridge and Wordsworth, but rises to a high, nervous, passionate note of his own, which, had it failed and flagged less often, would have raised him nearer to their province. One example may serve. Sir Eustace Grey, who is in a madhouse, after telling, in a sane and dispiriting style enough, the story of his wife's elopement, suddenly startles us by reciting how the "ill-favoured Ones," the demons of his delirium, bore his dispossessed spirit along sea and land, through fen and over precipice, and by the salt scents of the foreshore. Some of the stanzas are the finest in this peculiar order between "The Ancient Mariner" and "Ravelston"—

"At length a moment's sleep stole on,—
Again came my commission'd foes;
Again through sea and land we're gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose:
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land;
I had no strength their strength t' oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierced my frame with icy wound;
And, all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round."

Here then, in a way quite foreign to his habit, and somewhat in the way of Coleridge, Crabbe lets himself go. But the regular tissue of his tales is quite different, as a chance passage from "The Sisters" shows—

"Jane laugh'd at all their visits and parade,
And call'd it friendship in a hot-house made;
A style of friendship suited to his taste,
Brought on and ripen'd, like his grapes, in haste;
She saw the wants that wealth in vain would hide,
And all the tricks and littleness of pride:
On all the wealth would creep the vulgar stain,
And grandeur strove to look itself in vain."

The contrast shows in what opposite fashion romance and realism work when a tale has to be told. The romantic imagination of Coleridge or Keats, or of Crabbe in these few pieces, evolves itself in a series of liberating touches. It is like a new butterfly or young bird which begins with weak gentle flights, but goes further and higher every moment, and at last is out of sight of the ground where it could only crawl or struggle one way. We are left with the sense of freedom and release, and, even if the subject be painful or

tragic, of expansion and joy. We are bound by no laws but those of beauty and coherence and fidelity to the spirit of the dream, and the effect may be won by the intimation of limitless space and movement—

"And all that half-year's polar night
Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round."

But this is not the normal way of the imagination in writers like Crabbe. *They* are bound to the fatalities of this earth, to the chainwork of real cause and effect, to expressiveness and not to beauty. Their fancy works by exclusion, not by expansion. They shut one door upon charm, and another upon freedom. Their scenery is hueless and exact—

"The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh."

This is a tolerable allegory of the garden of Crabbe's own fancy. He relates his passages of the human comedy in much the same tone. He enjoys tracing frustrate lives and the slow degeneration of the soul. He notes the outward obstructions and inward faintings of ordinary men or women, who at last appear to us, in Hamlet's phrase, either as *lapsed in time and passion*, like half the persons over fifty whom we encounter, or as winning, at the utmost, some such tempered grey happiness or relative success as fall to the lot of the other half. Most of his tales are of this complexion; they are such as we hear every day, and they leave in the memory that sediment of regret without surprise which of all feelings is the least accessible and the most exasperating to youth. For youth, or for a young forward-looking epoch—for his own epoch—Crabbe did not write. In 1820, he had become a stranger, save in his rarer moods, and a chance survivor; and that is why, beside Byron or Coleridge, he and his style are so instructive. Both orders of style are good, and art and thought are incomplete without them both. Indeed, they are apt to recur in a curious rhythm, one overlapping the other, and of this rhythm a great deal of inventive literature is made up; as we see by confronting the first part of the "Romance of the Rose" with the second, or "The Winter's Tale" with "The Alchemist." We have to denote these contrasting modes of art by such rough terms as romantic and realistic. But, while both are good, the after-world, which is always young and not middle-aged, finds a nobler nourishment in the freer and happier kind of creation; which is therefore safe, and needs no rescuing; while criticism has always to be rescuing the other kind, of which Crabbe is a master, and to be pleading that this also is of the kingdom.

Crabbe's art has a definite progress of its own. He forced his way out of the empty, rancid invective of the school

of Churchill. He advanced from the general to the concrete, from tirades like "Inebriety" to descriptions like those of "The Village." But in "The Village" he is trying to depict real life in half-real language. The Poor and the Great, Sloth and Danger, the finny tribe, the deluded fair, and the stout churl with his teeming mate, are still queerly obtrusive amidst the literal, thudding diction which Crabbe was to retain and shape so aptly. But he can already draw a scene or a silhouette; and the excellent sketch of his hunting parson, who fights shy of pauper deathbeds, is possibly provoked by Goldsmith's idyl. But he cannot yet model a portrait, or invent a situation, or tell a story; and at this point he pauses for twenty-four years, improving his art in silence, curbing the desire to publish, burnishing and rejecting. When he produced "The Parish Register" (1807) and "The Borough" (1810), it was plain that he had not altered but only bettered his methods, and that he was still doing an eighteenth century thing in an eighteenth century way. The tune was finer, but it was played on the old instrument. His portraits are now those of a master, but they are of the type already made classical by Dryden and Pope; only the social scene is changed, and people are called by their names. Instead of Shimei and Chloe, Jacob Holmes and Peter Grimes. In the preface to the "Tales" (1812), Crabbe appeals formally to the shades of his poetic ancestors to warrant this method —the "fair representation of existing character" — and expresses his willingness "to find some comfort in his expulsion from the rank and society of Poets, by reflecting that men much his superiors are likewise cut out." But he can now exhibit a situation and a scene, as well as draw a "character." He has begun to find his ultimate and characteristic form of the Tale, which is sometimes a mere anecdote, but in its fullest development is a foreshortened and dramatic life-history. He has even gone further, and tried to brace his tales together into a larger unity by some "associating circumstance," after the manner of Chaucer and Boccaccio. But this last effort he found a strain. "The Parish Register" is artificially assorted under births, marriages, and deaths; and in "The Borough" the wish to be doggedly exhaustive hurts the performance. It is a survey of Aldborough, done from memory, with trades, clubs, alms-houses, inns, and elections all painfully gazetted. He describes jelly-fish, and the "various tribes and species of marine vermes," in verse which Gifford hailed as "pleasing and *éveillé*," but which is as glossy and repugnant as Erasmus Darwin's. Also he discourses on preparatory schools, and on the "mode of paying the borough minister." For these misdeeds his excuse is their "variety"; yet it is only a variety of tedium. Crabbe has dropped the tedium of rhetoric, only to inflict the tedium of fact. But in both poems there

are wonderful acrid landscapes, and little tragic biographies, and raking satire as of old, and of dramatic action and suspense not a little. The easy, lazy, popular vicar is sketched with a distant, half-scornful good-temper, if not very grammatically—

"Mothers approved a safe contented guest,
And daughters one who backed each small request:
In him his flock found nothing to condemn;
Him sectaries liked—he never troubled them;
No trifles failed his yielding mind to please,
And all his passions sunk in early ease;
Nor one so old has left this world of sin
More like the being that he enter'd in."

But when Crabbe comes to the chronicle of Peter Grimes, the murderer of his prentices, or of Clelia the coquette, who ends her days in the almshouse, he is on his final ground; and his power of working out the slow fatal mutations of ordinary character approves him as by far the greatest novelist between Sterne and Scott. He favours the old scheme of tragedy, which Dante describes as beginning cheerfully, while its ending is *fœtida et horribilis*. He enjoys his own vigour and rancour in developing such a scheme. He likes, too, the form of the "Progress," as practised by Hogarth or Lillo in the preceding age. The "Progress" is a tragical tract in artistic form, showing in definite stages the punishment, or self-punishment, of a vice or a foible. The decline of Clelia is demonstrated at halting-points of ten years, which affect us like a Hogarthian series. No one can sum them up more aptly than Jeffrey, whose notes on Crabbe are amongst the best things that he did, and are also amongst the best things ever written on Crabbe—

"She began life as a sprightly, talking, flirting girl, who passed for a wit and a beauty in the half-bred circle of the Borough, and who, in laying herself out to entrap a youth of distinction, unfortunately fell a victim to his superior art, and forfeited her place in society. She then became the smart mistress of a dashing attorney—then tried to teach a school—lived as the favourite of an innkeeper — let lodgings — wrote novels — set up a toyshop — and, finally, was admitted into the Almshouse. There is nothing very interesting, perhaps, in such a story; but the details of it show the wonderful accuracy of the author's observation of character."

In his studies of crime, of which Crabbe is a keen observer, this curious habit of marking out uniform stages or milestones of life is carried into detail. It is unlike the free, continuous style of Balzac or the great dramatists, but it is very lucid. Jachin, the parish clerk, who is nervous at first, but soons robs the offertory regularly, seems to slip one stair downward to Avernus with each succeeding couplet—

"But custom sooth'd him—ere a single year
All this was done without restraint or fear:
Cool and collected, easy and composed,
He was correct till all the service closed;
Then to his home, without a groan or sigh,
Gravely he went, and laid his treasure by."

Jachin is found out but not prosecuted; he is dismissed, and wastes in a remorse of which all the phases are sharply marked; and the mud-bank and the marsh-dyke are the right background for "the strong yearnings of a ruin'd mind." Crabbe here dwells with gusto upon the successful onset of mean temptation; in "Peter Grimes" he is engrossed with the gradual breakdown of the brain under the delirium of fruitless repentance. The spirits of the slaughtered boys rise up before Grimes, each at the fatal spot in the river. They call him with "weak, sad voices," and amidst them stands his own father, whom he had one day struck down though not actually knifed:—

> "He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
> But he has no compassion in his grave."

This couplet, singled out by Ruskin, shows a higher reach of Crabbe's art than his usual symmetrical analysis. Now and then, not often, he has the Jacobean power of tragic thrust.

After "The Borough" he settled down to writing stories for the rest of his life. There are more than sixty of them in all. Besides the "Tales" of 1812, and the "Tales of the Hall" (1819), there are the "Posthumous Tales," wisely saved and published by Crabbe's son. In the preface of 1812 the poet defends his principles at length. He says in effect that his works are not the less poems because they do not answer to the description by Shakespeare's Theseus of "the forms of things unknown," which are "bodied forth" by the Imagination. We should all now admit his plea that everything "depends on the manner in which the poem itself is conducted." Few men have ever hit off their own style in a sentence of such precision as the following: "Pope himself has no small portion of this actuality of relation, this nudity of description, and poetry without an atmosphere." "Poetry without an atmosphere" is indeed the schedule into which a whole family of writers, too roughly denoted, we have seen, as realistic, falls. If Prosper Mérimée or Daniel Defoe had written tales in verse, it would have applied to them; and it does apply to much of the dramatic verse of Ben Jonson, to the "Trivia" of Gay, and to Crabbe himself. Language, in work of this order, calls up nothing but its overt meaning and explicit point; it does not set us dreaming, it has no halo or penumbra, it does not glance from earth to heaven. The edges of every image are clear and achromatic. The fancy is pinned to the object, and there is nothing else in the field. The oceanic murmur of human life, around and beyond the persons immediately speaking, is unheard. The glory of this sort of writing is its patient veracity and solidity of thought, and its correspondence with vehement real life. It expresses a single mood of the plastic genius—the mood in which we gladly barter a hundred "Alastors" for one "Ellen Orford";—and then we tire, and then go back

again to dreams. But meanwhile it is this quality that keeps Crabbe alive and keeps him right, for he has the true style for it, the true "actuality of relation" and "nudity of description." In his tragic poems he does not open infinite chasms like Shakespeare; we go down far, but we touch solid bottom in the darkness. The fall is into a mine, not into space or the unsounded sea. Instead of Iago's

> "From this time forth I never will speak word,"

or de Flores', in Middleton's "Changeling"—

> "A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!"

we have—

> "And he, the man that should have taught the soul,
> Wish'd but the body in his base control."

It was this difference of kind which the early reviewers forgot when they celebrated Crabbe as a master of the highest tragedy. We may be sure that he knew better himself. They were nearer the mark when they noted "his extraordinary powers of giving pain," and, they might have added, his extraordinary pleasure in giving and realising pain. He retains this saturnine gift unimpaired to the last, because he seldom overreaches himself, as Charles Dickens or Victor Hugo frequently do when they try to be dreadful. There are no Jonas Chuzzlewits in Crabbe; nor has he, on the other hand, a shred of the imagination that can body forth Quilp or Quasimodo.

The sixty tales do not show much change in scope or spirit, unless it be the invasion of a milder, gentler cynicism, and the appearance of a surer style, as the poet ages. The "Tales of the Hall" are "told in the after-dinner *tête-à-têtes* that take place in that time between the worthy brothers over their bottle"; the brothers themselves, George and Richard, being drawn with a more Addisonian humour than of old—for "the crab-apple," as it has been said, "had ripened." And when the tales are over, the rich bachelor, the elder brother, suddenly endows the younger, the family man, with a "sweet farm and neat mansion," as in some scrambled-up benevolent ending of Dickens or of Eugène Sue. But some of the subjects themselves, as in "The Natural Death of Love" ("Love dies all kinds of death," as Crabbe well observes) and in "Smugglers and Poachers," are as drastic as ever. The latter story was suggested by Romilly, and has a more dramatic build than usual. There is stuff in it for a whole novel, and we can fancy it in the hands of Mr Thomas Hardy. There are two brothers, one a poacher, one a gamekeeper, rivals in love. Rachel buys the life of the poacher—who is in prison, and whom she loves—by marrying the gamekeeper, whom she does not love. She has an interview in the prison, which Jeffrey says "will almost bear a comparison" with that of Isabella with Claudio. This is

just what it will not bear, although Crabbe's verbal echoes show that he has the scene in mind. If we can forget Claudio, poacher Robert is admirable. He too reasons himself into accepting the bargain; and Rachel's bearing, which is the opposite of Isabella's, is deeply imagined.

"'Go, and be his—but love him not, be sure—
Go, love him not,—and I will life endure:
He, too, is mortal!'—Rachel deeply sigh'd,
But would no more converse: she had complied,
And was no longer free—she was his brother's bride.

'Farewell!' she said, with kindness, but not fond,
Feeling the pressure of the recent bond,
And put her tenderness apart to give
Advice to one who so desired to live:
She then departed, join'd the attending guide,
Reflected—wept—was sad—and satisfied."

The poacher is released, but relapses; and on a wild roaring night the brothers meet and shoot each other in the dark wood. Rachel now loves her husband, and pities his brother, and sleeps uneasily.

"More than one hour she thought, and, dropping then
In sudden sleep, cried loudly, 'Spare him, men!
And do no murder!'—then awaked she rose,
And thought no more of trying for repose."

Rachel's wanderings in the wood, and the picture of moon, cloud, and storm in the fratricidal night-scene, excel anything else of the same kind in Crabbe; there is no lack of "atmosphere" in poetry like this, and the internal rhymes and assonances help the effect—

"The moon was risen, and she sometimes shone
Through thick white clouds, that flew tumultuous on,
Passing beneath her with an eagle's speed,
That her soft light imprison'd and then freed;
The fitful glimmering through the hedgerow green
Gave a strange beauty to the changing scene;
And roaring winds and rushing waters lent
Their mingled voice that to the spirit went."

Rachel lives on, but she looks on at the affairs of men as men look upon the games of children. As to the world,

"It cannot longer pain her, longer please."

Many of the tales are not tragedies but comedies of manners, told with a kind of savage good-humour, and turning on the tiny caste-distinctions that are so fierce and inveterate amongst the humbler classes in England. Such is "Danvers and Rayner." The heads of these two tradesman families are at first friends, as the world goes; friends, because neighbours and equals. A sober and convenient friendship of this kind will stand an ordinary shower; it is "cloth of frieze, not cloth of gold"; it is "a good useful coat, and nothing more." Danvers comes into money and moves into a House, or Hall. His son Richard, betrothed to Phœbe Rayner, is firm and honourable, but Crabbe traces with his customary relish the "natural death of love."

"Yet not indifferent was our Lover grown,
Although the ardour of the flame was flown;
He still of Phœbe thought, her lip, her smile,
But grew indifferent to his fate the while."

Old Rayner, who has come down on his luck, is invited with his family to visit the Hall. Jane Austen would have delighted — had she lived to read this posthumous story — in the scene where Rayner tries to broach the topic of a loan, while Danvers seems too absorbed in pointing out his possessions to listen. Richard, still faithful, goes to see the Rayners, and finds them the worse for their drop in their fortunes. They have become noisy; and "our incomparable Dutch painter" revels in describing their evening at home—

"Meantime there rose, amid the ceaseless din,
A mingled scent, that crowded room within;
Rum and red-herring, Cheshire cheese and gin,
Pipes too, and punch, and sausages, and tea,
Were things that Richard was disturbed to see."

He is more disturbed to find Phœbe dallying with a strange sailor in the street; but he pulls himself together, and bids her "a calm good-night." "And home"—so the tale ends—

"And home turn'd Phœbe — in due time to grace
A tottering cabin and a tatter'd race."

Crabbe is perhaps more convincing in his tragi-comedies than in his tragedies. They are just as lifelike; and the professional moralist does not find his work so easy in a story like "William Bailey." Fanny, William's betrothed, is led astray by the conventional young lord, and for a while thinks she is happy. The letter which she writes to her parents is one of the many evidences that Crabbe's sense of beauty and skill in natural pathos increased in his later life.

"True that she lived in pleasure and delight,
But often dream'd and saw the farm by night;—
The boarded room that she had kept so neat,
And all her roses in the window-seat;—
The pear-tree shade, the jasmine's lovely gloom,
With its long twigs that blossom'd in the room;
But she was happy, and the tears that fell
As she was writing had no grief to tell;
We weep when we are glad, we sigh when we are well."

The parents die; William, the lover, wanders nine years; he too wishes to die, and "the shady lane, broad heath, and starry sky" fail to comfort him —though Wordsworth, unlike Crabbe, might have forced them to do so. He commences Methodist, and finds himself one day in a village inn. The hostess, a widow, is reading a hymn-book, and shows emotion at the sight of William, who, like Troilus in Henryson's poem, sees in her something that reminds him of his old love. But the lady is not at all like the beggar Cressida. She is cheerful and comfortable, and, after a little fencing, in which she feigns to be Fanny's sister, she owns to

being Fanny herself. The ending is in Crabbe's regular key—

"This pair, our host and hostess of the Fleece,
Command some wealth, and smile at its increase;
Saving and civil, cautious and discreet,
All sects and parties in their mansion meet; . . .
There meet the wardens at their annual feast,
With annual pun—'the parish must be fleeced.' . . .
So live the pair—and life's disasters seem
In their unruffled calm a troubled dream."

It is, we may suppose, to be regarded as a happy ending when the sufferers forget the interesting part of their lives, and are dismissed with this gentle playfulness. There is, however, some irony in such an ending, of which Crabbe seems well aware. This irony is well suited to a tale, but in a drama it would be an anti-climax.

Such are a few of Crabbe's narratives. Their variety, which cannot further be illustrated here, is somewhat concealed by the style in which they are told. The history of that style, which is not so monotonous as it seems at first, is straightforward enough. Allowing for a few excursions, he remained throughout "classical" in his form. He slowly escaped from the fetters of the classical verbiage. He never, indeed, quite escaped, but then he never had been quite enslaved. From the first he has a habit of swinging his moralist's ferule vaguely in the air, and then suddenly letting it whistle down on a concrete pair of shoulders—

"Bland adulation! other pleasures pall
On the sick taste, and transient are they all;
But this one sweet has such enchanting power,
The more we take, the faster we devour:
Nauseous to those who must the dose apply,
And most disgusting to the standers-by."

This might have been written by anybody of Crabbe's generation, but his peculiar, clumsy, efficient stroke is heard at once—

"Yet in all companies will Laughton feed,
Nor care how grossly men perform the deed."

It was not, however, for his acres of declamation that Crabbe was mocked in "Rejected Addresses," but for the dead prosaic minuteness, of which there are acres also. It is needless to quote James or Horace Smith, for Crabbe is often his own parodist. He was always ready to write "meanly," in a kind of rhyming prose, — if the phrase is allowable, — in which not the prose but the rhyme seems to be the intruder. He could write—

"Mamma look'd on with thoughts to these allied;
She felt the pleasure of reflected pride;"

or even thus—

"But how will Bloomer act
When he becomes acquainted with the fact?"

Much of the meanness of such passages is due to their thick and lumbering rhymes. *Act, fact; all, scrawl; aunt, grant; flood, mud!* The whole weight of a couplet lies upon its rhymes, and Crabbe does not

mind making the worst of them. In defence of such practices, and of his general fen-like level, he might have said that his business was to reproduce the flat encumbered talk of common folk, and that to have quitted verse for prose would have been to resign half his power. Such a plea does not make the passages more lively. But after all he is an artist. FitzGerald and other admirers, distressed by his inequalities, have tried to make anthologies. But his work that is worth keeping would fill a big anthology, and it is better to take him wholesale. Without essentially altering his narrative style, he cleared and purged it. He stretched and adjusted the familiar couplet with singular address to his chosen purpose, nor has it ever again been used so well for that purpose. Our bourgeois fiction has been written in prose instead, not wholly to its gain. It is not clear that "Middlemarch," cast into form like his, would not have had a better chance of permanence. The narratives in blank verse of "The Excursion" are more liable to be dull than Crabbe's heroics, to which dialogue and monologue are much better fitted. The motion is sometimes that of a springless cart, but the ground is covered quicker than might be feared. After a time the sensation is pleasant, and we can watch the life of the roadside and the inn-parlour.

The hardest task of Crabbe was to manage the speeches of his prosaic *dramatis personæ* in a medium so full of rhetorical associations. We can trace the increase of his skill. In "The Village" he resembles a professional letter-writer who puts fine language into the mouths of the inarticulate. His old shepherd, for example, perorates most disastrously, like somebody in Dryden's heroic plays—

"I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on;
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone.
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed in the dust."

After a while this kind of talk gives way to another one, much more subtly modulated to the tones of actual prosaic speech, and yet not out of place in rhyme. In the scathing story of "The Brothers," Isaac, the elder, under the pressure of a stingy wife, edges the younger one, an old sailor who is down in the world, into the worst room of the house, and finally begs him to "go upon the loft." The effect is aided by the poet's great care in the detail of punctuation and printing.

"'Ah, brother Isaac!—What! I'm in the way!'
'No, on my credit, look ye, No! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose must buy
On any terms—in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money—she must have her will—
Ah! Brother—marriage is a bitter pill!'

George tried the lady—'Sister, I offend.'
'Me?' she replied—'Oh no! you may depend
On my regard—but watch your Brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey.'"

Crabbe's versification likewise grew in freedom, though he remained faithful to his distich. In his handling of it, he remembers the finish and balance of Pope, but aspires to the nobler sweep of Dryden, freely using the triple rhymes and alexandrines. His lines are more continuous than Pope's, and in their overrunning and interlacing come to resemble what Johnson, speaking of "The Hind and Panther," calls Dryden's "deliberate and ultimate scheme" of verse. Only, Crabbe goes further still, since he has to forge a rhythm that accords with natural domestic talk. He is therefore the last great writer of the couplet in its "classical" form. Its later uses by Keats and William Morris for romantic narrative are coloured by memories of the Jacobeans and of Chaucer. Nothing could be more skilful technically, or better done, than some lines from "Procrastination." Dinah has waited many years for her absent lover Rupert, but has become meanwhile rich, avaricious, and sanctimonious. He returns, poor as he went, to claim her, and she rebuffs him.

"She ceased;—with steady glance, as if to see
The very root of this hypocrisy,—
He her small fingers moulded in his hard
And bronzed broad hand; then told her his regard,
His best respect were gone, but love had still
Hold in his heart, and govern'd yet the will—
Or he would curse her:—saying this, he threw
The hand in scorn away, and bade adieu
To every lingering hope, with every care in view."

A plain style, but inimitable; the verse follows every wave of the wanderer's disgust and chagrin. Now and then, in higher mood, Crabbe escapes still more thoroughly from the bonds of his metrical tradition; and we could almost believe that some lines he wrote in 1817 or 1818 were shaped after reading Keats, whose "Endymion" came out in the spring of the latter year.

"He chose his native village, and the hill
He climb'd a boy had its attraction still;
With that small brook beneath, where he would stand
And scooping fill the hollow of his hand
To quench th' impatient thirst—then stop awhile
To see the sun upon the waters smile,
In that sweet weariness, when, long denied,
We drink and view the fountain that supplied
The sparkling bliss, and feel, if not express,
Our perfect ease in that sweet weariness."

Crabbe is so little read, that to quote him is not the same sort of impertinence as quoting Byron or Shelley. He is one of the poets whose day has declined and who is spoken of with distant respect. But his day may ripen again "into a steady morning." He did not always see why poetry should be pleasant; but he did want poetry to be a means of representing life, and his verse beats into us the impression of life and of his own faithful and brooding spirit.

OLIVER ELTON.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

XLVII.—FROM WESTMINSTER TO TOWER HILL.

JOHN had made a fortunate stroke as well as a bold one: his confidence in his lord not only advanced him with Margaret, it was completely justified by the event. When the business of arranging for a foundation at Bordelby came before the lawyers they advised that the title to the property was not good enough to proceed upon, and Lord Kent accordingly invited the Ingleby family to become joint-patrons with him of the proposed monastery. To this they readily consented; their interest was divided among a number of relations, the cost to each would be but small, and the honour considerable. Sir John Ingleby, the head of the house, though in general opposed to the king's party, was a devoted adherent of the Staffords, and could refuse nothing to the new Lady Kent. The project, therefore, needed only the royal licence, and as this was to be had for the asking the work was put in hand at once.

The second of John's conjectures was even more signally confirmed by Warwick's complete admission of his own and his fellow-conspirators' guilt. Parliament had been summoned for September 17, and the Lords had been warned to come armed and attended. They met, for the first time, under the roof of the Great Hall of Westminster, which had just been rebuilt and enlarged: but neither within nor without was there any room to spare. London and Westminster were crowded beyond all experience: every one of the king's party had brought a small army with him, and the bulk of them—horse, foot, and followers—were quartered by hundreds in every village within a dozen miles of the capital. Richard himself lay at Eltham, surrounded by his new bodyguard of two thousand Cheshire archers. These men, the most loyal and disciplined soldiers in England, were the admiration of John and all his friends; to the other side they seemed "very rude and beastly people, few or none of them gentlemen, but very proud." The words are an apt illustration of the sharp and bitter difference of feeling between the two parties in the country, and it was but natural that the bitterness should be most keen against the Cheshire men, for the contending powers had been far more nearly balanced than at present appeared, and the scale had been turned decisively in Richard's favour by this one reliable force of yeomen.

For the time, then, the king's triumph was undisputed. He was able to an-

nounce to the two Houses that they would be spared the painful necessity of trying the Duke of Gloucester, who, after making a full confession in writing, had very opportunely died on the 27th August, "of the disease of which he had been labouring at the moment of his arrest." He was to be brought home from Calais immediately, and buried in state in his own chapel at Pleshey. The impeachment of the remaining conspirators would be proceeded with in three or four days' time.

The trial, when it came, was a short one. Warwick pleaded guilty, and the high-spirited denials of Arundel, left alone to answer the eight Appellants, only made his case the more hopeless. If anything could have saved him it would have been his fierce reply to Derby, who could not let slip an opportunity of bettering his own credit by attacking a lion already in the toils. But the lion's wrath spared no one, from the king downward, and the end was not long delayed. When the formal verdict of "Guilty" had been recorded against all four of the traitors, the dead and the living, the Duke of Lancaster, as High Steward of England, pronounced sentence in the presence of the king, who listened with the serene and pitiless face of an avenging angel. The Duke of Gloucester's estates and honours were forfeited; the Earl of Warwick was banished to the Isle of Man, and all his possessions confiscated; the Archbishop was exiled for life — another touch of poetic justice, for his predecessor, Archbishop Neville, had suffered the same penalty at the hands of the old Lords Appellant in the days of Richard's humiliation.

For Arundel there could be nothing but death, sudden and exemplary; and Lancaster, in the customary form, sentenced the traitor to be drawn, hanged, burned, beheaded, and quartered. Then, after a pause, he added: "The King our Sovereign Lord, of his grace, because thou art of his blood and one of the Peers of the realm, hath remitted all these pains unto the last, so only that thou lose thy head."

To John, who was waiting outside with other officers, the news was no surprise in itself; but it was a shock to find that the execution was to take place immediately, and to hear his lord's voice giving orders for all his people to attend him to Tower Hill. Huntingdon was close behind him, and Nottingham was ordering out one battalion of the mounted archers.

Lord Kent's horse was brought, and the crowd of retainers fell back: John stood by the stirrup and looked his master in the face. "Must *we* go this errand?" he asked, as he pretended to busy himself with the girth. Tom's face was pale and set; there was nothing ignoble in it. "Yes, John, we must," he said. "Nottingham is his son-in-law, and I am his nephew; no one will suspect *us* of revenge."

"My lord of Huntingdon?"

"He has no command," re-

plied Kent. "I suppose he comes to see that we do not weaken." He spoke like one who has his own work to do, and no inclination to attend to the notions of others. John's heart was lightened a little: he felt that the tone was at any rate that of a man.

The procession was some time in forming. At last it moved off, Kent in front, and Nottingham, with nearly a thousand of the Cheshire men, in the rear. Huntingdon was left to his own devices, and he chose to thrust himself into the centre of the line, immediately behind the prisoner. As they left the precincts of the palace and entered the densely packed crowd outside, whom he rightly supposed to favour Lord Arundel, he took it upon himself to call a halt and order the condemned man to be bound for greater security. Arundel disdained such a persecutor as this, and quietly requested the sergeant who carried out the order to leave his hands free that he might be able to throw his last alms to the people. The man obeyed, and Huntingdon did not venture to interfere again; but he called out in his coarse, mirthless voice, "You should thank me, good folk; it is my money he is giving you so freely:" and was once more silenced by the ominous growling of the mob.

At Tower Hill he urged the prisoner to confess his guilt, and was again treated with silent scorn. Before he could repeat the insult Lord Kent made a sign to the executioner, who came forward and knelt before his victim, asking his forgiveness.

"It is not needed," said Lord Arundel, as he bent down and kissed his forehead with great dignity. Then he added: "Do your duty as you are commanded, but torment me not. Strike no more than once."

This was almost more than John could stand. He glanced sideways at his lord and saw that he too was shaken almost beyond endurance. But their misery was not yet over. When the executioner took up his axe Lord Arundel moved gravely towards him, and, with the air of one seriously concerned, tried the edge with his hand. John looked down: he felt as if the whole world was mad, and himself alone and powerless. When he raised his eyes again the terror had come nearer, for Lord Arundel was standing close by him and immediately confronting Kent and Nottingham.

"As for you two," he heard him say in weighty and restrained tones, "it had been meeter for you to be away than at this last act; for you never had anything but honour of me, and you have unkindly brought me to shame. But the time will come, and that shortly, when as many shall marvel at your misfortune as do now at my fall."

He turned away and knelt down before the block. The chaplain heard his last brief confession and gave him absolution; then, while they bound his eyes, John felt his own

heart beating as though it would burst.

The axe rose and fell. "So perish traitors!" said the executioner as he raised the head.

Only one voice in all the vast crowd replied "Amen."

"Silence!" said Lord Kent sternly; and he knelt while the body was carried away.

XLVIII.—THE SUN IN HIS SPLENDOUR.

After the stormy scene in Westminster Hall and that heartrending flash of the axe on Tower Hill, the air seemed to grow suddenly lighter, and John felt his peace of mind returning, his old hopes reviving, under the still radiance which began to spread over the king's new realm of England. For Richard was entering at last the clear meridian of his splendour: the clouds which so long obscured him had passed away or sunk below the horizon, and he was determined to make not only the present hour but the future all his own. Dazzled by his glory or humbled by his power, the kingdom over which he now rose consented to draw from him alone the form, the aims, the government, of its whole being: he on his part would change the historic landmarks of society, and by the mere touch of his all-powerful rays exalt the seeds and saplings of yesterday into the forest oaks of the age to come.

It was hardly a month since Gloucester's mysterious death, hardly more than a week after Arundel's fall, when in a single day this transformation passed over the feudal landscape of England. The Earls of Derby, Rutland, Kent, Huntingdon, and Nottingham vanished, and in their places in the royal sunlight shone the Dukes of Hereford, Aumerle, Surrey, Exeter, and Norfolk; while the Lords Despenser, Neville, Scrope, and Thomas Percy shot up into the Earls of Gloucester, Westmoreland, Wiltshire, and Worcester. Surprising as these changes were in a House of sixty peers, there was one which was even more bewildering. John Beaufort, the eldest natural son of Lancaster, had in the earlier part of the year been transmuted from base metal to silver by an Act of legitimation; he had since then been parcel-gilt with a brand-new earldom, and was now, on this effulgent 29th of September, enriched still further by two marquessates, — that of Dorset, which he resigned after a few hours' enjoyment, and that of Somerset, which he never used at all. It is significant of the opulent confusion of the time that he was thenceforth always known, in spite of this exchange, as Marquess of Dorset,—the only one of his titles to which he had no longer any right.

Lavish as Richard was to all those who had stood by him at the critical moment, he was fully aware of the distinction between fair-weather allies and real friends. Hereford and Norfolk he watched with an unwearied patience and a hand

always ready for a safe revenge: for De Vere, though now thrice buried, was never forgotten. The Hollands, his own kindred, on the other hand, he knew to be beyond suspicion —as the old Earl of Kent had told John, the mistletoe could never turn against the oak on which it grew. To Huntingdon, therefore, besides the Dukedom of Exeter, he gave a long roll of manors and the castle of Arundel, with its fabulous hoard of plate and tapestries. For Tom nothing was good enough: the rank of Duke, the historic name of Surrey, the most noble order of the Garter, Warwick Castle, and the famous Warwick stud, all these failed to express the real gratitude and affection of the king towards his eldest nephew. His next gift, though a purely decorative one, seemed to at least one observer to carry a deeper meaning than the rest. Richard had always cherished a singular devotion to the memory of Edward the Confessor, and had now gone to the length of adopting his traditional arms as part of the royal insignia. At the same time he granted them, as a unique prerogative, to the Duke of Surrey, whose banner thenceforward was to bear, instead of the modest baronial shield which was his birthright, the cross and martlets of the Confessor impaled with the lions of England. The slight bordures of ermine and silver which differenced the achievement could not disguise its likeness to the standard of the reigning dynasty, and John as he saw the two displayed for the first time side by side, was irresistibly reminded of Pavia and Gian Galeazzo's sinister hints. And certainly, whatever might be the king's private views on the succession, none took him very seriously when, a few months later, he named as his heir the little Earl of March, a friendless child of five.

Happily Tom seemed to have inherited none of his father's unlawful ambitions. There was, however, one more honour in store for him which he was ready enough to accept—the great office of Earl Marshal. This had been granted in 1383 to Nottingham for life, and only a year ago Richard had confirmed it to him and his heirs. But no man can preside at his own trial; and within four months of his elevation to the rank of Duke, Norfolk found himself called to trial by one of his peers. Hereford, with the cat-like sagacity by which he lived through so many dangers, divined that Norfolk, in order to save himself, would sooner or later pluck up the courage to denounce his old associate to the king. Two could play at that game: the bolder one better than the half-hearted. When Parliament met after Christmas he lost no time in impeaching Norfolk for using treasonable language and trying to draw him into a conspiracy. The case was heard no less than three times, and afforded Richard all the pleasures of policy, revenge, and spectacular display. A Parliamentary Committee referred it to a Court of Chivalry, which in turn appointed a judicial

combat to be fought before the king by the two Dukes in person. When September came, the lists were pitched at Coventry, the Court prepared for a pageant of unparalleled magnificence, and the ceremonial was committed to the hands of Thomas, Duke of Surrey, as Earl Marshal of England during the king's pleasure.

The splendour of that day lived long in the memory of all who saw it, and John, who knew enough to follow the moves of the royal game, looked back to it afterwards as the realisation of many dreams, for not even in Italy had he seen upon a throne a more perfect example of power, subtlety, and magnificence combined. It was the subtlety which pleased him most. Richard had two obvious alternatives open to him: he could not, of course, leave the case to be decided by the chances of battle, but he could destroy either of the two men he hated by deciding to accept the evidence of the other. Many thought that he would crush Hereford, the more dangerous of the two; but this would have cost him the support of Lancaster. Others made sure that Norfolk would be the victim: no hearts would break for him, and his fall would lull Hereford into security till a better chance appeared. Of these alternatives, the first was urged upon the king by Salisbury, Despenser, and Scrope; the second by Exeter only: Surrey, as Earl Marshal and youngest Counsellor, was for letting the opponents fight to a finish. Richard alone saw that by an indecisive judgment he could rid himself of both. By exiling Norfolk for life he put him out of the English world as finally as if he had condemned him to death; by banishing Hereford for ten years he tore up his influence by the roots, and kept Lancaster quiet with hopes of leave to replant. Meanwhile it might be taken that Hereford's guilt was rather treachery against his peer than treason to his sovereign, and family relations would be undisturbed.

So the sky cleared once more, the sun shone brighter than ever, and deep peace settled down upon the palace at Eltham, where Richard, after the labours of diplomacy, spent the autumn playing with his little Queen. September drew to a close with warm still days, in which life seemed as richly coloured and composed, and almost as unmoving, as a series of pictures in tapestry, swayed only by the faintest sigh of the wind. At noon the gardens murmured with poetry; in the breathless evening they dreamed to the thin music of the lute; at all times they were haunted by the grace and beauty of girlhood. Perhaps the young Duke of Surrey and his bride found the air a little heavy and enervating after their Yorkshire moorland; but for John and Margaret this idle end of summer was a green oasis in the desert of deferred hopes.

Once only the sunlight of their enchanted garden was touched by a cloud—the light-

est shadow of a cloud—from the outer world. It was a hot day, and they were sitting, two here and three there, in the long open galleries of the palace — very pleasant and shady galleries hung with vines. Outside the sound of a trumpet broke the repose of the morning with a startling challenge; a heavy step followed the patter of the young lord in waiting. Henry of Hereford was there, elaborately dutiful, minutely melancholy, to take leave of his king on his way into exile.

Richard was all simplicity and kindness: at parting he gave his cousin letters commendatory to the King of France and the Princes of half Christendom. When Henry bade him farewell, Richard replied cheerily, "Six years will soon be gone," and even the wily Hereford was moved by this remission of nearly half his sentence.

He passed away into the afternoon glare, and the Court fell back on its couches under the cool shady vines. "Well, they are gone," said Richard, lazily content, "and you, Tom, are Earl Marshal for life."

"For whose life? For our cousin Henry's?" asked the little queen.

"No, my angel," replied Richard; "longer than that, I hope."

"How long then?" persisted her inquiring Majesty.

"For his own life," he answered, laughing and mimicking her childish accent, "—or for mine at anyrate."

"But is that longer?" And then, when everyone laughed, she repeated earnestly: "But is it longer? But tell me, why is it longer?"

Richard was more and more amused. "Well, perhaps it is not longer," he said mischievously: and again a light laughter rippled the placid faces around him.

XLIX.—CHARTERED AND UNCHARTERED.

Richard ruled as despotically as even John could wish; the laws of England, as he said, were in his mouth and nowhere else; but then he administered them with leniency. Gloucester and Arundel once removed, he pursued no man to death,—a policy in striking contrast with the long and cruel series of judicial murders perpetrated by his opponents of ten years ago. His forced loans and arbitrary fines earned him a good deal of unpopularity in the counties which suffered from them, but not a finger was raised against his decrees, and when his uncle Lancaster died in February 1399 there was not left in England even a voice to call them openly in question.

So far, then, the great plan had worked out successfully: the old spider would have been satisfied with the younger brood to whom he had been obliged to leave his half-spun web. But in six weeks more

all was changed: by a single miscalculation — probably the most far-reaching ever made in the history of England — Richard brought to ruin the fine-woven fabric which had cost him these ten years of patience and duplicity. If we pity him as one who paid dearly for a mistake, we must remember that the mistake was not an accidental one, but the natural offspring of a union of levity and brutality. It was in the New June that it was conceived.

The day was a rough one towards the middle of March, and the king had gone over from the Tower to spend the afternoon in the society of his brother Exeter. The Duchess was, as usual, away from home on some frivolous errand of her own, and it happened that Tom had taken this opportunity for coming to discuss with his uncle a matter over which they had already disagreed.

When Richard entered the great chamber of the house he found his brother sitting on a couch near the fire with a sullen shoulder turned upon his nephew, who stood near him with a roll of papers in his hand, and a secretary in close attendance. The Duke rose heavily to greet the king, and made no attempt to conceal his ill-humour. Richard, however, ignored it, and seated himself comfortably in the place from which his host had risen. "What have you there?" he asked Tom, who was in the act of handing his papers to the secretary.

"The Charter of Mount Grace — at least the draft of it."

"Mount Grace?" Richard's ear was pleased. "That's a fine name. What is Mount Grace?"

Exeter walked ostentatiously away to the window and looked out. Tom seemed a little irritated by both his relatives.

"I am founding a Carthusian house in Yorkshire," he replied, "by royal licence, dated the 18th day of February, in the twenty-second year of our Lord Richard, whose memory God preserve."

"Thank you, He does," said the king, smiling affectionately at this outbreak; "but that was a year ago—your charter seems to be rather belated."

The young founder looked towards his uncle Exeter and frowned. "It is not so easy," he explained, "to get the wording of the deed settled."

"You have got two words right, at any rate," said Richard; "let me see if I can help you with the rest." He made a sign to the secretary to read the document, and lay back luxuriously upon his cushions to hear, inviting Tom to a seat beside him.

"Sciant omnes," began the secretary: the king's hand went up.

"English first, Latin afterwards: and you can omit the Duke of Surrey's titles and the usual pious generalities: come to the Carthusians."

"If your Majesty pleases," said the reader. "And whereas while we believe and know of a truth that all conditions and

orders of Holy Church are good and devout——"

"My dear Tom," Richard interrupted, "you know of a truth more than I do: no wonder you use the royal 'we.'"

To John, where he stood near the door, the words seemed to awake an echo: but his lord explained with perfect simplicity that the plural was a mere form of the lawyers.

"Yet," continued the secretary,—"yet, by the inspiration of God, we bear a special devotion and strong affection towards the most holy Carthusian Order, and greatly admire the sacred observances peculiar to the said order, and also the persons living therein, whose number, by the aid of the divine grace, we heartily desire to increase——"

"Since they cannot multiply themselves!" said the king. "You certainly have ideas, Tom; you justify your claim to inspiration."

"It is all quite true," replied his nephew seriously. "I do specially admire them: they have more common-sense about them than the rest, and less sanctimoniousness. The Venerable Peter of Clugny has said that they are the best of all the Latin Orders."

"Oh, has he?" asked Richard, who was thoroughly enjoying himself; "did he say it to you?"

The learned founder looked a little disconcerted. "He has been dead this hundred years: it was Nicholas Love who repeated it to me."

"Ah!" said the king. "Nicholas Love: there you come to a name I know. I hope you are doing something for Nicholas."

"You will see." He turned to the secretary. "Go on: read the *testatum*."

"For these reasons and for the honour and reverence due to God, and His Holy Mother the Virgin Mary, and to St Nicholas, and for the affection we bear to the feast of the Assumption of the said glorious Virgin and the feast of the said St Nicholas——"

Richard laughed outright. "By St John!" he cried, "you know how to place your friends in good company. After that I suppose you make St Nicholas your first prior?"

"Not nominally the first: there are two fellows who have been overseeing the building, but they only have one year each: Nicholas follows next January. The Prior of the Grande Chartreuse has given his assent."

"By the way," asked Richard, "why this affection of yours for the feast of the Assumption?—or is that a lawyer's form too?"

"I was married on that day." He lowered his voice and looked again towards the window.

Richard understood and changed the subject. "Well, now, the list of founders and benefactors—I hope I come in that?"

"Certainly," replied Tom, "and I wish all my family to be in it: that was the point we were at when you arrived."

"The confraternity," continued the secretary, "is to

be called the House of Mount Grace of Ingleby, and the members are to pray for King Richard and Queen Isabella, for the said Thomas Duke of Surrey and his wife, for John Duke of Exeter, and for John Ingleby and Eleanor his wife, during their lives; and after their deaths to say masses for the repose of their souls, and also for the souls of Anne, late queen of the said King Richard; of Edmund, late Earl of Kent, and Margaret his wife; of Joan, late Princess of Wales, and her husband Thomas, late Earl of Kent, grandparents of the said Duke of Surrey; of Thomas, late Earl of Kent, and Alice his wife, father and mother of the said duke; and for the souls of all his ancestors and heirs for ever; and also for the souls of Thomas Ingleby and Catherine his wife, and of certain other persons; and for the souls of all the faithful dead."

When the dry mechanical voice ceased there was silence in the room. Richard's mood had changed completely from the moment when he heard the name of his dead Queen Anne, the anguish of whose memory still shook him like a returning fever after long intervals of time. He looked fixedly down and busied himself with a tassel of the cushion beside him, separating the threads and laying them carefully out on the palm of his hand: tears fell more than once upon them before he threw them from him and raised his head.

"Well," he said at last, looking with kind eyes on his nephew, "you have a long list there: I hope the contributions are proportionate, or you will be ruined."

"That's the trouble," said Tom; "they are all small people except my Uncle John, and he refuses to have any hand in the business. The builders are wanting money at this moment, and I haven't a penny for them: my expenses have been very heavy this year."

Richard smiled indulgently. "John!" he called to the sullen figure by the window. "Don't you think you might join: you are not asked to give something for nothing, you know."

"No clergy-mongering for me," growled his brother. "I'd rather buy one meal for my body than ten masses for my soul any day."

Richard smiled again: his lighter mood was returning. "Well, Tom," he said, "there's one uncle gone, and I'm afraid the other is in your own case—his expenses have been very heavy lately; the chest wants refilling first."

"You can fill it when you please," Exeter grumbled. "You have only to pluck that green goose Hereford."

Perhaps the idea was not quite new to the king's mind: he looked towards his nephew, and was silent. Tom took the matter quite simply. "The fact is," he said, "that you can't leave him where he stands: now his father is dead he holds more land than any six of us."

"True," replied Richard, "he

is in a false position for a subject; but is it the moment to rouse him when we are just going to Ireland?"

"Rouse him!" snarled Exeter. "Pluck him, I tell you, every feather; take his ugly gosling to Ireland with you, and say you'll wring his neck if the old bird so much as hisses."

Richard turned again to Tom. "Your uncle of Exeter is always John Holland; but there is something in what he says." To John Marland, standing back by the door, the king seemed almost to be conciliating his nephew, appealing to him to make up his mind for him in the desired direction.

Tom was not loth. "You can't have two stags to one herd: we have had too much of that already."

"We will consult the Parliamentary Council," said the king, rising; and no one in the room doubted what he meant.

L.—A SAIL OFF BLACKROCK.

On the 29th of May Richard sailed for Ireland. It was now more than two months since the confiscation of the huge Lancaster inheritance, and Hereford had shown no active sign of resentment; nevertheless the king deliberated carefully before leaving the country, and took all the precautions that his advisors could suggest. Of his six faithful Lords Appellant three accompanied him in person with their retainers: one, the Duke of Surrey, was despatched in advance to rally the English of the Pale; and the remaining two, the Earl of Wiltshire and the Marquis of Dorset, were left to assist the old Duke of York, who was to administer the realm as the King's Lieutenant during his absence. The great bodyguard of two thousand Cheshire archers formed the solid nucleus of the expedition, and took in charge the Crown jewels, the regalia, and the royal treasure. Lastly, Richard kept at his side, as a living guarantee against his enemies, two young hostages—one the disinherited son of the late Duke of Gloucester, the other the heir of Hereford himself,—a boy of thirteen, already known as Harry of Monmouth.

Tom's task was no easy one, but he threw himself into the work with ardour and something more. His ability and power surprised John, who was still apt to think of him as a boy, and was perhaps not quite free from the common belief of those who serve the highly born, that capacity is a gift reserved exclusively for the middle ranks. But the office of the King's Lieutenant in Ireland was not one which could be delegated to subordinates; and it was thanks to Tom's own energy and organising force that the necessary preparations were completed by the 31st of May, when Richard landed at Waterford.

Six days later his headquarters were advanced to Kilkenny, and the campaign was begun. Art MacMurrough proved to be a master in the practice of guerilla war, and after a month of fruitless successes, costly pursuits, and incessant rearguard actions, the exhaustion of their supplies compelled the expedition to take the coast road to Dublin and refit for a fresh advance.

By the 10th of July all was once more ready, and Tom was priding himself on having effectually guarded against any further shortage of provisions. He had established a continuous service at short stages along the whole of the road between Dublin and Arklow, and during the last few days he had visited every post in person to see that nothing had been left undone. During the final stage of his return journey he was riding ahead of his men, with John at his side, when suddenly, after crossing the headland north of Kilkenny, they caught sight of a small ship which had just rounded the point to the east of Blackrock. She was tacking hard for Dublin, and they watched her with interest, for she was the first English vessel to arrive since they reached Dublin ten days ago, and if she came from England would bring them the first news they had received since their landing at Waterford.

"I cannot understand," said Tom, "why she is so late: but there is no mistake about her now,—I see the white ensign and the private pennant I arranged with Bagot."

"We shall know before long," replied John; "a few more of those long legs will take her in." And they rode rapidly on, round the bay.

John's expectation was a natural one, but it was never to be fulfilled: to this day no one knows by what strange tangle of accident or cunning Richard's communications were impeded so long at the very crisis of his fate.

Tom rode straight to the Castle, passed the gate without a word, and dismounted at the steps. At the same moment Salisbury came hastily out, calling to his squire.

"Thank God!" he cried fervently, as he saw Tom; "you'll take young Harry off my hands —he's lost, if Exeter gets hold of him."

His hurried manner and agitated voice struck John with a deadly sense of danger: he divined in a flash that what had happened was foredoomed, inevitable, far-reaching—life went black before his eyes.

"You haven't heard?" said Salisbury, stopped by Tom's astonished look; "Bagot has come from England: Hereford landed in the Humber a week ago and the North is up, Percies and all. I'm off this moment to raise Chester and North Wales: you are to follow—God knows where you'll get transport—Good-bye!"

John stood looking after him: his lord ran up the steps. "Come along, John," he cried

from the doorway; "here's a real war at last!"

His gay voice rang in the sombre courtyard: the blood leaped again in John's heart as he followed him.

LI.—RENARD'S HOSPITALITY.

The real war was not to come yet. Richard himself was as eager as his nephew, but no one can make war without an army, and the royal armies all melted like snow before the rising Sun of Lancaster. The king had scarcely landed at Milford Haven when York, who was marching to join him, was overtaken by Hereford in person; his men deserted, and he himself accepted Hereford's assurance that he had only come to get back his own. Two days later the invader summoned Bristol Castle. In it were Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, Sir John Bushy, the Speaker, and Sir Thomas Green, a knight of Richard's household. The Governor, Sir Piers Courtenay, surrendered them on demand, and in an hour their heads had fallen; Henry could make law as easily as Richard, but he made it without mercy and without even the semblance of justice.

The defection of York and Courtenay was a terrible blow to the king's party: some among them shook visibly at the fate of Scrope and Bushy, against whom their enemies had laid no charge except that their mere existence was inconvenient to the usurper. Richard alone appeared to be unmoved. "We have borne worse than this," was his continual answer to his nephew's fierce chafing. He seemed to forecast another great recovery, and to be resolved meanwhile to make the crisis a final winnowing of friends from time-serving followers. "Most men," he said, "are conqueror's men: their time comes afterwards. The fighting must be done by those who want us for our own sakes. I may have few such, but I am sure Henry has none."

Certainly Hereford could not count even among his own family circle any friends so devoted as Surrey and Exeter, or a single supporter so faithful and disinterested as Salisbury. These were Richard's sheet-anchors, and he never doubted that they would hold. While he and they lived nothing was lost beyond retrieving; the rest might fail him now, they would fail his enemy hereafter. He heard then with a serene contempt the news of the disloyalty of Worcester and Aumerle; a week after he left them they had disbanded their troops, and taken up what they called a neutral position. The axe-play at Bristol had shattered their nerve: they were ready to beg life of the victor when it should please Fortune to name him.

In the meantime Salisbury had joined the king at Conway; but he brought no force

with him, for Hereford had marched on Cheshire at once and held it down by sheer numbers. Before the middle of August the invader was firmly established at Chester, and Richard had but a hundred or two of lances to meet him. Time must be gained, and there was only one way to gain it.

On the 14th Surrey and Exeter came to Chester unarmed, and unattended except by squires and secretaries. Their errand was to parley, to procrastinate, to entangle Hereford in orderly negotiations. Their failure was immediate and complete. John knew it from the moment when the small nervously cheerful party was ushered into the usurper's presence with all the observance of royal ceremony. Exeter knew it too, and his coarse face turned a leaden purple. Tom's simplicity remained as the only diplomatic asset of the Embassy.

Henry of Hereford, or Lancaster as he had now the right to call himself, received them in a courtyard filled with picked troops displaying the colours of the most powerful barons in England. On his right hand stood the ex-Archbishop Arundel, on his left the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, next to them the faithless Dorset and the young Earl of Stafford, Tom's own brother-in-law. John, five paces in rear of his master, could survey them all at once, and every face among them had its own associations for him. A hostile personality seemed to leap at him from each in turn as he passed them in review; but when he came to the central figure he saw the rest no longer except as shadows hovering faintly about their leader. Solid and sleek, in complete armour and a tall black silk hat, Henry stood to receive his guests, broad-browed, broad-shouldered, and unutterably hateful. Every moment, with the man's incessant smiling, the wide cheeks widened and the short peaky beard came doubling forward. In sight of this coarse abundant vitality it was pain to think of Richard's hart-like eyes and slender figure—the grace of a deer beneath the murderous fist of a butcher.

The audience was short, and stifled with oily geniality. It was in vain that Surrey spoke again and again of the king's reasonableness, of his desire to hear Lancaster's claims—even Lancaster's wishes.

"To-morrow," replied Henry, with his everlasting smile.

"I understand, then," said Tom firmly, "that that matter is settled: you will give us an answer to-morrow."

Henry's face shone with unction. "I will give my Cousin Richard an answer to-morrow. My Lord Archbishop and my Lord of Northumberland will carry it."

Exeter started, but Tom received the blow with courage. "Then our embassy is done," he said.

"Certainly," Lancaster replied, "your embassy is done, and your visit begins from this

moment. My Lord of Westmoreland will attend you during your stay."

Westmoreland bowed and raised his hand: thirty men in the Neville livery grounded their poleaxes in a ring about the prisoners. They were just in time: John's hand was on his dagger and his eyes were already deep in Lancaster's throat.

LII.—SWORD OR DAGGER.

The two Dukes and their servants were housed in a large chamber on the second floor of the keep: after setting a sufficient guard outside, Lord Westmoreland left them to themselves. Surrey stood for some time by a window and looked silently out: he was lost in thought and frowned continually, but with no appearance of anger or impatience. Exeter moved uneasily about, scowling and growling.

"What fools we were! What fools!" he kept muttering, with a blow of his heel at each repetition. "By God! By God and all His bones—if I had had a dagger!" His dull face wore its most cruel look, and John felt the old disgust as he saw it, though it was but a moment ago that he himself had been seized with the same murderous thought.

Presently Tom's brow relaxed: he turned to his companions with the abrupt familiar manner of his boyhood—however young, he was now their only leader.

"Look here," he said,—"you too, John,—I've worked this out: I see the whole plan; I'll just show it you while we have the opportunity."

They all three sat down in the window: Tom glanced at the little group of servants gathered at the farther end of the long room, and began to speak in a quiet even voice.

"This was a fool's errand of ours," he said, "and I've been wondering why the king made us put our heads into the fox's mouth: I see it now. Things had to be worse before they could be better. You saw how cool he was: but he must have known Hereford would have us, and him too: therefore he must have felt that that didn't matter, or that that was the best that could happen. I think he is right: so long as he lives and we live, the tables can always be turned: the one thing to avoid is hot blood while we are in the weaker position. If we had struggled, they would have taken our heads: now they have got us under the pretence of a visit, Hereford will be ashamed to go to extremes: he'll fine or banish us: we shall take it humbly and wait for our chance. We have quite half England with us: but just now it is not the half which is in the field."

Exeter looked a little more cheerful. "You think Hereford won't . . . you think he won't do more than fine us?" he asked.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "My dear uncle," he replied, "what is the use of suggesting that? Of course if he does go to extremes, the game is ended—there's no more to be said. The other alternative is the only one that matters to us."

"You talk very lightly," said Exeter, with a peevish twist of his mouth.

John saw by his lord's face that an interruption would be not unwelcome.

"But what about the king?" he asked.

"He is safe enough," Tom replied. "He will abdicate. It is Hereford's game to make him do that: no one will rise in favour of a king who abdicates. On the other hand, it is also the king's game, because his turn must come, some day, if we live. We shall remove Henry — permanently— and no one can rise in favour of a usurper who has been removed permanently."

The phrase, though spoken with Tom's usual straightforward simplicity, did not please John's ear. It was an echo of Gian Galeazzo, whom he admired, but it seemed somehow less brilliant on English lips. Still Hereford was undeniably as much of a traitor as Gloucester or Arundel had ever been—more, for he had done what they had only plotted.

"When you say 'removed' ——" John began.

"Oh! I would rather he showed sport," said Tom, "but we can't give much play to feelings of that kind: he's vermin, you know, not a right stag at all."

Exeter's eyes were fixed sullenly on the dagger in John's belt.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO PAINTERS.

(*A Tale of Old Japan.*)

I.

YOICHI TENKO, the painter,
Dwelt by the purple sea,
Painting the peacock islands
Under his willow-tree:
Also in temples he painted
Dragons of old Japan,
With a child to look at the pictures—
Little O Kimi San.

Kimi, the child of his brother,
Bright as the moon in May,
White as a lotus lily,
Pink as a plum-tree spray,
Linking her soft arm round him
Sang to his heart for an hour,
Kissed him with ripples of laughter
And lips of the cherry flower.

Child of the old pearl-fisher
Lost in his junk at sea,
Kimi was loved of Tenko
As his own child might be,
Yoichi Tenko the painter,
Wrinkled and grey and old,
Teacher of many disciples
That paid for his dreams with gold.

II.

Peonies, peonies crowned the May!
Clad in blue and white array
Came Sawara to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree,
All to learn of Tenko!
Riding on a milk-white mule,
Young and poor and proud was he,

Lissom as a cherry spray
(Peonies, peonies, crowned the day!)
And he rode the golden way
To the school of Tenko.

Swift to learn, beneath his hand
Soon he watched his wonderland
Growing cloud by magic cloud,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko:
Kimi watched him, young and proud,
Painting by the purple sea,
Lying on the golden sand
Watched his golden wings expand!
(None but Love will understand
All she hid from Tenko.)

He could paint her tree and flower,
Sea and spray and wizard's tower,
With one stroke, now hard, now soft,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko:
He could fling a bird aloft,
Splash a dragon in the sea,
Crown a princess in her bower,
With one stroke of magic power;
And she watched him, hour by hour,
In the school of Tenko.

Yoichi Tenko, wondering, scanned
All the work of that young hand,
Gazed his kakemonos o'er,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko:
"I can teach you nothing more,
Thought or craft or mystery;
Let your golden wings expand,
They will shadow half the land,
All the world's at your command,
Come no more to Tenko."

Lying on the golden sand,
Kimi watched his wings expand;
Wept.—He could not understand
Why she wept, said Tenko.

III.

So, in her blue kimono,
  Pale as the sickle moon
Glimmered thro' soft plum-branches
  Blue in the dusk of June,
Stole she, willing and waning,
  Frightened and unafraid,—
"Take me with you, Sawara,
  Over the sea," she said.

Small and sadly beseeching,
  Under the willow-tree,
Glimmered her face like a foam-flake
  Drifting over the sea:
Pale as a drifting blossom,
  Lifted her face to his eyes:
Slowly he gathered and held her
  Under the drifting skies.

Poor little face cast backward,
  Better to see his own,
Earth and heaven went past them
  Drifting: they two, alone
Stood, immortal. He whispered—
  "Nothing can part us two!"
Backward her sad little face went
  Drifting, and dreamed it true.

"Others are happy," she murmured,
  "Maidens and men I have seen;
You are my king, Sawara,
  O, let me be your queen!
If I am all too lowly,"
  Sadly she strove to smile,
"Let me follow your footsteps,
  Your slave for a little while."

Surely, he thought, I have painted
  Nothing so fair as this
Moonlit almond blossom
  Sweet to fold and kiss,

Brow that is filled with music,
  Shell of a faery sea,
Eyes like the holy violets
  Brimmed with dew for me.

"Wait for Sawara," he whispered,
  "Does not his whole heart yearn
Now to his moon-bright maiden?
  Wait, for he will return
Rich as the wave on the moon's path
  Rushing to claim his bride!"
So they plighted their promise,
  And the ebbing sea-wave sighed.

IV.

Moon and flower and butterfly,
Earth and heaven went drifting by,
  Three long years while Kimi dreamed
Under the silvery willow-tree
  In the school of Tenko,
Steadfast while the whole world streamed
  Past her tow'rds Eternity;
Steadfast till with one great cry,
Ringing to the gods on high,
Golden wings should blind the sky
  And bring him back to Tenko.

Three long years and nought to say
"Sweet, I come the golden way,
  Riding royally to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree
  Claim my bride of Tenko;
Silver bells on a milk-white mule,
  Rose-red sails on an emerald sea!" . . .
Kimi sometimes went to pray
In the temple nigh the bay,
Dreamed all night and gazed all day
  Over the sea from Tenko.

Far away his growing fame
Lit the clouds. No message came

From the sky, whereon she gazed
Under the silvery willow-tree
Far away from Tenko!
Small white hands in the temple raised
Pleaded with the Mystery,—
"Stick of incense in the flame,
Though my love forget my name,
Help him, bless him, all the same,
And . . . bring him back to Tenko!"

Rose-white temple nigh the bay,
Hush! for Kimi comes to pray,
Dream all night and gaze all day
Over the sea from Tenko.

V.

So, when the rich young merchant
Showed him his bags of gold,
Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
Gave him her hand to hold,
Said, "You shall wed him, O Kimi:"
Softly he lied and smiled—
"*Yea, for Sawara is wedded!*
Let him not mock you, child."

Dumbly she turned and left them,
Never a word or cry
Broke from her lips' grey petals
Under the drifting sky:
Down to the spray and the rainbows,
Where she had watched him of old
Painting the rose-red islands,
Painting the sand's wet gold,

Down to their dreams of the sunset,
Frail as a flower's white ghost,
Lonely and lost she wandered
Down to the darkening coast;
Lost in the drifting midnight,
Weeping, desolate, blind.
Many went out to seek her:
Never a heart could find.

Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
  Plucked from his willow-tree
Two big paper lanterns
  And ran to the brink of the sea;
Over his head he held them,
  Crying, and only heard,
Somewhere, out in the darkness,
  The cry of a wandering bird.

VI.

Peonies, peonies thronged the May
When in royal-rich array
  Came Sawara to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree—
  To the school of Tenko!
Silver bells on a milk-white mule,
  Rose-red sails on an emerald sea!
Over the bloom of the cherry spray,
Peonies, peonies dimmed the day;
And he rode the royal way
  Back to Yoichi Tenko.

Yoichi Tenko, half afraid,
Whispered, "Wed some other maid;
  Kimi left me all alone
Under the silvery willow-tree,
  Left me," whispered Tenko,
"Kimi had a heart of stone!"—
  "Kimi, Kimi? Who is she?
Kimi? Ah—the child that played
Round the willow-tree. She prayed
Often; and, whate'er I said,
  She believed it, Tenko."

He had come to paint anew
Those dim isles of rose and blue,
  For a palace far away,
Under the silvery willow-tree—
  So he said to Tenko;
And he painted, day by day,
  Golden visions of the sea.

No, he had not come to woo;
Yet, had Kimi proven true,
Doubtless he had loved her too,
Hardly less than Tenko.

Since the thought was in his head,
He would make his choice and wed;
And a lovely maid he chose
Under the silvery willow-tree.
"Fairer far," said Tenko.
"Kimi had a twisted nose,
And a foot too small, for me,
And her face was dull as lead!"
"Nay, a flower, be it white or red,
Is a flower," Sawara said!
"So it is," said Tenko.

VII.

Great Sawara, the painter,
Sought, on a day of days,
One of the peacock islands
Out in the sunset haze:
Rose-red sails on the water
Carried him quickly nigh;
There would he paint him a wonder,
Worthy of Hokusai.

Lo, as he leapt o'er the creaming
Roses of faery foam,
Out of the green-lipped caverns
Under the isle's blue dome,
White as a drifting snow-flake,
White as the moon's white flame,
White as a ghost from the darkness,
Little O Kimi came.

"Long I have waited, Sawara,
Here in our sunset isle,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
Look on me once, and smile;
Face I have watched so long for,
Hands I have longed to hold,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
Why is your heart so cold?"

Surely, he thought, I have painted
  Nothing so fair as this
Moonlit almond blossom
  Sweet to fold and kiss. . . .
"Kimi," he said, "I am wedded!
  Hush, for it could not be!"
"Kiss me one kiss," she whispered,
  "Me also, even me."

Small and terribly drifting
  Backward, her sad white face
Lifted up to Sawara
  Once, in that lonely place,
White as a drifting blossom
  Under his wondering eyes,
Slowly he gathered and held her
  Under the drifting skies.

"Others are happy," she whispered,
  "Maidens and men I have seen:
Be happy, be happy, Sawara!
  The other—shall be—your queen!
Kiss me one kiss for parting."
  Trembling she lifted her head,
Then like a broken blossom
  It fell on his arm. She was dead.

VIII.

Much impressed, Sawara straight
(Though the hour was growing late)
  Made a sketch of Kimi lying
By the lonely, sighing sea,
  Brought it back to Tenko.
Tenko looked it over crying
  (Under the silvery willow-tree).
"You have burst the golden gate!
You have conquered Time and Fate!
Hokusai is not so great!
  This is Art," said Tenko!

ALFRED NOYES.

SEA-WOLVES.

THE corsair or privateer, under whatever flag he sailed his ship, whatever seas he traversed, kept always the same character and shaped his enterprise to the same end. He held a place midway between the pirate, who followed no orders but his own, and the naval officer, whose glory it was (and is) to bow the knee to a proper discipline. He fought at once for his own hand and for the benefit of his country. At one blow he filled his own pocket and enfeebled the enemies' power. To increase his authority, he carried letters of marque which permitted the worst infraction of international law, and we see him through the mist of time a bold and reckless ruffian, ferociously bearded, and armed to the teeth. A belt crammed with pistols, knives, and daggers enhances his truculent aspect, and though nobody was ever so fierce as the corsair or privateer looks in his pictures, we may assume that he knew fear as little as he gave favour. It was his to board, rob, and kill. When once he had flung out his grappling-irons he forgot the meaning of quarter. He spared his adversary as little as he spared himself, and the equal risk ennobled the most bloodthirsty of his enterprises. Moreover, he played his game in accordance with certain rules, which were well understood on either side, and he wears upon his weather-beaten brow the wreath of glory won by the cruel and untrammelled exercise of a legalised and lawless craft.

In his hours of ease he was a splendid roysterer. If he worked hard for his wealth, carrying his life in his hands, he knew well how to enjoy it. What came quickly was quickly spent. When he returned home after a long adventure, or landed for a while on the Spanish Main, he took hold of whatever pleasures money could buy or chance send with both hands. He was as plainly irresistible to beauty as to the ships of the enemy; his constant companion was a bottle of rum; and the romance of his life, brilliant on the sea, was no less vivid on shore. What wonder is it that he captured the imagination of the people, and that the mere words "privateer" and "letters of marque" still keep about them the sound and sense of blood and battle?

In England the golden age of privateering was the seventeenth century. To fit out a ship, which should prey upon the enemy, was considered in those brave days a patriotic as well as a profitable enterprise. Men gambled in corsairs as to-day they gamble in stocks and shares. All will remember the glad expectancy of Samuel Pepys, when the *Flying Greyhound*, in which he had a share, was getting ready for sea. "Away

with Sir W. Pen," he wrote. "We did discourse about our Privateer, and hope well of that also, without much hazard, as, if God blesses us, I hope we shall do pretty well toward getting a penny." The penny was never got; the *Flying Greyhound* brought to the excellent Pepys more trouble than profit. But the intention was sound enough, and all the shareholders wished, in fighting their country's foes, was to consult their own advantage. Nor, in those days, was opportunity lacking. Never was there so fine a theatre of enterprise as the Spanish Main. It was far distant enough to escape the censure of prying eyes. If a bold captain forgot the ordinances of decent warfare, the rumour of his cruelties was a long time coming home, and it reached London dim and dissipated in the fog of space. And distance was not its only merit. It was the home of plunder and freebooting. The buccaneers themselves followed a well-recognised trade, and the line which separated them from the loyal servants of the State was thin indeed. Only a pedant, skilled in dichotomies, could distinguish with certainty between piracy and privateering. The same broad road led to Whitehall and Execution Dock. The divergence came only at the very end. Teach himself, the monstrous Blackbeard, is said to have sailed with letters of marque, and his head was cut off with perfect justice and hung at the end of his own bowsprit. Henry Morgan, the intrepid captor of Panama, won a knighthood and the approval of John Evelyn. And yet the two differed rather in character than in morals. They were equally cruel, equally dishonest, equally bold. Teach, it is true, was a vulgar rascal, who thought it a rare jest to blow out the lights and fire at his companions' legs under the table. Morgan, on the other hand, added the forethought of the statesman to the intrepidity of the buccaneer. It is easy and proper to condemn him. The brutality with which he treated the inhabitants of Panama deserves all the harsh things that have been said about it. The riot of his followers, which he made no attempt to check, was in accordance with the best (or worst) traditions of buccaneering. Nor can it be said that he acted with justice in the distribution of the spoil. He had no respect for the honour which is supposed to exist among thieves. He laid his own greedy hand upon the treasure, and bade his companions content themselves with the handful of dollars that he flung to each. In other words, he did not rise above the standard of life which prevailed upon the Main. But in character and skill he surpassed the other buccaneers as far as the Thames surpasses the Fleet Ditch. His taking the city of Panama was a gallant feat of arms that needs no praise and fears no obloquy. Deserted by the French, who refused to risk an attack, Morgan and his men rowed

along the coast in canoes: they took by assault the three forts which defended Panama, slew the governor, and sacked the town, whose treasure had long been a myth. That he had gone beyond his orders, which permitted him to fight by sea only and not on land, does not lessen the splendour of his exploit, and the Governor of Jamaica did well to commend him to the authorities at home. For he exemplified in his single person the virtues and vices of his kind. Such cruelties as he practised were the accepted custom of his time and place. The spirit of dauntless courage which sustained him in the face of vast odds was his own, and still deserves to be remembered with admiration.

With Woodes Rogers' famous voyage in the *Duke*—a ship fitted out in Bristol, and counting among his owners not a few peaceful Quakers—privateering in England reached its zenith. The expedition is memorable for many reasons. In the first place, Rogers carried with him the intrepid Dampier, and his second captain was Thomas Dover, the physician who won immortality by a powder. And then, his account of Alexander Selkirk, whom he found on the island of Juan Fernandez, was an inspiration to Daniel Defoe, and the only begetter of Robinson Crusoe. The prizes which he took were many and rich. With the money that fell to his lot he purchased the Bahama Islands for twenty-one years, and was appointed by his Government captain-general and governor-in-chief over them. In other words, he began life as a pirate—he ended it as a prosperous statesman. Very different were the corsairs of France, the old sea-wolves with salt foam upon their lips, who would ride out any storm, and who were never so happy as when they were boarding a rich English merchantman. The success at which they aimed was immediate. They had no wish to make themselves masters of wealthy colonies, like Morgan and Rogers. Their ambition was limited by the taking of a rich prize or two and the prospect of a quiet retirement in Boulogne when old age should surprise them. Their best chance of distinction came when France and England were engaged in a death-struggle; and, if we may believe their own simple words, Napoleon would never have been the man he was without their aid. Fortunate in their lives, they have been fortunate also in finding an admirable historian. M. Henri Malo[1] has composed his work in the proper spirit of enthusiasm. Though he has collected documents with all the curiosity of a scholar, he does not forget for a moment that his heroes were men of bone and blood, willing to risk their lives at the call of adventure and patriot-

[1] Les Corsaires. Mémoires et Documents Inédits. Par Henri Malo. Paris: Société du Mercure de France.

ism, who, while they delighted to fill their pockets at the expense of England's shipping, had a genuine, heart-whole love of fighting for fighting's sake. Born on the sea, they knew no other craft than seamanship. In times of peace they would have grown up plain, honest fishermen. Accident bade them exchange their harmless nets for pistol and grappling-irons, and, as M. Malo tells us, they speedily proved themselves expert in all the arts of war.

They were in no sense pirates. They did not murder all those upon whom they laid the hand of victory. They fought and plundered with as much correctitude as though they had formed a part of the French Navy. Such harshness as they showed was the harshness inseparable from warfare. In theory they respected the fishermen of England, who sailed unarmed and committed no act of hostility against the French. In practice, excitement sometimes got the better of prudence, and they were persuaded to forget, in the presence of an easy prey, the code of laws formulated by tradition. Nevertheless, it would be easy to collect many instances of their forbearance from M. Malo's book. Once upon a time an English man of science, named Spillard, was returning home from a voyage of discovery, and carried with him a valuable collection of specimens. Twice he fell into the hands of corsairs, and twice was released. Truguet congratulated the corsairs on their clemency. "A good action," said he, with the pompous sentimentality of his nation, "is worth more than a great victory." In the same spirit Alexander

> "bade spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

The truth is, as M. Malo tells us, that there grew up between the French corsairs and the English sailors, whether on sea or in harbour, a spirit of solidarity. They opposed each other with the same nonchalant good-humour which animates the teams in a football match. While the fighting lasted they fought with ferocity, and did their best to come off conquerors. When the battle was done they shook hands and forgot the shrewd blows they had exchanged, the blood they had spilt. If they met on neutral ground, the French and English met as friends, and thought it no shame to repay kindness by civility. Why should either bear malice against a foe, when he had proved his gallantry? And the gallantry of the French corsairs was beyond doubt or reproach. Not merely were they courageous in the encounter; they handled their ships with an address and skill which could not but win the approval of their adversaries. They were no fair-weather sailors. For them the fine season was the dead season. They set sail, after a good meal, in winter for choice, and when a heavy sea was running. Though well-laden merchantmen were their proper prey, they grew so bold in the com-

bat that, if we may believe M. Malo, they made no scruple of attacking the warships sent to protect the unarmed vessels. Speed was at once their pride and their necessity. Their luggers were designed either to overtake their prey or to ensure their escape from a too powerful enemy. Though they were handy enough with their guns, they liked best to attack with the grappling-iron. In the use of this they believed themselves irresistible. "To board an English ship is to take it," said a French Minister of Marine; and we may believe him without shame, when we remember that if a corsair were pitted against a merchantman the odds were all in favour of the corsair.

And if the combatants understood the game, so also did those who fitted out the ships of the corsairs with guns and tackle. The enterprise was conducted in accord with the strictest principles of business. The owners looked sternly for a proper return from their investment. The expenses were closely scrutinised, and a definite budget was exacted from the adventurers. Little enough was spent in food. The corsairs did not cumber their vessels with heavy stores. The wherewithal to make an omelette was considered sufficient, and as the ships were never very far from port, they found it easy to revictual. The munitions of war, on the other hand, were not spared. In one budget, cited by M. Malo, the guns, balls, and sabres cost more than six thousand francs, and the enumeration of the drugs and unguents, carried for the use of the wounded, fills a page and a half. The shareholders seldom lost their money. Marshal Soult, always shrewd in his investments, had a hand in many a privateering adventure, and great names sparkle in all the lists of subscribers. Boulogne, indeed, as M. Malo says, owed its earliest prosperity to the millions which the corsairs brought into it, and saw its population rise rapidly from eighteen to fifty thousand by the exertions of its reckless sailors. And while the shareholders squandered gold, the corsairs themselves squandered life and blood. Theirs, of course, was the better part, and to recall the most highly distinguished among them, is to remember that romance never flourished more bravely than under Napoleon's imperial sway.

Of the famous Pollet, and of Fleuriot, his second in command, who by overdrawing on the bank of life had hurried himself into a consumption by twenty, and who thought nothing of knocking down a dozen Englishmen with a capstan-bar, Vidocq himself has left a vivid and moving account. But Vidocq, though for a while he joined the fishers of Englishmen, or *péqueux d'Anglais*, as they were called in the dialect of the Boulonnais, was a landsman born and bred, and knew not how to express the lust and passion of the sea. His narrative is too gay for its purpose. It does not echo to the booming of the guns and the

fury of the tempest. He gets his effects not like a sailor but like a man of letters, as any one may see who turns from him to Jacques Broquant, whose memoirs M. Malo has been fortunate enough to recover. Now Broquant was, in M. Malo's phrase, *un marin de vieille souche boulonnaise.* He was born to a family of fisher-folk, and grew up within sound of the sea. The hard life of a cabin-boy on board a smack made a man of him, and by the time he was twenty the privateers had marked him for their own. At first he preferred to serve under Pollet, Vidocq's own captain, but presently he was put in command of the corsair *Les Cinq Amis,* and from that moment his fortune was made. He tells his story like the bluff, sentimental sailor that he was. You can see him as he writes, armed to the eyebrows and packed with good intentions. For all his desperate bravery, he had what M. Malo calls *l'âme sensible,* and he felt for others, even when he was most reckless of his own safety and welfare. In times of great danger his second in command embraces him and murmurs "we are lost," and in such passages you may measure the difference between the French and English temperament. Between Broquant and Woodes Rogers, for instance, there lies a wide ocean of sentiment and character. Rogers tells his story without a trace of emotion. He sets down in a spirit of dry humour the actual facts of his case. He neither weeps nor boasts. Broquant, excellent corsair though he is, sometimes does both. He never ceases to be conscious of his intrepidity. He is firm in the belief that he is more than a match for any twenty Englishmen of them all, and the mere memory of his enterprises fills his eyes with tears of joy.

Yet it must be confessed that Broquant, when he really gets to work, writes like a man of action. He has moments of true epic grandeur, when he brings himself on the scene in the third person, puts the very best face on his exploits, and wastes not a word. Here, for instance, is his account of a simple exploit, which, neither modest nor boastful in expression, has the right ring about it: "On the 16th Pluviôse, An xii," thus the corsair writes, "Broquant was engaged in a long and murderous combat. For several days he had been cruising in the waters of the Pas-de-Calais, and not a single ship of the enemy had appeared on the horizon, when about seven o'clock in the morning he descried a sail. It was a fine three-master, with a battery of twenty-four nine-pounders, a fearsome adversary for the little lugger. The great difference in the strength of the two vessels did not make Broquant hesitate for a moment. He ordered his men to get ready to board her. Favoured by a fog, the *Prosper* approached close up to the three-master, and attacked her with such audacity that for a moment the enemy was thrown into confusion. Redoubling his energy,

Broquant pressed upon the vessel, boarded it, and hurled himself on the bridge at the head of his men. There a most terrific conflict ensued. Hand to hand they fought for every inch of ground, and it was only after a frightful carnage that the enemy's ship fell into our power. It was on its way home from Saint-Vincent, charged with a rich cargo. It had in its hold 250 hogsheads of sugar and 258 bales of cotton."

Thus it is that great men recount their exploits, and with no more accent than a single *hélas!* Broquant tells us how once upon a time, when he was escaping from a cutter and was summoned to surrender, he took a carbine and shot the English captain, who fell dead upon the bridge. It seems a cold-blooded action, but it was, says Broquant, the right of war, and we are sure that he knew his own business well enough. So his fame speedily grew, and when Napoleon visited Boulogne, intent upon invasion, he naturally called the great Broquant to his councils. Broquant reports the conversation with the pomp and gravity it demands. He approaches Napoleon as man to man. He makes you feel the Emperor's equality, even his inferiority. One thing is clear from the interview: Broquant is indispensable if victory is to be won. Napoleon believed, like the mere soldier that he was, that the English division that lay in full view of Boulogne was a very great obstacle. "Sire," said Broquant to him, "as for that division, it need cause you no uneasiness. If you seize the moment well, you can shut it up, lock the door, and put the key in your pocket." Napoleon thought the old sea-wolf was joking, and *tutoyant* him for the first time, *Est-ce que tu plaisantes?* he asked. The sea-wolf protested that he would rather die than joke with his Emperor, and went on to explain how in the winter the English fleet took shelter on a beach that was shaped like a funnel. There it lay in perfect tranquillity, expected no attack, and the French had nothing else to do than wait for a south wind, and then make their crossing, which would take them about four hours. The English would know of their presence only when it was too late, and the island would be conquered without loss of men or ships. It is a simple plan, and so deeply impressed the Emperor that he told Broquant that he would have need of him, and shook him warmly by the hand. The recital is in the true spirit of the mythical Bill Adams, who, as we all know, won the battle of Waterloo, and without whose aid Wellington would not have dared to take the field.

Unhappily for France, Broquant could not come to Napoleon's aid. A few months after the famous interview, the corsair was caught becalmed by the English frigate the *Favourite*, taken prisoner, and thrown into a dungeon, where he found but little scope for his peculiar talents. Sorry was his plight. "Liberty," said he, "was as necessary to

him as the air he breathed," and he sought for it in vain within the walls of a military prison. There was nothing left for him but to attempt an escape, and even if fortune did not favour him, he made the attempt with admirable resolution. Liesfield was the scene of his imprisonment, whence with two others he made his way to London, and presently by a postchaise to Dover. They put up at the Marine Hotel, and, for fear of being recognised, went out only in the evening. Broquant, moreover, knowing no English, was forced to keep a rigorous silence, a compulsion which must have weighed very heavily upon his garrulous spirit. Like the hero of the poem, they meant at all hazards to cross the Channel in any kind of craft, built or stolen. But the wind was against them; and fearing that they had been noticed, they left Dover for Hastings, where they found quarters at the Swan. At Hastings, too, ill-luck dogged their footsteps. A first attempt was fouled by a huge Newfoundland dog, who fastened his teeth in Broquant, and who would have overpowered a weaker man. The next day it was an Englishman, of colossal height, who checked the Frenchmen's enterprise. They left the town by dusk, hid themselves in a cemetery until the shade of night should be over all, and then made their way to the harbour in search of a boat. They had found their boat, and were on the point of launching it, when they espied a man coming towards them, and carrying a lantern. Broquant did his best to hide, but it was of no avail. The man discovered him, and murmuring with a raucous voice, "I've got you," fell heavily on the corsair.

Then began an Homeric struggle, which loses nothing in Broquant's description. The Englishman, larger and stronger than human nature, fell upon Broquant and got him down. A desperate struggle followed, both men fighting for their life. Broquant, with the courage of despair and the lust of liberty, managed to extricate himself from the ruffian's grasp. A few steps further, and he would be saved! But the Englishman, furious that a Frenchman should offer so stout a resistance, and excited by the hope of the reward given to those who stopped escaping prisoners, pursued him and caught him once more among the pebbles which covered the beach. The fight was fiercely renewed. The Englishman seized Broquant by the throat, dug his nails into his flesh, and would have strangled him to death had not Broquant, by an expiring effort, seized a pebble and struck his adversary a violent blow on the head. Thus both lay insensible upon the beach, covered with blood and sweat; and when consciousness returned to Broquant he fell an easy prey to some horse-soldiers, who carried him back to jail. The trial, which followed, is so finely theatrical that we are sure it

owes much to Broquant's fancy. The man who attacked him, he tells us, was a betrayer of smugglers, naturally hated by all decent Englishmen. And as for Broquant himself, he would have been condemned, he thinks, if he had not torn away his cravat and shown to the court the marks of the wounds inflicted by the monstrous informer. The vision of his wounds evoked a general sympathy. Broquant cheated the gallows, and suffered no worse penalty than a return to his prison. Two months afterwards success crowned his efforts. He laid hands on a boat at Deal, and regained his native soil after seven weary years spent in a foreign dungeon.

The heroism and braggart humour of Broquant are in perfect harmony with his craft and experience. This disdain of the English, his perfect confidence in his own prowess, are engaging even to the descendants of the brave mariners whom he harassed. There was a bluffness in his temper, a rough edge to his tongue, which belong to the natural, untutored sailor. A very different kind of man was Charles Dunand, a doctor like Thomas Dover, who sailed aboard the *Duke* from Bristol city. He first took to the sea in the quality of a surgeon, but the excitement of the combat soon seized upon him, and he became a fighting corsair like the rest. Thus he led a double life, or rather he divided his years into two separate pieces. In the winter he was a corsair, sailing out from Boulogne or Calais in search of prizes. But no sooner was his lugger laid by for the fine weather than he betook himself to Paris to pursue his medical studies. Thus he made the sea pay for his instruction; and as the Channel did not give him his bellyful of fighting, he took his doctor's degree on his return from Moscow. No man of his time had a stranger career. So long as the war lasted, Dunand was found aboard the lugger with a pistol in his hand. When peace was signed in 1815 he retired to the practice of his profession; and having taken his share in the making of history, spent half a century as a modest doctor in a country town.

But it is Jacques-Oudart Fourmentin, the famous Baron Bucaille, who is the classic of his kind. Though he was not a baron, and had no right to the name of Bucaille, his glory is untarnished, and he goes down the stream of time with all the honours of war and peace thick upon him. To read of his exploits is to exhaust the catalogue of human virtues. No enterprise was too high for him, no adversary was too strong. For years he haunted the Channel, cruising anywhere between Portsmouth and the North Sea, without knowing check or disaster. He was an adroit seaman as well as an intrepid fighter. None knew better than he that the battle was to the swift as often as to the strong, and having a perfect knowledge of shoals and reefs, he more than once lured

a powerful adversary to his doom among the sunken rocks of the Channel. The biography, composed by his son and printed by M. Malo, exhausts the language of praise and flattery. If we may believe this interesting document, Fourmentin spent his life in holding-up a large division of the British fleet with his single lugger. And Fourmentin also, like Broquant, passed his hour of glorious life with the Emperor. "Captain Bucaille," said Napoleon, "I am told that you are the sailor in all the fleet who knows best the coast of England." Where could you find a better opening? "I think," replied the modest Fourmentin, "that you will find many sailors in Boulogne who know it as well as I." "No," said the Emperor, 'it is you of whom I have need, and I will begin by asking you if a descent upon England is possible or easy?" The answer of the corsair is magnificent. "Sire," replied the intrepid Boulonnais, "it is as easy to land a force in England as to drink a glass of wine, but the flotilla must be attended and protected by a squadron of three-deckers." Thereafter Fourmentin told Napoleon at what time he should make his descent, and at what point on the English coast he would be wise to land. Indeed he gave him a choice of five convenient spots, and it is wonderful, if the project were as easy as drinking a glass of wine, that we do not to-day bow the knee before the tricolour of France. Napoleon listened with a patient reverence. The plan seemed simplicity itself. Even the ship was chosen, the *Adolphe*, in which the Emperor should sail. "I will immediately give the necessary orders," said he, "to get the *Adolphe* ready for the sea. You will take the command, and I myself will embark on this ship. Captain Bucaille, I will go to England with you." "Sire," said the Captain, "the *Adolphe* will pass through everything. It will feel upon it the hand of its old captain and the presence of its Emperor. *Vive l'Empereur!*" The *Adolphe* never made its journey to England, easy as that journey seemed, and you cannot help thinking that the words of the gallant Fourmentin outran his deeds. That is as it should be. We expect a proper boastfulness in a hero, whose exploits are lost in legend, and who when he went a-privateering declared that he preferred to sail for the mouth of Thames, because there he had a bigger choice of prizes. And this, proud as it is, is not the last word of his arrogance. One evening several corsairs were dining together,—thus M. Malo tells the story,—a gigot was served, and a discussion arose as to which was the better, French or English mutton. Fourmentin declared that the only way to resolve the question was to pass judgment *pièces sur table;* nothing was wanting but English mutton: he charged himself with the task of fetching some. Straight he went to the harbour and called his

crew together, according to his custom, by beating the bottom of a casserole with a hammer. He set sail, landed in the dead of night on the English coast, seized the coast-guard station, bound all the men whom he found except six, whom he bade, with pistol held at their head, to lead him to the best herd of sheep in the neighbourhood. There he chose the best half-dozen, put them on the backs of the six coastguards, and made them carry them on board. He started with the flood; he returned with the flood—and with the six sheep, the flavour of which he and his colleagues could thus appreciate and compare. It is a pleasant fairy tale, and it makes you doubt whether the other pleasant fairy tales told of the corsairs are worthy a simple faith. We need not look too closely into their veracity. True or false, they inculcate the plain lesson that the sailors who set sail from Boulogne to harry the English shipping were of an intelligence and humour which equalled their courage. Even in the year of Trafalgar they showed what the good blood of France could achieve, and we close M. Malo's spirited history in a temper of loyal admiration. Truly we can say with Barby d'Aurevilly, who knew them well, "we love these men, these old gulls, disfeathered by the storms they have resisted," and we say it no less emphatically because the old gulls hovered always about our ships, and would, if they could, have landed upon our shores.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

In Lecky's 'History of Rationalism' an attempt is made to trace the stages by which modern civilisation freed itself from the control of the Church, and now proceeds on its course under the influence and guidance of purely secular and utilitarian motives. The impression left upon the reader by a perusal of that work is, that while in the sphere of personal religion the Church may be a necessity, as a factor in the wider movements of civilisation its influence is rapidly on the decrease. A sympathetic reading of history seems to corroborate that view. There was a time when the Church took in hand the arduous task of moulding and guiding the chaotic forces of society. In his masterly survey of the Middle Ages, Comte, with perhaps a touch of exaggeration, has shown the debt which modern civilisation owes to the Roman Catholic Church. Lecky traces the influences which led to the decline of the Church, due to a conflict between the two ideals — the theological and the industrial. In the conflict the industrial, or as it might be called the secular, ideal received powerful support from two sources, Political Economy and Mechanical Inventions. Political Economy, with its gospel of enlightened self-interest, struck a blow at the Church and its doctrine of the depravity of man. According to the theory of the Economists, the social world was so framed that harmony followed naturally when individuals were allowed to pursue their own interests,—in other words, from individual selfishness there resulted collective harmony. Political Economy gave strong support to the Deistic theory of the time of Adam Smith of the natural goodness of human nature, which needed only freedom to develop along the lines of self-interest to produce a harmonious industrial and social order.

In such an atmosphere of optimism the old doctrine of depravity was out of place. Theological sanctions, as Lecky shows, lost their force, till gradually civilisation came to draw its motive power from an undisguised Secularism. Mechanical inventions found in the doctrine of enlightened self-interest a congenial ally. It soon became clear that a world of social and industrial harmony did not evolve naturally from enlightened self-interest, which came to mean the acquisition of wealth on a colossal scale by those who were in a position to take advantage of the great productive powers of machinery. What is known as the Industrial Revolution, inspired by self-interest, certainly did not result in collective happiness. In pursuit of their own individual welfare, the great capitalists of the time did not contribute to the happiness of the people. Where good results followed—as in the case

of New Lanark under Robert Owen—they were due to the substitution of the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice for the politico-economic doctrine of self-interest. We have improved greatly since the early years of the nineteenth century, with its appalling social and industrial problems; but it is a suggestive fact that the improvement has come from the humanitarian spirit which, in revolt against the doctrine that individual self-interest is the prime motive force in life, has, under the guise of the brotherhood of man, brought back into public affairs Christian influences. Unhappily for civilisation, the Church accepted her defeat at the hands of the Economists and the Deists in too meek a spirit. Impressed with the errors and evils which grew out of the attempt of the Roman Catholic Church to wield Theocratic sway over the nations, Protestantism unduly narrowed its own claims. Instead of recognising that it was the custodian of principles of universal import, and upon recognition of which all true civilisation depended, the Church—especially the Evangelical section—narrowed its outlook upon the world, which was viewed, not as a theatre for the development of the great conception of a Kingdom of God, but as a kind of Vanity Fair whose allurements were to be shunned by the pilgrim on his journey from the City of Destruction. Such a conception meant the dividing of life into two antagonistic portions—the sacred and the secular. The harm done in both Church and State is vividly illustrated in the history of Scotland. Fully absorbed in purely theological and ecclesiastical matters, the Evangelicals looked with suspicion on all purely secular activities, with the result that from them came no word of guidance at a critical time in Scotland's history, when social habits were changing, and industry and commerce were bringing to the front new ideals of life and conduct. The Moderates, on the other hand, were equally blind to the signs of the times. The absurd optimism which they borrowed from the Deists made them at ease in Zion, and cut them off from hearty sympathy with the struggling masses whose problems are now economic rather than ecclesiastical.

In the Church of Scotland one man arose who, with prophetic eye, recognised the dawn of the new day. The hour had come, and with it the man in the person of Dr Chalmers. In him was represented the best qualities of both Evangelicals and Moderates. With the Evangelicals, Chalmers held that no enduring civilisation was possible which did not rest upon regenerated individuals, and, with the Moderates, he believed that religion could not be narrowed down to other worldliness, but must be made to embrace the secular side of life. The aim of Chalmers was to draw Scottish religion away from the Vanity Fair conception of the world, and to lead it back to the older and nobler conception of a Kingdom of God upon earth. How was this to be done? The Evangelicals

had limited their mission to individual conversion. Chalmers knew the value of regenerated individualism, which was the dynamical element in life, but he could not stop there. He anticipated the fundamental doctrine of biology, that a properly developed organism implies two things—a healthy germ and a congenial environment. In their theory of conversion the Evangelicals emphasised the former, but they ignored the latter. This missing factor Chalmers supplied. He bent all his strength to the study of the laws of the social order. He urged his brother clergy to the study of political economy, so that they might be able to deal with the science of society from the Christian standpoint. His economic writings, his poor-law experiment, his parochial schemes, his labours on behalf of education, his pioneer work in the slums—these were all inspired by the great conception that Christianity has not accomplished its work when it converts the individual: it must go further, and provide an environment which will further the development of all the individual and social virtues of a regenerated society. Political economy of the self-interest school thought its work was completed when it formulated the laws of the production of wealth. Political economy as Christianised by Chalmers aimed at the production of an elevated humanity.

The great work of Chalmers was interrupted by the Disruption. However necessary, ecclesiastically, that event may have been, from the standpoint of what may be called Social Christianity in Scotland it was a disaster of the first magnitude. It disorganised the great work of Chalmers. Greatly against his will it compelled him to substitute an ecclesiastical for a national ideal of Christianity. Moreover, it created for a generation an atmosphere of narrowness and bad feeling which cast a blight over the religious life of Scotland. Chalmers being dead, yet speaketh. The Church of Scotland has never quite forgotten his ideals, and now even at this late hour a vigorous attempt is being made to translate them into action. Not only in Scotland, but all over the world, the ideas of Chalmers are beginning to bear fruit. Depressed with the failure of economists and politicians to construct by mechanical methods a harmonious civilisation, the Church in all lands is earnestly setting itself to the study of the problem. Great schemes of the mechanical type have been tried, but the results have been disappointing. To such schemes the French Revolution gave a great impetus. From Paine to Bentham a band of earnest Radicals preached political reform as the one remedy for social ills. Another section thought Free Trade would inaugurate the brotherhood of man. Another group of enthusiasts looked for great things from Disestablishment and schemes of a Socialistic nature. Meanwhile, in the midst of great wealth and un-

heard-of luxuries, there exists a mass of poverty, misery, and degradation which is a glaring scandal to a nation calling itself Christian.

In 'Darkest England' we have a lurid picture of the condition of the submerged tenth. At the conclusion of his statistical inquiries the author says :—

"This brings my total to three millions, or, to put it roughly, to one-tenth of the population. According to Lord Brabazon and Mr Samuel Smith, 'between two and three millions of our population are always pauperised and degraded.' Mr Chamberlain says there is a 'population equal to that of the metropolis'—that is, between four and five millions—'which has remained constantly in a state of abject destitution and misery.' Mr Giffen is more moderate. The submerged class, according to him, comprises one in five of manual labourers, six in 100 of the population. Mr Giffen does not add the third million which is living on the border line. Between Mr Chamberlain's four millions and a half and Mr Giffen's 1,800,000, I am content to take three millions as representing the total strength of the destitute army. Darkest England, then, may be said to have a population about equal to that of Scotland. Three million men, women, and children, a vast despairing multitude in a condition nominally free, but really enslaved—these it is whom we have to save. It is a large order. England emancipated her negroes sixty years ago at a cost of £40,000,000, and has never ceased boasting about it since. But at our own doors, from 'Plymouth to Peterhead,' stretches this waste continent of humanity—three million human beings who are enslaved—some of them to taskmasters as merciless as any West Indian overseer, all of them to destitution and despair."

In face of this state of matters, what is the duty of the Church? Its duty clearly lies in the adoption of the Chalmerian conception of Christianity as a great remedial scheme, not merely for the individual but also for society. Statesmen have an important place in the national life. It is theirs to adapt institutions to the wants of the time. The statesman by legislation can powerfully affect for good the social environment, but at best his work lies in the region of social mechanics. Before statesmen can have permanent influence there must co-operate with them the representatives of what may be called social dynamics—those whose duty it is to act as life-givers and life-guiders. The Church is the great representative of social dynamics. The identification of the Church with social reform is evidence of the fact that at last the ideas of Chalmers are springing up into an abundant harvest. The one-sided Evangelical view that salvation is purely an individual affair, and the equally one-sided view of the secular school—including politicians and economists—that mere changes in the social environment will tend to individual elevation, are giving place to the true conception that neither the individual alone, nor society alone, but the full development of the individual and the realisation of the individual in society, is the goal of a Christian civilisation. In recognition of this, the Churches in all countries are shaping their efforts in the direction of reaching the individual by means of social influence. Less and less

importance is attached to machinery, and more and more to what has been finely termed the enthusiasm of humanity. To this is due the great impulse which has made the Church of Scotland identify itself with social reform. Imbued with the spirit of Chalmers, the Church is boldly carrying into effect his central thought — that of bringing to the poor, the downtrodden, and the outcast not only a message of hope, but also providing them with an environment congenial for the development of the tender virtues of the new life. At the opening of a new Labour Home in Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery, in a speech at once felicitous in style, dignified in tone, and impressively suggestive, put the matter in a nutshell when he said that the all-essential point in dealing with those who failed in life's battle is to restore self-respect. This cannot be done by machinery, political or other, it can only be done by personal agencies. The system of Labour Homes organised by the Church of Scotland is admirably suited for re-establishing in the unfortunate the germ of self-respect. Left to himself, the outcast, however anxious he may be to reform, cannot get away from evil surroundings, where he sinks without a hand extended to save him. Now and again a stray visitor appears and leaves a tract or a ticket for a soup-kitchen, but nothing short of removal to a new environment can be an effective remedy. In the words of an authority on this question:—

"What is the use of preaching the Gospel to men whose whole attention is concentrated upon a mad desperate struggle to keep themselves alive? You might as well give a tract to a shipwrecked sailor who is battling with the surf which has drowned his comrades, and threatens to drown him. He will not listen to you. Nay, he cannot hear you any more than a man whose head is under water can listen to a sermon. The first thing to do is to get him at least a footing on firm ground, and to give him room to live. Then you may have a chance. At present you have none. And you will have all the better opportunity to find a way to his heart, if he comes to know that it was you who pulled him out of the horrible pit and the miry clay in which he was sinking to perdition."

To meet such cases the Labour Homes were instituted. Rescue work is also a feature of the new scheme. The work which began by the establishment of a Boys' Labour Home at Humbie, East Lothian, by the Master of Polwarth—whose labours in this cause deserve the heartiest commendation—has so grown in four years that now the Church has throughout the country eight Men's Labour Homes, two Boys' Homes, and two Women's Rescue and Labour Homes, while at the police courts agents are engaged to deal with cases, and to pay special attention to discharged prisoners.

The importance of reform on these lines cannot be overrated. It solves the vexed question of individual and collective effort. Individual work in the slums yields little fruit, because it leaves the poor victims of circumstances struggling in their whirlpools of wretchedness. Hitherto collective action has

been synonymous with State action, which never touches the heart as is done by Labour and Rescue Homes, where in addition to the development of self-respect the inmates are brought under influences of an elevating nature. Mr Balfour, in speaking at a meeting of the Church Army, which in England has done admirable work in the sphere of social reform, made some observations which apply equally well to the work of the Church of Scotland. He said:—

"It was this direct appeal to the individual soul which was the proper business of Christian Churches, and that direct appeal — not limited, of course, to the mere teaching or inculcation of religion, not divorcing itself from efforts to improve the material condition of those with whom it dealt, not dividing the wants of human beings in any arbitrary fashion—subsists beyond the broader efforts that fell to the politician. It was the business of the Church, as he conceived it, to appeal to the individual, to search out his particular weakness, to remedy his misfortune, to raise him from his own particular quagmire, and not to put him on one side simply because he had brought by his own weakness, his own fault, or, if they would, his own crime, social punishments upon himself. Organisations whose special work he had endeavoured to describe could not go to the rates. They had not got the Chancellor of the Exchequer behind them. They could not appeal to majorities or minorities in Parliament. They neither could nor ought they to touch the political organisation by which we carried on national and Imperial affairs."

There is no reason why social work of the nature indicated should be confined to the Established Church. There is much talk just now of ecclesiastical union. There are obstacles arising out of an old dispute with which the name of Chalmers is historically associated. But on this question of social reform, with which the name of Chalmers is also associated, there are no obstacles. About the Labour Homes and other work of the Church of Scotland there is nothing sectarian. The watchword of those who left the Establishment in 1843 was the Headship of Christ. That watchword represented a policy of disunion. To-day it may well represent a policy of union. If Christianity means anything, it means the brotherhood of man; and in the work of welcoming the prodigal, rescuing the perishing, and bringing a message of hope to those who are sitting in great darkness, the Churches of Scotland are of one mind. Union on the basis of Social Reform, like that carried on by the Church of Scotland, is imperatively needed; but there is no reason why union should be limited to the Churches in Scotland. England, too, has done noble work in social reform. Readers of 'Darkest England' need not be told of the magnificent work which is being done by General Booth and the Salvation Army by agencies and methods which do not always meet with the approval of the fastidious, but which nevertheless are fruitful in good. The Church of England, too, has caught the spirit of social reform, and by means of the Church Army is doing much to bring the Anglican clergy into touch with the people. We hear much in these days of the decline of

the Church. It cannot be because of any defect in the Church's message. It rather is because the message is not adapted to the particular needs of the time. The Church has allowed the sectarian element to overshadow the Christian element. It has been content to remain ecclesiastical when it might have aspired to be national in the true meaning of the term—national not in any legislative sense, but in the sense of being the representative of those great principles which underlie national wellbeing. In the early ages the Church reconstructed society on a Christian basis. What were its weapons? Not ecclesiastical machinery. The weapons were love and self-sacrifice. When Christianity appeared the world was groaning under a system that crushed out the human side of life; for the poor, the weak, and the outcast there was no hope. Upon the arid soil of the ancient world Christianity fell like the dew from heaven. It spoke a word of consolation to the weary and heavy-laden, and to that, and not to its ecclesiasticism, it owed its rapid progress. Can we not draw the moral? If the Church is to regain its sway over the hearts of men, it must come forth to the battle with the old weapons of love and self-sacrifice. It must have a word for those who are battling not only with their own evil habits, but also waging an unequal contest with surroundings as squalid as they are degrading. In so far as the Church proves true to its original mission of its Great Founder; in so far as it seeks to incarnate the principles of love and self-sacrifice in such beneficent institutions as Labour and Rescue Homes; in so far, in a word, as it seeks to perpetuate in loving deeds the spirit of the Master, it will be not only welcomed by all suffering and sorrowing ones as an oasis in the desert of human life, but it will regain its old position as the standard-bearer in the great contest with the forces of evil which Bunyan has so graphically described in his 'Holy War.'

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

OXFORD AND THE WORKING CLASS—THE BROAD AVENUE TO SCHOLARSHIP—THE SYNOPTIC MIND—THE FAILURE OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION—THE NEW PLAN—THE INJUSTICE DONE TO THE UNIVERSITY—PROVINCIAL COLLEGES—SIR HENRY MAINE'S 'POPULAR GOVERNMENT'—THE DEATH OF A SUPERSTITION—THE TRUE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a mighty perturbation in the University of Oxford. The more ardent spirits burn with the zeal of reform. They are convinced that the institution, which they are bound to defend and uphold, does not do its duty by the working man. They have discovered that the best and easiest passport to Oxford is poverty; and in order that the poor man should enjoy the privileges now denied him, they would cast down all barriers of knowledge and expense. They would admit him within their portals though he knew no single word of any language than his own vernacular. They would award him scholarships though he had never studied the rudiments, a knowledge of which is rigorously exacted from the merely rich. And they would do all this that rich and poor should bow their heads to the same law without fear or favour.

Their method of procedure is that commonly adopted in this garrulous age: they have held a conference, in which an equal number of University graduates and working men took part. The report which they have issued, with the title 'Oxford and Working-Class Education' (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press), is so bold a statement of a feeble case that it deserves more than a passing notice. It is not always easy to discern a plain meaning through the mist of rhetoric in which the report is enveloped, and the difficulty of understanding is increased by the candid admissions of the signatories. They confess that "every single college in Oxford was founded for the purposes of learning," and at the same time urge that it is the duty of the colleges to disregard these purposes. They acknowledge with Dr Rashdall that in the old days, as now, "it was only a very small proportion of the students in a University, and a still smaller proportion of University graduates, who belonged to the pauper or servitor class," and insist that the University is disloyal to its traditions because it does not throw open its doors to any poor man, intelligent or ignorant, who demands admission. "To the majority of the working classes," they say, "who are in receipt of incomes less than £80 per annum, a system which excludes a student because his parents' means are small appears indistinguishable in effect from one which excludes him because his parents are Roman Catholics or Nonconformists." Here is a mani-

fest confusion of ideas. An inequality of means is a necessary part of modern life. Bad or good, it has always prevailed and still prevails. A young man of wealth and leisure may purchase education as he purchases boots or hats, and as he helps to fill the coffers of the University, he inflicts no injury on any one. He may be unfit to receive the benefits of education. Idleness or stupidity may prevent him from distinguishing himself in the schools. But the risk is his own or his parents', and it is only envy that can complain. By the working class, which has neither wealth nor leisure, admission is gained to the University by another and a better road—the road of learning and intelligence. And this road is free to all who are gifted with industry and zeal. "There is no doubt," says our report, "that working-class opinion is inclined to the view that Oxford has been far too much in the past the exclusive possession of the wealthier section of the community, and that it would resent any proposal which did not create a broad avenue along which intelligent workmen could proceed to Oxford." If this be the opinion of the working class, the sooner it is corrected by a few plain facts the better; and as for the "broad avenue," there is no intelligent boy who may not now proceed along it to the highest honours which the University has to bestow.

The truth is, the career of learning has always been open to the talents. It is a career democratic in the highest sense. Of the scholar, rich or poor, it has never been asked how much money is in your pocket, but how much knowledge is in your head. The history of our Universities is the history of talent, not of class. Porson, the son of a parish clerk, found his way through Eton to the professorship of Greek at Cambridge, and since Porson's time the facilities have increased tenfold. The Universities are to-day precisely what the signatories of this report, by urging that they should be, pretend that they are not—"the apex of a single educational system, of which the foundation is the primary school." The ladder is complete and efficient, as any one may see who analyses the class-lists. And not only is the ladder far more easily climbed than heretofore, but it is climbed with a dignity and an absence of vulgarity which in the old days were unknown. Time was when the poor man was marked out from his companions, and suffered in his pride at every step towards his degree. The statutes of Balliol, for instance, directed that "each of the Fellows was to have the nomination of one scholar, sufficiently learned in plainsong and grammar, who was to live on the broken meat of the Fellows' table, and to be the servitor of his patron." Long since these dishonouring duties were abolished. The child of the working class does the same work, enjoys the same privileges, and plays the same games as the child of the rich. If he be clever enough to win

a scholarship, there is no check on his ambition; and we cannot but think that the signatories of this report, by setting up a fresh opposition between rich and poor, are guilty of a snobbishness of which the Universities have long been innocent. They would, in fact, restore the grade, if not the name, of servitor.

Their purpose, briefly, is to admit to the University working men, who have neither the knowledge nor the inclination for higher studies. They would invite within their colleges men with no other qualification than that they are poor. They would not ask them to pass an entrance examination, because they would proceed, after a long interval, from an elementary school, where the dead languages are not taught. This lack of learning does not dismay them. They "wish to state emphatically that, though the formal education of the working classes at present stops with the elementary school, the informal education obtained by them through discussion in the workshop and at meetings of their societies is in itself an excellent preparation for study in a University." This, if we may say it without disrespect to the erudite signatories, is pure nonsense. That the informal discussion in the workshop is an excellent preparation for life we should be the first to admit. There, in the open stress of argument, are learnt those excellent lessons of truth and sincerity which neither Oxford nor Cambridge can teach. But this discussion is not a proper preparation for a University. It is, indeed, a University's complete antithesis, and we regret that deans and tutors should thus seek to befog the brain of the working man, and to ensnare him along a road where he would find nothing but ruin and hypocrisy.

The object of the deans and tutors is not learning but politics. "Changes in the structure of English society," we are told by one of them, "are throwing more and more responsibility on the shoulders of men who have had no opportunity of obtaining the synoptic mind which, as Plato says, is desirable in governors." This responsibility is a sad truth; it is a still sadder truth that there is nothing which our governors, new or old, want less than a synoptic mind. The members of the Labour party are returned to Parliament, not that they may be pale reflections of Oxford dons, but that they may carry thither a knowledge of their class and its needs. Nor has the plan adopted in this report the smallest chance of producing the mind desired by Plato. Had the signatories been content with rhetorical generalities, it would have been difficult to confute them. Unhappily for their own case, they have been induced to sketch certain courses of instruction. With a candour which we cannot too highly commend, they confess at the outset the failure of University Extension. We all remember the brave words and braver hopes which heralded this mournful system. A new heaven and a new earth were

to be created by the zealous missionaries of learning. The torch of culture was to be set alight in every humble home. The blessings of Oxford, immensely overrated, were to be carried to all those who could not go and fetch them. And now it is a failure! Indeed, it was bound to be, as all things must fail which masquerade under names too fine for them. It is not systematic enough, we are told; its subjects shift and change too rapidly; it produces not scholars, but smatterers. So another plan must be adopted, which is warranted to have the same result. Briefly stated, the plan is as follows: Certain centres are to be selected, in which for a period of two years lectures and classes will be given; the proficiency of the students will be properly tested at the end of these two years, and those who are thought worthy will be selected to pursue their studies at Oxford. The specimens of these courses, here given, do not inspire us with confidence. By far the most useful is that in Economics, and there is nothing in this course which could not be acquired elsewhere than in Oxford, and by an easier method than a complete interruption of the working man's craft. As for the course in English Literature (1785-1900), it is the crudest form of dilettanteism, which would put the working man at a permanent disadvantage. If in the intervals of his business he chooses to read Keats and Tennyson, that is his own affair. It is almost incredible that he should be asked to forget his trade, to lose the certainty of hand and eye, for the mere purpose of studying, in the discomfort of a strange college, the works of poets, which can belong to him only if he be drawn to the reading of them by an irresistible sympathy.

But, however admirable these studies were, the experiment would still be dangerous. All we ask of a good workman, as of a good scholar, is that he should be loyal and honest in his trade. To turn a good stone-mason or an active railway porter into an indifferent critic of poetry is the wickedest waste of time. It is worse than a waste of time: it is a direct incentive to hypocrisy. However, our signatories argue that in their opinion "a man who throughout life works with his hands needs a general education for precisely the same reason that it is needed by a specialist like a lawyer or a doctor, in order that he may be a good citizen." Even if this were true, it would be irrelevant. No wise man would call in a doctor or consult a lawyer who had spared two or three valuable years from active practice to hear professors chatter of literature. It is the discipline of education which is worth most to the student, and discipline is sternly eliminated from the curricula of these well-intentioned tutors. If they set a man down to fight with Chinese or struggle with Greek, he might win some advantage from the encounter.

He will get nothing but evil from a casual study of English literature, and the foolish unsettlement which is said to be caused by that strange wild-fowl known as the *genius loci.*

And for this hazardous experiment the working man is to be kidnapped to Oxford when the responsibilities of life are heavy upon him. He is not to be caught too young. These solemn scholars, in discussing the difficulties of their project, declare that their victim must not only be fed and housed while in residence at Oxford, but supported "during the period after leaving Oxford in which he is likely to be looking for employment." Is it not a reckless, preposterous comedy! The working man is to be snatched from his business, taught a smattering of Shelley and Dickens, and then thrust back upon a harsh, cruel world, with no employment, a forgotten name, and nothing to live upon save a casual acquaintance with literature and history. The least the University can do for the honest man, whom it would so pitifully misguide, is to keep him in books and affluence for the term of his natural life. And he is not the only one who will suffer. "If he is married,"—we quote the *ipsissima verba*, — "his family has to be considered." Is not this a gem of humour? Can you not imagine the rage of the working man's wife, when she is told that her husband is to desert her for the classic shades of Oxford, whence he will return without a job, and a distaste for manual toil? The displacement is so great and the result so small, the injustice meditated upon an able and industrious class is so palpable, that we are surprised a single resident in Oxford should be found to support the scheme.

And if an injustice is done to the working man, the University itself is not spared. The signatories, acknowledging that every college in Oxford was founded for "the purposes of learning," are willing to trample under foot the wishes of their pious founders. They will kiss the rod of democracy in all humility of spirit. They are prepared to forget their duty and to sacrifice their ideals at the first asking of their new rulers — the mob. Henceforth education is for them a thing "which meets the needs of the workpeople." They quote with approval an extract from a letter from the Barry Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. The Railway Servants, at any rate, are not ready to accept the gifts of the University, save on their own terms. If they come to Oxford at all, they will come not as suppliants but as masters, not in a spirit of kindly gratitude but of imperious exaction. But we would not suppress by a word the pleasant arrogance of the Barry Branch. Here is its resolution in full: "That it is inexpedient for the Working Classes to cultivate a closer relationship with Oxford by University Extension Lectures, or any other methods, until the teachings of the Universities are radically altered, so that a truer view of social questions may be taught, and

that it is inadvisable to send working-men students to colleges unless the curriculum is made suitable for the training of Labour Leaders." We confess we like the Barry Branch. It knows what it wants, and demands it with a superb assurance. It will permit its members to sojourn at Oxford if Oxford will change its curriculum and shift its point of view. If the University refuse to do this, the Barry Branch will not lift a finger to help it. The University, of course, is properly intimidated. It doffs its cap in reverence to the Barry Branch, and humbly prays that it may be taken into favour, if it give a controlling voice in the selection of teachers to a representative body of workmen. If this be the object of these estimable tutors, would it not be better to leave the University out of the question, and to discuss frankly the comparative popularity of penny readings? And do they owe so much to the working man, that they forget the debt of nurture, not yet paid in full to their college and university? After all, they hold in trust for future generations a sacred institution. It is theirs to guard the cause of learning, to hand on the lamp of intelligence, and if they prove false to their responsibility, they may not plead in excuse that their falsehood is due to a misguided interest in party politics.

And the worst of it is that this attempt to satisfy aspirations, which, in the Barry Branch at any rate, do not exist, is inspired by a heedless folly. There is a snobbishness in the whole movement which it is hard to condone. It is not education, but education at Oxford, which seems essential to these well-meaning philanthropists. They wish to impart the glamour which has dazzled their eyes to those whose vision should be proof against its brilliance. They cannot pretend that Oxford presents a better opportunity for the training of the working man than the provincial Universities which have been provided at his door by the generosity of wise donors, and which are perfectly fitted to instruct him. With the best will in the world, they would flatter him with the ancient tradition and social distinction of their own colleges. And it is precisely this flattery of which the working man stands in no need. It is not his object, we are told, to get out of his class by education, but to keep within it. Why, then, if his demand for knowledge be sincere, does he not seek it at Birmingham or Liverpool, at Bristol or Cardiff? The signatories of the report are themselves sensible of a certain danger. They own that there is a possible risk that the working-class students "might be carried off their feet by the social life of Oxford, and forget their own people"; and if the risk be merely possible, it is one to which the intelligent mechanic should never be exposed.

But there is a far deeper reason why this experiment in University training should be condemned. Education is not

of itself a general boon. The tutors of colleges, who wish well to the working class, seem to believe that because it has profited them to sojourn at Oxford it will profit all men. There could not be a more mischievous fallacy. Science without conscience, said a wise man, is the ruin of the soul. To impart learning without discipline is the last phase of cynical indifference. At the best, it may change a good mechanic into an eloquent agitator. At the worst, it may invent a worthless loafer, who will chatter in public-houses of literature and history, until the wrath of his fellows or an untimely end overtake him.

And as for learning in the true and only sense, that knows no distinction of class or upbringing. It is impartial, like birth and death. It knocks more often at the cottage of the poor than at the palaces of kings, and where it knocks he who is fit admits it in proud humility of mind. To the scholar, indeed, there is no hardship, no exclusion. All doors are open to him, all honours are his for the winning. And when he has won them, he belongs to no other class than that of his conquest. By nature and calling he is an aristocrat of the mind. But he can achieve his conquest only by talent and industry, and as for his brothers, less fortunately endowed than he, they will be more wisely guided if they stick to their bench and refuse to follow the Will-o'-the-wisp calling them over marshy ground to Oxford. "The nation," says the Oxford Report, "needs the services not only of the professor, the doctor, the lawyer, and the civil servant, but of the miner, the bricklayer, the engineer, and an unnumbered army of labourers." That is true, and as it is no part of our public policy to turn the doctor and lawyer into bad bricklayers, why should we drill the unnumbered army of labourers in such exercises as befit only the professor and the civil servant

To turn from the rhetorical generalities of this report to Sir Henry Maine's 'Popular Government' is to find the best possible antidote for our modern sentimentality. If the publishers wish to confer a boon upon the community they will sell this wise book for a shilling and let it go broadcast over England. It is like a cold douche of truth falling on the over-heated body of Radicalism. To the sanguine mind of the modern politician, popular government is one of the eternal verities. It can, we are told, know neither change nor decay. No power on earth —again it is the demagogue who speaks—can dislodge it. All the watchwords of the French Revolution are called forth in its support. We are assured for the thousandth time that the Voice of the People is the Voice of God. The zealots, actuated by the same spirit which acclaimed the divine right of kings, acclaim the divine right of the Sovereign People. And then, with a frigid irony, Sir Henry Maine tells you that popular government is of all govern-

ments the most fragile, that wherever it has been tried it has been found wanting, that of all constitutions it is the most certainly impermanent. Of the glittering phrases, which have done more harm than fire and sword during the last century, none understands the folly as clearly as Sir Henry Maine. They are at once the strength and weakness of popular government. They make leaders and they unmake states. The individual voter who believes himself a "free" man, because he may drop a ticket in a ballot-box, is merely the slave of the orator with the loudest voice and the handiest proverbs. "Liberty," in Hobbes's phrase, "is power cut into fragments," and the fragments are so small that its possessors are forced to abdicate its possession. In other words, the will of the people is often merely the adoption of the will of one man. If any one doubt this, let him remember the career of Mr Gladstone, who in the country persuaded his large audiences to believe what he told them, and in the House of Commons boasted that he was armed with the people's mandate.

Popular government has assumed many shapes and been turned to many purposes. But to one thing it has always been constant—corruption. In Greece, in America, and to a less degree in England, some system of bribery has been necessary to hold together the scattered fragments of power. Here fees have been paid to those who discharge the simple duties of citizenship. There the spoils have been distributed to the victors after an election. In England neither of these examples has been followed. A civil service, appointed by examination, does not give a successful Government the smallest opportunity for rewarding its henchmen. But our ingenuity has not been at fault. We have discovered a far more dangerous method of corruption than the mere giving of money or office. As Sir Henry Maine says, corruption in England consists in the process of legislating away the property of one class and transferring it to another. When this was written the baleful artifice was only beginning to be known. It is the one policy which our present rulers have adopted with unanimity and enthusiasm. Divided on most other subjects, they agree in the happy plan of plundering their opponents for the benefit of their friends. They are already on the slope, and nothing except dissolution can save them from rushing headlong to the bottom. But with the prescience which always distinguished him, Sir Henry Maine saw that the distribution of other people's wealth would be the favourite corruption of our days, and the legislation of the last few years amply confirms his forecast. And the worst of this bribery is that it ruins him who gives as well as him who takes. The leader who is bought is very likely to lose the slender hold he may have had upon principle. He will no longer dictate to his followers what they should do or think. He will be content to

ask them what they want, and to "listen nervously at one end of a speaking-tube, which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence." And what shall be said of those who are robbed to keep an ambitious Minister in power? Their plight is indeed hopeless. Willingly as they would labour and save, they lose all heart and enterprise by being taxed *ad misericordiam* for the most laudable and philanthropic objects.

It was Sir Henry Maine's peculiar duty to kill superstitions. Before his irony and his logic the necessity and permanence of popular government, in which we have long been asked to believe, vanish into thin air. With equal irony and logic he destroys the monster which is known as Democracy. He pillories without ruth or pity those whose minds have been thrown into a state of excitement by an experiment in government "which is very old and which has never been particularly successful." He collects an anthology of rhetorical phrases which reflect more credit on the hearts than on the heads of their inventors. Here is the bombast of an American historian: "The change which Divine wisdom ordained, and which no human policy or force could hold back, proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the decrees of eternity." That is not bad, and no doubt it has been an inspiration to a thousand mob-orators. Its lack of meaning is immaterial. It is all a matter of *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.* In other words, it is the stuff of which modern politics are composed. The very word Democracy calls up in a certain sort of mind images of rising tides, flashing lights, shining waters, and all the rest of it. Irresistible, inevitable, and eternal—these are its epithets. And then Sir Henry Maine comes along with John Austin's plain definition: "Democracy is a form of government," and instantly the air is clear of lights and stars, instantly the subsiding waters cease to shine, and you are asked to judge a transitory institution on its merits.

Democracy, then, is a form of government. Its business, like that of any other form of government, is to conduct decently and wisely the affairs of the country. Like monarchy or oligarchy, it knows and can know no other test than that of efficiency. It is as little concerned with the promulgation of commonplaces as with the distribution of other people's goods. That it is exposed to dangers which other forms of government escape is manifest. It is assailed always by popular prejudice and popular mutability. The accomplishment of its one and only duty, therefore, is not easy. As Sir Henry Maine says, "it is the difficulty of democratic government that mainly accounts for its ephemeral duration." Another evil feature is its insistence upon flattery. The sycophancy which baser persons have offered to kings is mere dispraise when it is compared with the adulation

of fervent democrats to their eponymous deity. This adulation is lavished upon the idol by those who fear it or hope for something from it. In other words, "Democracy is Monarchy inverted, and the modes of addressing the multitude are the same as the modes of addressing kings." But happily Democracy, like other evil systems, bears within itself the seeds of its decay. We shall awake presently from the short madness which has now overtaken us, and when we regard it in its true proportions, we shall see that the death of Democracy was just and inevitable.

The wisest historian is gifted with prophecy. So well does he understand the past, so clearly can he read its lessons, that he knows also what the future holds for us. And no historian emerges from this test with a triumph equal to Sir Henry Maine's. He resolves the problems of politics with a mathematical precision. "We are drifting," thus he wrote in 1885, "towards a type of government associated with terrible events — a single assembly, armed with full powers over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention, governed by a practically all-powerful Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by Obstruction, for which its rulers are always seeking to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine." In every detail this prophecy is fulfilled. From the part you may judge the whole, and as it is better to be wise before than after the event, we wish nothing more than the widest circulation and the profoundest study of that masterpiece of political philosophy — Sir Henry Maine's 'Popular Government.'

OUR MANACLED FLEET.

BY AN ADMIRAL WITH FIFTY-ONE YEARS' SERVICE.

THE last few years have seen a remarkable concentration of British naval power in home waters; and no one possessed of the slightest knowledge of the general international situation and the avowed ambitions of Germany would attempt to deny the absolute necessity for this concentration, in view of our deplorable and well-known military weakness. It is in fact frankly acknowledged by all parties in the State that our fleet is at present not only our first line of defence, but our sole defence against invasion. Yet it is scarcely possible to believe that the so-called mistress of the seas, and proud possessor of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, can continue to hold her place in the world under the humiliating conditions of not daring to move half—or anything like half—of her available battleships more than three days' sail from the east coast of England.

Britannia's navy tied to Britannia's apron-strings! How long is she likely to rule the waves under these conditions? And if she ceases to rule the waves, how long is her empire likely to last?

It is in no jingo spirit that we speak of ruling the waves. It is an essential condition of our existence as an independent Power. It is absolutely vital to us; for our mercantile marine, which our navy protects, is to us both our lungs and our stomach.

On the day that any foreign Power is able to challenge us upon the ocean, down comes our Empire like a house of cards, and this island will be starved into capitulation.

Already we hear bitter complaints from our consuls and our merchants in all parts of the world at the absence of the white ensign from coasts and harbours where formerly it was a familiar object, and where it was universally regarded—not alone by our own merchants and traders, but also by those of all the weaker sea Powers—with a confidence and trust similar to that with which peaceful citizens regard the homely policeman.

The "meteor flag of England" has been replaced by those of other Powers, amongst which the German eagle and the stars and stripes figure conspicuously.

We are frequently asked to believe that so long as the world is at peace there is no particular virtue to be attached to the visible presence of the white ensign of our warships either in foreign commercial harbours or around the coasts of our own colonies, where foreigners trade.

Having had fifty years' experience whilst cruising in every ocean, and visiting some scores of harbours and commercial ports of various degrees of importance, the present writer is strongly of opinion

that this is not the case; and although the full consequences of the withdrawal of our small cruisers from foreign stations may not yet have been fully felt or realised, it will most certainly result in serious loss in pounds, shillings, and pence to British merchants and British shipowners.

The exact meaning of the word "prestige" is difficult to define, but whatever way we look at it, there can be no doubt that there is "money in it." Stormonth's Standard Dictionary describes "prestige" as "the moral influence derived from past successes and achievements, on which a confident belief is founded of future triumphs; weight or influence from former deeds or character." And the moral influence of our past success has undoubtedly been one of the most potent factors in the creation of a mercantile marine which in steam tonnage is nearly equal to that of the whole of the rest of the world put together.

A time when our commercial interests in all parts of the world are being subjected to the keenest competition by several of our rivals would appear to be singularly ill suited for the withdrawal in large measure of the moral support and prestige which British consuls and merchants attach to the visible presence of our warships in the harbours and on the coasts where our mercantile interests lie.

Our readers will no doubt remember that a few years ago great credit was taken to themselves by the Admiralty of the day for the "bold and statesmanlike" stroke of policy known as the "scrapping" of a large number of our less efficient cruising ships, on the plea that they were of very small fighting value, and that as all men-of-war were intended for fighting, it was false economy to retain such ships in commission, and to keep a number of officers and men locked up in them when they might otherwise be employed in modern ships, armed with more modern weapons.

This sounded most plausible, and pæans of praise went up from almost the whole press at such a wise and astute "reform" of our naval strategy. The disastrous consequences to our mercantile interests were not foreseen, or, if they were, they were ignored. The true reason for this move was not given. It was a very portentous one, and the responsible authorities were afraid to give it. It was dictated entirely by the fear of invasion.

In view of the rapidly growing strength of the German navy, of the fact that there are four million trained soldiers in Germany, and of our own military weakness—one might almost say impotence,—it was felt that the temptation to invade rich and undefended England might prove to be too strong for even our friendly and loving cousins to resist, unless we concentrated four-fifths of our battleships in home waters, and relegated them to the somewhat undignified *rôle* of coast defence. This was the real reason, and the men in the small and semi-

obsolete cruisers were wanted to man the battleships; and the portentous part of it lies in the fact that this arrangement will have to continue for all time, unless this country makes up its mind to keep always ready such an armed force as shall cause invasion to be hopeless by any such number of troops (with their impedimenta) as could be rapidly transported across the North Sea.

The country has not yet realised, and probably will not realise until war breaks out, what this tying of our fleet to our own shores really means. It means that the next time we are involved in war with any of our neighbours (and the man must be an insane optimist who imagines we shall never again be at war)—it means that we should still have to keep our fleet within three days' sail of the North Sea for fear of Germany, even though she might not at first be our enemy.

But with our fleet manacled to the shores of these islands, what is to become of our scattered possessions in all parts of the world? What a temptation to any ambitious Power to lay violent hands upon them, if they knew we dare not send our ships to defend them! History is full of the records of rich and militarily weak nations which succumbed to the envy of poorer and more warlike neighbours. Yet we fail to take warning, and appear to think that we are to be the exception.

A few years ago we began to realise in this country that the rapid expansion of the German navy might possibly be regarded as a menace to ourselves, so we asked our neighbours politely if they would be kind enough to limit their naval armaments, or at any rate to come to some agreement with us upon this subject, such as would ensure that for all future time we might be able to keep up a fleet at least double that of theirs, without undue expense to ourselves, as we were anxious to economise! What did they do? They simply laughed in our faces, and told us that they intended to have whatever fleet they pleased, without regard to our wish for economy.

The answer was a decided snub for our Liberal and peace-loving statesmen, as there can be no doubt whatever that the Germans have a perfect right to possess any fleet they choose to pay for; and we also have a perfect right, or let us rather say an imperative duty, to take due notice of Germany's rapid naval expansion, and, without foolishly asking her to limit her armaments, to ask ourselves what an extremly powerful German navy can be intended for. Having done so, if we come to the conclusion that such a navy as Germany is now building, backed by four million trained soldiers, will become in the near future (if it has not already done so) a serious menace to our own safety, the self-respecting and dignified course to pursue is to take due and ample steps to ensure that safety, so far as human foresight can do so, and not to go about the world

whining and lamenting over "the crushing burden of armaments": a course which is as futile as lamenting about the state of the weather, over which we have no more power than we have over the warlike preparations of our neighbours. And seeing that they all assure us their armaments are intended for defence and not for attack, we may believe that while they say so they are absolutely sincere, for the immediate present; but we must also remember that they cannot answer for the near future: nor can the present statesmen and rulers of Europe answer for those who will succeed them. So that it surely behoves us to look a little bit ahead, and try to forecast what the consequences will be of depending entirely upon our navy for defence against a sudden and deadly blow at the heart of our empire.

One significant consequence which has already caused a considerable amount of disappointment, is an order from the Admiralty to curtail the usual Christmas leave of the officers and seamen of our Channel Fleet. The reason given is that "the authorities require that the fleet shall not be unduly weakened, and that a certain portion of the ships shall be kept fully manned."

Now, no one can for one moment believe that these "fully manned" ships of the Channel Fleet are intended to protect Servia against Austria, or Bulgaria against Turkey; and we can only come to the conclusion that unless this Admiralty order is to be considered as a needless and irritating interference with the hopes of some thousands of our seamen to spend a happy Christmas with their families, it is a humiliating acknowledgment that our military impotence is so well known abroad, we dare not put before Germany the temptation of making a sudden and unprovoked attack upon us whilst our sailors are enjoying their Christmas leave.

Nothing which has occurred lately has been more significant of our present insecurity, and of the alarming fact that we dare not—literally dare not—run the risk of being unable to concentrate in the North Sea, within twenty-four hours, a fleet of fully manned ships superior to the whole German navy, which is always concentrated there. The conditions will not get better, but worse and worse, year by year, as the German navy approaches more nearly in strength to our own; and when the Germans have fifteen Dreadnoughts — as they will have in 1914—the position will be very serious indeed, and we may well ask ourselves how long this kind of "touch-and-go" business can go on, without leading to an irretrievable disaster.

The arbitrary curtailment of our sailors' Christmas holiday ought to bring home to the minds of all thinking men the indubitable fact that no matter how strong our navy may be, we can never again feel safe, or free ourselves from constant discreditable and undignified panics concerning invasion, until we possess a truly national army for home defence, founded

upon the reasonable and absolutely just propositions of Lord Roberts and the National Service League—viz., that it is the duty of every able-bodied man in this country to prepare himself to defend his home. In other words, that service in the Territorials should be a duty, and not, as now, an option.

Those who oppose anything in the shape of compulsion, even for home defence, make use of the argument that obligatory training would give us a great many more men than we want, and that the cost would be prohibitive. One newspaper spoke of an army of four million men, and an addition to our regular army budget of twenty millions sterling. As to getting more men than we want, that is simply ridiculous, as we need not take more than we want; but we should get the pick, the very cream of the manhood of the nation, the best men physically and morally, discarding all the undersized weaklings, so many of whom we now see both in the ranks of our regular army and in those of our Territorials.

It has been proved, and is not denied, that a short course of military training has a strikingly beneficial effect, both morally and physically, upon the young men in those countries which have actually tried it, and this alone ought to be a very strong argument in favour of introducing it in England. If all our young men were trained at about the age of eighteen, we should soon have sufficient raw material to form a home defence army of such numbers as those competent to judge considered adequate for our national safety, in view of the ever varying vicissitudes of international relations and foreign ambitions. And as to the expense, there seems to be no reason why the cost of a home defence army, founded on the bed-rock of universal training, should be much greater than the cost of Mr Haldane's Territorials, founded on the slippery soil of the individual whim and fancy of our young men as to whether they will or will not do their duty, as well as claiming their rights and privileges as citizens of a free country.

We hear much talk and boast about British love of justice and fairplay, but it is all cant and brag so long as we put up with the glaring injustice and unfairness of allowing nine-tenths of our young men to shirk their duty, whilst we call upon the small patriotic minority to undertake the whole burden of national defence, and to protect, amongst others, that ninety per cent of selfish young shirkers who prefer their own amusements (and what they are pleased to boast of as their freedom), instead of taking their fair share of an obviously national duty.

As to cost, the officials of the National Service League have already drawn up a tentative scheme for universal training, which shows that for an additional cost of less than 2½ millions we could have a really efficient force of 520,000 men properly trained, instead of Mr Haldane's 300,000 insufficiently trained—only about two-thirds of which we have actually got.

"NUMBERS AND COST OF TRAINING UNDER THE PROPOSALS OF THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

Number of lads reaching the age of eighteen in any one year (see Census 1901)	416,000
Deductions.	
Medical rejections and legal exemptions	208,000
Recruits for navy	10,000
Recruits for regular army	35,000
Recruits for special reserve	13,000
For emigration and mercantile marine	20,000
	286,000
Leaving to be trained each year	130,000
	416,000
Cost of Training.	
Initial training, four months = a third of a year. Taking £75, the cost of the British regular, as a basis, this means £25 a man: 130,000 × £25 =	£3,250,000
Repetition courses of fifteen days a-year for three years: 130,000 × 3 = 390,000. Take as a liberal estimate the cost of £4 a man, 390,000 × 4	1,560,000
Total of 520,000 men trained for	£4,810,000

Compare this with the cost of the Territorial force, 314,000 men (*if we had them*), at £2,510,000. (See Army Estimates, 1908-9.)"

With such an army, trained before (and not after) war breaks out, we should indeed be able to "sleep quietly in our beds," and we should hear no more of these undignified and humiliating scares about invasion, because even the mightiest army in Europe would recoil from such a hopeless undertaking, considering the difficulties of transport and landing.

Lord Roberts is a soldier of very great experience in *his* profession. Mr Haldane is a lawyer of very great experience in *his* profession. The former tells us that the training which it is proposed to give to our Territorials will be altogether inadequate to ensure efficiency. The latter tells us it will be enough for the present, and that there will be time enough to give them an additional six months' training after war breaks out. Lord Roberts tells us that when we are attacked the blow will be swift and sudden, without warning, and directed at the heart of the empire—unprotected London; but our lawyer War Minister believes we shall have plenty of warning. Which of these two military advisers is likely to know best?

Many good people in this country have firmly persuaded themselves that Germany would never think of committing such a mean and treacherous act as to attack us without due warning. They call it "black treachery," and tell us that no civilised country would ever do such a thing. Alas for civilisation! History is full of

such acts. Hostilities before a formal declaration of war is the rule, and not the exception. And before we launch out in querulous and useless vituperation of Germany for indulging in ambitious dreams of expansion, and the founding of a mighty over-seas empire, let us for one moment try to place ourselves in her position, and endeavour to look at the situation from German instead of from English eyes.

The population of modern Germany is increasing at the rate of more than three-quarters of a million a-year. During the last thirty-eight years she has become to a large extent a manufacturing country. Her manufactures are well organised, and strictly protected; so that while we are unable to sell our goods in her market, she is able to compete successfully with us in our own. Her mercantile marine, which was insignificant at the conclusion of her war with France, has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, and is now the second in Europe, if not in the world. Her wealth is increasing with great rapidity. She has a standing army of 650,000 of the most perfectly trained troops in Europe, with three and a half million of well-trained soldiers behind them, who can be placed on a war footing at very short notice. She is building a war navy of ships of the most powerful type; and although she possesses but an insignificant seaboard, she is spending immense sums of money upon the artificial improvement of her harbours: for she feels that she has a very small outlet for a very big country; and expansion appears to her to be an absolute necessity, and not merely the gratification of an ambition. It has, in short, been pithily remarked that she must expand or bust.

And now let us look at the map of Europe, and we shall see at a glance how England stands in the way of Germany. German ships have no outlet to the world of commerce without passing through the Straits of Dover, or by making a great detour round the north coast of Scotland. England stands in the way. Once remove England. Defeat her navy; or effect a landing amongst the unarmed, untrained shopkeepers,—and all is clear for the foundation of a world-wide German empire. What an irresistible temptation to an ambitious people who thoroughly believe, and have frequently told us that they believe, it to be their "destiny" to take our place in the world!

Can we wonder or complain when we hear that the favourite toast for German naval officers is—"To the great day," "To England's naval Sedan"? It is folly to complain, for we have often drunk the same sort of toast ourselves in our own navy, and we still sing "Hearts of Oak" and "Rule Britannia."

It is also folly to shut our eyes to the situation which is rapidly being created by the rise of the German navy, concentrated in the North Sea, and with four million trained soldiers behind it, and ample means of transporting 200,000 of the pick of them to the

coast of England, if only a temporary three days' command of the intervening water could be secured. Even if we continue to out-build Germany in battleships, and always for the future maintain a navy double the strength of hers, still the strategic situation will be against us, until we organise a home defence army of such numbers and efficiency as to render invasion a hopeless undertaking.

Our fleet cannot be everywhere. We have an immense extent of undefended coast-line and of unprotected harbours, where troops could be landed. Germany's small coast-line and the estuaries of her rivers can be rendered unapproachable with ground-mines, as the waters are everywhere shallow. So that even if we were to take the initiative,—which of course we never shall do,—we could not get at her: and her ships could lie safe in her fortified and mine-protected harbours whilst we were wearing ourselves out blockading her.

It is frequently said by our optimists that evasion is impossible against modern fleets, with their various and rapid means of communication and their great speed; but it is forgotten that most of these novel inventions cut both ways, and can be used by both sides. Evasion may, perhaps, be more difficult than it used to be in the sailing days, but it is certainly not impossible, and we shall probably find that during the next naval war the fundamental principles of naval strategy are not greatly changed, though tactics may be. And even if our fleet is double that of Germany, it will have more than double as much to do. We know that Nelson, with all his zeal and ardour and his genius for naval strategy, was frequently evaded and deceived, and spent much of his time fruitlessly hunting for the enemy's fleet. History repeats itself.

Finally, British battleships were not designed or built for coast defence. Had they been so designed they would have been given a much smaller coal stowage, and the weight would have been utilised for a heavier armament. Our ships were designed with the view of being able to go anywhere, and fight their battles far afield, as they did of old; and if they are to be kept manacled to our shores because our weak-kneed statesmen lack the courage to make our young men do their duty, we shall certainly be shorn of many of our possessions the next time we are involved in a European war, and in the meantime we shall be constantly subjected to humiliating threats of invasion, even if we do not have to succumb to a surprise attack, as Lord Roberts has frequently warned us may be the case.

Germany has thousands of her soldiers now in England, serving as waiters in our hotels and restaurants.

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THE COMPANY OF THE MARJOLAINE.

"Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine?"

[This extract from the unpublished papers of the Manorwater family has seemed to the Editor worth printing for its historical interest. The famous Lady Molly Carteron became Countess of Manorwater by her second marriage. She was a wit and a friend of wits, and her nephew, the Honourable Charles Hervey-Townshend (afterwards our Ambassador at The Hague), addressed to her a series of amusing letters while making, after the fashion of his contemporaries, the Grand Tour of Europe. Three letters, written at various places in the Eastern Alps and despatched from Venice, contain the following short narrative.]

I.

. . . I came down from the mountains and into the pleasing valley of the Adige in as pelting a heat as ever mortal suffered under. The way underfoot was parched and white; I had newly come out of a wilderness of white limestone crags, and a sun of Italy blazed blindingly in an azure Italian sky. You are to suppose, my dear aunt, that I had had enough and something more of my craze for foot-marching. A fortnight ago I had gone to Belluno in a post-chaise, dismissed my fellow to carry my baggage by way of Verona, and with no more than a valise on my back plunged into the fastnesses of those mountains. I had a fancy to see the little sculptured hills which made backgrounds for Gian-bellin, and there were rumours of great mountains built wholly

of marble which shone like the battlements of the Celestial City. So at any rate reported young Mr Wyndham, who had travelled with me from Milan to Venice. I lay the first night at Pieve, where Titian had the fortune to be born, and the landlord at the inn displayed a set of villainous daubs which he swore were the early works of that master. Thence up a toilsome valley I journeyed to the Ampezzan country, where indeed I saw my white mountains, but, alas! no longer Celestial. For it rained like Westmoreland for five endless days, while I kicked my heels in an inn and turned a canto of Ariosto into halting English couplets. By-and-by it cleared, and I headed westward towards Bozen, among the tangle of wild rocks, where the Dwarf King had once his rose-garden. The first night I had no inn, but slept in the vile cabin of a forester, who spoke a tongue half Latin, half Dutch, which I failed to master. The next day was a blaze of heat, the mountain-paths lay thick with dust, and I had no wine from sunrise to sunset. Can you wonder that, when the following noon I saw Santa Chiara sleeping in its green circlet of meadows, my thought was only of a deep draught and a cool chamber? I protest that I am a great lover of natural beauty, of rock and cascade, and all the properties of the poet; but the enthusiasm of M. Rousseau himself would sink from the stars to earth if he had marched since breakfast in a cloud of dust with a throat like the nether millstone.

Yet I had not entered the place before Romance revived. The little town—a mere wayside halting-place on the great mountain-road to the North—had the air of mystery which foretells adventure. Why is it that a dwelling or a countenance catches the fancy with the promise of some strange destiny? I have houses in my mind which I know will some day and somehow be intertwined oddly with my life; and I have faces in memory of which I know nothing save that I shall undoubtedly cast eyes again upon them. My first glimpses of Santa Chiara gave me this earnest of romance. It was walled and fortified, the streets were narrow pits of shade, old tenements with bent fronts swayed to meet each other. Melons lay drying on flat roofs, and yet now and then would come a high-pitched northern gable. Latin and Teuton met and mingled in the place, and, as Mr Gibbon has taught us, the offspring of this admixture is something fantastic and unpredictable. I forgot my grievous thirst and my tired feet in admiration and a certain vague expectation of wonders. Here, ran my thought, it is fated, maybe, that Romance and I shall at last compass a meeting. Perchance some princess is in need of my arm, or some affair of high policy is afoot in this jumble of old masonry. You will laugh at my folly, but I had an excuse for it. A

fortnight in strange mountains disposes a man to look for something at his next encounter with his kind, and the sight of Santa Chiara would have fired the imagination of a judge in Chancery.

I strode happily into the courtyard of the Tre Croci, and presently had my expectation confirmed. For I found my fellow, Gianbattista, — a faithful rogue I got in Rome on a Cardinal's recommendation, — hot in dispute with a lady's-maid. The woman was old, harsh-featured—no Italian clearly, though she spoke fluently in the tongue. She rated my man like a pickpocket, and the dispute was over a room.

"The signor will bear me out," said Gianbattista. "Was not I sent to Verona with his baggage, and thence to this place of ill manners? Was I not bidden engage for him a suite of apartments? Did I not duly engage these fronting on the gallery, and dispose therein the signor's baggage? And lo! an hour ago I found it all turned into the yard and this woman installed in its place. It is monstrous, unbearable! Is this an inn for travellers, or haply the private mansion of those Magnificences?"

"My servant speaks truly," I said firmly yet with courtesy, having no mind to spoil adventure by urging rights. "He had orders to take these rooms for me, and I know not what higher power can countermand me."

The woman had been staring at me scornfully, for no doubt in my dusty habit I was a figure of small dignity; but at the sound of my voice she started, and cried out, "You are English, signor?"

I bowed an admission.

"Then my mistress shall speak with you," she said, and dived into the inn like an elderly rabbit.

Gianbattista was for sending for the landlord and making a riot in that hostelry; but I stayed him, and bidding him fetch me a flask of white wine, three lemons, and a glass of *eau de vie*, I sat down peaceably at one of the little tables in the courtyard and prepared for the quenching of my thirst. Presently, as I sat drinking that excellent compound of my own invention, my shoulder was touched, and I turned to find the maid and her mistress. Alas for my hopes of a glorious being, young and lissom and bright with the warm riches of the south! I saw a short, stout little lady, well on the wrong side of thirty. She had plump red cheeks, and fair hair dressed indifferently in the Roman fashion. Two candid blue eyes redeemed her plainness, and a certain grave and gentle dignity. She was notably a gentlewoman, so I got up, doffed my hat, and awaited her commands.

She spoke in Italian. "Your pardon, signor, but I fear my good Cristine has done you unwittingly a wrong."

Cristine snorted at this premature plea of guilty, while I hastened to assure the fair apologist that any rooms I

might have taken were freely at her service.

I spoke unconsciously in English, and she replied in a halting parody of that tongue. "I understand him," she said, "but I do not speak him happily. I will discourse, if the signor pleases, in our first speech."

She and her father, it appeared, had come over the Brenner, and arrived that morning at the Tre Croci, where they purposed to lie for some days. He was an old man, very feeble, and much depending upon her constant care. Wherefore it was necessary that the rooms of all the party should adjoin, and there was no suite of the size in the inn save that which I had taken. Would I therefore consent to forego my right, and place her under an eternal debt?

I agreed most readily, being at all times careless where I sleep, so the bed be clean, or where I eat, so the meal be good. I bade my servant see the landlord and have my belongings carried to other rooms. Madame thanked me sweetly, and would have gone, when a thought detained her.

"It is but courteous," she said, "that you should know the names of those whom you have befriended. My father is called the Count d'Albani, and I am his only daughter. We travel to Florence, where we have a villa in the environs."

"My name," said I, "is Hervey-Townshend, an Englishman travelling abroad for his entertainment."

"Hervey?" she repeated. "Are you one of the family of Miladi Hervey?"

"My worthy aunt," I replied, with a tender recollection of that preposterous woman.

Madame turned to Cristine, and spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"My father, sir," she said, addressing me, "is an old frail man, little used to the company of strangers; but in former days he has had kindness from members of your house, and it would be a satisfaction to him, I think, to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

She spoke with the air of a vizier who promises a traveller a sight of the Grand Turk. I murmured my gratitude, and hastened after Gianbattista. In an hour I had bathed, rid myself of my beard, and arrayed myself in decent clothing. Then I strolled out to inspect the little city, admired an altar-piece, chaffered with a Jew for a cameo, purchased some small necessaries, and returned early in the afternoon with a noble appetite for dinner.

The Tre Croci had been in happier days a bishop's lodging, and possessed a dining-hall ceiled with black oak and adorned with frescoes. It was used as a general *salle à manger* for all dwellers in the inn, and there accordingly I sat down to my long-deferred meal. At first there were no other diners, and I had two maids, as well as Gianbattista, to attend on my wants. Presently Madame d'Albani entered, escorted by Cristine and by a tall gaunt

serving-man, who seemed no part of the hostelry. The landlord followed, bowing civilly, and the two women seated themselves at the little table at the farther end. "Il Signor Conte dines in his room," said Madame to the host, who withdrew to see to that gentleman's needs.

I found my eyes straying often to the little party in the cool twilight of that refectory. The man-servant was so old and battered, and yet of such a dignity, that he lent a touch of intrigue to the thing. He stood stiffly behind Madame's chair, handing dishes with an air of silent reverence — the lackey of a great noble, if ever I had seen the type. Madame never glanced towards me, but conversed sparingly with Cristine, while she pecked delicately at her food. Her name ran in my head with a tantalising flavour of the familiar. Albani! D'Albani! It was a name not uncommon in the Roman States, but I had never heard it linked to a noble family. And yet I had, somehow, somewhere, and in the vain effort at recollection I had almost forgotten my hunger. There was nothing bourgeois in the little lady. The austere servants, the high manner of condescension, spake of a stock used to deference, though, maybe, pitifully decayed in its fortunes. There was a mystery in these quiet folk which tickled my curiosity. Romance after all was not destined to fail me at Santa Chiara.

My doings of the afternoon were of interest to myself alone. Suffice it to say that when I returned at nightfall I found Gianbattista the trustee of a letter. It was from Madame, written in a fine thin hand on a delicate paper, and it invited me to wait upon the signor, her father, that evening at eight o'clock. What caught my eye was a coronet stamped in a corner. A coronet, I say, but in truth it was a crown, the same as surmounts the Arms Royal of England on the signboard of a Court tradesman. I marvelled at the ways of foreign heraldry. Either this family of d'Albani had higher pretensions than I had given it credit for, or it employed an unlearned and imaginative stationer. I scribbled a line of acceptance and went to dress.

The hour of eight found me knocking at the Count's door. The grim serving-man admitted me to the pleasant chamber which should have been mine own. A dozen wax candles burned in sconces, and on the table among fruits and the relics of supper stood a handsome candelabra of silver. A small fire of logs had been lit on the hearth, and before it in an arm-chair sat a strange figure of a man. He seemed not so much old as aged. I should have put him at sixty, but the marks he bore were clearly less those of Time than of Life. There sprawled before me the relics of noble looks. The fleshy nose, the pendulous cheek, the drooping mouth, had once been cast in the lines of manly beauty. Heavy eyebrows above and heavy bags

beneath spoiled the effect of a choleric blue eye, which age had not dimmed. The man was gross and yet haggard; it was not the padding of good living which clothed his bones, but a heaviness as of some dropsical malady. I could picture him in health a gaunt loose-limbed being, high-featured and swift and eager. He was dressed wholly in black velvet, with fresh ruffles and wristbands, and he wore heeled shoes with antique silver buckles. It was a figure of an older age which rose slowly to greet me, in one hand a snuff-box and a purple handkerchief, and in the other a book with finger marking place. He made me a great bow as Madame uttered my name, and held out a hand with a kindly smile.

"Mr Hervey-Townshend," he said, "we will speak English, if you please. I am fain to hear it again, for 'tis a tongue I love. I make you welcome, sir, for your own sake and for the sake of your kin. How is her honourable ladyship, your aunt? A week ago she sent me a letter."

I answered that she did famously, and wondered what cause of correspondence my worthy aunt could have with wandering nobles of Italy.

He motioned me to a chair between Madame and himself, while a servant set a candle on a shelf behind him Then he proceeded to catechise me in excellent English, with now and then a phrase of French, as to the doings in my own land. Admirably informed this Italian gentleman proved himself. I defy you to find in Almach's more intelligent gossip. He inquired as to the chances of my Lord North and the mind of my Lord Rockingham. He had my Lord Shelburne's foibles at his fingers' ends. The habits of the Prince, the aims of their ladyships of Dorset and Buckingham, the extravagance of this noble Duke and that right honourable gentleman were not hid from him. I answered discreetly yet frankly, for there was no ill-breeding in his curiosity. Rather it seemed like the inquiries of some fine lady, now buried deep in the country, as to the doings of a forsaken Mayfair. There was humour in it and something of pathos.

"My aunt must be a voluminous correspondent, sir," I said.

He laughed. "I have many friends in England who write to me, but I have seen none of them for long, and I doubt I may never see them again. Also in my youth I have been in England." And he sighed as at a sorrowful recollection.

Then he showed the book in his hand. "See," he said, "here is one of your English writings, the greatest book I have ever happened on." It was a volume of Mr Fielding.

For a little he talked of books and poets. He admired Mr Fielding profoundly, Dr Smollett somewhat less, Mr Richardson not at all. But he was clear that England had a monopoly of good writers, saving only my friend M. Rousseau, whom he valued, yet with re-

servations. Of the Italians he had no opinion. I instanced against him the plays of Signor Alfieri. He groaned, shook his head, and grew moody.

"Know you Scotland?" he asked suddenly.

I replied that I had visited Scotch cousins, but had no great estimation for the country. "It is too poor and jagged," I said, "for the taste of one who loves colour and sunshine and suave outlines."

He sighed. "It is indeed a bleak land, but a kindly. When the sun shines at all he shines on the truest hearts in the world. I love its bleakness too. There is a spirit in the misty hills and the harsh sea-wind which inspires men to great deeds. Poverty and courage go often together, and my Scots, if they are poor, are as untameable as their mountains."

"You know the land, sir?" I asked.

"I have seen it, and I have known many Scots. You will find them in Paris and Avignon and Rome, with never a plack in their pockets. I have a feeling for exiles, sir, and I have pitied these poor people. They gave their all for the cause they followed."

Clearly the Count shared my aunt's views of history, those views which have made such sport for us often at Carteron. Stalwart Whig as I am, there was something in the tone of the old gentleman which made me feel a certain majesty in the lost cause.

"I am Whig in blood and Whig in principle," I said, "but I have never denied that those Scots who followed the Chevalier were too good to waste on so trumpery a leader." I had no sooner spoken the words than I felt that somehow I had been guilty of a *bêtise*.

"It may be so," said the Count. "I did not bid you here, sir, to argue on politics, on which I am assured we should differ. But I will ask you one question. The King of England is a stout upholder of the right of kings. How does he face the defection of his American possessions?"

"The nation takes it well enough, and as for his Majesty's feelings there is small inclination to inquire into them. I conceive of the whole war as a blunder out of which we have come as we deserved. The day is gone by for the assertion of monarchic rights against the will of a people."

"May be. But take note that the King of England is suffering to-day as — how do you call him?—the Chevalier suffered forty years ago. 'The wheel has come full circle,' as your Shakespeare says. Time has wrought his revenge."

He was staring into a fire, which burned small and smokily.

"You think the day for kings is ended. I read it differently. The world will ever have need of kings. If a nation cast out one it will have to find another. And mark you, those later kings, created by the people, will bear a harsher hand than the old race who ruled as of right. Some day the world will regret having

destroyed the kindly and legitimate line of monarchs and put in their place tyrants who govern by the sword or by flattering an idle mob."

This belated dogma would at other times have set me laughing, but the strange figure before me gave no impulse to merriment. I glanced at Madame, and saw her face grave and perplexed, and I thought I read a warning gleam in her eye. There was a mystery about the party which irritated me, but good breeding forbade me to seek a clue.

"You will permit me to retire, sir," I said. "I have but this morning come down from a long march among the mountains east of this valley. Sleeping in wayside huts and tramping those sultry paths make a man think pleasantly of bed."

The Count seemed to brighten at my words. "You are a marcher, sir, and love the mountains? Once I would gladly have joined you, for in my youth I was a great walker in hilly places. Tell me, now, how many miles will you cover in a day?"

I told him thirty at a stretch.

"Ah," he said, "I have done fifty, without food, over the roughest and mossiest mountains. I lived on what I shot, and for drink I had spring water. Nay, I am forgetting. There was another beverage, which I assume you have never tasted. Heard you ever, sir, of that *eau de vie* which the Scots call *usquebagh?* It will comfort a traveller as no thin Italian wine will comfort him. By my soul, you shall taste it. Charlotte, my dear, bid Oliphant fetch glasses and hot water and lemons. I will give Mr Hervey-Townshend a sample of the brew. You English are all *têtes-de-fer*, sir, and are worthy of it."

The old man's face had lighted up, and for the moment his air had the jollity of youth. I would have accepted the entertainment had I not again caught Madame's eye. It said, unmistakably and with serious pleading, "Decline." I, therefore, made my excuses, urged fatigue, drowsiness, and a delicate stomach, bade my host good-night, and in deep mystification left the room.

Enlightenment came upon me as the door closed. There on the threshold stood the man-servant whom they called Oliphant, erect as a sentry on guard. The sight reminded me of what I had once seen at Basle when by chance a Rhenish Grand Duke had shared the inn with me. Of a sudden a dozen clues linked together — the crowned notepaper, Scotland, my aunt Hervey's politics, the tale of old wanderings.

"Tell me," I said in a whisper, "who is the Count d'Albani, your master?" and I whistled softly a bar of "Charlie is my darling."

"Ay," said the man, without relaxing a muscle of his grim face. "It is the King of England—my king and yours."

II.

In the small hours of the next morning I was awoke by a most unearthly sound. It was as if all the cats on all the roofs of Santa Chiara were sharpening their claws and wailing their battle-cries. Presently out of the noise came a kind of music—very slow, solemn, and melancholy. The notes ran up in great flights of ecstasy, and sunk anon to the tragic deeps. In spite of my sleepiness I was held spell-bound, and the musician had concluded with certain barbaric grunts before I had the curiosity to rise. It came from somewhere in the gallery of the inn, and as I stuck my head out of my door I had a glimpse of Oliphant, nightcap on head and a great bagpipe below his arm, stalking down the corridor.

The incident, for all the gravity of the music, seemed to give a touch of farce to my interview of the past evening. I had gone to bed with my mind full of sad stories of the deaths of kings. Magnificence in tatters has always affected my pity more deeply than tatters with no such antecedent, and a monarch out at elbows stood for me as the last irony of our mortal life. Here was a king whose misfortunes could find no parallel. He had been in his youth the hero of a high adventure, and his middle age had been spent in fleeting among the courts of Europe, and waiting—a pensioner on the whims of his foolish but regnant brethren. I had heard tales of a growing sottishness, a decline in spirit, a squalid taste in pleasures. Small blame, I had always thought, to so ill-fated a princeling. And now I had chanced upon the gentleman in his dotage, travelling with a barren effort at mystery, attended by a sad-faced daughter and two ancient domestics. It was a lesson in the vanity of human wishes which the shallowest moralist would have noted. Nay, I felt more than the moral. Something human and kindly in the old fellow had caught my fancy. The decadence was too tragic to prose about, the decadent too human to moralise on. I had left the chamber of the—shall I say *de jure* King of England?—a sentimental adherent of the cause. But this business of the bagpipes touched the comic. To harry an old valet out of bed and set him droning on pipes in the small hours smacked of a theatrical taste, or at least of an undignified fancy. Kings in exile, if they wish to keep the tragic air, should not indulge in such fantastic serenades.

My mind changed again when after breakfast I fell in with Madame on the stair. She drew aside to let me pass, and then made as if she would speak to me. I gave her good-morning, and, my mind being full of her story, addressed her as "Excellency."

"I see, sir," she said, "that

you know the truth. I have to ask your forbearance for the concealment I practised yesterday. It was a poor requital for your generosity, but it is one of the shifts of our sad fortune. An uncrowned king must go in disguise, or risk the laughter of every stable-boy. Besides, we are too poor to travel in state, even if we desired it."

Honestly, I knew not what to say. I was not asked to sympathise, having already revealed my politics, and yet the case cried out for sympathy. You remember, my dear aunt, the good Lady Culham, who was our Dorsetshire neighbour, and tried hard to mend my ways at Carteron? This poor Duchess — for so she called herself—was just such another. A woman made for comfort, housewifery, and motherhood, and by no means for racing about Europe in charge of a disreputable parent. I could picture her settled equably on a garden seat with a lap-dog and needlework, blinking happily over green lawns and mildly rating an errant gardener. I could fancy her sitting in a summer parlour, very orderly and dainty, writing lengthy epistles to a tribe of nieces. I could see her marshalling a household in the family pew, or riding serenely in the family coach behind fat bay horses. But here, on an inn staircase, with a false name and a sad air of mystery, she was wofully out of place. I noted little wrinkles forming in the corners of her eyes, and the ravages of care beginning in the plump rosiness of her face. Be sure there was nothing appealing in her mien. She spoke with the air of a great lady, to whom the world is matter only for an afterthought. It was the facts that appealed and grew poignant from her courage.

"There is another claim upon your good-nature," she said. "Doubtless you were awoke last night by Oliphant's playing upon the pipes. I rebuked the landlord for his insolence in protesting, but to you, a gentleman and a friend, an explanation is due. My father sleeps ill, and your conversation seems to have cast him into a train of sad memories. It has been his habit on such occasions to have the pipes played to him, since they remind him of friends and happier days. It is a small privilege for an old man, and he does not claim it often."

I declared that the music had only pleased, and that I would welcome its repetition. Whereupon she left me with a little bow and an invitation to join them that day at dinner, while I departed into the town on my own errands. I returned before midday, and was seated at an arbour in the garden, busy with letters, when there hove in sight the gaunt figure of Oliphant. He hovered around me, if such a figure can be said to hover, with the obvious intention of addressing me. The fellow had caught my fancy, and I was willing to see more of him. His face

might have been hacked out of grey granite, his clothes hung loosely on his spare bones, and his stockinged shanks would have done no discredit to Don Quixote. There was no dignity in his air, only a steady and enduring sadness. Here, thought I, is the one of the establishment who most commonly meets the shock of the world's buffets. I called him by name and asked him his desires.

It appeared that he took me for a Jacobite, for he began a rigmarole about loyalty and hard fortune. I hastened to correct him, and he took the correction with the same patient despair with which he took all things. 'Twas but another of the blows of Fate.

"At any rate," he said in a broad Scotch accent, "ye come of kin that has helpit my maister afore this. I've many times heard tell o' Herveys and Townshends in England, and a' folk said they were on the richt side. Ye're maybe no a freend, but ye're a freend's freend, or I wadna be speirin' at ye."

I was amused at the prologue, and waited on the tale. It soon came. Oliphant, it appeared, was the purse-bearer of the household, and woful straits that poor purse-bearer must have been often put to. I questioned him as to his master's revenues, but could get no clear answer. There were payments due next month in Florence which would solve the difficulties for the winter, but in the meantime expenditure had beaten income. Travelling had cost much, and the Count must have his small comforts. The result in plain words was that Oliphant had not the wherewithal to frank the company to Florence; indeed I doubted if he could have paid the reckoning in Santa Chiara. A loan was therefore sought from a friend's friend, meaning myself.

I was very really embarrassed. Not that I would not have given willingly, for I had ample resources at the moment and was mightily concerned about the sad household. But I knew that the little Duchess would take Oliphant's ears from his head if she guessed that he had dared to borrow from me, and that if I lent, her back would for ever be turned against me. And yet, what would follow on my refusal? In a day or two there would be a pitiful scene with mine host, and as like as not some of their baggage detained as security for payment. I did not love the task of conspiring behind the lady's back, but if it could be contrived 'twas indubitably the kindest course. I glared sternly at Oliphant, who met me with his pathetic dog-like eyes.

"You know that your mistress would never consent to the request you have made of me?"

"I ken," he said humbly. "But payin' is *my* job, and I simply havena the siller. It's no the first time it has happened, and it's a sair trial for them both to be flung out o' doors by a foreign hostler because they canna meet his

charges. But, sir, if ye can lend to me, ye may be certain that her leddyship will never hear a word o't. Puir thing, she takes nae thocht o' where the siller comes frae, ony mair than the lilies o' the field."

I became a conspirator. "You swear, Oliphant, by all you hold sacred, to breathe nothing of this to your mistress, and if she should suspect, to lie like a Privy Councillor?"

A flicker of a smile crossed his face. "I'll lee like a Scotch packman, and the Father o' lees could do nae mair. Ye need have no fear for your siller, sir. I've aye repaid when I borrowed, though ye may have to wait a bittock." And the strange fellow strolled off.

At dinner no Duchess appeared till long after the appointed hour, nor was there any sign of Oliphant. When she came at last with Cristine, her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and she greeted me with remote courtesy. My first thought was that Oliphant had revealed the matter of the loan, but presently I found that the lady's trouble was far different. Her father, it seemed, was ill again with his old complaint. What that was I did not ask, nor did the Duchess reveal it.

We spoke in French, for I had discovered that this was her favourite speech. There was no Oliphant to wait on us, and the inn servants were always about, so it was well to have a tongue they did not comprehend. The lady was distracted and sad. When I inquired feelingly as to the general condition of her father's health she parried the question, and when I offered my services she disregarded my words. It was in truth a doleful meal, while the faded Cristine sat like a sphinx staring into vacancy. I spoke of England and of her friends, of Paris and Versailles, of Avignon where she had spent some years, and of the amenities of Florence, which she considered her home. But 'twas like talking to a nunnery door. I got nothing but "It is indeed true, sir," or "Do you say so, sir?" till my energy began to sink. Madame perceived my discomfort, and as she rose murmured an apology. "Pray forgive my distraction, but I am poor company when my father is ill. I have a foolish mind, easily frightened. Nay, nay!" she went on when I again offered help, "the illness is trifling. It will pass off by to-morrow, or at the latest the next day. Only I had looked forward to some ease at Santa Chiara, and the promise is belied."

As it chanced that evening, returning to the inn, I passed by the north side where the windows of the Count's rooms looked over a little flower-garden abutting on the courtyard. The dusk was falling, and a lamp had been lit which gave a glimpse into the interior. The sick man was standing by the window, his figure flung into relief by the lamplight. If he was sick, his sickness was of a curious type. His face was ruddy, his eye wild, and, his wig being off, his scanty

hair stood up oddly round his head. He seemed to be singing, but I could not catch the sound through the shut casement. Another figure in the room, probably Oliphant, laid a hand on the Count's shoulder, drew him from the window, and closed the shutter.

It needed only the recollection of stories which were the property of all Europe to reach a conclusion on the gentleman's illness. The legitimate King of England was very drunk.

As I went to my room that night I passed the Count's door. There stood Oliphant as sentry, more grim and haggard than ever, and I thought that his eye met mine with a certain intelligence. From inside the room came a great racket. There was the sound of glasses falling, then a string of oaths, English, French, and for all I know, Irish, rapped out in a loud drunken voice. A pause, and then came the sound of maudlin singing. It pursued me along the gallery, an old childish song, delivered as if 'twere a pothouse catch—

"Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine——"

One of the late-going company of the Marjolaine hastened to bed. This king in exile, with his melancholy daughter, was becoming too much for him.

III.

It was just before noon next day that the travellers arrived. I was sitting in the shady loggia of the inn, reading a volume of De Thou, when there drove up to the door two coaches. Out of the first descended very slowly and stiffly four gentlemen; out of the second four servants and a quantity of baggage. As it chanced there was no one about, the courtyard slept its sunny noontide sleep, and the only movement was a lizard on the wall and a buzz of flies by the fountain. Seeing no sign of the landlord, one of the travellers approached me with a grave inclination.

"This is the inn called the Tre Croci, sir?" he asked.

I said it was, and shouted on my own account for the host. Presently that personage arrived with a red face and a short wind, having ascended rapidly from his own cellar. He was awed by the dignity of the travellers, and made none of his usual protests of incapacity. The servants filed off solemnly with the baggage, and the four gentlemen sat themselves down beside me in the loggia and ordered each a modest flask of wine.

At first I took them for our countrymen, but as I watched them the conviction vanished. All four were tall and lean beyond the average of mankind. They wore suits of black, with antique starched

frills to their shirts; their hair was their own and unpowdered. Massive buckles of an ancient pattern adorned their square-toed shoes, and the canes they carried were like the yards of a small vessel. They were four merchants, I had guessed, of Scotland maybe, or of Newcastle, but their voices were not Scotch, and their air had no touch of commerce. Take the heavy-browed preoccupation of a Secretary of State, add the dignity of a bishop, the sunburn of a fox-hunter, and something of the disciplined erectness of a soldier, and you may perceive the manner of these four gentlemen. By the side of them my assurance vanished. Compared with their Olympian serenity my person seemed fussy and servile. Even so, I mused, must Mr Franklin have looked when baited in Parliament by the Tory pack. The reflection gave me the clue. Presently I caught from their conversation the word "Washington," and the truth flashed upon me. I was in the presence of four of Mr Franklin's countrymen. Having never seen an American in the flesh, I rejoiced at the chance of enlarging my acquaintance.

They brought me into the circle by a polite question as to the length of road to Verona. Soon introductions followed. My name intrigued them, and they were eager to learn of my kinship to Uncle Charles. The eldest of the four, it appeared, was Mr Galloway out of Maryland. Then came two brothers, Sylvester by name, of Pennsylvania, and last Mr Fish, a lawyer of New York. All four had campaigned in the late war, and all four were members of the Convention, or whatever they call their rough-and-ready parliament. They were modest in their behaviour, much disinclined to speak of their past, as great men might be whose reputation was world-wide. Somehow the names stuck in my memory. I was certain that I had heard them linked with some stalwart fight or some moving civil deed or some defiant manifesto. The making of history was in their steadfast eyes and the grave lines of the mouth. Our friendship flourished mightily in a brief hour, and brought me the invitation, willingly accepted, to sit with them at dinner.

There was no sign of the Duchess or Cristine or Oliphant. Whatever had happened, that household to-day required all hands on deck, and I was left alone with the Americans. In my day I have supped with the Macaronies, I have held up my head at the Cocoa Tree, I have avoided the floor at hunt dinners, I have drunk glass to glass with Tom Carteron. But never before have I seen such noble consumers of good liquor as those four gentlemen from beyond the Atlantic. They drank the strong red Cyprus as if it had been spring-water. "The dust of your Italian roads takes some cleansing, Mr Towns-

hend," was their only excuse, but in truth none was needed. The wine seemed only to thaw their iron decorum. Without any surcease of dignity they grew communicative, and passed from lands to peoples and from peoples to constitutions. Before we knew it we were embarked upon high politics.

Naturally we did not differ on the war. Like me, they held it to have been a grievous necessity. They had no bitterness against England, only regrets for her blunders. Of his Majesty they spoke with respect, of his Majesty's advisers with dignified condemnation. They thought highly of our troops in America; less highly of our generals.

"Look you, sir," said Mr Galloway, "in a war such as we have witnessed the Almighty is the only strategist. You fight against the forces of Nature, and a newcomer little knows that the success or failure of every operation he can conceive depends not upon generalship, but upon the conformation of a vast country. Our generals, with this in mind and with fewer men, could make all your schemes miscarry. Had the English soldiery not been of such stubborn stuff, we should have been victors from the first. Our leader was not General Washington, but General America, and his brigadiers were forests, swamps, lakes, rivers, and high mountains."

"And now," I said, "having won, you have the greatest of human experiments before you. Your business is to show that the Saxon stock is adaptable to a republic."

It seemed to me that they exchanged glances. "We are not pedants," said Mr Fish, "and have no desire to dispute about the form of a constitution. A people may be as free under a king as under a senate. Liberty is not the lackey of any type of government."

These were strange words from a member of a race whom I had thought wedded to the republicanism of Helvidius Priscus.

"As a loyal subject of a monarchy," I said, "I must agree with you. But your hands are tied, for I cannot picture the establishment of a House of Washington, and—if not, where are you to turn for your sovereign?"

Again a smile seemed to pass among the four.

"We are experimenters, as you say, sir, and must go slowly. In the meantime we have an authority which keeps peace and property safe. We are at leisure to cast our eyes round and meditate on the future."

"Then, gentlemen," said I, "you take an excellent way of meditation in visiting this museum of old sovereignties. Here you have the relics of any government you please—a dozen republics, tyrannies, theocracies, merchant confederations, kingdoms, and more than one empire. You have your choice. I am tolerably familiar with the land, and if

I can assist you I am at your service."

They thanked me gravely. "We have letters," said Mr Galloway; "one in especial is to a gentleman whom we hope to meet in this place. Have you heard in your travels of the Count of Albany?"

"He has arrived," said I, "two days ago. Even now he is in the chamber above us at dinner."

The news interested them hugely.

"You have seen him?" they cried. "What is he like?"

"An elderly gentleman in poor health, a man who has travelled much, and, I judge, has suffered something from fortune. He has a fondness for the English, so you will be welcome, sirs; but he was indisposed yesterday, and may still be unable to receive you. His daughter travels with him and tends his old age."

"And you—you have spoken with him?"

"The night before last I was in his company. We talked of many things, including the late war. He is somewhat of your opinion on matters of government."

The four looked at each other, and then Mr Galloway rose.

"I ask your permission, Mr Townshend, to consult for a moment with my friends. The matter is of some importance, and I would beg you to await us." So saying, he led the others out of doors, and I heard them withdraw to a corner of the loggia. Now, thought I, there is something afoot, and my long-sought romance approaches fruition. The company of the Marjolaine, whom the Count had sung of, have arrived at last.

Presently they returned and seated themselves at the table.

"You can be of great assistance to us, Mr Townshend, and we would fain take you into our confidence. Are you aware who is this Count of Albany?"

I nodded. "It is a thin disguise to one familiar with history."

"Have you reached any estimate of his character or capabilities? You speak to friends, and, let me tell you, it is a matter which deeply concerns the Count's interests."

"I think him a kindly and pathetic old gentleman. He naturally bears the mark of forty years' sojourn in the wilderness."

Mr Galloway took snuff.

"We have business with him, but it is business which stands in need of an agent. There is no one in the Count's suite with whom we could discuss affairs?"

"There is his daughter."

"Ah, but she would scarcely suit the case. Is there no man—a friend, and yet not a member of the family—who can treat with us?"

I replied that I thought I was the only being in Santa Chiara who answered the description.

"If you will accept the task, Mr Townshend, you are amply qualified. We will be frank with you and reveal our business. We are on no less an errand than to offer the Count of Albany a crown."

I suppose I must have had some suspicion of their purpose, and yet the revelation of it fell on me like a thunderclap. I could only stare owlishly at my four grave gentlemen.

Mr Galloway went on unperturbed. "I have told you that in America we are not yet republicans. There are those among us who favour a republic, but they are by no means a majority. We have got rid of a king who misgoverned us, but we have no wish to get rid of kingship. We want a king of our own choosing, and we would get with him all the ancient sanctions of monarchy. The Count of Albany is of the most illustrious royal stock in Europe,—he is, if legitimacy goes for anything, the rightful King of Britain. Now, if the republican party among us is to be worsted, we must come before the nation with a powerful candidate for their favour. You perceive my drift? What more potent appeal to American pride than to say: 'We have got rid of King George; we choose of our own free will the older line and King Charles'?"

I said foolishly that I thought monarchy had had its day, and that 'twas idle to revive it.

"That is a sentiment well enough under a monarchical government; but we, with a clean page to write upon, do not share it. You know your ancient historians. Has not the repository of the chief power always been the rock on which republicanism has shipwrecked? If that power is given to the chief citizen, the way is prepared for the tyrant. If it abides peacefully in a royal house, it abides with cyphers who dignify, without obstructing, a popular constitution. Do not mistake me, Mr Townshend. This is no whim of a sentimental girl, but the reasoned conclusion of the men who achieved our liberty. There is every reason to believe that General Washington shares our views, and Mr Hamilton, whose name you may know, is the inspirer of our mission."

"But the Count is an old man," I urged; for I knew not where to begin in my exposition of the hopelessness of their errand.

"By so much the better. We do not wish a young king who may be fractious. An old man tempered by misfortune is what our purpose demands."

"He has also his failings. A man cannot lead his life for forty years and retain all the virtues."

At that one of the Sylvesters spoke sharply. "I have heard such gossip, but I do not credit it. I have not forgotten Preston and Derby."

I made my last objection. "He has no posterity—legitimate posterity—to carry on his line."

The four gentlemen smiled. "That happens to be his chiefest recommendation," said Mr Galloway. "It enables us to take the House of Stuart on trial. We need a breathing-space and leisure to look

around; but unless we establish the principle of monarchy at once the republicans will forestall us. Let us get our king at all costs, and during the remaining years of his life we shall have time to settle the succession problem. We have no wish to saddle ourselves for good with a race who might prove burdensome. If King Charles fails he has no son, and we can look elsewhere for a better monarch. You perceive the reason of my view?"

I did, and I also perceived the colossal absurdity of the whole business. But I could not convince them of it, for they met my objections with excellent arguments. Nothing save a sight of the Count would, I fear, disillusion them.

"You wish me to make this proposal on your behalf?" I asked.

"We shall make the proposal ourselves, but we desire you to prepare the way for us. He is an elderly man, and should first be informed of our purpose."

"There is one person whom I beg leave to consult — the Duchess, his daughter. It may be that the present is an ill moment for approaching the Count, and the affair requires her sanction."

They agreed, and with a very perplexed mind I went forth to seek the lady. The irony of the thing was too cruel, and my heart ached for her. In the gallery I found Oliphant packing some very shabby trunks, and when I questioned him he told me that the family were to leave Santa Chiara on the morrow. Perchance the Duchess had awakened to the true state of their exchequer, or perchance she thought it well to get her father on the road again as a cure for his ailment.

I discovered Cristine, and begged for an interview with her mistress on an urgent matter. She led me to the Duchess's room, and there the evidence of poverty greeted me openly. All the little luxuries of the menage had gone to the Count. The poor lady's room was no better than a servant's garret, and the lady herself sat stitching a rent in a travelling cloak. She rose to greet me with alarm in her eyes.

As briefly as I could I set out the facts of my amazing mission. At first she seemed scarcely to hear me. "What do they want with him?" she asked. "He can give them nothing. He is no friend to the Americans or to any people who have deposed their sovereign." Then, as she grasped my meaning, her face flushed.

"It is a heartless trick, Mr Townshend. I would fain think you no party to it."

"Believe me, dear madame, it is no trick. The men below are in sober earnest. You have but to see their faces to know that their's is no wild adventure. I believe sincerely that they have the power to implement their promise."

"But it is madness. He is old and worn and sick. His day is long past for winning a crown."

"All this I have said, but it does not move them." And I

told her rapidly Mr Galloway's argument.

She fell into a muse. "At the eleventh hour! Nay, too late, too late! Had he been twenty years younger, what a stroke of fortune! Fate bears too hard on us, too hard!"

Then she turned to me fiercely. "You have no doubt heard, sir, the gossip about my father, which is on the lips of every fool in Europe. Let us have done with this pitiful make-believe. My father is a sot. Nay, I do not blame him. I blame his enemies and his miserable destiny. But there is the fact. Were he not old, he would still be unfit to grasp a crown and rule over a turbulent people. He flees from one city to another, but he cannot flee from himself. That is his illness on which you condoled with me yesterday."

The lady's control was at breaking-point. Another moment and I expected a torrent of tears. But they did not come. With a great effort she regained her composure.

"Well, the gentlemen must have an answer. You will tell them that the Count, my father —nay, give him his true title if you care—is vastly obliged to them for the honour they have done him, but would decline on account of his age and infirmities. You know how to phrase a decent refusal."

"Pardon me," said I, "but I might give them that answer till doomsday and never content them. They have not travelled many thousand miles to be put off by hearsay evidence. Nothing will satisfy them but an interview with your father himself."

"It is impossible," she said sharply.

"Then we must expect the renewed attentions of our American friends. They will wait till they see him."

She rose and paced the room.

"They must go," she repeated many times. "If they see him sober he will accept with joy, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the world. I tell you it cannot be. I alone know how immense is the impossibility. He cannot afford to lose the last rags of his dignity, the last dregs of his ease. They must not see him. I will speak with them myself."

"They will be honoured, madame, but I do not think they will be convinced. They are what we call in my land 'men of business.' They will not be content till they get the Count's reply from his own lips."

A new duchess seemed to have arisen, a woman of quick action and sharp words.

"So be it. They shall see him. Oh, I am sick to death of fine sentiments and high loyalty and all the vapouring stuff I have lived among for years. All I ask for myself and my father is a little peace, and, by Heaven! I shall secure it. If nothing will kill yon gentlemen's folly but truth, why, truth they shall have. They shall see my father, and this very minute. Bring them up, Mr Townshend, and usher them into the presence of the rightful King of England. You

will find him alone." She stopped her walk and looked out of the window.

I went back in a hurry to the Americans. "I am bidden to bring you to the Count's chamber. He is alone and will see you. These are the commands of madame his daughter."

"Good!" said Mr Galloway, and all four, grave gentlemen as they were, seemed to brace themselves to a special dignity as befitted ambassadors to a king. I led them upstairs, tapped at the Count's door, and, getting no answer, opened it and admitted them.

And this was what we saw. The furniture was in disorder, and on a couch lay an old man sleeping a heavy drunken sleep. His mouth was open and his breath came stertorously. The face was purple, and large purple veins stood out on the mottled forehead. His scanty white hair was draggled over his cheek. On the floor was a broken glass, wet stains still lay on the boards, and the place reeked of spirits.

The four looked for a second —I do not think longer—at him whom they would have made their king. They did not look at each other. With one accord thay moved out, and Mr Fish, who was last, closed the door very gently behind him.

In the hall below Mr Galloway turned to me. "Our mission is ended, Mr Townshend. I have to thank you for your courtesy." Then to the others. "If we order the coaches now, we may get well on the way to Verona ere sundown."

. . . . . .

An hour later two coaches rolled out of the courtyard of the Tre Croci. As they passed, a window was half-opened on the upper floor, and a head looked out. A line of a song came down, a song sung in a strange quivering voice. It was the catch I had heard the night before:

"Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine—e?"

It was true. The company came late indeed—too late by forty years.

JOHN BUCHAN.

A CATERAN IN CALCUTTA.

BY GRANGATLI.

ANOTHER sealed-pattern punitive expedition against the Wuzzeroo had come to its sealed-pattern conclusion. The usual big fight had taken place in accordance with the best traditions of the frontier; the columns had tramped through the country burning what was combustible, carrying off what was portable, and cursing the "tactical features" of the bleakest, steepest, and most inhospitable of all the undesirable trans-frontier picnicking resorts. The inevitable *jirgah* had had its say, British honour had been vindicated, the Wuzzeroo exchequer had received a handsome cash payment, and all was well—till the next time. The weary battalions and mountain batteries were off to cantonment fleshpots on the right side of the Indus—that is, on the left bank; even the commissariat camels assumed a less cynical look as they swayed along eastward in the direction of full feeds and level roads. Of all the host we alone, the Punjab Sprinters, were sad. For the orders were that the battalion should remain trans-Indus as Wardens of the Marches to guard the outlets from Waziristan, lest the Wuzzeroo should forget the "lesson" we had been at such pains to teach him.

One by one the units of the late field force marched away down the rugged Gomal road, and the glint of their rifle-barrels as they topped the lofty Gwaleri sent a farewell back to us who stayed. The last to go was a battalion of the "little green men," and as they heeded not the wailing appeal of our pipers who played them out to the air of "Will ye no' come back again?" we felt the burden of Empire fall heavily on to our shoulders.

Fifty miles of the "bloody border" formed our beat, punctuated by fortified posts at every gorge and *kotal* which gave access from "Yagistan" to his Majesty's dominions.

My lot was cast in a post which guarded the extreme right of the line, where it joined up with the next section of the frontier. It closed the Wazir end of a long narrow defile or *tangi*, which in times past had done good service to raiding parties. Bare brown hills closed the horizon on all sides, the foreground was a stone-strewn wold, colourless, blank, and depressing. A stream flowed past on one flank of the fort and disappeared into the Avernian *tangi*. Its hurrying waters, as they gurgled over the boulders, seemed ever mockingly to invite us to accompany them to the peace and plenty of civilisation.

My command consisted of the Pathan company—caterans all, and of some border militia, known on the frontier as the

"Catch-em-alive-o's." To make distinctions in such a collection may seem invidious, but as I am anxious to introduce my hero, I may say at once that the pick of the bunch was my particular friend and orderly Gul Hassan, the Mohmand, a sepoy of his Majesty's Indian Army. He stood a trifle over six feet in his flat-soled sandals, his back was broad, his chest deep, and he had the legs of the mountaineer. His face was, in repose, heavy, complexion fair, eyes grey, and nose distinctly Semitic. His head, clean shaven save for a curly lock over either ear, was set on a thick bull-like neck. From his outward appearance one would not suspect that much humour lurked in Gul Hassan, but for all that he was a wit, and if some of his jokes had a grimness which would not appeal greatly to the western mind, they were highly appreciated amongst the not over-sensitive garrison of our post. But, beneath the rough soldier and grim frontier-jester, there was in Gul Hassan a fidelity and devotion not often found in the Pathan.

We were friends as well as officer and sepoy, *sahib* and orderly. He was told off to look after me when, as a raw young *griffin*, I first joined the regiment, and we had been staunch allies ever since, whether shooting, soldiering, playing, or, in the hot weather, cursing the land of our adoption. Life in the little fort brought us more together than ever, and fostered the interchange of confidences. I spoke of bonnie Scotland, he of the hills and dales of Mohmand Land. My forbears had fed their flocks upon the Grampian hills; his had been *zamindars* who scraped a scanty living from the stony uplands north of the Kabul River — when there was nothing to be had by raiding the fat Hindoos beyond the British border. We agreed that Scotland was the finest country in Europe, and that there was nothing in all Asia to rival the Mohmand hills. The khans of Inverness were brave and worthy men, and the Mohmand chiefs were their very doubles, and so we used to discuss, like Scott's Crusader and the mighty Saladin in the Holy Land, the merits of our respective countries, whilst weeks wore into months and months into years, and still we stayed watching the *tangi* and wondering when we should see the advanced-guard of our relief.

Three winters had turned the hills from brown to white, three summers had re-tinted them brown, and sent the snows swirling down into the little stream, changing its mocking gurgle to a deafening roar, when a letter came from the colonel saying it was my turn for furlo' home. So the long-awaited release had come! But, such is the contrariness of human nature, realisation did not seem half so pleasant as anticipation, and mingled with the joy of getting away was the pain of saying good-bye to the free life, the good comrades, and even the little mud fort, which had been "home" for so long. In any

case, I felt that release without Gul Hassan would be robbed of half its sweetness, so for him, too, leave was applied for and obtained. Then, having handed over the latch-key of one of the many front doors of Wazirstan to my successor, we bade good-bye and passed down the grim *tangi*, with the laughter of the river no longer mocking but delighting us.

Civilisation, in the shape of a railway train, seized us at the Indus and hurried us off to headquarters. Then came the bustle of packing for home: ponies had to be handed over to some one who would care for them against the day of return, dogs must be found a comfortable temporary home, and belongings secured against the ravages of the white ant, a passage booked, and the thousand-and-one details settled, from which even a bachelor cannot escape.

It fell as a grievous blow when I broke it to Gul Hassan that the time had come to part, but he insisted that if he could not accompany me to the splendid country I had so often described to him and pay his respects to the Khans of Inverness, he would at any rate see me safely to the edge of the "black water." After that he would go back to his own and would soldier no more, for a year without his *sahib*, who was also his "father and his mother," would be long and weary, and his heart yearned for the Mohmand hills.

At last everything was satisfactorily settled. I decided to travel home *viâ* Calcutta and Ceylon; the long voyage would rid my bones of fever, and the salt sea breezes would banish the frontier sores. I promised myself no end of enjoyment in showing the lions of the capital to the untutored Gul Hassan, to whom hitherto the bazaar at Peshawar had represented the last thing in culture. I revelled in anticipation at the impression all the wonders of an advanced civilisation would make upon his simple mind, and I felt that good might come of sending him back to his native hills with some idea of the might, magnificence, and power of the Great Sirkar, so that he might enlighten his fellows, and perhaps instil them with sufficient awe to give the scales a turn in the right direction when next the question of peace or war was in the balance.

In due course we bade farewell to the colonel, and steamed away across the waving fields of the Punjab into the valley of the Ganges. My trusty henchman displayed the delight of a child at the rapidly shifting scenes through which we sped, and took the keenest interest in watching the changes which every hundred miles or so worked in the class of fellow-passengers our train picked up. His criticisms of these, at no time flattering, for the Pathan has never been known to confess to having found any one who comes up to his own standard, became less and less favourable as we journeyed east. As we approached Calcutta, in fact, his remarks were generally totally unfit for publication, whilst his demeanour towards any natives with whom he happened to come into contact during the frequent visits he

paid to my carriage to look after me and to give me his impressions was positively insulting. Fortunately there was only one regrettable incident, but it was quite enough. At one station, it was near Moghul Serai on the bank of the Ganges, a vast crowd hummed upon the platform. Gul Hassan was making for my carriage with a consignment of "impressions" with which to entertain me. A Hindoo with holy water from the Ganges, in two brass pots enclosed in baskets depending from the extremities of a long bamboo carried on his shoulder, was pushing his way along the platform immediately in front of Gul Hassan. The water-carrier happened suddenly to swing round to address a remark to a friend, and the bamboo caught Gul Hassan about the fifth rib. There ensued a violent scene, in which bamboo, holy water, and torn raiment took leading parts, and when the train moved on the uproar was still in full swing, though the chief culprit was safely stowed away at the far end of my compartment, very warm but, on the whole, satisfied with events. For my own part, I began to have certain vague premonitions regarding possible complications when we should come amongst the Baboos of the metropolis, and I threw out a few precautionary hints to my fiery companion regarding the desirability of "going slow."

After three days and nights of jolting and jarring, dust which almost extinguished life, and food which defied digestion, we awoke at 5 A.M. on the threshold of the City of Palaces.

This early hour is not the time one would select for arriving at Calcutta if one were allowed to choose. The place is at its very worst. The unwholesome river mist hangs dank and clammy over the city; buildings which later in the day appear as graceful palaces look like dull grey barracks, moist and miserable; the streets lack colour. The teeming thousands which, when the sun comes up and dries the fog, lend animation and colour to the thoroughfares, are still crouching in their stuffy dens, and only a few early risers are to be seen shuffling sleepily, enveloped in dirty white sheets, to the bathing *ghâts* to make their morning orisons. The river looks like a dirty ditch; *Mai Gunga* is still asleep, and seems to listen with but one ear to the prayers of the first comers. The plump, bilious-looking Baboo, whose office opens early, waddles towards the *ghât*. He is *sans* velvet cap, *sans* flowing loin-cloth, *sans* patent-leather shoes with pearly buttons; he only enters Europe life and puts on his Europe manners with the shoes and velvet cap after he has fulfilled the rites which the orthodoxy he professes, but at heart despises, demands of him. For the Calcutta Baboo is only a Hindoo in name; he has, in reality, no religion.

After the Baboo come many women, most of them old and toothless, who clatter along with downcast eyes, carrying a change of raiment for putting

on after the bath. Beggars come next and take up their pitches for the day. Later on, the mass of bathers begin to arrive, the last fairly running to make up for a late morning in bed.

The smells of the city are strongest and most pungent at this early hour. Scavengers are still at work, unsavoury heaps mark each hundred yards of the streets. The night dews have intensified the fœtid stenches, the heavy fog bears down upon them and keeps them from rising and dissipating in the upper air above the roofs where the breeze can get at them. All this and more Gul Hassan and I noted as we drove to the hotel; but before leaving the station a slight hitch took place. Our baggage was piled on to the top of a diminutive green box on wheels, by courtesy called a cab. I squeezed myself inside and Gul Hassan climbed on to the box; but the seat was not built for one of his proportions, and the result was that, as he swung himself violently up one side, the unfortunate little shrimp of a Bengali driver was hurled violently out at the other. A crowd at once collected, and the usual babel arose, and only a promise of small coin and the stipulation that Gul Hassan should accomplish the journey on the roof amongst the baggage would persuade Jehu to resume his perch.

Our progress through the streets seemed to evoke not a little interest. A gigantic Pathan sitting aloft on the top of a pile of baggage on the roof of a four-wheeler was no doubt something of a novel spectacle in the streets of Calcutta, but even if his appearance had failed to attract attention, Gul Hassan's lusty objurgations to those who failed to get out of the way with sufficient speed to please him were scarcely calculated to evade observation.

However, we reached our hotel without adventure, and found it full to overflowing. After some difficulty I secured a room, and told Gul Hassan to find lodgings for himself in the servants' quarters. I learned subsequently that although all the latter were double-banked,—in fact, in some cases accommodated three and four individuals,—my unsophisticated highlander had calmly made himself quite comfortable by the simple process of selecting a quarter and then throwing out the belongings of those in possession—the magic word "Pathan" being quite sufficient to deter any one from seeking the honour of his company.

My ship was not due to sail for two days, so we determined to see the sights. Generally it is impossible to awaken interest or enthusiasm in an Asiatic by bringing him face to face with what should be to him astounding novelties, but a Pathan is an exception, and I had no fault to find with my companion on this score; in fact, at times his raptures were almost embarrassing.

We started by paying a visit to the Zoo, which is probably one of the best in the world. The garden in which the animals are confined is beautifully kept. Tropical luxuri-

ance and western neatness go hand in hand. Magnificent giants of the forest, feathery palms, rare flowers, and emerald lawns neat and trim as those of a London park, combine to make a picture not easily forgotten, whilst the poor captives in this Eden are well and cleanly kept and seem to want for nothing — save liberty. Gul Hassan was impressed. As may be supposed, the *Felidæ* appealed to him most; the solitary specimen of a giraffe fascinated him; the oorial, which hailed from the North-West, almost induced a fit of nostalgia; but when he gazed for the first time upon the rhinoceros his feelings became nearly too much for him. He said it was the biggest pig he had ever seen, or, as a devout Moslem, ever wished to see. He almost resented the *sahibs* keeping such an unclean beast, unless it were to show how very horrible a pig could be! He drew comparisons between the monkeys and Bengali cab-drivers, which were not flattering to the latter, and he christened the big chimpanzee the "Commissariat Baboo." The visit was, in fact, a success.

From the Zoo we made our way to the Museum in Chowringhi, and spent an interesting time examining the wonders treasured within its walls. Some of the sculptures exhibited seemed to cause considerable uneasiness in my companion's bosom, and no doubt he had much to say on the subject when he returned to his village and described the devilries of the unbelievers.

After exhausting the Museum, or rather, when we felt we required a change of intellectual diet, we started off for a ramble through the bazaars. There are few things under the sun which give an Asiatic more real pleasure than strolling through a bazaar, and Gul Hassan was no exception to the rule. We were bent on enjoyment and in the very best of tempers, but, nevertheless, the pleasures of the Calcutta bazaars were not for us. The streets were narrow, the throng was great. At first we gently pursued our devious path through the crowds of "Golden Bengal," though their jostling and rudeness were something new to us — so new to Gul Hassan, indeed, that a look of absolute horror took possession of his features each time he saw his *sahib* hustled. He had all his life been accustomed to men who minded their manners, because on the border and beyond it rudeness is dealt with in a particularly summary and unpleasant way, and he could not at first grasp the situation. On the frontier a white man is generally recognised as a gentleman, and is treated as such by those he meets, who are also gentlemen, though of a different creed and colour. Here in Calcutta, the capital city of the Great Sirkar, the greatest power on earth, the strength of whose arm even the Mohmand clansmen had sometimes confessed, there appeared to be a something which required explanation, and Gul Hassan was puzzled. He was lost in abstraction for a time, but he

apparently settled the question to his own satisfaction and took action accordingly. As he afterwards explained to me, he felt that as we were merely birds of passage in the place, it seemed a waste of time and talent to try and forget the lessons of youth, and to attempt to pick up Calcutta fashions, so he determined to act on natural impulses. These drove him to reprisals each time a Bengali had the temerity to hustle us, and soon we had more enemies within ten square yards of us than we ever hoped to have in the wide world. Matters went from bad to worse, and at last it came to fighting a rear-guard action down a narrow lane till we were fortunate enough to strike a main thoroughfare and seek safety in a passing tramcar. If we left behind us traces of our retrograde defensive action which it took some members of the community both time and trouble to wash away, the fault assuredly did not lie with two harmless visitors who had travelled many miles to see and to admire the wonders of the great city, confident in the hospitality of a civilised community. In truth, we should both have been better treated in Peshawar, which is always held up as a dreadful example of lawlessness.

The next day was also full of incident, and it was a mercy it was our last. We devoted it to shopping in the European quarter. Gul Hassan, with a courier-bag of rupees—the savings of years—slung over his shoulder, acted as cashier. We went first to a European emporium of small clothes where I selected some garments which a perky self-sufficient little Bengali assistant assured me were the very latest things from "Band Eshtreet." I informed Gul Hassan of the price, and asked him to pay the Bengali connoisseur. Not knowing English, he had not, like myself, benefited by the allusion to "Band Eshtreet," so, glowering at the shopman, he said, "Fifty rupees! What for?" A vivid scene followed. Fortunately Gul Hassan's fervour could not express itself in Hindostani, and found vent in scarifying Pushtu, which no one understood. For several minutes "he raved like a soul in Jehannum," and declared that nothing would permit him to stand idly (!) by and see his *sahib* robbed by a particular species of extraordinarily misbegotten offspring of burnt ancestors. Eventually I had to give him a peremptory order for payment, and the soldier in him obeyed. But the natural man was unconvinced: having carefully counted out fifty rupees in silver, with great deliberation he hurled them in a glittering shower about the little Bengali's ears. Covering the retreat with what apologies I could, I hurried my hot-headed retainer out into the cab at the door without waiting for the rupees to be collected. The adventure in the bazaar had strengthened my belief that I had perhaps been rash in introducing this child of nature to a society which he could not live up to; I now felt quite convinced of the fact.

Gul Hassan had never failed me when better men than Calcutta bazaar rowdies had to be dealt with, and his simple logic would not permit him to truckle to the mere conventionalities of civilisation, where one is robbed far oftener than on the frontier, and by very inferior bandits.

However, after the adventure at the emporium I took charge of the bank.

Having finished my purchases, I suggested a visit to the docks. The great ships were a revelation to Gul Hassan, and the wonder which filled his soul showed in his eyes; for a long time he could not speak. We saw a big steamer lightly laden, and with her propeller half exposed, churn her way down the river. Gul Hassan looked puzzled and said he could not understand why the ship was going backwards, as the splashing and commotion ought to be at the front end,—at least, the boats in the Kabul River always sent the froth and foam in front of them!

He expressed supreme contempt for the Hooghly—the sacred Gunga of the unspeakable Hindoos—until I explained to him how the river differed from any he had seen before, as it could flow in two opposite directions, north during part of the time and south for a similar period. That put him in more respect of *Mai Gunga*, and he said he quite believed my explanation of the phenomenon, but I fear added this to his list of the devilries of the Bengali unbelievers.

We boarded the ship that was to take me home, and I showed him my cabin. He looked incredulous, and asked me whether I really intended spending a month in such a dog-kennel, and whether I had really paid several hundreds of rupees for the pleasure. On my admitting the impeachment he seemed half inclined to interview the captain there and then, with the purpose, no doubt, of securing better terms for me, so I thought it prudent to get ashore without further parley.

And now as the time was slipping away, and I wanted to take my old friend off to buy him a parting gift, I sounded him on the subject, and got him to confess that a real English knife would be the most acceptable offering I could make him, though Heaven forbid that he should ever require anything to keep him from forgetting his "father and his mother." So we went to the best European cutler in Calcutta. When we entered the palatial premises where lethal weapons of all sorts and sizes were displayed in dazzling array, the Pathan blood was stirred and his eyes glowed with pleasure. I asked him to make his choice. With the hand and eyes of a connoisseur he inspected blade after blade, and finally set his heart on a murderous-looking hunting-knife of generous length. But before finally passing it he asked me if it was a "Rajers," that being his rendering of the name of a Sheffield cutler whose goods have always been popular in India. The blade in question was not by "Rajers," though probably as good as

any turned out by him. Alas! the charm had fled from the hunting-knife, and Gul Hassan put it down in disgust. We ransacked the shop for the handiwork of the popular maker, but all we could discover was a case of little penknives. Gul Hassan selected one and felt happy again. "How could I go back to my country, *sahib*, and show them a knife you gave me if it wasn't a 'Rajers'?" They are veritable overgrown babies, these splendid soldiers of ours!

It was now evening, and Gul Hassan said he would stay the night and see me off in the morning, but visions of assaults on Baboos, insults to Young Bengal, and possible misunderstandings with the myrmidons of the law rose before me as I pictured my friend left to his own devices in Calcutta, so I gently but firmly insisted that we should reverse the programme, and that after dinner I should see him off by the night mail to the Punjab.

After dinner, therefore, we drove across the Hooghly to Howrah station, which we found besieged by a struggling mass of humanity. Hundreds of would-be passengers, with their household goods upon their backs, were chattering and wrangling and pushing towards the gates, which were securely locked. We bored our way through the mass and came to the gates. The *sahib* still possessed some measure of authority among the railway-folk—even in Bengal; and the gates admitted him and his companion, and then clicked again in the faces of the mob. This procedure, it may be explained, is absolutely necessary in India, because the average native's idea of catching a train is to arrive at the station a good twelve hours before the hour of starting, and if he and his fellows were allowed to make free of the premises during this interval, traffic would become a sheer impossibility.

Having got within the barriers, I asked to be directed to the third class booking-office. A very dark gentleman, in a very white helmet, pointed the way through a spacious hall which was full of little tables dotted about the floor. At each table a Baboo was scribbling with piles of papers in front of him. The scene reminded me of an army competitive examination in Burlington House. I refer, of course, only to the large hall and the little tables; the occupants of the latter bore no resemblance to army candidates.

I hastened through the hall, leaving Gul Hassan enjoying the sight of the struggling Bengalis beyond the outer gates. Hardly had I had time to state my requirements to the booking-clerk when I was amazed to hear a terrible hubbub arising in the Hall of Tables. As I turned I saw a most extraordinary scene. A small wizened Baboo, with eyes almost starting from his head, and his once spotless garments splashed from the neck to the extremities of the flowing loin-cloth with red and black ink, was rushing towards me closely fol-

lowed by the equally irate Gul Hassan. The Baboo could only articulate in jerks. Between the catching of his breath and his frantic efforts to find words of a suitable length (no doubt he was a "failed B.A."), he was scarcely intelligible, but I managed to understand that Gul Hassan, discovering that I had moved on, had taken a bee-line to rejoin me. The little Baboo had stopped him, forbidden him to cross the Hall of Tables, and had actually had the temerity to bar the way. In brushing aside the obstacle Gul Hassan had unfortunately brought off a "cannon," with the result that the Baboo fell over his little table, and the table returned the compliment by falling — paper, pens, and ink included—on to the Baboo. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* The case was clearly against us, and a surrender at discretion was the only alternative to probably no end of complications. An inspiration, however, seized me. Deftly insinuating a ten-rupee note into the outraged Baboo's hand, I said, "Baboo-ji" (*ji* being a term of respect), "you have been the victim of a most audacious outrage. Your honour has been assailed. Please accept this sum, which will pay for washing your clothes; and, with my full permission, take this uncouth barbarian outside and give him a sound thrashing. I promise not to interfere." The Baboo's hand closed over the crisp note, and his eyes travelled from Gul Hassan's feet to his head and back again (the Baboo's eyes were about on a level with the bottom button of Gul Hassan's gorgeous waistcoat). There was a pause, and then a smile came over the Baboo's little face, and he said he thought he would dispense with the chastisement of the wicked barbarian. We then shook hands, and parted the best of friends. That Baboo was the best Bengali I have so far come across.

And now the hour had come to say good-bye.

"*Sahib*," said Gul Hassan, as he leant from his carriage window, "I will not cut my name as I intended: I shall join the Reserve. Some day you will be the colonel of the regiment,—after that you will become a *Lāt*. Presently the Bengalis (may they burn!) will make the Great Sirkar very angry, and the Pathan regiments will be sent to Calcutta to teach the Baboos how to behave, and to make them eat dirt. My last prayer to the *sahib* is, that when that day comes he will send for Gul Hassan, the Reservist. *Sahib salaam!* May you never be poor!"

I gave him the frontier "May you never be weary!" and that was the last I saw of my trusty orderly.

. . . . . .

What I have related happened some years ago. Gul Hassan is still a reservist. Will his prophecy come true? If it does, the Bengalis of Calcutta will have experiences in comparison with which the explosion of bombs and the discharging of revolvers will seem tame and unexciting.

OXFORD, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

THE nineteenth century is the most eventful in the long history of Oxford. Other changes will take place, and are now approaching, in this great University; perhaps also in Cambridge, her more sedate sister; but they will not be so profound and so fruitful of consequences as the Oxford revolution. That happily was less sanguinary than the French Revolution, to which it was in some measure due—no Vice-Chancellors or Heads of Houses were beheaded, or fled to other countries,—they remained at their posts with unwavering fidelity; no property was confiscated, except at a later stage, by University Commissioners. Things moved slowly in the English way—progress was "continuous and calm," or comparatively calm, and the Oxford of to-day is after all the Oxford of a hundred years ago, but *quantum mutata!*

The writer, who has known Oxford for nearly half a century, will, with much diffidence, attempt to give an account of the transformation, in the faint hope that he may move some one to write a book which might be entitled 'A Century of Oxford History.' The materials for such a history are abundant, and the subject is of surpassing interest, especially at the present time. The writer of it must be a son of Oxford, for its history cannot be written from without: he must have lived and worked in Oxford through its many changes, and have kept his eyes open: he must belong to no narrow coterie: he must be learned but intelligent, and of a liberal and generous mind. There is, of course, no such a person, nor will he ever exist; but, if history is to be written at all, a lower standard than the ideal must be accepted. Gibbon was an undergraduate of Magdalen College in 1752-1754. He says hard things of his College and his University:—

> "I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. . . . During my first weeks I constantly attended lessons in my tutor's room, but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile,—no plan of study was recommended for my use—no exercises were presented for his inspection, and at the most precious season of youth whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account."

An undergraduate nowadays might complain of the conduct of his tutor, but his complaints would be of too much "inspec-

tion," too much advice, and very rigorous account.

Gibbon's fierce indictment was made also against laxity of discipline,—in the course of one winter he "visited Bath, made a tour in Buckinghamshire, and took four excursions to London, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control." Neither Gibbon nor Shelley could have been pupils easy to manage, and both were expelled from their colleges. Sympathy is always on the side of youth and genius, but Gibbon and Shelley were both of them impossible persons. The great historian possessed all the historical virtues, except the most rare and important of them all — "the power of understanding, even sympathetically understanding, opinions which we do not hold." Oxford represented to him indolence, and bigotry of the worst type, that in which there is a large mixture of hypocrisy; he judged his University by the college and the men he knew. Had he been at Magdalen 150 years later his verdict would have been different, if I may venture to commend that great foundation. Any one who has read the 'Letters of Radcliffe and James'[1] knows that Gibbon's description of Oxford is inaccurate and unjust if taken to apply to the University as a whole, and not to Magdalen in particular. Radcliffe entered Queen's College in 1743; James entered it in 1745; James's son in 1778; and the letters which passed between the three correspondents cover a period of twenty-eight years, from 1755-1783. They show that not all Oxford tutors were ignorant, dull, and idle; not all Oxford undergraduates vicious and illiterate. Indeed in those days, when examinations, except of the most perfunctory kind, were unknown, there was a "freedom of study" which contrasts not unfavourably with the excessive organisation and ruthless drill which have turned colleges into something like cramming establishments; tutors into "drudges," as Mark Pattison called them forty years ago; undergraduates, the best of them, into almost passive recipients of intellectual food, like pemmican, neither savoury nor digestible. Few blessings are unmixed. Competition among the colleges for distinction in the class-lists is very keen, though decently, if not successfully, dissembled. No one in Oxford now is idle, incredible though the assertion may appear. Even the passman's life is not wholly a happy one. But of him, the savage — though not "untutored,"—something will be said hereafter, for he is a very interesting person, important for good or evil, and controversies are gathering round him, threatening his existence.

But activity, though feverish, and earnestness and clean living, are better than the sloth, neglected duty, and living far from clean, which were

[1] Oxford Historical Society, vol. ix.

prevalent, though not universal, in Oxford when Gibbon knew it: they make his *sæva indignatio* perfectly intelligible though somewhat indiscriminate, for he was misunderstood and disappointed, and had received stone for bread. An old Balliol man records with reluctance the statement of Dean Prideaux that there was a public-house in Broad Street, the Split Crow, "where the Balliol men continually lie, and by perpetual bubbing add art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots."[1] The present writer is consoled by the reflection that Balliol men were probably no worse than the Fellows of other colleges, and that now they have mended their ways, as he knows from frequent enjoyment of their generous but sober hospitality. Prideaux wrote these words three-quarters of a century before Gibbon entered Oxford, but there is reason to believe that in 1752 there was still room for improvement in the conduct of Balliol undergraduates, if not of the Fellows, of that great college. Its history, like that of most Oxford colleges, is full of strange vicissitudes and moral lessons.

Matthew Arnold in a famous passage has expressed what everyone feels who knows Oxford and has come under its charm; yet his utterance of loyal devotion to the place which made him what he became is now almost as misleading as was Gibbon's utterance of hatred and contempt. Oxford is still medieval, yet intensely modern: it is still the home of causes which are not lost, and of beliefs which are not impossible: it still dreams, though its dreams are feverish and incoherent, some of them, and of the future as well as of the past. It has undertaken to educate everybody and in everything, and everywhere, at least within the range of University Extension Lectures. There is nothing which it does not profess to teach, from theology to military strategy. There is no branch of learning which does not appear in that epitome of all things knowable —the University Examination Statutes; all but one, not mentioned there, the science of athletics, which is more effectively taught and learnt than any other in our universities as well as in our public schools.

Within the last fifty-six years there have been added to the old curriculum schools or examinations in modern history, law, natural science in all its branches, oriental languages and literatures, the English language and literature, European languages and literatures, geography, the theory and practice of education, economics, forestry, rural economy, anthropology, military history and strategy, engineering and mining subjects, public health, classical archæology. This list is designedly unscientific, and

[1] See Mr Davis's charming 'History of Balliol College' for this and other curious details.

the subjects mentioned run into each other, but the impression intended to be conveyed to the reader is one of bewilderment and a sense that there is nothing which may not be learnt at new Oxford. Buildings, and apparatus, and stipends for the teachers of these subjects, have been partially provided at great expense by an impoverished University, and by contributions from the colleges, some of them no less impoverished — these abodes, or rather preserves, of indolence and luxury, as they are represented to be by irresponsible chatterers to ignorant and credulous persons. By "Local" Examinations and Extension Lectures Oxford has shown its sense of obligations outside the circle of a mile and a half from Carfax. It has also instituted examinations for leaving certificates at public schools, and accepts other certificates of various kinds as equivalent to a testamur obtainable by its own entrance examination — responsions, of which it is difficult to speak with patience, not because it is an entrance examination, for an examination is indispensable, but because it is useless and vexatious in its present form, and discreditable to the University which is content with it, and to the schools which offer it, as the finished product, in many cases, of eight or nine years at school. But "that is another story," more instructive than cheerful: the one blot on the good record of a University, anxious—perhaps nervously anxious — to do its duty.

Many persons whose opinions, though erroneous, are entitled to consideration, protest against these concessions to the "spirit of the age." They think that there is danger, if not certainty, that Oxford will be turned into a second-rate scientific University, and be reduced to the level of—— I will not mention names. These pessimists do not realise the force of long tradition and innumerable associations — of the beauty and dignity of the place — of the college system, permanent as the college buildings, which will preserve the ἦθος of Oxford for a period approaching to infinity, an ἦθος which subdues and humanises the most aggressive and clamorous of men of science, of whom the writer speaks with sincere respect. The issue between the old and the new learning can be decided only by controversy, and by the consequent friction in which heat is naturally generated—but the heat is diminishing; the issue is indeed decided — the new learning "has come to stay," and there is room in the University both for it and for its rival, or rather sister, to the benefit of both.

Oxford is preparing herself for the task which fate and fraud and fitness and duty, or a combination of them, have imposed on our race, and indirectly on her as a great national institution — the task of helping to educate young Englishmen not merely for work of all kinds at home, but work of all kinds in Greater Britain. "Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento" — the quotation is

inevitable; it is long since it has been made in the House of Commons, where, if intelligible, it would be to some offensive as savouring of Imperialism, for Virgil "thought imperially," and, like Horace, was a Jingo.

But Virgil's words appeal to a feeling which, though dissembled or disavowed, survives in the minds of most Englishmen, and is obscured, not eradicated, by the strife of parties. In Parliament and in the country a warm welcome has been given to the effort now being made, in the old as well as in the new universities, to meet new educational necessities. The success of that effort will serve to train future rulers and administrators in India, and in our other Eastern possessions, and in Africa, by teaching them how to fight famine and disease; make roads and railways; drain pestilent morasses, plant or thin forests with discretion; and educate agriculturists and schoolmasters. Mr Keir Hardie would surely admit that as long as we stay in India we had better govern it intelligently by men who can do these things, or see that they are done. It is not merely for purposes called Imperial, but for home needs, that the undergraduates of our universities must be educated in many things which till recently have not been included in their curricula,—we, the British people, must make ourselves efficient, for efficiency is the condition of existence in the struggle for supremacy which is coming, or has begun, between the East and West, as well as between France, or Germany, or the United States, and England. Efficiency is the product of education, and the universities are responsible for the due performance of a great political duty—to make our young men effective citizens for peace and war.

Grumbling critics complain that Oxford is going beyond her "proper sphere," that much of this activity is no better than fussiness, and that its results are quite inadequate to the labour and money expended. The argument, from "a proper sphere," is singularly weak, and involves a *petitio principii* of a flagrant kind: there is no more "question-begging epithet" in our language than the word proper. The results or harvests of this labour are some of them still in a future which may be long in coming, but may be confidently expected. University Extension Lectures are special objects of attack, as excursions from the proper sphere. It is asserted—less commonly now than formerly—that the teaching given by Extension Lectures produces in the hearers only the knowledge that "puffeth up," and is valued, it is said with sheer brutality, as giving opportunities for flirtation. The last assertion may have in it a modicum of truth, but why should not young men and young women meet at a lecture as well as at a dance? The other assertion is wholly false. To many men and women, old and young, an Extension Lec-

ture has been the beginning of their intellectual life—a fact incomprehensible to highly cultivated critics; to others it has given something desirable in frivolous or dreary lives — a wholesome and rational amusement.

Another change of great importance through which Oxford has passed in the last forty years is the change from something like a cathedral town into something like Cheltenham or Bath. Before 1870 — a remarkable year in the history of Europe, and not less in the history of Oxford—there lived in it few ladies, in the conventional meaning of the term, except the wives and daughters of Heads of Houses and Professors. With them the writer had at that time little acquaintance, save with the ladies whom he met at the Master's house at Balliol, and whose kindness and hospitality he gratefully remembers. The general impression—at least among undergraduates—was that, like the wives, and even the daughters, of clerical dignitaries in cathedral towns, they left something to be desired in respect of gaiety and that innocent freedom of behaviour which the French call *abandon*. They were said to be gracious, but in an official way, — the inevitable characteristic of a small and semi-aristocratic society. It must be admitted that young curates and undergraduates in those days were stiff and diffident, and not easy to entertain.

The invasion of women, which began in 1870, has changed all that. The abolition of Tests and the removal of the obligation, under which many of the Fellowships had previously been held, to take Holy Orders, had the result that a tutor or a lecturer in a college was no longer content to hold office as a temporary employment till a living should fall vacant, but was ready to make teaching his profession for life, and, on the strength of it, to marry. Nor could his college keep him, if he was worth keeping, from the Bar or medicine or schoolmastering, if he were forbidden to marry. By alterations, sanctioned by Privy Council, in the College Statutes, leave was given to him to take a wife. She could not conveniently live in the college — a building not designed nor adapted for domestic happiness; therefore she and her husband must live outside the college. The demand for houses became great, and houses were built to meet it—most of them to the north of Oxford, where now stands a suburb called North Oxford, almost as large as South Kensington.

The change among the senior members of the college from monasticism to family life was a change both for the better and for the worse—for the worse, because the common rooms were thinned: a quarter or a third of the number of Fellows lived out of college; the old *camaraderie* was broken up, for it must be admitted that wives have sometimes a disintegrating influence, and do not always like their hus-

band's old friends. There was at first some injury to college discipline: when a dean or tutor lives a mile away, and the times of his absence are reasonably calculable, the undergraduates enjoy themselves—but this inconvenience was after two or three years remedied by more stringent requirements of "pernoctation" in term time. There came to be in hospitable Oxford many dinner-parties of a more exhilarating kind than men's banquets in college rooms: a sociable tutor with a sociable wife found his expenses for entertainment greater than he could afford, for college tutors are not rich. On the other hand, married Fellows learnt something of the world and had their minds enlarged. To some of them marriage was a liberal education, and the prim and formal Oxford Don became comparatively playful and happy under softening influences; influences exercised not on him only, but on the undergraduates, who were the better for the society of good and sensible women. Later, retired Indian civilians, and old soldiers, discovered Oxford: it was found to be nearer London than Leamington or Devonshire, and more attractive. The excellent "High School for Girls" offered a good and economical education for the daughters: for the boys preparatory schools had been established, one of them by leading members of the University, which became rivals of the best preparatory schools for Eton or Winchester, or schools less old and famous but equally efficient and less expensive. Oxford is a pleasant place to live in, and healthy enough, unless you encamp in regions near the Isis; full of historic memories, of libraries, and of various amusements which attract all sorts and conditions of men—and of women. It has become a suburb of London. Movements of all kinds, ecclesiastical, political, philanthropic, and social, are numerous and vigorous: the suffragette is "in evidence" and "means business," the socialist also—Christian and Secular—means the same. Oxford is no longer a "sleepy hollow." Thackeray, in the 'Book of Snobs,' writing of Cambridge University snobs, describes St Boniface, its Dons and undergraduates, and the University, as it was when he was an undergraduate there some eighty years ago. *Mutatis mutandis*, his description would have been true also of Oxford at that date. "Universities," he says, "are the last places into which reform penetrates." Now they are hotbeds of reform. Is the change improvement? "Change," wrote Hooker, "is not made without inconvenience, even from the worse to the better."

One of the most striking and important aspects of Oxford's transformation is the disappearance of the languid indifferentism which prevailed in it from 1660 till Newman and his friends breathed life into the dry bones. Even Johnson,

a man of strong religious convictions, intensely disliked the "Enthusiasm" which he considered had wrecked both State and Church when the Puritans had the upper hand for nearly twenty years in England. To him "enthusiasm" meant tyranny and fanaticism mixed with much hypocrisy: it had meant the same to the philosophers—the founders of the Royal Society, who came to Oxford in 1645-1650 seeking "quiet and freedom and shelter from enthusiasm." Johnson was unconquerably averse to its recrudescence in his own Church and University. When six students, who would not desist from publicly praying and exhorting, were expelled in 1768 from St Edmund Hall, Boswell said to Johnson, "But was it not hard, sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings." Johnson replied, "I believe they were good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden." Less familiar than this quotation is the story of the Head of an Oxford college who, many years later, told a candidate for admission when he professed a desire for "gospel teaching," that he had "come to the wrong shop." Both of these utterances are significant: if Johnson, a devout man, in whose devotion there was more than a tinge of something very like enthusiasm, could speak thus, it is easy to imagine the attitude towards the "righteous overmuch" of indifferentists like some Heads of Houses of a later date. The history of the Oxford movement has been written from many points of view, critical and sympathetic, by Newman, and Church, and Mosely. It had consequences of many kinds—political, ecclesiastical, and spiritual: it was a religious revival, to use a word which has been applied to another religious movement less stately, picturesque, and intellectual, but who can say less beneficial, than Tractarianism? Revivalism has produced as its permanent embodiment the Salvation Army, which does its work no less vigorously than the High Churchmen, but more exclusively, among the outcasts. Johnson would have involved in one condemnation both the movements, though he, whom "only an obstinate rationality" kept from becoming a Roman Catholic, would have been less hard on Dr Newman than on General Booth. With the later religious movement in Oxford, which began with the Essays and Reviews, Johnson would have had no sympathy whatever; it was based on an "enthusiasm" of a kind specially odious to him, which he would have called the extravagance of reason.

In the sixties and the seventies, and in the early eighties, most of the clever young men, and clever young men follow fashion like other people, were by the law of reaction followers of Jowett, or Mark Pattison, or T. H. Green, or Mill, or Herbert Spencer, or Comte, or the uncompromising

Huxley. Oxford was a *παντοπώλιον*, a general warehouse of opinions, if not beliefs, among which Christianity held its place, but not a prominent place. It is somewhat of a *παντοπώλιον* still, though some of the intellectual fashions have disappeared or have become ghosts of their former selves. Positivism long ago migrated to London; Spencerianism is a ghost; Mill is by no means dead, though his followers are comparatively few and less submissive than they were. The influence of T. H. Green, based on his noble character and personal charm, still endures, though his philosophy is criticised like everything in Oxford except the multiplication-table. New Realism is to have its turn. But the most remarkable and significant change of all is that Christianity of a very definite kind has come back; the acceptance of it is no longer held to be a mark of obscurantism or intellectual inferiority, and it holds many of our most able and earnest men. There would be many Rip Van Winkles in Oxford were the leaders of fifty —even thirty—years ago to revisit the common rooms and halls; they would find themselves in strange surroundings, and would be disappointed and perplexed.

Parallel to this change in philosophical and religious thought, and akin to it, was the change in political opinions. Till 1832 Oxford was the stronghold of Toryism, as it had been for many years before the names Whig and Tory came into fashion: in 1848 some of the resident members of the University were Liberals; ten or twelve years later most of them were Liberals,—most at least of those who were taking an active part in its teaching and administration. Party feeling at that time ran high in Oxford. It is not now extinct, but there is no longer need to consider carefully whom to ask to meet whom at dinner. The battles over the University Commission of 1854, over Mr Jowett's stipend, and over the proposal to abolish tests, had inflamed the feelings of the combatants, clergy and laity alike: language was used about opponents, political and academical, which was often silly and discreditable. The present writer was surprised to find, when he came to frequent college common rooms, that the senior members of the University were more given than undergraduates to the sins of the tongue which are forbidden in "Thy duty towards thy neighbour." Much allowance must be made for strength of feeling and strength of language in a small community of men thoroughly in earnest about important questions, brought into very close quarters with each other, and unaccustomed to the "give and take" which can be learnt only on public platforms, or at the Bar, or in the House of Commons. But it must be confessed that the humanities had not softened manners in Oxford forty years ago. They were softened only by the abolition of tests, which few

nowadays would deny to have been beneficial as well as inevitable. There has been a great improvement in Oxford manners and language since then —we may think things about each other but we do not always say them, and when we do say them, it is with more disguised acerbity.

The question of University degrees for women came much later, for the most ardent reformer had at first enough on his hands to give him full employment, and this reform seemed better reserved for years, perhaps centuries, to come. The academical suffragettes are less violent than the suffragettes who persecute Mr Asquith—no Oxford ladies have been sent to prison for rabbling Heads of Houses, nor have the proctors been molested in the streets. Wiser and more dangerous methods than the use of physical force have been employed—the arts of logic and persuasion. The first step had been taken, the thin end of the wedge had been inserted, when women were admitted to the college lectures, and by inevitable consequence to University examinations. In them they gained honours as well as "passes"—why should they be refused the degree which is the reward of these qualifications in the case of men? Women by themselves are formidable: when they have logic, or the appearance of it, on their side, they are irresistible.

Σύνωμοσαν γὰρ ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν
πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα

in that great struggle: women are the fire, reason is the water. Of their opponents, some thought vaguely that women are not men—others, that a share, no small one, of the scholarships, colleges, and of the government of the University, must follow the concession of degrees — that co-education would, if complete, entail complications and inconveniences—that Oxford would be more than changed, and quite another Oxford would take its place, of a character unknown, impossible to predict, even to conjecture. Some of the weaker-kneed Friends of Women feared the prospect of becoming the Girondists of this revolution, and suffering the fate of all Girondists, of being carried, metaphorically, on a tumbril to the Martyrs' Memorial amidst shrieks and execrations, because they had raised a storm and endeavoured to control it. Some colleges, one in particular, in which the writer has a special interest, had been, it was rumoured, marked by the women for their own as specially fitted for the realisation of the charming dream of the Princess, which, it was presumed, would involve the expulsion of the present inmates. The result of these objections, some of them based on the selfishness of man, others difficult to state frankly without offence, was that the proposal to give degrees to women was rejected by an overwhelming majority after a formal debate in a large Congregation twelve years ago. The controversy is not closed, for the Chancellor of the University announced

that "in his scheme of reform for Oxford he is going to propose that degrees shall be open to women on exactly the same basis as to men."[1] The questions which will be raised in the discussion of any scheme of reform are more numerous and less simple than the enigmas which the Commissioners of 1854 and 1881 tried to unriddle: they had to deal only, or mainly, with gross abuses and to remove restrictions obviously harmful: the work of future reformers must be constructive. They will have to face problems which their predecessors knew not, or ignored, or attempted to solve in a way which left them more difficult than before: the nature and methods of a liberal education; the claims of natural science; the relations between colleges and the University, and between the Professorial and Tutorial systems; a new definition of the local limits of residence which reasonably qualify for membership of Congregation, for the present limits have come to be absurd; a new definition perhaps also of other qualifications for membership of what is, in the first instance, the legislative body in the University: to these problems for reformers must be added the admission of women to degrees, and of working-men into the University. Who is sufficient for these things?

All reforms—religious, political, social, and, not least, academical—must come not from without, but from within, if they are to be real and permanent. A Commission of able persons, chosen with more regard to political considerations than to knowledge, intimate and personal, of our needs and problems, ought not to be let loose on the University unless and until it has been convicted of unwillingness or impotence to reform itself. Even the sharpest of chisels in the hand of the most skilful of carpenters is not the best instrument for mending a watch.

But what of the undergraduate? Oxford to most people means him and nothing else, for he is perpetually *en évidence*, and is incomparably the most interesting thing or person in the University. Hopeless as the task is, an effort must be made to describe him in next month's 'Maga.'

P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON.

[1] 'Times' of October 24, 1908.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THOMAS OVERBURY, whose haggard ghost still walks in the secret places of the Tower, was born, a squire's son, in 1581. He was educated in grammar-learning at Compton-Scorfen in Warwickshire, and at the age of fourteen entered Queen's College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There he devoted himself to the study of polite letters. He cultivated his brilliant talent with assiduity, and when, in 1598, he took his degree by right of birth, he had won the golden praises of his contemporaries. A finished scholar, a poet of just pretension, a wit whose fame far outran his years, he left Oxford with high hopes of preferment, and, like many another youth of promise, took up his abode in the Temple—not to unravel the mysteries of law, but to conquer London. For this conquest an acquaintance with foreign countries was still necessary, and Overbury for a while deserted the tranquil courts of the Temple to learn what lessons of elegance France and Italy might teach him. The Grand Tour of Europe inculcated in his facile nature a knowledge of the arts of life. But it was a journey to Scotland, taken near the time of King James's coronation, that had the deepest influence on his career. "When Sir Thomas Overbury was a little past twenty years old,"—it is thus that his father, Sir Nicholas, told the tale many years afterwards,—"he and John Guilby, his father's chief clerk, were sent (upon a voyage of pleasure) to Edinburgh, with £60 between them. There Thomas met with Sir William Cornwallis, one who knew him in Queen's College at Oxford. Sir Wm. commended him to divers, and among the rest to Robin Carr, then page to the Earl of Dunbar: so they two came along to England together, and were great friends."[1] It is easy to imagine the spirit of raillery with which Overbury described the rough life and uncleanliness of the Scottish capital: these were the commonplaces of English travellers, and there is no doubt that the young Templar found them a whetstone for his merry wit. But wit and raillery are as nothing if we set them by the side of the meeting with Robin Carr, whose rise to wealth and glory Overbury shared, and whose ruin followed the disgrace and murder of his friend with tragical swiftness.

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[1] In a manuscript in the British Museum is a set of notes to which the following memorandum is affixed, "that I, Nicolas Oldisworth, who wrote this book, . . . did deliberately read it over, on Thursday the IXth of Oct. 1637, in the hearing of my old grandfather, Sir Nicolas Overbury, &c., who affirmed the truth of its contents." It is from these notes that I have cited the testimony of Sir Nicholas Overbury.

"So they two came along to England together," and it was not long before they found at Court a theatre worthy their design. Nor could any twain be better fitted to play there a foremost part. The talent of the one marvellously supplemented the enterprise of the other. Carr was endowed with the very genius of success. He was born for prosperity and advancement. He had been bred in France, and had there learned those tricks of manner and address which win the favour of kings and ministers. None possessed in larger measure than he the tact of presentation. His handsome face and stately figure were embellished by the natural grace of his movements. He understood the niceties of ruffs and frills. He showed an equal taste in the cut of his doublet and in the colour of his hose. In brief, he was master of all those qualities which should easily endear him to the wisest fool in Christendom. His deficiencies, cunningly disguised, were as conspicuous as his gifts. He had as little talent for affairs as for scholarship. In any other Court, save that of James, he would have remained a mere gentleman of the household, and done his best to still the voices of ambition and avarice. So ill-educated was he, that at his first promotion the king himself taught him Latin, thus flattering his own vanity and ensuring the rapid triumph of his pupil. His insensitive ear was never attuned to the English speech, and he spoke broad Scots unto the end of his life. But his vivid temperament lifted him high above his faults. He stood in need of one thing only—a brain, and that was supplied him by Thomas Overbury. Already the fame of the young Templar had spread beyond the Inns of Court. The friend of poets, he could boast of his acquaintance to the young lawyers about him. Early was he sealed of the tribe of Ben, and though he presently fell out with that magnanimous tyrant of letters, time was he lived with him on terms of easy familiarity. "Ben Jonson, the poet," wrote Manningham in his Diary in 1602, "now lives upon one Townsend, and scornes the world. So Overbury,"—a simple statement, which proves that the Templar spoke with authority, even then, of his mighty friend. But it was not merely Overbury's culture that stood Carr in good stead. Overbury's sense of affairs and aptitude for politics were yet more valuable to the favourite of the king. Well skilled in the expedition of business, he was able to shield the idle Carr from failure and detection. It was not for him to play the sycophant; his pride stood in the way of that adventure; it amused him vastly to aid and abet the sycophancy of his ally. Pride, indeed, was Overbury's dominant quality. Friends and foes alike bear witness to his haughty temper, which forbade him to stoop even to a king, and which persuaded him, while he undervalued others, to overvalue himself. Bacon, in throw-

ing discredit upon him, says that he was "of an insolent and thrasonical disposition," and Aubrey's gossip goes beyond the censure of the King's Attorney. "Old Sir Robert Harley of Brampton-Brian," he wrote, "would say 'twas a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter Raleigh or Sir Thomas Overbury, but the difference that was was judged on Sir Thomas's side," and the mere coupling of the two names is the highest possible tribute to Overbury's arrogance. And Overbury was at no pains to conceal his sense of superiority. He had learned from Ben Jonson, together with a fine taste in poetry, the fatal lesson that it was better to lose a friend than a jest, and not a few men and women at Court were scarred by his mordant tongue. Moreover, there went with his insolence that cynicism that is bred of contempt. He put but a light value upon human morals and human intelligence. A set of maxims, ascribed to him, and published after his death, sufficiently explain the philosophy of his life. Every man, he held, is weak in his own humours, and a little beyond himself is a fool. The loves of men were for him their afflictions. Titles of honour, he thought, were no better than rattles to still ambition; and he put down man, woman, and the devil, as the three degrees of comparison. It is not strange, therefore, that, looking down from this altitude of scorn, he made for himself an eager band of enemies, and that when he tumbled from his high estate few friends were found to break his fall.

The alliance knit between Carr and Overbury seemed at the outset irresistible, and the society in which they lived eagerly ministered to their ambitions. A sudden change had overtaken the English capital. With the death of Elizabeth had died the spirit of austerity and empire which had placed upon her reign the laurel wreath of renown. London was packed with an eager crowd of adventurers, resolved to succeed by the easy paths of flattery and chicane. Money was the universal quest, and those who sought it cared little what means they used. When the name of "beggarly Scots" was thrown at the favourites of James I., "Content yourselves," he cried, "I will soon make the English as beggarly as you, and so end that controversy." A vulgar magnificence, a squalid recklessness, seemed the proper end and aim of life. The chain of tradition was snapped in twain, and whatever was new seemed praiseworthy for no better reason than that it was new. The upstarts about the Court flung away their easily gathered gains with a careless hand; they shod their horses with silver; they hung precious jewels about their necks, thinking to please their monarch by an ill-bred extravagance of attire. Those who missed their mark, and incurring vast expense found not wherewithal to discharge their debts, formed themselves into sects of Roaring Boys, Bonaventers, and

Bravados, who were no better than highwaymen, and who plundered the peaceful citizens with so shameful an effrontery and with so small a chance of punishment, that after nine at night scarce any durst walk the streets. Gulls and gallants brawled in taverns, dicing-houses, and ordinaries, and, as an eye-witness said, there were "as many ways to spend money as are windings and turnings in towns and streets." It was, moreover, the first and general article of faith that all difficulties might be resolved by witchcraft. Sorcerers were ready at a word to cast spells or fling figures, and it is characteristic of the time that when Sir Edward Coke examined in court the papers of Simon Forman, he found his wife's name at the head of the necromancer's list. Yet, "like a fool that laughs when he is putting on her fetters," London was merry in the height of her misfortunes, and of this sinister merriment none had a greater share than Overbury. The gaiety of his temper was a pleasant contrast to Carr's more sombre ambition. He turned to scorn the serious things of statecraft, and he fitted the gravest of the Ministers with nicknames of contempt. Once upon a time, at Greenwich, his humour led him into disgrace. He and Carr were walking in the garden, and the queen, espying them, said, "There goes Carr and his governor." Presently Overbury laughed, and the queen, thinking that he laughed at her, had him committed to jail. For whistling in the presence of Marie Antoinette, a hapless Frenchman passed forty years cloistered in a *maison de santé*. Overbury was more fortunate. He swore that he did but laugh at a jest of the king's, and was instantly set at liberty. The queen, forced to forgive, did not forget, and presently made the affront, in which she still believed, one excuse for his ruin. But for Overbury life, death, and the State were food for laughter, and he laughed though the shadow of death hung over him. And, if we may believe the voice of adulation, he taught the king and his favourites to think as well as to laugh. He carried to the Court the appreciation of poetry and the trick of criticism, which he had picked up from Ben Jonson and his compeers in the taverns of Fleet Street. Before he became his mortal enemy, Jonson dedicated some lines to Overbury, in which praise outran even the behests of friendship. "I think," he wrote—

> "I think, the fate of court thy coming crav'd,
> That the wit there and manners might be sav'd:
> For since what ignorance, what pride is fled!
> And letters, and humanity in the stead!"

But whatever the Court craved, Overbury's real purpose in coming thither was to be in earnest, what the queen called him in jest, Carr's governor. He wrote the letters for which the young Scot got credit; he despatched the business which the courtier whose

fortunes he followed was powerless to despatch. And Carr's fortune was indeed worth following. From the day when, in the king's presence, he rode in the tiltyard with Lord Dingwall and fell under his horse, his progress was ominously rapid. James's solicitude drew all men to the minion's side. All the great ones of the nation flocked to see him. Henceforth to win his favour was the first step on the road of ambition, and as in those days nothing was achieved that was not paid for, few men obtained any office in Court or Parliament without paying toll to Carr. And from the very outset Overbury played Pythias to Carr's Damon. He shared his influence and emoluments, as was but just, since, united, the two men were all-powerful, divided they would have been naught. His father was made a judge at the son's demand, and there were those who did not disdain to pay obeisance to the father that they might win the favour of the son. Sir Nicholas, indeed, did himself confess "that Sir Fran. Bacon used heretofore to stoop and crouch to Sir Tho. Overbury, in hope of Carr's favour to be Master of the Court of Wards: for which place he offered much; and Sir Thomas his father might once have had £1000 if he would have spoken effectually to his son. But Sir Thomas knew Bacon to be corrupt." What a dark picture is here painted of bribery and intrigue! Bacon stooped and crouched, though not for long, and then took a bitter revenge upon Overbury, whose favour he had asked in vain. Sir Thomas knew him to be corrupt, and doubtless Bacon well remembered the rejection of his suit when, as King's Attorney, he prosecuted Sir Thomas's murderer. "Overbury," said he, "was naught and corrupt; the ballads must be mended for that point." Thus by chance the two men imputed to one another the same vice, and both were in the right of it. For a while, however, the adventurers, Carr and Overbury, suffered no check, and looked upon the great affairs of which they had the conduct as a profitable joke. "They made a play of all the world besides themselves," said an enemy, "so as they had cyphers and jargons for the king and queen and the great men of the realm." From Carr no matter of State was concealed by his doting master, and Carr hastened to reveal all the mysteries of the council chamber to his eager friend. Is it strange, then, that their arrogance increased, that they believed themselves the sole repositories of the king's power and the king's favour? Of the two, Overbury's position seemed the stronger. He enjoyed influence without responsibility, and firm in the conviction of his intellectual superiority, he thought he had Carr's head under his girdle, since Carr had never scrupled to betray to him the secrets of State, or, as he called them in his pleasant jargon, "the secrets of nature."

The king rewarded them for the services he supposed they

had rendered him after his kind. Carr was first knighted, then made Viscount Rochester, was presently appointed private secretary to his majesty, and received the garter. Overbury was granted the honour of knighthood in 1608, a year later than his friend, and obtained the office of Sewer to the King. His father, with the pride of memory and old age, treasured up a story of this office whose pointlessness is its point. "When Sir Thomas was made Sewer to the King," said he, "his Majesty, walking in the privy garden, showed him to the Queen, saying, Look you, this is my new Sewer; and Queen Anne answered, 'Tis a pretty young fellow." The pretty young fellow had died in misery and disgrace five and twenty years before the trivial tale was told, and the father could still look back proudly and without anger at his son's superb career. If he lacked Sir Thomas's humour, he had a fair share of his haughty spirit. He could even take pleasure in the reflected glory which shone about his own head. "Himself," said he, "being of the Middle Temple, was often pointed at by way of honour in the streets: There goes Sir Tho. Overbury's father." The lofty humbleness of this confession shows not merely the amiable temper of Sir Nicholas, but to what a pinnacle of power and notoriety Sir Thomas had attained. From this pinnacle he was thrust with a suddenness which, if it appalled, should not, as it did, have surprised him. His shrewd intelligence might long before have recognised the truth that he who rises by fortune, falls by fortune. He had gratified a vaulting ambition not by the exercise of his own conspicuous talent, but by taking advantage of the shifts and chances which perplex the life of a courtier. Nevertheless, he did not expect ruin, least of all from that quarter of the sky whence it was hurled upon him like a thunderbolt. At any rate, he believed the friendship of Rochester secure, and overlooked in that security the vengeful cunning of such a woman as rarely disturbs the course of history.

In 1606, Frances Howard, a Messalina in temper, if not in enterprise, was married to the Earl of Essex with all the pomp and splendour that belonged to the time. James smiled approval on the union. Ben Jonson, with the aid of Inigo Jones, devised the finest masque that ever had been seen at Court. Though the bride was thirteen, the bridegroom but a year older, the marriage seemed to be made under the happiest auspices and with the best hopes of felicity. The children parted, and some five years later returned to Court, still children, as we should account them today. But no sooner had Lady Essex beheld her husband again than she refused to live with him. He neither flattered her eye nor ministered to her ambition. Determined to rid herself of an encumbrance at all costs, she followed the habit

of her age, and consulted the sorcerers. And first of all she asks counsel of Mistress Turner, "sweet Turner" she calls her, a monster of profligacy, from whom the art and science of poisoning held no secrets. The widow of a disreputable doctor, she had been bred to a knowledge of drugs and magic, and she was ready for any enterprise which would bring her fame and profit. By a strange perversity she was of a haunting beauty. "It seemed that she had been some gentle dame," says the poet of "Overbury's Vision," who praises most eloquently her crystal eye, her ivory brow, her globe-like head, her hair like threads of gold; indeed it is clear that, with all her crimes, she had not forgotten the practical value of coquetry and display. She it was who first set the fashion of stiffening with yellow starch the frills and ruffs then worn, a fashion presently killed by the scandal of her life and death. Such was the woman into whose hands Lady Essex wilfully confided her destiny, and Mistress Turner did not fall below the occasion. Calling in the aid of Simon Forman, whom Antony Wood calls "a very able astrologer and physician," and whom others knew by worse names, she set herself by the black arts of sorcery to do the bidding of Lady Essex. And first by her enchantments she must alienate Essex from his wife and so bewitch him out of his manhood. To this end she bade Forman make many pictures of wax, crosses, and other uncouth things, and at last the couple seemed to achieve their purpose by sticking a thorn from a tree that bore leaves into a waxen image. Meanwhile Lady Essex had fallen in love with Rochester, at the encouragement of her kinsman, Lord Northampton, the most sinister figure in a sinister age, and either by the magic of Mistress Turner or by her own charm had inspired him with a passion as violent as her own. To Northampton, an ancient courtier, who thought no villany incompatible with his rank, and whose hands had long been stained with Spanish gold, the intrigue promised nothing but advantage. Its success would bind Rochester to him with the bonds of gratitude, and at the same time might remove from his path the dangerous rival that Overbury was fast becoming. Therefore he set no hindrance in the path of the lovers, and so well did his plot prosper that nothing but an annulment of the former marriage and a legal union would please either Rochester or the Lady Essex. Overbury behaved himself with the honesty and indiscretion which he had never been at the pains to check. So long as the intrigue remained an intrigue, he uttered no protest. When he saw his friend drifting to the hapless marriage which a divorce would make possible, he did what he could with speech and pen to save him from the pit. With all his eloquence he urged him not to cast away his honour and glory on a woman; he told him roundly that he might

expect no better requital at her hands than she had shown her husband; and when Rochester answered him harshly, he gave him back angry word for angry word, demanding at last what portion of money was due to him, and declaring that he would no longer endure his quarrels and insults.

He did more than this. With a simplicity of mind, admirable and unexpected, he attempted to turn Rochester aside from his purpose by writing the poem—"A Wife"—which with his "Characters" is his best title to literary fame. His father's evidence is clear enough on the point. "Sir Thomas," says he, "wrote his poem called 'A Wife' to induce Viscount Rochester to make a better choice than of the divorced Countess." So little it seems to achieve so much! It is like attempting to stem a torrent with a withered leaf. Nevertheless, the poem, published after Overbury's death, with many sets of commendatory verses, the best of them from the hand of John Ford, in which poets and Templars conspired to do him honour, is packed with good, sound commonplace. The poet asks of a perfect wife neither birth nor beauty. As to portion, "nor will I shun," says he, "nor my aim it make." Indeed, "rather than these the object of my love," he writes,

> "Let it be good; when these with virtue go,
> They (in themselves indifferent) virtues prove,
> For good, like fire, turns all things to be so.
> God's image in her soul, O let me place
> My love upon! not Adam's in her face."

It is, in truth, a prudent rather than a lofty view of matrimony that Overbury expounds. Though he gives the best advice he can to his friend, he is no idealist. He asks understanding, not knowledge, of a woman. "Domestic charge," he is sure, "doth best befit that sex," and he would grant it neither leisure nor books. Learning he deplores:

> "Learning and pregnant wit in womankind,
> What it finds malleable makes frail,
> And doth not add more ballast, but more sail."

And of woman's frailty he holds a harsh opinion. She is to blame, he thinks, who has been tried without consent. "He comes too near," he says in the best known line of his poem, "who comes to be denied." For the rest, the poem may boast a kind of epigrammatic elegance. It suggests Donne at a discreet distance and in an interval of studied plainness. It presents the complete antithesis of the society in which its author lived, and if it be sincere it throws a strange cross-light upon a wayward character. That Overbury thought well enough of it to wish it brought before the woman he loved, we are assured by Ben Jonson. "The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her father, Sir P. Sidney, in poesie," Jonson told Hawthornden. "Sir Thomas Overbury was in love with her, and caused Ben to

read his 'Wife' to her, which he with an excellent grace did, and praised the author. The morn thereafter he discorded with Overbury, who would have him to intend a suit that was unlawful. The lines the lady kept in remembrance: 'He comes too near who comes to be denied.'"

'Tis a strange story this of Overbury's love for the Countess of Rutland, and of his sending so uncouth a ruffler as Ben Jonson on an embassy of adoration. But in the dark tragedy of Overbury's life it is a mere interlude. If the poem were read to Sir Philip Sidney's daughter, who was well able to appreciate its beauties, it was read also to the Moabitish woman who was filling the Court with evil thoughts and the promise of evil deeds. Lady Essex took fire at the simple verses, which she thought designed to rob her of Rochester's affection. As before, she had been intent to bewitch Essex, so she was now resolved upon the ruin and murder of Overbury. Not only had he written a persuasive poem—he had done far worse than that; he had taxed her with a name of plain Saxon sound, which is not acceptable to polite ears. Up and down she denounced him, calling him "that negro, that scum of men, that devil incarnate." Her first plan was to hire a ruffian to kill him outright, or with the mere pretence of a duel; and the ruffian she elected to do her bidding was Sir David Wood, whom Sir Nicholas Overbury calls "a boisterous and atheistical soldier." The plot was made, the amount of blood-money agreed upon, and then the wayward Countess changed her mind. Her enemy should be removed by a more subtle contrivance, and again she sought the aid of her familiar friend Mistress Turner. For this queen of poisoners to think was to act. The means and the instrument were speedily devised. There was one Weston, a rope-ripe scoundrel who shrank from no crime, and was bold to encounter the last danger. Once a servant of Dr Turner, he too well understood the practices, and was eager to obey the behests, of the sorceress. His outward look betrayed the cold cruelty of his temper. A meagre fellow, with a bloodless face pallid as death and a grisled beard, he was cast by nature for the part he was called to play. His price was more modest than his intent, and he promised that he would put Sir Thomas out of the way for a poor £200. There remained only to appoint to the Tower a governor pliant and sympathetic, and to find a good excuse for sending the victim thither a close prisoner. The plan was less hazardous than it appears to-day. Few obstacles lay in the path of Rochester and Northampton. Their baleful influence was enough to drive Sir Thomas Wade, an honourable gentleman, from his office, and to replace him in the governorship of the Tower by Sir Gervase Helwes, a grave and trusted friend of the conspirators. The arrest of Sir Thomas was

a masterpiece of calculated treachery, in which the king himself most certainly had a hand. With all the pomp and circumstance of honour, an embassy was proposed to Overbury. He could go, as a free choice led him, either to France, where the Ambassador was soon to be changed, or to the Archduke's Court, where the office was even now vacant. The proposal might well have flattered an older and more distinguished man than he. But life at Court had thrown its spell upon him, and made him loth to leave his friends, or to lose in foreign exile the chance of a higher preferment at home. Even in this matter a solace was given to his ambition. If he would accept the mission, he was promised the Treasurership of the Chamber on the death of my Lord Stanhope. Still he hesitated, and at last took the fatal step of consulting Rochester. The favourite, outwardly amiable, yet now resolved upon the ruin of Overbury, gave him the advice of a false friend. Reject the offer, said he in effect, and stay at home. Overbury, blinded by pride, did as Rochester bade him. He refused to go abroad, and his answer was interpreted by the Council as "pregnant of contempt."

In excuse for Overbury it may be said that he was ignorant of the conspiracy which had been made against him. The plot had been framed with so profound a secrecy that even Sir Henry Wotton, an accomplished man of affairs, knew not "whether this were done without the participation of my Lord of Rochester," and the bird is always the last to see the fowler's net spread before him. By this time, too, as I have said, Overbury was friendless and alone. King and Court were alike weary of him and his bitter tongue. The parasites of the favourite had long been irked by the too stiff carriage of his fortune. James himself was determined to be rid of this turbulent counsellor, not merely for his own sake, but for the sake of Rochester. He had not forgotten "the scandalous offence of the Queen at Greenwich, which was never but a palliated case," and it was commonly rumoured that Sir Thomas Overbury had vented some stinging sarcasms upon the Court, which came to the King's hearing. So great an evil is a sharp and thoughtless wit. The many jests, which, when Sir Thomas spoke them, had raised a laugh, were now remembered to the discredit of the falling star. Northampton, too, had his reasons, and very cogent ones, for wishing the ruin of Overbury. Old in years, he was yet young in hope; nor could he easily forgive the slur that had been thrown upon Lady Essex, his kinswoman and a Howard. As for Lady Essex, her acrimony needs no explanation. How could she do other than hate the man who had scorned her pretensions and cast a slur upon her honour? And Rochester, now confident that he could stand alone, made no scruple of kicking down the man upon whose in-

telligence he had climbed to power. Resentment, rather than gratitude, is the common reward of unrequited service, and Overbury did but pay the debt exacted of those who in making the career of others foolishly believe themselves indispensable. There was another reason, also, why Rochester had turned him from love to hatred. Overbury was the repository of all his secrets. No intrigue, no disreputable bargain had been hidden from the favourite's Governor. One or other of them, then, must die, and Rochester was resolved that his should not be the blood that was spilt.

Thus the plot was laid; thus the victim was snared. Overbury disdained the ambassage, and his disdain, as one of the craft said, was thought "an eternal disgrace to their occupation." The king, in ignorance of the baleful part played by Rochester, ordered Overbury's arrest, and on April 21st 1613 he was "from the council chamber conveyed by a clerk of the council and two of the guard to the Tower, and there by warrant consigned to the lieutenant as a close prisoner." Sir Henry Wotton, who has left us an account of this memorable episode, describes it as "both by the suddenness like a stroke of thunder, and more by the quality and relation of the persons, breathing in the beholders (whereof by chance I was one) very much amazement." And upon none did the thunderclap come more suddenly than upon Overbury himself. He stood in the second degree of power at Court; only Rochester was above him; and two hours before the catastrophe he had described himself as "never better than at the present of his own fortunes and ends." And when he was gone, one wonder possessed all the world. Had Rochester a hand in it? That was the question murmured on every side. If the arrest were made without Rochester's knowledge, said the gossips, then we must expect of himself either a decadence or a ruin. If he were participant in the affair, then was the future dark indeed. To Sir Henry Wotton's optimism a few days seemed sufficient to clear the doubts away. Two weary years were to pass before any light was cast upon the sinister drama of poison and death. In the meantime, said Wotton, "I dare pronounce of Sir Thomas Overbury, that he shall return no more to this stage." Here the ambassador was in the right of it. Sir Thomas Overbury returned to this stage no more. The Court was governed by no new philosophy, and the old principles would not bear his restoration. Thus the gates of the Tower were shut upon the hapless prisoner, for whom nothing was left, as we shall see, but desertion, torture, and a creeping death.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.

BY GENERAL
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

IV.

THE COMMUNE—A WISE DIPLOMATIST—THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY—THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES—THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES—HOW I GOT OUT OF PARIS—A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT—"DOMESTIC FURY AND FIERCE CIVIL STRIFE"—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR—MARÉCHAL BAZAINE—MY BOOK SUPPRESSED—MILITARY LECTURES TO PRINCE ARTHUR—THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

SHORTLY after my return to Woolwich at the beginning of February 1871 I received a message from the Empress Eugénie that she would like to see me at Chiselhurst. I went there, and was received by her in a small boudoir. We were alone together. I had last seen her seated beside the Emperor in all her beauty and pride of state, and was saddened by the change which anxiety and grief had wrought in her. She bade me sit on a low ottoman almost at her feet, and asked me about people from whom she had heard of me, especially of Marshal Canrobert and his wife, the one brave woman, she said, who had counselled her remaining in Paris. She talked to me of that time when the news of the tragedy of Sedan had arrived, of Trochu and the promises he had made, and of the Paris mob. "I am only a woman," she said, "and I had the fate of Marie Antoinette in mind." She was much moved, and I not less so. Of the Emperor, who was still a prisoner of war at Wilhelmshöhe, she said, "History will yet give him the credit of having maintained order in France for twenty years."

Six weeks had scarcely passed when the startling news arrived that in Paris the troops who had been sent on March 18 to bring away from Montmartre the cannon of which the National Guard had possessed itself, had fraternised with the National Guard, that General Thomas and General Lecomte had been murdered, and that M. Thiers had removed the seat of government to Versailles. That evening the insurrection was master of Paris, abandoned by Government and troops; the entire *enceinte* of the fortifications and all the outer forts on the left bank of the Seine, except Mont Valérien, were in its hands; the Government of Versailles was holding Mont Valérien and the lines thrown up by

the Germans on the left bank of the Seine; while the Germans occupied the forts and suburbs on the right bank.

The situation was full of interest for a soldier, and I determined to take advantage of the short Easter vacation to see it with my own eyes. The moment I was at liberty I started with a Swiss courier, and arrived at St Germain on April 4. The following morning I called on Lord Lyons, our Ambassador to France, who was at Versailles, and asked him if he would help me to obtain facilities to see the military operations which must undoubtedly be undertaken for the recapture of Paris. He wrote on my behalf to Comte Clermont Tonnerre, who sent me on to the military authorities. I was most kindly received, and obtained a pass, of which, as I believe it to be a unique document, I append a copy:—

ARMÉE DE PARIS,
LE GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF.

5 *avril* 1871.

PERMIS DE CIRCULATION.

Monsieur le Capitaine Brackenbury de l'Artillerie Anglaise est autorisé à circuler librement dans les lignes françaises, et à assister aux opérations militaires.

VERSAILLES, *le* 5 *avril* 1871.

Le Général Commandant en Chef l'armée de Paris,
VINOY.

Le Chef d'état Major Géneral de l'armée de Versailles,
BOREL.

At this time the French army at Versailles was gaining strength by the return of the prisoners of war from Germany, both officers and men. Marshal Canrobert was at Brussels, anxious to come to Versailles, and we arranged that he should travel by a train which would bring him to St Denis after dark, and that I should meet him there with a carriage and escort him to Versailles. He arrived at the hour appointed, and we made the journey in safety and without any *contretemps*. There never was a man more completely free from nervousness than he was; but at this time the Communists were holding the bridge at Neuilly; the French army had not been considered strong enough to do more than hold its own; the Maréchal would have had but short shrift if he had fallen into the hands of the Communists, and he consented to my suggestion that our drive should be taken at night, and that our route should lead us as far as possible from the Communists' outposts.

I took up my quarters at St Germain, at that famous hotel, the Pavillon Henri IV. Business in Paris being at a standstill, and neither carriages nor horses being safe there from requisitions by the Commune, Versailles and St Germain were overstocked with them, and it was easy to hire cheaply a light waggonette, in which I used to drive myself to points that appeared to be out of the danger zone, and then, leaving the carriage in charge of the courier, walk on to the place selected for my day's point of observation. There was always

a good deal of outpost firing going on, and at times a good deal of shell fire. One day Lord Lyons was persuaded to visit Meudon, whence there was an extended view over the level ground on which the outposts were posted. He was looking from the window of an empty house, when a shell fell and burst in the garden below. Then he said quietly, "Perhaps I had better retire. It would be a diplomatic blunder if Her Majesty's Ambassador were to be killed."

The one and only offensive effort by the Communists had been made on Sunday, April 2, before my arrival, and had failed. From that time forward they acted strictly on the defensive. The Versailles troops advanced slowly but steadily. Courbevoie was taken after a hard resistance. I visited it the next day, when it was the nearest point to the Communists, who were still holding the bridge of Neuilly, and the bullets were flying fast. The next step was the taking of the bridge of Neuilly. No hint had reached me that this attack was to be made on that day; so I missed my chance of seeing the fight, which was very severe. Twenty-two officers (including two generals killed) were killed or wounded in the attack by the fire from the houses on the Paris bank. Of those two generals, I had seen one the morning after my entry into Metz. I had brought him news of his family and a message from his young wife that she had borne him a child and was well, and I shall never forget his emotion. His regiment (he was only a colonel at Metz) was engaged in the hottest fight at the battles of Rezonville and Gravelotte, and he fell at Neuilly by the hand of his own countrymen.

The morning after the action I went to Neuilly. A large force was concealed in the houses on the Versailles side of the river. Having found the headquarters of their commander, I presented my pass, and asked permission to cross the bridge. This was refused, as the bridge was being swept by fire from a Communist battery at the Porte Maillot and another at the Arc de Triomphe; but a young staff officer accompanied me across the river in a boat and conducted me to the barricade at the Paris end of the bridge, behind which a battery of field guns was established. There we found the general in command. He bade me welcome, and while he was explaining to me how far his men were advanced in the houses of the Avenue de Neuilly, a shell from the Porte Maillot burst in the sandbags of the barricade, smothering us in sand. He laughed, clapped me on the back, and said, "Nous avons reçu nôtre baptême de sable ensemble."

I remained some time in the battery, watching the small skirmishing which took place when some adventurous spirits on either side would break cover and come out into the open. The shells from the Communist batteries were passing over our heads, and one

of them struck and burst in a waggon full of biscuit which had been abandoned in the middle of the bridge, sending up a fountain of biscuit, some of which fell in our battery, and was promptly seized by the men. Our battery also was in action, and while watching with my field-glasses I saw one of its shells strike the Arc de Triomphe. I expressed to the general my hope that they would be able to spare the monument which commemorated the valour of their own army, and which the Prussians had left intact. But it was not to be, and amongst my souvenirs of that time is a photograph taken later of the famous arch, starred and pitted with the marks of French shells.

Early on the following morning two great friends, Colonel the Hon. Augustus Anson, M.P., and Colonel Valentine Baker, called on me at my hotel, both anxious to see all that could be seen of the fighting. I ordered my carriage, and told my courier to come with me: he had remained with it in a safe sheltered place on the previous day during my visit across the river, but to-day he flatly refused to come. He said he was not engaged to "go into danger," that he had a wife and family, and that while he would obey me in all else, he would not risk being killed. So we started without him, and on arrival at the place where the carriage had halted on the previous day, fortunately found a man willing to mind the horse. We found the staff officer who had crossed the river with me the day before, but he positively though politely refused to allow my friends to cross. All we could do was to walk down to the river bank, where we leaned upon the stone parapet, some three feet high, which is, in fact, part of the parapet of the long bridge, carried for a short distance along the river bank on either side. Scarcely had we got there when a very heavy fire was opened by the Communist batteries, with the evident intention of bombarding the houses behind us in which the French reserves were sheltered. Shells fell in the river in front of us, others passed over our heads and struck the buildings behind. We stooped under the cover of the low parapet when we heard a shell coming, and on one occasion as we did so saw two small boys, aged about ten and twelve, come out and play in a street which ran back just behind where we were stationed. Another whizz of a shell, the two boys threw themselves down in the road, and the shell burst, as we thought, right on their heads. They jumped up, unhurt, picked up some fragments of the shell which had rebounded from the walls, and ran with them to us, offering to sell them. As we talked, they kept tossing the fragments from hand to hand, or throwing them down and picking them up again, as they were too hot to be held continuously in their hands. No better

example could be given of the way in which constant exposure to any form of danger deadens the sense of fear of that danger. These urchins had gone through the siege by the Germans, and the previous days' fighting at Neuilly, and they had no fear. Presently Augustus Anson said, "As I have got the Victoria Cross, I move that we retire."

On our way home, we agreed that we would endeavour to get into Paris and see its condition with our own eyes. And so on the following morning we boarded one of the small river passenger-steamers (*mouches*) which continued running, and disembarked at St Denis. There we took tickets at the railway station, and entered a train of the Northern Railway, which deposited us safely at the Gare du Nord. No one interfered with us, or asked us any questions. It need scarcely be said that I had left behind me my Versailles army pass. We took up our abode at the Hôtel Chatham, where we found some English newspaper correspondents.

We lunched in the Palais Royal, at that famous restaurant "Les Trois Frères Provençaux," where we had every luxury of the table. We were at first alone, but presently a couple came in, and such a couple. A little sous-officier of the National Guard in uniform, with a woman, evidently one of the lowest of the low. They ordered a sumptuous meal, and the little man produced a handful of gold to show that he could pay. We wondered where it came from. After lunch we walked through the deserted Palais Royal, where almost every shop was closed, into the deserted streets. We went to the Place Vendôme, where we saw the shattered column lying prone on the ground. Then we strolled on till we got to the Place de la Concorde. On arrival there, we found quite a number of people looking up the Champs Elysées watching the bursting of the shells; farther up, towards the Rond Point, there was a smaller number, and farther still a few isolated units. It was like the breaking of a wave—a wave of fear. We walked on, and passed the Rond Point without being stopped. But when we had got a little farther, we found sentries posted on the pavement at the corners of the side streets. The first of these, evidently an old soldier, asked us where we were going, and told us we could not pass farther. He entered into conversation with us, during which a mounted Communist officer, very much bedizened with embroidery, and followed by a mounted orderly, came cantering up. A shell burst some fifty yards in front of him, when he halted; and our sentry, resting his rifle between his knees, formed a trumpet with his hands and shouted "Don't be afraid, General—go on." But the officer thought the better part of valour was discretion, and turned up a side street. Then our sentry let his tongue loose, and told us what he thought

of the officer and his embroidery and his cowardice in a few words that were more expressive than polite.

We were most anxious to get to the battery at the Arc de Triomphe, wanting to see the guns whose fire we had been under on the previous day, but our sentry, who was now on friendly terms with us, said he must forbid our walking farther up the Champs Elysées, advising us to try the side streets and work round by them. This we tried, but at each corner we were turned back. It is just as well that we failed. A friend and former brother officer of mine was, one day when walking in the street, ordered to shoulder a rifle and go down to the outposts. He pleaded his English nationality, but was told, "There is no more any question of nationality; it is the Universal Republic." And he had to go or be shot. And suppose that we three English officers had been ordered, on peril of our lives, to assist in working the guns of that battery against the French troops, our comrades of yesterday!

That night we heard very heavy and continuous artillery fire, and the following morning, when we went out, we found the streets placarded with huge sheets describing how the Versailles army had attacked and been beaten back with heavy slaughter, the ground being covered with their dead. We had not much faith in the truth of the placards, which, as a matter of fact, contained only pure invention; but how were we to find out anything? The idea struck me that if we could get to the top of the dome of the "Invalides" we should have a very extended view. Dr Quesnoy, the chief surgeon of the Invalides, had been with the army of Metz, and I had met him when breakfasting with Marshal Canrobert at Laronde the day after the capitulation. We went to the Invalides, and found Dr Quesnoy. He took us to the guard, explained to them who we were, said that he knew me well, and asked if we might go up the dome. Permission was given, we mounted that long staircase, and on arrival at the top our conductor unlocked the door leading to the outer gallery, ushered us out, then promptly shut the door again, locked it, and went down the stairs. We looked at each other, but we could only make the best of it. Baker had a good telescope, Anson and I had our field-glasses; we searched the whole ground with them up to the Versailles outposts. There was not a sign of anything abnormal. All was as usual. The puff of a rifle here and there from the outposts, an occasional shot from the forts. We got tired of standing in this gallery, high above the world, and we wanted to leave. But the door was locked. In vain we shouted, and hammered at the door. More than an hour had passed, and we had resolved to wait in patience, trusting that Quesnoy would prevent our being left there to starve to death, when

we heard a step on the stairs. The door was thrown open, and our conductor appeared with a smiling face. He hoped *ces Messieurs* had enjoyed the view. He had gone down to his dinner, and thought we should be safer if he locked us in. He was *bon garçon*, but some of his comrades might not have been so friendly. We could well believe it; for on our way we had passed a Belleville battalion on the march, many of whom had faces that still haunted us like a nightmare. He refused our offered tip, saying he was doing his duty and could take no present. We descended, and informed Dr Quesnoy, who said he had begun to be anxious about us, and was just starting to make inquiries of the guard.

From what we heard that evening Baker and I arrived at the conclusion that by staying in Paris we were running a risk which, as officers on full pay, we ought not to prolong; so on the following morning, leaving Anson, who, retired from the army and a Member of Parliament, did not share our scruples, to visit the leaders of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, we went to the British Embassy, where we found Mr (afterwards Right Honourable Sir) Edward Malet, who was in charge. From him we obtained passports for England. At the Gare du Nord we were challenged by a Communist sentry, who asked for our papers. We produced our passports, which he examined. When he found that we were English he became quite friendly, and we conversed while waiting for our train. He asked us what the English thought of the Commune, and Baker wisely replied that the movement was not properly understood in our country, inviting him to explain it to us. Before he said many words we heard the welcome call of "Voyageurs pour St Denis," &c. &c. Our friend shook hands with us and wished us *bon voyage*. We parted at St Denis, Baker going on to England, and I returning to St Germain.

Next day I went to army headquarters and saw General Borel, telling him that, while they had kindly given me a pass to see the military operations, I had missed the attack on Courbevoie and the taking of the bridge of Neuilly through want of information, and that it would be a great kindness to me if he would indicate in what direction I should now turn my attention. He said that they had been obliged to wait till they could get heavy guns to bombard the forts, that these had now arrived and were being mounted, and that if I went to the plateau of Chatillon I should probably see what would be of interest to me as an artilleryman. Only two or three days of my vacation remained, so that afternoon I drove to Chatillon. As usual the shells were falling at uncertain intervals on the plateau, and it was a long walk from my carriage to the batteries, which had been built by the Germans and were now to be

used by the French. In one of these I found a group of artillery officers, who explained to me their dispositions for the bombardment of forts Issy and Vanves. The colonel in command told me that the bombardment would commence on the following morning, and said that if I would return in the forenoon he hoped to be able to show me some results.

The following morning I drove to the plateau. As I neared it the sound of bursting shells showed me that the forts had certainly not been silenced. Leaving my carriage, I walked to the front. Before I had gone far I met an officer escorting back a stretcher on which lay the colonel, severely wounded. They advised me not to go to the battery where I had been on the previous day, as the forts had concentrated their fire on it and dismounted the guns, but to go to one of the other batteries on the right flank of the attack. I followed this advice, and soon got into one of the old German approach trenches, which led me into a battery. But what a battery! The two left guns lying on the ground with broken carriages, and no one visible but one lookout man, standing with his head just above the parapet, and calling "A nous" each time that a shell was coming at the battery. In one of the splinter-proof traverses I found the officer commanding, Captain Strappart, who at once insisted on leaving his shelter and doing the honours of his battery.

And here it must be explained that whereas the Germans had high overbank carriages for their siege guns, and were thus able to conceal the carriages and gun detachments behind a continuous solid parapet, the French had only old-fashioned low siege-carriages, and had therefore been compelled to cut embrasures in the parapet. Captain Strappart told me that the Communist gunners in the forts had concentrated their fire on his embrasures one after the other in succession, and had thus wiped out two of his guns. The fort guns fired so much heavier metal than he could reply with, that he had masked all his embrasures with gabions and ordered his men under cover. While we were speaking, shells were striking the parapet, or passing over our heads, and then one struck the gabions in the third embrasure and sent them flying. Men were at once called out to replace the gabions. I was standing with my back to the parapet, close to the gun, and the captain was standing beside me, but farther from the gun, when another shell came through the embrasure and burst on the wheel nearest to me. For a moment I was stunned, and believed that I had received a violent blow on the right ear. Captain Strappart was struck on the left thigh by a splinter —fortunately not a serious wound—and some of the detachment were killed and wounded, one poor fellow being completely cut in two at the waist. The gun fell over with-

in a few inches of my foot. With perfect coolness officers and men resumed the placing of the gabions to mask the embrasure, and when the task was completed, the sergeant in charge of the gun offered me the knife of the poor fellow who had been cut in two, as a souvenir.

They urged me not to leave before nightfall, saying that the approaches, which had fallen into decay since the Germans abandoned them, offered but little shelter, and that their own orders were not to use them in daylight; but my face was swollen and painful, and I shook hands and started. I was alone, and had my back to the enemy; fragments of shells were whizzing by and striking all round; and never in my life have I experienced so uncomfortable a feeling. At last I reached the place where I had left my carriage, but not a sign of it was to be seen. At least a mile farther had to be walked before finding it, and in answer to my inquiries my courier told me the old story about his wife and family over again, but this time he had also considered the safety of the horse and carriage.

That evening at dinner I discovered that I was deaf in the right ear. A few days later an abscess burst in it and relieved me; but that ear has never since served me quite as well as the other.

My time was up, and I had to return home. It had been an extraordinary ten days' experience, of which that last day was a typical example. I had driven from my comfortable hotel, on a lovely spring morning, through woods clothed in young green and carpeted with lilies of the valley, into that scene of domestic strife and slaughter. In the late afternoon I drove home through the same smiling woods, to dress for a dinner-party, to which I had been bidden for the eve of my departure, in one of the *cabinets* on the terrace of the Pavillon Henri IV. We talked on every subject except the one that must have been uppermost in all our minds. We dined to the accompaniment of the boom of heavy guns, and from the window we looked down upon Paris, the home of the Communists.

I had seen men, women, and children working in the fields with the shells falling among them—those children of whom I have already spoken sent out to play in the streets at Neuilly. At Meudon I had seen ladies and young girls sit at their door working, while one read aloud to the others, amid the shells bursting in their own and the neighbouring gardens. It seemed to be the fulfilment of the prophecy of "domestic fury and fierce civil strife" which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony over the body of the murdered Cæsar—

> "Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
> And dreadful objects so familiar grown
> That mothers shall but smile when they behold
> Their infants quartered by the hand of war;
> All pity choked in custom of fell deeds."

From Paris I had written a long letter to 'The Times' to which prominence was given in the number of April 17. From the following extract it is evident what had mostly impressed me in Paris:—

"No more painful sight can be imagined than that which Paris now presents, in a handful of armed ruffians terrorising a whole population. A battalion marches down to the Boulevards, composed of those dregs of the gutter who are only stirred to the surface in the days of revolution, men whose faces are such as the imagination has scarcely conceived—countenances that seem to be the creation of a nightmare of a Fuseli: the pavement is crowded with men who belong to the Party of Order, as it is called, which outnumbers the entire National Guard, and exceeds tenfold that portion of the National Guard which rules the rest. They shrug their shoulders, grumble, and turn back to look at Punch, or performing rats. They say, forsooth, that it is Admiral Saisset's fault; that they have their arms, but that he *manquait son affaire*, and so they have no leaders. No leaders! What, not one man among 100,000 who will deliver Paris from this hideous slavery, and restore to life her who is now worse than a city of the dead! One may still find oysters and truffles for dinner at the Trois Frères, may see a comedy of Molière's well played at the Français, or a farce at the Gymnase; but among all the gourmets of Paris, or the able-bodied men who crowd the theatres, it seems as if there could not be found the courage of a man, or a spark of the spirit of duty. Communication between Paris and Versailles is practically free; there is no restriction on the passage of women, old men, children, or foreigners in and out by St Denis, and yet the Party of Order cannot concert a movement simultaneously with the troops of Versailles. It is monstrous."

Again I returned to Woolwich, and a few days later was invited by the Emperor Napoleon III. to call on him at Chiselhurst. I found him playing "Patience," and begged him to finish his game, which he did while I looked on. Then we had quite a long conversation. He commenced by speaking of Sedan, and we discussed the strategy of MacMahon's march in as quiet a manner as though it had only been a Kriegspiel, and not a move on which his own destinies had hung. He talked to me about my friends in the French army, and then turned to the subject of my own studies. He was greatly interested in my researches into the early history of artillery, and I told him how deeply indebted I had been to his work, 'Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie,' the best book in existence on the subject. When my interview was over, as I bowed myself out of the door, I saw him take up the cards again.

In June of the following year I received from Dulau & Co., the foreign booksellers of Soho Square, a memorandum saying that they had been requested to send me a new *brochure* by the Emperor, with his autograph, published under Comte de la Chapelle's name. The pamphlet is entitled 'Les Forces militaires de la France,' par le Comte de la Chapelle; it was published in Paris by Amyot, and my copy bears on the title-page, in the Emperor's handwriting, the words "A M. le Capitaine Brackenbury de la part de l'Empereur Napoléon, Camden Place, le 1 juin 1872."

The exciting episode of the Commune was at an end, and I had resumed my official duties, which, though thoroughly congenial to me, were not sufficient to absorb my whole energies. My connection with the press, which had previously entirely occupied my leisure hours, had been compulsorily severed, and I was rather at a loss for occupation for my spare time. So I commenced making a collection of books and pamphlets on the war by French officers, with a view to obtaining fuller light upon the operations of the French army. In the summer vacation I again visited the battlefields of the earlier portion of the Franco-German war—Weissembourg, Spicheren, Woerth, Borny, Rezonville, Gravelotte, Sedan, and spent some time in and round Paris.

I then decided to write a book for French readers, analysing the French conduct of the war down to the capitulation of Metz. This book I arranged with Lachaud, the publisher of the Place du Théâtre Français, to bring out under the title, 'Les Maréchaux de France, Étude de leur Conduite de la Guerre en 1870.' The preparation of the book occupied every moment of my spare time throughout the autumn and winter. When commencing it I was under the firm belief that Bazaine had done his best according to his lights to break out of Metz. It is true that among the French officers whom I had met in the "Division" that memorable morning after the capitulation of Metz a feeling was evident that their army had not been beaten but betrayed. In the town the same feeling was strongly expressed, and Bazaine was universally accused of ignorance, of incapacity, and of treason. But at Marshal Canrobert's headquarters, freely as his staff had spoken to me, no hint or suggestion of the kind had been conveyed. It was incredible to me that a marshal of the French Empire should have betrayed his trust, and bearing in mind how common is this accusation of treason after a national defeat, I was confident that my close study of detail would enable me to prove that whatever might have been his faults of strategy or of tactics, Bazaine was at least an honest man.

But as the facts developed themselves before me, it was borne in upon me by the evidence that Bazaine had betrayed his trust, not for money, or to help the Germans, but for the reason which follows. On August 16 the Emperor, under whose direct command Bazaine had chafed and fretted, left the Army of Metz, and Bazaine determined that he would not again come under his command. He had previously been intriguing to obtain the chief command, and his exclamation when the Emperor left, "Me voilà donc enfin débarrassé de lui," expressed the full measure of his content. If he had continued the march on Verdun on that day he would have come under the Emperor again. The proofs

were irresistible that from that moment, although he professed his desire to rejoin the Emperor, his one object was to avoid doing so.

The most damning fact to my mind was this. It appeared to be clearly and distinctly proved that on August 23 he received a despatch from MacMahon saying, "I am at Rheims, marching towards Montmédy. The day after to-morrow I shall be on the Aisne, whence I shall operate, according to circumstances, to come to your relief." He concealed the receipt of this. On the 26th he assembled the Commandants of Army Corps to consult them on the situation, and he never mentioned this despatch; but he laid before them reasons why it was not desirable to make any effort to break through the enemy's lines, and they accepted this view. It was not till the 30th, when the news of MacMahon's march had reached the troops through some of the many sources of information from outside, that he made MacMahon's despatch known, saying he had only received it that day. The copy which he showed had only reached him that day, but many copies had been sent, and the first had reached him on the 23rd, having been telegraphed to Thionville, and thence sent by an officer who made his way through the German lines.

I was staggered at this evidence: I ran over to Paris, and asked Marshal Canrobert to tell me what he believed to be the truth. "All I can tell you," said the loyal old soldier, "is this. When I met Marshal Bazaine at Cassel, in Germany, I said to him, Before I can shake hands with you, I must ask you this question: 'Did you, *comme on prétend*, receive MacMahon's despatch from Rheims on the 23rd?' 'No; I received it on the 30th, and communicated it to you at once,' was his reply. I asked him the same question again later in Paris, and received the same reply."

What was, then, in Bazaine's mind? Did he foresee the catastrophe of Sedan, and know that it would leave him the one General, the commander of the one army of France? If so, his calculations failed. There is ample evidence that he believed Paris would offer no serious resistance; but Paris held out, and he and his army were the first to succumb.

When once this leading idea of Bazaine's determination not to rejoin the Emperor had penetrated my mind, much that had hitherto seemed obscure became clear. I tore up a great part of what I had written, and rewrote the manuscript relating to the army of Metz from the date of August 16. Alas! it formed a terrible indictment, proved step by step from the evidence.

The book was in print, and was on the point of publication, when the telegraph announced to me that Bazaine was to be tried. I did not hesitate, but wrote at once to Mr Sheffield, Lord Lyons' Private Secretary in Paris, and told him exactly how I stood, say-

ing that I felt bound at this critical moment to suppress the book. The matter of Bazaine's conduct was now *sub judice*, and I could not reconcile it to my conscience to make public this strong indictment. I asked Sheffield to get the Embassy lawyer to see Lachaud and get the book suppressed. This was done. Lachaud said he expected a large sale, and had printed a large edition, and refused to suppress the book, in which we were to share profits, for less than he would have received had the whole edition been sold. Needs must where the devil drives. I sent a cheque for the money; the Embassy lawyer, Mr Maugham, reserving a few copies for me, had the whole of the remainder destroyed.[1] Mr Maugham most generously refused to accept any payment for his time and trouble.

Of the few copies which I retained, I sent one to Sir Lintorn Simmons, my immediate chief at Woolwich, and later, after Bazaine's trial and condemnation, I sent one to the Emperor, one to Marshal Canrobert, and one to the Staff College Library. Another was afterwards sent, at the request of the German military attaché, to the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. I still have two in my own possession, and, as far as I know, no other copies exist. It is rather sad to think that all the results of my elaborate studies of that war lie buried in the grave of this still-born book.

The year 1872 was until the winter a comparatively idle one, so far as the employment of my spare time was concerned. I spent part of the summer vacation visiting some of the later Italian battlefields, and the remainder in travelling for pleasure in the Bavarian Tyrol, the Italian lakes, and Venice. I attended for a few days manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, as the guest of Colonel Valentine Baker, whose tent I shared; and I lectured at the United Service Institution to Volunteer Officers on "Defensive Positions," my object being to show that successful defence depended not so much on the natural advantages of a position, as on the courage and, above all, the discipline of its defenders. The usual vote of thanks to the lecturer was proposed by Sir Frederick Leighton, then Colonel of the Artists' Corps, and a keen volunteer.

In the first week of November I received a letter from Sir Howard Elphinstone, Comptroller of the Household of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, then an officer of the Rifle Brigade, quartered at Dover, saying that H.R.H. had desired him to ascertain whether I had the leisure and the inclination to assist him in the study of Military History, that the Prince considered it a most important subject which

[1] Except one copy, which had already been sent to the 'République Française' and reviewed in that journal.

he was anxious to pursue, and suggested that I should impart the knowledge he wished to acquire in the form of lectures. Sir Lintorn Simmons quite approved, and I delivered a course of lectures to his Royal Highness at Dover in a large room on the ground-floor of the Lord Warden Hotel. A large number of the officers of the garrison attended these lectures at his Royal Highness's invitation, and it was a most interesting audience to address. In a letter dated January 3, 1873, Sir Howard wrote to me: "It will be gratifying to you to know that her Majesty was much pleased to hear that the lectures had been so successful, and had so deeply interested the Prince." His Royal Highness kindly invited me to dine and sleep at his house on the days of the lectures, and at their conclusion presented me with a handsome silver parcel-gilt jug, a copy from a design by Cellini, with an inscription.

In December 1872 two meetings were held in London for the purpose of promoting the publication of a military periodical. A society was formed, of which eighteen officers, all capable writers, were the original members. It was decided to establish a "Military Quarterly Review"; Captain J. W. Hozier was appointed editor, and a sub-committee of four, of which I was a member, was appointed to assist the editor. Every member of the society was pledged to contribute, if called upon by the editor, one article per annum. So far as I can remember, the scheme never bore fruit. When I look at the list of members and see how thoroughly they represented the party of progress in every branch of the service, and how much literary ability their ranks contained, I am convinced they might have had a powerful educational influence upon an army that was then showing signs of awakening from a long period of lethargy. It was at one of the meetings of this society that I first met Sir Garnet Wolseley, to whom we all then looked as the leader of the reform movement, the chief under whom I was later to have the joy of serving in five expeditions or campaigns.

It is a proof of the spirit which was stirring the dry bones at this time that the Council of the Royal United Service Institution were anxious to have a lecture delivered at their theatre in Whitehall on the changes which the Franco-German War had shown to be needed in the tactics of our army. On their behalf General Stephenson[1] asked me to deliver such a lecture; but it was not until I had more than once very strongly urged upon the Council that they should place this important task in the hands of some officer of greater experience and higher rank than myself, that I consented at their repeated instance to deliver the lecture, feeling that there was a point where my objections must cease, and that at last it became a duty to comply with

[1] Now General Sir Frederic Stephenson, Constable of the Tower of London.

the request of so distinguished a body of officers.

The lecture was delivered on May 31, 1873, the Saturday of the Derby week, the date having been chosen by the Council as one on which officers at Aldershot were likely to be free, and many from more distant stations in London. H.R.H. Prince Arthur kindly consented to preside, thus ensuring a large and important audience.

At the close of the lecture his Royal Highness invited discussion. Of all who spoke in that discussion only one is now living. They were Major Colley, then Professor of Strategy and Tactics at the Staff College, who later on, as Colonel Sir George Colley, was killed at Majuba; General Lord de Ros, at that time Constable of the Tower of London; Colonel (afterwards Sir Edward) Hamley, the author of that brilliant work, 'The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated'; Major-General (afterwards Sir Patrick) M'Dougall, at that time head of the Intelligence Department, and author of two well-known books, 'The Theory of War' and 'Modern Warfare as Influenced by Modern Artillery'; Major-General Sir Percy Herbert of Crimean fame; Lieut.-Colonel Owen, Professor of Artillery at the Royal Military Academy; General Sir William Codrington, another Crimean veteran; Lieut.-General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Sir Lintorn Simmons); and my brother, Major C. B. Brackenbury, who had been present as correspondent of 'The Times' at the battle of Königrätz in 1866, and at the battles on the Loire in 1870. Probably never before or since have so many officers of great distinction taken part in a military discussion in that theatre. By invitation of the chairman, I replied briefly to the questions raised by some of the speakers, and his Royal Highness closed the discussion with a few gracious words. Sir Garnet Wolseley, then Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, was present, but took no part in the discussion.[1]

In the summer vacation of that year I visited, with Captain (now General Sir George) Pretyman, the theatre of the campaign of 1866 in Bohemia, and on my return had arranged with the leading Indian newspaper, 'The Pioneer,' to write articles for them on the manœuvres which were to take place at Cannock Chase, when the event occurred which changed the whole current of my life.

One morning I read in the newspaper that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been selected to command an expedition against the Ashantis, who had invaded our territories on the Gold Coast. The papers were full of the horrible nature of the climate, and the difficulties of the expedition. I was longing

[1] This lecture and the discussion were published as a pamphlet, 'The Tactics of the Three Arms as Modified to meet the Requirements of the Present Day.' W. Mitchell & Co., 39 Charing Cross.

for an opportunity of seeing active service, and the idea of serving under Sir Garnet Wolseley appealed to me irresistibly, but I feared that I should be looked upon as only a theorist, a writer, and a teacher. But if there was ever to be a chance for me, this seemed to be the occasion. So that night I wrote to Sir Garnet, and said how proud I should be to serve under him in the humblest capacity. The most I dared to hope for was some small billet in the transport, or perhaps as a "special service officer" with native levies. Judge of my astonishment and delight when the morning brought me a telegram, "Will you accept post of my Assistant Military Secretary?—Wolseley."

Thus ended my long connection with the Royal Military Academy. It is interesting to look back, and to call to memory as they then were some of the cadets who passed through my hands: Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, late Inspector-General of the Forces; General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Commander-in-Chief in India; General Sir William Nicholson, Chief of the General Staff, and First Military Member of the Army Council; Sir Herbert Chermside, late Governor of Queensland; Colonel Sir George Clarke, Governor of Bombay; Major-General Sir Charles Hadden, Master-General of the Ordnance; Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Queen Victoria; Sir Arthur Bigge, Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, and now Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, were all Gentlemen Cadets in that time, showing promise of the distinguished future that awaited them; and I cannot remember any of them, as Sir William Nicholson told me soon after my arrival in India as a member of the Viceroy's Council that he could remember me, "as a very frivolous subaltern."

Lest it should be thought that my other occupations caused me to neglect my official duties, I append an extract from the order of the Governor (Sir Lintorn Simmons), published on September 11, 1873:—

"Captain H. Brackenbury, R.A., having been appointed Military Secretary to Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, C.B., K.C.M.G., for service on the Gold Coast, has ceased his duties as Professor of Military History at the Royal Military Academy.

"The Governor, in notifying Captain Brackenbury's departure, desires to record his high sense of the great ability he has displayed in his lectures, which, having been the result of much study and deep research combined with a spirit of sound military criticism, have been of great benefit to the large number of gentlemen cadets now in the Academy, and others now officers in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers who have passed under his tuition.

"The Governor also desires to thank Captain Brackenbury for the service he has rendered to the Royal Military Academy in acting as honorary librarian to the Cadets' Library, and in wishing him every success in his future career, is sure that he only expresses the heartfelt desire of every one connected with the Royal Military Academy."

(*To be continued.*)

FROM SHAM TO THE CITIES OF SALIH.

THE city of Sham, or Damascus, is, as all good travellers in the East know, shaped like a gigantic spoon. The handle of the spoon is formed by the long street that leads, almost with as little deviation as the "Street which is called Straight" itself, through the Meidan suburb to Kadem-es-Sherif; and at Kadem-es-Sherif is the beginning of the Hedjaz Railway. It lies well outside the city, in the midst of a sandy plain, surrounded by distant trees. The station buildings are modest enough; but close by a series of large workshops are rapidly rising; and these, when completed, will make it easier to realise than at present that this is the starting-point of a great arterial line of railway. There is no platform at this terminus — which in truth is no terminus, for the rails are continued across the plain, skirting the world-old city, and end close to the station of the Damascus-Mezarib line. Later, if present intentions are carried out, they will be farther prolonged to the Musharietquarter, in the heart of the city itself. They do not actually join those of the line just mentioned; but, some hundred kilometres farther south, the Dera'a-Caiffa branch runs through Mezarib; the two lines are united there; and, as the Mezarib-Damascus Railway joins with the Damascus-Beirût line (now the property of the same French company), the Hedjaz Railway is thus brought into unbroken connection with Aleppo and with the sea-coast.

At the station there is the usual motley confusion of an Eastern crowd as the train — which leaves for Ma'an three times in the week — prepares to start. Two entire carriages and a luggage-van, the last converted into store-room and kitchen, are allotted to our Commission (the object of whose journey is to study the measures required to control the spread of disease by pilgrims travelling by the new railway). They are now attached to the rear of the ordinary train; beyond Ma'an we shall have our own engine, and be free to choose our own halting-places. Precisely at two o'clock, Eastern time (9.35 A.M. by Western reckoning), the train moves off. For the first few hours the line passes over flat or undulating plains, through wide stretches of cultivated land, where golden barley, the green, clover-like *alfalfa*, and other crops are varied by round clumps of fruit-trees or groups of tall poplars. To the distant right are the Anti-Lebanon and the snows of Hermon; they almost seem to travel with us, and the silver and blue tracery of the latter is not lost sight of for many hours. Every thirty or forty minutes the train draws up at a "station," where is nothing but a four-square, rough stone building, with corrugated iron roof. Occasionally there is a

Druse or other settlement close by. At intervals the plain is broken by the ruins of some deserted village; by the black, poverty-stricken tent of some Bedouin family; by vast flocks and herds, or by smaller groups of camels, tended by motionless, Biblical-looking figures, in broad-striped, flowing garments.

Ere very long the cultivated land begins to alternate with stretches of bare reddish earth, littered with black lumps of lava, and we are soon skirting that strange region of volcanic freaks, the Lejah, or Trachonitis. We only touch the fringe of it, and catch but glimpses of this sable sea of lava. Villages of the blue-black lava-stone, each with its tall watch-tower, dot the country at intervals, making a strange and startling contrast of colour with the gold of the crops,—a gold of almost dazzling intensity in the noon-day sun. The crops are prodigious in extent and richness. Perhaps the hidden fires that once melted the surging sea of lava and formed the Lejah still give some warmth and added fertility to a soil in itself rich in the extreme. Locally, indeed, there seems to be a belief that those fires are not quite extinct, or at all events that this volcanic area is still in vital connection with other active areas in the earth's crust. In proof whereof it is averred that there exists in the Lejah a lake, whose waters are ordinarily some two metres in depth; yet, on the day of the great eruption in Martinique, when the town of St Pierre was overwhelmed, the waters of this lake completely dried up, and only returned to their former depth on the morrow! Far be it from me to vouch for—or to question—the truth of this most interesting statement.

The line crosses from north to south the Nukrah, or plain of the Haurân; away to the east is the Jebel-ed-Druse, the Mountain of the Druses, the Bashan of the Bible, clearly seen from the train; and—unseen—the ruins of the once great city of Bozrah. Westward there is for a short distance the line of railway, already mentioned, from Damascus to Mezarib, parallel with the Hedjaz line; and a main route of traffic continues southwards, still parallel with our line, through Kerak and El Tafileh, to Petra; but these are far to the west, and we see nothing of them. Five hours from Damascus the train makes a long pause at Dera'a, an important junction, where the line from Caiffa joins the main trunk. The village is distant some half mile away, to the right (west) of the station; it is reached by means of a bridge crossing a shallow ravine, wherein are some Roman ruins and an ancient reservoir. In the black, age-old houses the Arab women are busy with their household duties; outside strings of camels are returning from the threshing-floors, where the *adis*, or small green-grey lentil, is being threshed out from its golden straw. Such a threshing-floor must have been that of Araunah the Jebusite; and most assuredly Esau's mess of pottage was made of lentils just such as these. There is little time to

explore the ruins of Dera'a; we hasten back to the station, drink a cup of *airan*, or sour goats' milk, mixed with water, ice, and a little salt,—a somewhat trying beverage to those unused to it,—and shortly after the train starts once more.

At sunset we cross the River Amman (a tributary of the Zerka or Jabbok river, itself a tributary of the Jordan): its bed is now brilliant with great masses of oleander bushes, in full bloom. There is nothing more refreshing in the world than to light upon the luxuriant pink blossoms and glossy green leaves of the oleander, when the eye has been tired and dazzled by the glare of desert sand and barren rock. They are the glory of many a wady and stream in Syria and Arabia, and are most resplendent in the Sîk,—that mighty desert gorge that leads to Petra.

For dinner, or supper, our table is laid in the station office of Amman, the Rabboth-Ammon of the Old Testament, the Philadelphia of later times. It is tantalising that we have neither time nor opportunity to visit the ruins of this city. It is equally tantalising that the next hundred miles of the railway have to be passed, both going and returning, in darkness. We are now in the desert east of the Dead Sea, and separated from it by the mountains of Moab. When the next morning dawns we have left that sea far behind and are in the land of Edom. The only place of any importance passed in the night is Katrani. At Aneizeh in the early morning we stop by the side of an old Arab fortress and reservoir, from whose scummed and stagnant water the third-class passengers rush to fill their water-bottles and skins. At 10.30 we are at Ma'an.

There are two large villages here, Ma'an-es-Sham and Ma'an-el-Hedjazieh (or Ma'an-el-Misr), together containing some four or five thousand inhabitants. In the latter a large *kala'at*, or fortress, dominates the village, and close by it is the inevitable *bîrket*, or reservoir.

We are now on the Dharb-ul-Haj, or Pilgrims' Way, which henceforth the railway (that has hitherto only gone more or less parallel with it) follows faithfully, almost without deviation, until it reaches Medina itself. On Turkish and Arabian maps of this region have always appeared quite an imposing number of names of places situated at longer or shorter intervals along the "Way," and most of these have now become the names of railway stations. But more often than not there is no village or sign of human habitation near. In this land of wandering Bedouin, settled villages are rare in the extreme, and names have been given, it would seem, only to places where the all-precious water can be found. Where water exists the hajjis have from time immemorial made their halting-places on their long tramp of eight hundred miles; and to meet their wants a large reservoir, or *bîrket*, has been constructed at each *menzil*, or resting-place. But the price-

less fluid must be guarded; so by the side of the *bîrket* is always found a fortress, or *kala'at*. And so, all down this desert way, *kala'at* and *bîrket*, fortress and reservoir, are always seen together, in inseparable pairs, and often they alone represent in reality the name that makes such an imposing appearance on the map. The forts are picturesque, mediæval-looking buildings of stone; their outer walls broken by no windows, but loopholed here and there for rifle-fire. The rooms inside open on to a courtyard, in which there is usually a well, and a gallery runs round the four sides; it is reached by rough flights of stone steps, and gives access to upper rooms. Farther down the line we shall see that the solitary station buildings are built on the same plan.

Ma'an is in direct communication with Akabah, at the tip of the eastern horn of the Red Sea, of which so much was heard a few years ago. A camp of Turkish soldiers, said to have come from that port on their return from the Yemen, lies a few hundred yards to the west of the station at Ma'an. Some miles farther down the line is a station that bears the name of Akabah, or, to be more exact, Akabat-el-Hedjazieh. It lies some 3500 feet above sea-level, and, with the exception of Dar-ul-Hamra, which is about 150 feet higher, is the highest point that the railway traverses. Almost immediately beyond the desert plateau suddenly ceases, at the edge of a steep descent of a few hundred feet, which caused no little trouble to the engineers who laid the line. The rails climb down by means of great curves. The passage is called by the Arabs Batn-ul-Ghoul, "the Belly of the Fiend"; and a very fearful monster the Fiend must be if he is at all like the description given by the Bedouin to Mr Doughty, and faithfully reproduced in his wonderful book. The gorge is worthy of the name: as we wind down it just after sunset, the extraordinarily variegated rocks, in patches of reds and yellow, browns and green, sandy-white and purple-black —their colours blended in the russets and gold of a cloudless after-glow—produce an effect that is weird and unreal in the extreme.

We have now our own engine, and are free to stop or pursue our journey when and where we will. We halt in the evening at a place called Tel-el-Shakhm; a table is spread in the desert by the side of the line, and our cook and marmiton distinguish themselves by producing from the depths of the luggage-van a quite excellent meal, which they have cooked as we travelled. A moon three-quarters full, and the stars overhead, shine as moon and stars only can over vast open spaces, as the desert or the sea. Nothing breaks the sandy waste around us save the distant fire of a Bedouin camp and the two straight lines of metal that cut the desert ruthlessly in two, and gleam, rather harshly, in the moonlight. The great heat of the day is over, and the remaining warmth,

radiated from sand and rock, is pleasantly tempered by the strong breeze that seems never to cease in these regions. Each evening throughout the journey we dine under the same conditions.

We have now left behind those regions — Syria, Moab, Edom—whose names are more especially associated with the Bible story and with the two great religions, Jewish and Christian, that that Book represents; and are henceforth in a country where the traditions and history of the third great religion, El Islam, have had, and still have, their scene. Not that there is any true dividing line, geographically speaking; nor, it may with truth be added, in their traditions and history. For the Moslem religion has incorporated in itself much that belongs to the other two creeds, and on its legendary side it is inextricably blended with both. The stories of Abraham and Isaac, of Hagar and Ishmael, of Lot and the destruction of the wicked cities, and a score of others, are as much an integral part of the Mohammedan as of the Jewish tradition; and, as we shall see later at Medaini Salih, the genealogy of the Prophet Salih, after whom that strange spot is named, is given, in its earlier generations, in the Book of Genesis.

But, these considerations notwithstanding, we are now in a country that is mainly Moslem in its historical associations, and purely so in its present-day relations. We are not, however, yet in the Hedjaz; that province does not begin till the other side of Medaini Salih, where the vilayet of Damascus comes to an end. Administratively, then, this region is still part of Syria; geographically, however, it is the true desert Arabia, which may be said to begin somewhere between Amman and Ma'an. The very physical features of the country now bear Moslem names. On the Eastern horizon at Tebûk rises against the sky that curious rocky eminence called by the Bedouin *Sherôra*, but by the pilgrims *Minbar-er-Rasûl*, "the Pulpit of the Prophet"; and veritably, with its straight sides and its diagonal top, with a suggestion of steps in it, it is not unlike a gigantic Moslem pulpit, such as may be seen in any mosque to-day. Tebûk itself is closely connected with the story of Mahomet's life; for, though not mentioned by name in the Korân, there are at least two references therein to the Prophet's famous expedition thither in the ninth year of the Hijra.[1]

There is a village of some size at Tebûk, pleasantly situated in a shady oasis of tall palms and other verdure, and lying about half a mile to the west of the station. The inhabitants number a few hundred, and are mostly of mixed race, wherein the negro type strongly predominates. The *bîrket* and *kala'at* are in the middle of the settlement; in the former, which is divided

[1] Both the references are in surah ix. of the Korân.

into three distinct reservoirs, a spring of pure water bubbles up with strangely unexpected force in a spot that seems to lie higher than any other in the wide-spreading desert around. The pressure that produces this curious result must come from very far away—probably from those distant blue hills that ring in the horizon. From the reservoirs the water flows in abundance, in primitive irrigation channels, to the village gardens, and then sinks again and is lost in the thirsty sand. Wherever a well is sunk in this plain water is found, in the form, it would seem, of underground streams, whose flow is to the west; and no doubt they ultimately reach the Gulf of Akabah and the Red Sea.

The station buildings are as extensive as those of Ma'an, and in addition there is here the Railway Hospital, a well-built stone structure, that may hold sixty sick men, and is now fully occupied. It was built by the railway authorities for the use of the soldiers and labourers employed in laying the line. But by far the most interesting spot in Tebûk is that where now stands the little unpretentious mosque, built but the other day by Kiazim Pasha, then the head of the construction department of the railway, now, with the dawn of the new era in Turkey, appointed Vali, or Governor, of the Hedjaz. On this site were, it is said, the ruins of an older mosque, built in a former age to mark the spot where, according to tradition, the Prophet prayed on the memorable expedition to Tebûk. That expedition took place, the historians tell us, in the year 630 A.D., when the Syrian feudatories of the Byzantine Emperor were gathering on the borders, and were thought to threaten a descent on Arabia. Mahomet led an army, said to have numbered 30,000 men, up from Medina, through Medaini Salih and Akhdar, to Tebûk. It was the height of summer, and the force suffered so much from drought and scarcity that they are called by Moslem writers "the Distressed Army." They were, we are told, "driven to such extremities that, besides what they endured by reason of the excessive heat, ten men were obliged to ride by turns on one camel, and provisions and water were so scarce that two men divided a date between them, and they were obliged to drink the water out of the camels' stomachs."[1]

Tebûk has from time immemorial been a place of importance on the Dharb-ul-Haj, for it is here that the great tribe of the Beni Attiyeh have always received their toll-money to permit of the passage of the pilgrims. Now, at the time of our visit, not only Sheikh Harb, the head of the tribe, but also several lesser sheikhs are in the village: not, however, for the purpose just mentioned, but (together with the sheikhs of the other principal Bedouin tribes of this region, now concentrating on Tebûk) in order to come to an agreement with

[1] See the notes to Sale's translation of the Korân.

the Hedjaz Railway authorities as to the security of the line from attack. For the moment only the sheikhs of the Beni Attiyeh are here. As the Bedouin have from all time been the great carriers in the Haj traffic, they mostly resent the coming of that line, and have done a good deal to thwart its construction, in which they have not been wholly unaided, it is said, by the high authorities of Mecca and Medina.

An hour after leaving Tebûk the line passes through a desolate and bare valley, the Wady Etil. The station of Wady Etil is the first, I think, built on the pattern of the *kala'at*. We pass by Dar-ul-Haj and Mustabka, then through a long cutting in the rock and a short tunnel, and emerge in another valley, the Wady Akhdar, known also to the Bedouin as the Zahr-ul-Ghoul, "the Back of the Fiend," and not wholly unlike the Batn-ul-Ghoul, described above.

Beyond Akhdar are more wild wadies, in many of which vegetation is quite profuse. Hereabouts are found, in countless numbers, the elongated fossils of some extinct annuloid, to which the Bedouin have given the name of "the worms of Job," thus linking, by some faint, forgotten tradition, this desert with the scene of that mighty poem. Towards sunset we are passing through a troubled landscape, whose vivid colouring (could it be adequately described) must appear incredible to those who have not seen it, or at least to those who may not have learnt, in the Gulf of Suez or elsewhere, the astounding hues that Nature is capable of producing in this—perhaps only in this—region of the world. Here, between Hâmis and Tisâd, is a series of valleys, enclosed by highish hills, whose folds are an intense red in the light and purple in the shade; now and then their surface breaks away into a quarry that is literally flame-colour in the setting sun; at their feet a line of white sand shows where the hills join the valley plain; and that plain, littered with volcanic rubble, is now a deep purple, almost black, save where, in one valley, the miracle of a real pool of water suddenly appears, and shines a deep gold in the glowing sunset. The very air itself seems to glow, and the whole is as unreal as—well, as the thought that we are steaming by train across a region where scarce half a dozen Europeans before us have ever set foot.

We dine by moonlight in the desert near Muaddam. From here the line climbs to its highest point at Dar-ul-Hamra, and thence gradually descends to the valley-plain of Medaini Salih. When the following morning breaks we are already half way through the Mûbrakat-en-Nâka, the famous "Gorge of the Camel-Calf," the scene of the weird, old-world legend of the prophet Salih. I know not now whether its astonishing scenery is more impressive as seen in the glories of a sub-tropical dawn, or, as we shall see it later on the homeward journey, in the mysterious splendour of sunset.

Under any sky it must ever be a strange and wonderful spectacle, worthy almost to rank as an eighth wonder of the world. But it is one of Nature's wonders: the hand of man has had naught to do with it; the railway that winds through it is an incongruity; it should by rights be trodden only by wandering Bedouin or pious hajjis, by slow-pacing camels, or by the swift-footed gazelle that may be seen even now from the train skipping merrily from rock to rock. It is on the Pilgrim's Way; and I would fain see here once more, in this weird setting, those wonderful pilgrim caravans, as I saw them before on the Mecca Road or in the streets of Jiddah, and as I have tried to describe them to readers of these pages in a former paper. I would fain hear their loud cries and startling pistol-shots, those doubtless most efficacious means of frightening from their path the evil spirits with which they people—surely not wholly without reason—this tremendous gorge. They should be seen, hurrying through the horrid pass, a tumultuous, picturesque mass of swaying *shugduf* and jolting *takhtaravan*, of gurgling camel and white-clad hajji. But, alas! it is not now the season of Haj; and even when, three months later, that season begins, there will be no more caravans, no more cries, no more pistol-shots. These have gone—perhaps for ever—from the Pilgrim's Way. The prosaic (but, it must be admitted, most useful) train has taken the place of the glorious old-world caravan. It puffs its way among the bristling rocks with a business-like air that must surely put to instant flight any self-respecting spirit, evil or the reverse, who may still linger in their haunted recesses. Even before the actual gorge is reached, and doubly so within it, the rocky hills take on the wild forms of turret and pinnacle and soaring hummock—split with deep clefts, tortured into nameless forms; here a monster chimney, there a column of giant stone puddings, piled one on the other, and crowned with what must assuredly be a Cornish rocking-stone, could one but climb up and shake it, and see if it move. And all spring from a surface of rolling sand, ribbed like the sea-shore; blown into swelling mounds and drifts; now and then heaped into a smaller monticle, with or without headstone, the nameless grave of some hajji fallen by the Way; everywhere dotted with the familiar tussocks of herbage, and only kept from invading the line in some places by a fencing of shrubs. The rails wind for some fifteen or twenty miles through narrow clefts or broad passages, between the towering rocks, and at last come to the level on the plain of El Hejr, or Medaini Salih.

Those towering rocks do not, however, cease at once. In the blue distance they continue to form the eastern horizon of the valley-plain, and come into the foreground again towards the south, where, more fantastic in shape than ever, were that possible, they form the

group of the Jebel Ethlib, and the rocks wherein are carved the great Nabatæan tomb-fronts, to be spoken of later. On the west the Harra range closes in the plain; and from it spring two vast table-mountains, with perpendicular sides of sandstone, and capped with black (volcanic?) matter, much of which, as may be seen through glasses, has flowed over and formed heaps at their feet: they are called (I once more quote Mr Doughty's great work) the Howwâra and the Howweyry. In the midst of the plain, which is pleasantly dotted with many desert trees and much scrub, stands the *kala'at* of El Hejr or Medaini Salih, with its *bîrket* by the side, and a few palm-trees around it. In the courtyard of the *kala'at* is a deep and historical well. And until the coming of the railway there was almost nothing else to mark the site of the "Cities of Salih."

With each and all of these landmarks the legend of the Prophet Salih is directly linked. It was in the wild gorge of the Mûbrakat-en-Nâka that, the legend tells us, the rocks opened and gave birth to the mother-camel—that miraculous sign that the wicked tribe of Thamûd required of the Prophet whose mission they had spurned. Two months later the mother-camel bore a calf. She was watered from the well, hence called Bîr-en-Nâka, "the Well of the Camel-calf," now seen in the *kala'at* courtyard. But the unrepentant Thamûdites hamstrung and killed the mother-camel in the gorge that had given her birth. Then divine vengeance fell upon them. "A terrible noise from heaven assailed them, and in the morning they were found in their dwellings, prostrate on their breasts and dead."[1] Then the camel-calf fled to the table-rock of the Howwâra,[2] where it cried three times, and the rock opened and received it within its stony bosom. The whole story is older than that of Abraham: the Arabian writers trace the genealogy of Salih through five generations to Thamûd, the founder of the tribe, and he was the son of Gether, who was the grandson of Shem the son of Noah, and whose name is mentioned in the book of Genesis (chap. x. 23). Almost every time that the legend is referred to in the Korân,—and it is spoken of in no less than a score of the chapters of that book, while "El Hejr" is the title of surah xv.,—it is immediately preceded or followed by references to the punishment of the tribe of Ad, and to the story of Lot and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; and all are used to point the same moral,—the dire fate of those who reject the prophets of God.

The legend, then, goes back some three thousand years before the days of Mahomet. But

[1] The Korân, surah vii. The whole story is told in fragments in this and in many other surahs of the Korân; and many additional details, not here quoted, are furnished, from Arabian authorities, in Sale's notes.

[2] So Doughty. Sale says, "to a certain mountain named Kâra."

Mahomet and his army, on the expedition to Tebûk before referred to, undoubtedly passed by this spot, though in haste and as by a region accursed. The Prophet, we read—

"passing by Hejr, where this ancient tribe [the Thamûdites] had dwelt, forbade his army, though much distressed with heat and thirst, to draw any water there, but ordered them if they had drunk of that water to bring it up again, or if they had kneaded any meal with it to give it their camels; and wrapping up his face in his garment, he set spurs to his mule, crying out, 'Enter not the houses of those wicked men, but rather weep, lest that happens unto you which befell them'; and having so said, he continued galloping full speed with his face muffled up, till he had passed the valley."

The rock-cut tombs of Medaini Salih are, with what must surely be an entire disregard of historical fact, always spoken of by Moslem writers as existing in the time of the ancient Thamûdites. In the Korân itself it is implied that these cells were hewed out by the wicked race in order to hide themselves from the divine vengeance after the killing of the miraculous camel. "And the inhabitants of El Hejr likewise heretofore accused the messengers of God of imposture; and we produced our signs unto them, but they retired afar off from the same. *And they hewed houses out of the mountains to secure themselves.*" Yet all evidence goes to show that these cells and façades are of immeasurably later date, and were in truth the family tombs of the Nabatæans, whose historical period lies mainly in the few centuries before and one or two centuries after the beginning of the Christian era. To Mahomet and his wild warriors, however, this slight discrepancy was unknown, or, if known, was probably of little consequence. The place was for them once and for all under a ban.

Petra, as all the world knows, was the capital of that old Arab race, the Nabatæans; but Medaini Salih must have been one of their most important centres, and it was of profoundest interest to visit the one immediately after the other. At Petra (that mysterious rock city which it is far beyond the scope of the present article to describe), with almost the sole exception of the Kasr-el-Pharaon, there remain, as at Medaini Salih, no buildings of stone or brick —no true "buildings" of any kind. All are cut out of the living rock. But at Petra there are numberless objects other than tombs — temples, council chambers, "high places" for sacrifice, an amphitheatre, tall flights of steps, a triumphal arch, and perhaps private habitations — though certainly tombs are far more numerous than any other structure. At Medaini Salih, on the other hand, nothing[1] now remains but tombs and their great sculptured façades. Such multitude of sepulchral chambers argues the existence of at least a considerable popu-

[1] With one exception: the Diwan, or council chamber, described and figured by Mr Doughty in his 'Arabia Deserta.'

lation. El Hejr was, moreover, on the great high-road by which the Nabatæans carried frankincense and spices up from Arabia Felix (the Yemen) to their capital, thence to be distributed to Egypt and the rest of the then known world. At El Hejr, too, water was found in abundance, and five very ancient wells (perhaps Nabatæan?) still remain. It must at least have been an important "étape," if nothing else, on this historical road. Why, it is impossible not to ask, are there no remains of habitations? and why has nothing survived but tombs? The answer can only be conjectural. It is certain—the ruins of Petra show it—that that little-known race attached immense importance to their sepulture. Their capital could have been little less than one vast cemetery; its tomb-façades vied in height with its temple fronts; they were scattered through the whole city, not grouped into a Ceramicus, so that in no part of the city could the eye escape them. To that strange people their dwellings during life were apparently of infinitely lesser importance than their resting-place after death. Even at Petra it would seem to be open to question how many, if any, of the rock-cut cells were the dwelling-places of private individuals. At Medaini Salih, as at Petra, it is probable, then, that if houses existed they were of sun-burnt mud, or other undurable material, long since crumbled to ruin, and—

> "Blown about the desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills."

Or, for all that is known to the contrary,[1] El Hejr may have been no more than a halting-place on the Frankincense Road, no true city, and the dead were perhaps carried thither from elsewhere, to be buried in these wild rocks. Rock-burial may have had for this forgotten race some special religious obligation; and the rocks of Petra and Medaini Salih were perhaps the two great burying-grounds for all good Nabatæans, no matter where their death actually took place.

But these great rocky tombs, which the researches of Doughty and Renan have shown to have been true family vaults, could only have received the bodies of the wealthy. Their vast façades, curiously disproportioned to the size of the cell-chambers within, must have taken many months, if not years, to hew out of the rock, and must have been costly luxuries. They rise, many of them, to heights of fifty, sixty, or seventy feet, if the eye may judge them correctly. At Medaini Salih the sandstone rock by their side is often strangely worn and honeycombed by weather-action; yet many, perhaps the majority, of the tomb façades, with their pilasters and pediments, their cornice above cornice, and the

[1] I am conscious of great temerity in thus suggesting solutions to problems that have perhaps already been long since solved by archæologists. The article has been written away from easy access to books of reference.

culminating typical step-like ornament at the highest point, appear from a short distance away as clear-cut as if they had been hewn but yesterday. It is only their projecting features, such as the capitals of the pilasters, or the frequently recurring figure of a bird above the pediments, that have suffered at all seriously from time and weather. So striking in many instances is the contrast between tomb-façade and natural rock adjoining, that one is tempted at first sight to ask whether the sculptors did not apply some preservative coating to protect their work from the ravages of time. But the true explanation is perhaps simpler. The façades are usually cut back some feet in the surface of the rock; and there, it may be, the sculptor worked in a core of stone that was denser than the outer layers, and so better able to withstand the effects of weather. Moreover, his work has been exposed but for a short two thousand years, whereas the rock by the side has borne the wear of—who shall say how many thousand revolving seasons?

At Petra the Nabatæan tomb-fronts, and even some of the Roman monuments, are much more worn than most of those at El Hejr, and many have become scarcely discernible on the face of the rocks. This, it must be added, is also the case with a few of the Medaini Salih façades. The sandstone rock here would appear also to be peculiarly brittle, as well as liable to weather-action; and at the south end of the Kasr-el-Bint, the great hummock of rock in which are many of the best of the monuments, a goodly mass of sandstone has split off recently (last winter, it is said, but this must be doubted), and has shattered to pieces at the foot of one of the tomb-fronts, completely blocking the entrance.

The tomb-cells inside are mostly square or oblong chambers, of no great size. Rectangular niches, or loculi, are either hewn out of the rocky walls, or sunk six or eight feet in the floor at the end of the cell. In both, it must be supposed, the dead were simply laid (though many of the niches seem too shallow even for that); neither walled in in the one case, nor buried in earth in the other. At all events, if they were walled in, it was not with rock, but with wood or other material that has long since vanished; and if they were buried, some one (which would seem unlikely) has since cleared out the sunken niches in the floor, leaving their rocky sides exposed. The floors are littered, in many instances, with little heaps of human bones—perhaps of the Nabatæan dead, for whom these cells were made; perhaps of later generations. For into these rude tomb chambers many a sick hajji, on his way to or from Medina, may well have crept to die. Only last winter, indeed, when cholera ravaged the Haj, stricken pilgrims were seen, as an eye-witness tells me, thus to seek a miserable shelter, until they were removed to the improvised quarantine camp hard by.

None of the dry bones now

seen in the cells are, however, of very recent date. In one of the chambers a fall of rock has occurred from the roof, leaving an opening through which a man may crawl. This gives access, it is said, to an upper chamber, wherein are the bones of some forty or fifty persons; and these, it can scarcely be open to doubt, are the remains of the original dead. The revealing of this upper cell in one instance may perhaps justify the belief that similar tiers exist in the case of the other tombs; and should this prove to be true, it would go far to explain the great height of the façades, so curiously out of proportion to the size of the lower cell to which their single small portal gives access.

Mixed with the bones, if one delve among the gruesome heaps, it is easy to find fragments of wood, perhaps from the original coffins, and still showing the methods of Nabatæan "joiners"; pieces of a coarser or finer woven tissue, that must assuredly have been the original cere-cloths of their dead; morsels of a rather thin leather, and lumps of a resinous substance that may well have been some of the frankincense and spices in which the Nabatæans traded, and with which their dead were rudely embalmed. If these resinous lumps be heated they even now give off a faint, fragrant odour. Fragments of stone with traces of inscriptions may occasionally be found in the heaps. Such inscribed stones are also seen in the masonry mouths of the ancient wells before referred to, in addition to the famous writings on the tomb-façades themselves.

. . . . . .

At Medaini Salih an escort of fifty men was provided for us by Government, and accompanied us in our scrambles among the rocks and tombs. The precaution was probably a wise one, for Bedouin may easily lurk unseen in their recesses. The day of our arrival there a serious attack, costing, it was said, the lives of some forty Bedouin, was made on the head of the line, then about fifty miles nearer Medina; and shortly before that city itself had for a while been practically at their mercy.

The improvised quarantine camp, of which brief mention was made above, was brought into being at Medaini Salih in each of the last two pilgrim seasons; for in both the railway, though not then completed to Medina, came into practical use for the returning hajjis. In the winter of 1906-7 some 5000 pilgrims chose this route for their homeward journey; in that of 1907-8 their numbers rose nearly to 12,000; and in the future this higher figure will perhaps be doubled or trebled. Not only Syrians and Mesopotamians, Persians and Russian Asiatics, Turks and Anatolians, for whom the line may be said to lie more or less on their way home, but Moslems of many another race, will be attracted to the railway. For it must be borne in mind, when considering this great

Pilgrimage, that Jerusalem and Damascus, and many other places in Syria, are as truly Holy Places to the followers of Islam as Mecca and Medina themselves. In future the returning hajjis will undergo the quarantine and other purifying measures needed to destroy any seeds of infectious disease that may be lurking amongst them at Tebûk, a spot that the Commission have found to be in every way preferable for this purpose to Medaini Salih.

Many have thought somewhat sceptically about the future of the Hedjaz Railway; especially since the sudden collapse of the old *régime* in Turkey, and the flight of Izzet Pasha, to whom the gathering of the funds from all parts of Islam and the successful initiation of the great enterprise were so largely due. But such scepticism is perhaps scarcely justified. The change of *régime* at Constantinople has made no difference in the progress of the line and its triumphant arrival at Medina; and the appointment of honest rulers in the cities of the Hedjaz should facilitate rather than retard its farther extension to Mecca. But finally, and on more general grounds, this new great arterial line that brings into rapid communication the holy cities of the Hedjaz with the province of Syria (where, as just pointed out, are many other places sanctified of Islam), can surely not be destined for many a year to come to sink into the desert sands, reddening them still further with a few grains of rust. The regenerated Turkish nation, who readily recognise the possibilities of great commercial undertakings, will assuredly find some solution of that confessedly difficult problem—the means whereby the Hedjaz Railway is to be made a financially self-supporting institution. And if only a partial solution should be forthcoming, there will always be the religious enthusiasm of the Mussulman world to fall back upon—an enthusiasm that enabled the initial cost of the line to be supported by a public subscription gathered from all portions of that world, and that may perhaps be successfully appealed to again, if occasion arises, to cover future deficits in the working of the line. But prophecy is proverbially dangerous, and doubly so in the East. One thing, however, is certain—no broad-minded observer, be he Moslem or Christian, Jew or Pagan, could wish this great undertaking any other fate than the thorough and lasting success that it so well deserves.

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CONSTANTINOPLE.

BOSWELL.

EVERY educated Englishman has read and appreciated Macaulay's 'Essays.' They are, in fact, part and parcel of our literature. Every one has read the 'Essays' and, in his youth at all events, has been fascinated by the *flamboyant* style, by the brilliant rhetoric, and by the masterly delineation of men and events. But, when it comes to a question of artistic taste and literary criticism, the reader's maturer judgment revolts against the manner and method of the great Essayist. He resents the self-complacency, the "cocksureness," the dogmatic tone of infallibility characteristic of the Edinburgh Reviewer of the last century. Praise and vituperation are carried to an absurd extreme. The colours are laid on with too heavy a brush. Macaulay not only gilds the lily, but (so to speak) adds several coats of black to the saucepan, which is quite unnecessary. He piles Pelion upon Ossa; heaps superlative upon superlative, epithet upon epithet; exalts his heroes to Olympus and consigns his enemies to a Tartarus of obloquy. This is the sledge-hammer style which readers of 'Pendennis' may remember was adopted by the unlamented Mr Bludyer, who, after slashing and mauling his victim, sold the volume he had just reviewed at the nearest bookstall and dined triumphantly on the proceeds. Macaulay is not even satisfied with knocking his man down—he tramples him underfoot like a savage victor who rides rough-shod over a battlefield. And it is in this style and this spirit that he assailed, amongst others, John Wilson Croker, who edited Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' in 1831.

It may well be asked what could have induced Macaulay, who, besides being a brilliant writer, was an admirable man and of a warm and affectionate nature, thus to outrage all the laws of good feeling and good taste, and to perpetuate the greatest literary crime of the last century. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* The explanation, given by Mr Louis Jennings and Sir Theodore Martin, so far from palliating Macaulay's offence, considerably aggravates it. Macaulay had long detested Croker, who on more than one occasion had the best of it in the House of Commons — notably in the debate on September 22, 1831, when he completely eclipsed the brilliant historian. This incident rankled in Macaulay's memory, and he determined (as he expresses it) "to dust the varlet's jacket, in the next number of the Blue and Yellow." Hence came the studied malignity of the attack on Croker's edition of 'Boswell.' As a rule, English statesmen have forborne to carry their political differences into private life. Men who

have been attacking each other with all the weapons of sarcasm and invective from opposite benches in the House of Commons may be found a few hours later sitting side by side, on the friendliest terms, at the dinner-table at Grillion's. This, indeed, is the very purpose and object of that club. But Macaulay was an entire stranger to the graceful amenities of political life. His prejudices were deep and irradicable. He hated his enemy with the perfect hatred of the old Covenanters. He had all "the merciless intolerance" which he condemned in Laud and Strafford. He could discern nothing good in a soldier like Claverhouse, in a historian like Mitford, or in an editor like Croker — for the simple reason that they belonged to the opposite camp in politics. In his view, as in Coke of Norfolk's, a Tory was synonymous with all that was evil in human nature. Croker was "a very bad man" — to use his own phrase, he "hated him worse than cold boiled veal"—not so much because he was a friend of the notorious Lord Hertford, but because he had been the trusted adviser of successive Tory ministers, Canning, Peel, and the Duke of Wellington. This only shows —to quote Macaulay's own words — "how extravagantly unjust party spirit can make a man."

But, granting that Macaulay cordially disliked Croker, surely he might have dissociated the writer from his book. Had he not a word of praise for the labour, the research, the skilful use of all available materials employed in Croker's notes— "that unrivalled granary of Johnsoniana, stored opportunely before the last links with the Johnsonian age had disappeared."[1] But here again Macaulay's artistic faculty was at fault. He was a moralist, a special pleader, a rhetorician, a brilliant essayist, but no more a critic than (as some of us think) he was a historian. To quote his own words again, "Hazlitt used to say, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me is exactly the reverse." The absence of tact and refinement, which Charles Greville[2] noticed in his conversation, was equally noticeable in his judgments on men and books. The exquisite taste and subtle penetration into character, which we admire in Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, are entirely wanting in his 'Essays,' where he sums up the virtues and vices of this man or that with the merciless insistence of a recording angel. "His criticism," says Taine, "resembles the Day of Judgment, *où il n'y aura plus d'artistes, mais un juge entre des justes et des pécheurs.*"[3]

If Macaulay was unjust to Croker, he was equally so to

[1] From Mr Thomas Seccombe's admirable Preface to the new edition of 'Boswell's Letters' (1908).

[2] Greville's Journals (George IV.), ii. 317.

[3] Taine, 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,' v. 155.

Boswell. This was mainly due to his imperfect sympathy with a character he did not understand or appreciate, and partly to the inherited austerity of his own character. He was an immaculate precisian without the saving grace of humour. Boswell's faults and frailties were patent for all the world to see. He was undoubtedly vain, bibulous, and dissipated. But this was only half his character, and it is this side of it that Macaulay blackens still further, in that knock-me-down-the-knaves fashion,[1] which is fortunately peculiar to himself and Mr Bludyer. "Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, . . . an eavesdropper and a talebearer, a common butt," —thus begins the classical passage, in which the Essayist belabours the unfortunate Boswell, — to whom as a great writer (using his own words again) "we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude."[2] Well might Carlyle write, "Men are unwiser than children; they know not the hand that feeds them."

Can it be supposed for a moment that, if Boswell had been nothing more than what Macaulay represents him—"a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb,"—he would have been admitted into the most exclusive society of the period, THE CLUB itself, would have shared the intimacy of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, or would have become the chosen friend and companion of Dr Johnson, who of all men then living had the keenest insight into character, and detested a fool almost as much as he detested a Whig and a Scotchman? The idea is, of course, preposterous, and, as a matter of fact, there is a general chorus of testimony in Boswell's favour from the most distinguished men among his own contemporaries. Sir William Forbes, the eminent banker, remarked on his strong religious principles; David Hume describes him as "a young gentleman very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad"; Adam Smith praised his "facility of manners"; Edmund Burke declared that his good-nature was so habitual as to be hardly a virtue in him; Hannah More and Fanny Burney both agreed that his high spirits and good temper were irresistible; and there can be no doubt that Johnson himself had a genuine regard and affection for Boswell, whose very weaknesses appealed to the tender heart of that stern old moralist. We may quote one from numerous passages in the 'Life,' where he speaks warmly and affectionately: "Never, my dear sir, do you take it in your head to think that I do not love you; you may settle yourself in full confidence of my love and esteem. I love you as a kind man, I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary piety.

[1] The last phrase is Professor Saintsbury's.
[2] Cf. Macaulay's "Essay on Bacon."

I hold you, as Hamlet has it, in my 'heart of hearts.'" As we have said above, no man formed a juster estimate of character or was a shrewder judge of men and manners than Dr Johnson, and certainly no man ever expressed his opinions with more uncompromising honesty. It is, therefore, absurd to suppose that he would have thus recorded his affection and esteem for Boswell, if his friend had deserved a tenth part of the uncomplimentary epithets lavished upon him in Macaulay's notorious "Essay."

As a matter of fact, Boswell's somewhat complex character, its good aspects as well as its faults and frailties, is self-revealed to us in his letters to William Temple, between 1758 and 1795. By a happy accident these letters, which had disappeared after Temple's death, were discovered, some sixty years after, among the waste paper in a grocer's shop at Boulogne, were rescued from destruction, and after being identified by names and dates, were published by Bentley in 1857. They were carefully edited with explanatory notes by a clever young barrister, Philip Francis, the grandson of "Junius." William Temple, who for thirty-seven years thus played Atticus to Boswell's Cicero, came of an old Devonshire family, and was the grandfather of Archbishop Temple. He was himself in holy orders, was a man of cultivated tastes, and the friend of Gray and Mason. From the time when he and Boswell were lads of eighteen, attending the same classes at Edinburgh, there was an unbroken friendship between them, and a constant interchange of letters. On his death-bed, when failing strength did not allow him to finish the letter, Boswell dictated the final words of their long correspondence: "I ever am your old and affectionate friend both here and, I trust, hereafter."

From this life-long friend Boswell kept nothing back. He reveals the secrets of his heart, his inmost thoughts, with an almost appalling frankness, and with a candour that leaves nothing to the imagination. We know him in all his moods and humours—his joyous optimism, his aspirations for fame, his occasional melancholy and depression, his fits of what Johnson called "a crazy piety," his disputes with his father, his debts and difficulties, his convivial excesses, and above all—his love affairs. He is as outspoken on the last subject as Mr Pepys himself—the only difference being that while the Secretary to the Admiralty veiled his indiscretions (as Gibbon might say) in the decent obscurity of a difficult cipher, James Boswell blazoned his to all the world in the plainest of English and the boldest of hands. "Wherever I go," he says, "I find mistresses." Horace himself could not have been more susceptible or more inconstant. The Cinara, Chloe, Lydia, and the others who so rapidly succeeded one another in the affections of the Roman poet, have their counterparts in the series of "angelic girls"

who touched the fickle heart of this most "un-Scottified" of Scotchmen, and follow one another in such bewildering rapidity,—Miss Blair, Miss Dick, Mrs Stuart, "La belle Irlandaise," "the charming Dutchwoman," and the Italian *signora*. Some of his *affaires de cœur* were Platonic, others decidedly the reverse. "I can unite little fondnesses," he writes to Temple, "with perfect conjugal love." That is a dangerous maxim to carry into practice —but we have said enough on what is the worst blot on Boswell's character, considering that his wife was one of the best of women.

Unhappily, Boswell was a votary of Bacchus as well as of Aphrodite. It was a hard-drinking age, and, in Edinburgh especially, the long and deep potations of our ancestors seem appalling to their degenerate descendants. The "laighs" and "howfs" scattered among the wynds and closes of the High Street and Canongate did a roaring trade —especially on the Saturday afternoon — and were freely patronised by advocates and Writers. Lords of Session, like Hermand, would carouse the whole night through, and go into court the next morning apparently none the worse and with unclouded brains. The weaker vessels soon succumbed; and Boswell, with his convivial tastes and excitable disposition, frequently got intoxicated, not because he drank more than his fellows, but because he could carry less with impunity. He was fully conscious of his own weakness, and made solemn vows of amendment, but the habit grew too strong for him, and no doubt contributed to shorten his life. It was with him as with his neighbour the Ayrshire poet, who lived within a few miles of Auchinleck, and who died within a year after Boswell. Like Burns, Boswell had good instincts,—

"Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name."[1]

It is a pleasant task to turn from Boswell's faults, which no one deplored more deeply than himself, to the brighter side of his character, and to his undeniably good qualities of head and heart, which are completely ignored by Macaulay in his grossly unfair estimate of the man. With all his vanity, Boswell was the soul of truth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that "every word of the 'Biography' might be depended upon as if delivered on oath." He was warm-hearted and generous, almost to a fault. His natural affections were strong and deep. In spite of his infidelities he both loved and admired his wife "for her exceeding goodness," and he was plunged into the deepest grief and remorse by her death. He had a genius for friendship, and that with men of the most dissimilar

[1] Burns, "A Bard's Epitaph."

character. He was as much at home with John Wilkes and David Hume as with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr Johnson; and both in Edinburgh and London he mixed with the best society of the time, where his gaiety and good-humour made him a welcome guest even among "the large and luminous constellation of literary stars" at The Club. His irrepressible high spirits and unaffected *bonhomie*—nay, even his loquacity and inquisitiveness and his absurd little vanities—had a charm and attraction of their own, and were a refreshing contrast to the pompous and formal manners of that age of periwigs and snuff-boxes, when men posed and strutted, put on affected airs and graces like Horace Walpole, or aped the ponderous solemnity of Lord Thurlow or Dr Parr. In that stiff and starched society Boswell's gay and reckless *insouciance* was as refreshing as a breath of pure air in a heated ball-room. Up to the last he remained the *bon enfant* of his early days—full of the *joie de vivre*—wayward, restless, and impulsive, like Thomas Creevey in actual life, or Lord Lackington[1] in fiction, cracking jokes up to the last scene of all. Such a character seen from its best side is both likeable and lovable, and such a character was James Boswell's.

His early life has been well described by Mr Keith Leask;[2] but we need not dwell here upon his youthful vagaries—his elopement with an actress, his wish to become a priest, or his sudden desire for a commission in the Guards. It was finally decided that Jamie should follow his father's profession, and be entered at the Scottish Bar. Meantime he was seeing life, mixing in the best Edinburgh society. He visited London and Newmarket under the auspices of Lord Eglinton, and it was on his second visit to London in 1763 that the event occurred which coloured the whole of his future life—his introduction to Samuel Johnson, "in the back parlour of Mr Davies's shop." This interview is described by Boswell in his own inimitable fashion; and it may be noted that he received a characteristic rebuff, in the first words that fell from the object of his hero-worship. When the bookseller had introduced him, he added maliciously: "He comes from Scotland." "Mr Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." "That, sir," replied Johnson, "is what I find a very great number of your countrymen cannot help doing." But there seems no doubt that Johnson took a liking from the first to the loquacious and somewhat obtrusive stranger, in spite of his nationality, and their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. In the next few weeks we find

[1] Lord Lackington is a character in Mrs Humphrey Ward's charming novel, 'Lady Rose's Daughter.'

[2] 'James Boswell,' by W. Keith Leask ("Famous Scots Series").

the two friends constantly supping together at the Mitre or the Turk's Head, or having tea in the Doctor's house in Bolt Court.

At that time Johnson was in the heyday of his influence and popularity — the *arbiter literarum*—the recognised head of the literary world and the friend of the most distinguished men in arts and letters. But it had been a long and arduous struggle. No man had realised by more bitter experience the truth of the line, printed in capitals in his poem of 'London'—

> "Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed."

He had emerged at last from the dingy garret in the purlieus of Grub Street, that ill-omened refuge of the destitute, haunted (as he declared) by the grisly shapes which infested the Gates of Hell in the 'Æneid.' There he had lived in want and obscurity for years, toiling at his 'Dictionary,' or doing hack-work at a miserable pittance for the booksellers; reduced at times, like Savage and Goldsmith, to the direst straits; living at one time on fourpence halfpenny a-day, yet even in this poverty giving his mite to fellow-creatures even more wretched than himself; and through it all, preserving his noble independence, owing no man anything, and disdaining patronage; enduring scorn and contumely with the disdainful pride of a Stoic philosopher. *Agere et pati Romanum est.*

These evil days had passed for ever, and Johnson was now in receipt of a pension and in easy, if not affluent, circumstances. He had a house of his own, and there he had collected what Macaulay terms "a strange menagerie," but which Mrs Piozzi more feelingly describes as an asylum for the afflicted and the homeless. "He loved the poor," she says, "as no man ever did." Among the pensioners of his charity was Robert Levett, whom Macaulay, with the pomposity of a phrase-maker, calls "a quack doctor who prescribed for coal-porters and hackney coachmen." The reader would hardly recognise under this contemptuous description the humble friend whose epitaph by Johnson contains some of the most pathetic lines in the English language, but which are almost too well known to quote:—

> "In misery's darkest cavern known,
> His ready help was ever nigh,
> Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
> And lonely want retired to die."

Besides having what Macaulay evidently considers a taste for low society, Dr Johnson had also what the Essayist calls "low prejudices." By this is meant that Johnson was a Tory instead of being a Whig — in fact, he stoutly maintained that "the first Whig was the Devil," the father of lies. He was a staunch Churchman instead of being an agnostic; and he firmly believed in the supernatural instead of being a sceptic, like David Hume. If these articles of faith are "low

prejudices," all that can be said is that they have been held at one time or another by some of the best and wisest of Englishmen.

Boswell had at last found his true vocation—a hero after his own heart. "It is a noble attachment," he says, "for the attractions are genius, learning, and piety." While he remained in London that year (1763) he followed Johnson about like his shadow. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" some one asked Goldsmith. "Not a cur," was the reply, "but a burr, and he has the faculty of sticking." Boswell's attachment to the great man was certainly not "sycophancy," for there was neither profit nor preferment to be found in that quarter; and, from a worldly point of view, he would have done better to attach himself to Lord Thurlow or Dundas, who might have advanced his fortunes at the Bar; or even (as in fact he did after Johnson's death) to that Tyrant of the North, Lord Lonsdale, who might have enrolled him among his pensioners and place-men.

At first, Boswell found it difficult to keep any adequate record of Johnson's conversation, for he was so engrossed by its vigour and vivacity that he sat wrapt in astonishment and admiration. But, he writes, "in progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther, I could with much more facility and exactness carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit." He did not, however, trust to his memory alone, but took down notes on his tablets in a system of shorthand peculiar to himself—the "catch-words" in the conversation, or the essence or *précis* of the argument,—and then would frequently sit up in his chambers till four in the morning, filling in the details of his sketch and probably adding point and emphasis to weak passages in the dialogue; working it up, like the admirable artist that he was; eliminating unnecessary details, and compressing it into the strong and forcible shape in which we now read it. Boswell had, in fact, the true dramatic instinct — a genius or inspiration for reproducing effective dialogue—akin to that of Sheridan or Shakespeare. He was not a mere fool with a notebook, as Gray and Macaulay would have us believe. On the contrary, he possessed a combination of talents as rare as they are admirable; and it was these talents which made his 'Life of Johnson' an unsurpassable biography.

Boswell was an acute observer of all that passed before his eyes, as may be seen in the two journals of his Tours. He notices the trifling details of a scene which are unimportant in themselves, but which go so far to give life and reality to a written description. Again, he was an excellent mimic. He could take off Johnson to the life—better, even, than Garrick himself

could. And this power of mimicry is akin to Boswell's peculiar talent for giving an air of reality to the details of a scene or conversation; and it is the talent which marks a great dramatist as well as a great actor. Furthermore, the artistic skill and discernment with which he welds his materials together and introduces his own personality is almost marvellous. As Croker observes: "The incidental observations with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue are terse, appropriate, and picturesque. We not merely hear the company—we see them."

While Boswell had been cementing his friendship with Johnson, and enjoying to the full his new glimpses of society in London, his father was fuming at his vagaries and urging him to settle down seriously to the legal profession. Lord Auchinleck was an excellent specimen of the old Scotch judge, learned, shrewd, with a rasping Doric accent, "and the strength of sarcasm peculiar to a North Briton," and furthermore a consistent Whig and a staunch Presbyterian. His prejudices were as strong as his pride in his ancient descent, and it might be said of him, as of another eminent Scot, that though he was "open to conveection, he was a dour deevil to conveence." The only point he had in common with his son was his family pride. "Old Auchinleck had," says Carlyle, "if not the gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of his son, the slow-stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of the gander—a still more fatal species." It was the ambition of the old Judge's life that Jamie should follow the legal profession, and make for himself a name and position at the Scottish Bar; and with that view it was decided that he should attend lectures for two years at Utrecht. Johnson insisted on accompanying him as far as Harwich. "I must see thee out of England," he said. They took an affectionate farewell of one another on the beach, and (writes Boswell) "as the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner, and at last I perceived him walk back into the town and he disappeared." Boswell attended lectures and studied law at Utrecht for about a year, and then obtained the reluctant consent of his father to make what was practically the Grand Tour, and finally, inspired by what Johnson called "a wise and noble curiosity," crossed over from Leghorn to Corsica in order to interview General Paoli, then maintaining an heroic resistance to the French and Genoese invaders.

Boswell has given us a graphic account of his wanderings in the island. There was hardly an inn to be found, but he was passed on by the friendly natives from one house to another, lodging in a convent or some dilapidated palace, and everywhere hospitably entertained; making his way across the mountains either on mule-back, or strutting valiantly on

foot up the steep bridle-paths "with a couple of stout women who carried my luggage on their heads"; when thirsty drinking from a brook, and lunching off chestnuts shaken from the trees. He harangued the villagers in his choicest Italian on the delights of liberty; or played Scotch airs to them on his German flute. "The pathetick simplicity and pastoral gaiety of the Scotch musick will always please those who have the genuine love of nature." They were still more delighted when he sang "Hearts of Oak"—translating the English words into Italian for their benefit. "*Cuore de querco!*" they cried; "*Bravo, Inglese!*" Nor must we forget his diplomatic reply to an inquisitive villager: "Why don't the English believe in the Pope?" "*Perche sono troppo lontani*—Because we are too far off."

At length Boswell reached Paoli's headquarters at Sellacaro, and was courteously, but somewhat coldly, received by the General, whose first impressions of the mysterious stranger were given in his peculiar broken English to Fanny Burney, when they met at Streatham in after years.

"He came," said Paoli, "to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief he might be an impostor, and I supposed, in my minte, he was an espy, for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say; indeed, I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh! Boswell is a very good man! I love him indeed—so cheerful, so gay, so pleasant; but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry."

In fact, when once satisfied of his identity, Paoli evidently took a strong liking to the mysterious stranger who had invaded his island. He gave Boswell free quarters in his house, entertained him at table, mounted him on a charger, and showed him all there was to be seen in that wild and inaccessible country. Boswell's heart was lifted up within him, and he indulged "in a luxury of noble sentiments." As he had dated one letter to Johnson from the tomb of Melanchthon at Wittenburg, so he writes another high-flown epistle from a place of equally solemn interest (*loca solemnia* are his words), namely, "the palace" of Paoli, and "vows eternal attachment." "It shall be my study," he goes on, "to make your life happy, and if you die before me, to do honour to your memory." This is the first hint of the great biography.

Boswell's 'Tour in Corsica' was published, against Dr Johnson's wish, in 1768, and was a vast improvement on the writer's earlier effusions. His lively and spirited account of Paoli and the Corsicans soon went through several editions. It was published by Dilly, who gave 100 guineas for the copyright, more than three times the sum which Johnson had received a few years earlier for the two noblest poems of the century

—"London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." "Mr Boswell's book," wrote Gray, "has pleased and moved me strangely." Even Lord Auchinleck was pleased for once. "Jamie," he said, "had ta'en a toot on a new horn." As to Jamie himself, his pride and satisfaction in finding himself a literary celebrity knew no bounds. He hurried up to London, exulted in the congratulations of his friends, interviewed the great Lord Chatham, wrote triumphant letters to Temple, and appeared at the Stratford-on-Avon jubilee, arrayed in a Corsican dress with *Viva la Liberta* embroidered on his cap.[1] And it may be remarked that there was nothing especially absurd or incongruous in Boswell's appearing in a Corsican dress among a throng of masqueraders at the Shakespeare jubilee, any more than a man makes himself ridiculous by appearing in a Louis XV. costume at a fancy ball. But, meanwhile, he was wasting time and money in London, and was peremptorily recalled to Scotland by his father that he might settle down to the more serious business of life.

James Boswell put on his Advocate's gown in July 1766, and there is no doubt that with his talents and family interests he might have done exceedingly well for himself, for he had friends in Court and belonged to the "hereditary *noblesse de la robe*." He made £65 in the first six months, while Walter Scott only made £24 in his first year. In 1771 he writes cheerfully to Temple that he is "doing nobly," has "dictated 40 folio pages to his clerk that day," and "has now earned eighty guineas." But this fit of enthusiasm did not last long. The drudgery of the Law was entirely uncongenial to Boswell's mercurial temperament; and when he ought to have been studying the 'Corpus Juris Civilis,' he was writing prologues for the theatre, philandering with actresses, or presiding at convivial suppers. London had now an additional charm for him. In 1772 he had been elected a member of the Literary Club, and he was free to attend the suppers in Gerrard Street. These were, indeed, *noctes cœnæque deûm*. He was enrolled at last among the Olympians, and this intellectual society must have been a striking contrast to the bacchanalian revels at Fortune's or Clerihugh's, where the air was thick with the fumes of whisky punch and peat reek. No sooner was the Court of Session closed for the recess than Boswell threw aside his advocate's gown and hurried off to London,—"as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of the whole year,"—eagerly repaired to Johnson's house, and accompanied him to St Paul's or St Clement's on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, abandoned all convivial society, endured his master's rebuffs and rebukes, drank in

[1] Not, as Lord Macaulay states, "Corsican Boswell."

every word that fell from those august lips, treasured them in his memory and entered them in his note-book. His curiosity was insatiable, and he was the most persistent of "interviewers." He plied his master with questions on every imaginable subject, from the sublime to the ridiculous. What was Johnson's opinion as to Free Will and Necessity? Did he believe in Predestination? Did he wear a night-cap? What would he do if he was shut up in a castle with a baby? It was no wonder that Johnson was irritated at times and turned angrily on his tormentor. "I will not be baited with What and Why. What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?" And when Boswell meekly replied that he only troubled him because he was so good, Johnson retorted, "Sir, my being so good is no reason for your being so ill." As a rule, Boswell took his little rebuffs, which he probably richly deserved, with his habitual good-temper, but occasionally he rebelled against this rough treatment, and the Sage had to apologise.

"JOHNSON—'Well, I'm sorry for it. I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, if you please.' BOSWELL—'I said to-day to Sir Joshua when he observed that you *tossed* me sometimes, I don't care how often or how high he tosses me when only friends are present, for then I fall on soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present. I think this is a pretty good image, sir?' JOHNSON—'Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard.'"

Odd as it may seem, Johnson was probably seen at his best when conversing with some lady of his acquaintance, when he was no longer the formidable autocrat of the Club or the Mitre, but gay and genial, laughing and jesting with the utmost good-humour, and, as Garrick tells us, his gaiety was contagious and irresistible. "The dear Dr Johnson," writes Miss Burney, "was more pleased, more kind, more delightful than ever. He was charming both in spirits and humour. I really think he grows gayer and gayer daily, and more ductile and more pleasant." This was written at Streatham towards the close of Johnson's life; and Boswell tells a charming story to the same effect. Among Johnson's friends was a Miss Monckton (afterwards Lady Cork).

"Her vivacity enchanted the Sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetick. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' she said, 'they have affected me.' 'Why,' said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, 'that is because, dearest, you are a dunce!' When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said, with equal truth and politeness: 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it!'"

And this is the man whom Macaulay calls "an incurable hypochondriac"!

Johnson tells us, in the 'Idler,' that "a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity. There," he goes on, "I experience an oblivion from care; I dogmatise and am con-

tradicted, and in the conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight." He was, in fact, a born dialectician — a master of words—and would have delighted the heart of Socrates. He went straight to the heart of an argument as he "tore the heart out of a book"—sweeping away the cobwebs of sophistry with some trenchant criticism and laying bare with his robust common-sense the unvarnished truth. And his was what Grote (speaking of Themistocles) calls "the might of unassisted genius" — genuine, original talent, owing little to masters and still less to books.

"Mr Johnson observed," writes Boswell, "of some of our Club that they talked from books, Langton in particular. 'Garrick,' he said, 'would talk from books, if he talked seriously. I,' he said, 'do not talk from books. You do not talk from books.' This," adds Boswell, "was a compliment to my originality—but I am afraid I have not read books enough to be able to talk from them."

How rich and varied Johnson's conversation was, how wide his range of subjects, how sound and sagacious his judgments were on every conceivable topic, may be gathered by turning over the pages of Boswell's 'Life.' The pity is that so little of it has been preserved to us. We have only "the fragments of the mighty banquet." Boswell did not meet Johnson till he was fifty-four, and the earlier and probably the most interesting part of Johnson's life — his heroic struggle against poverty —was known only to him by hearsay. And though there was an intimate friendship between the two men for twenty years, Boswell was actually in Johnson's company a little over two years. In 1773 they were together twelve weeks on their memorable tour to the Hebrides, of which Boswell has given us a graphic and vivacious account. "I was induced," writes Johnson, "to undertake the journey by finding in Mr Boswell a companion whose acuteness would help my enquiry and whose gaiety of conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel." Boswell proved himself worthy of this encomium, and from first to last his good-humour and thoughtfulness triumphed over all difficulties and made the expedition a success, in spite of Goldsmith's prophecy that he would never be able to lug such a dead-weight over the Highlands.

In August 1773 Johnson found his way to Edinburgh, taking nine days on the road, and was entertained by Boswell at his house in James' Court. Johnson was fêted and lionised. Every celebrity of the day was invited to meet him at breakfast or supper. He was taken to see Holyrood and Parliament House, where Henry Erskine slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, as a *pourboire* "for a sight of the bear." Then they set off on their travels, to the disgust of old Lord Auchinleck."

"There's no hope for Jamie, man; Jamie's gane clean gyte. What do you think, man? He's aff with the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican.

And wha's tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, man? A *dominie* — an auld dominie — that keepit a schule and ca'd it an acäadem y."

Their first halting-place was St Andrews,—then sadly fallen from its high estate,—where Johnson found himself on classic ground, and discussed Church history with the hospitable professors. Then they went on to Aberdeen, Fochabers, Glamis,—past the heath where Macbeth met the witches,—and on to Nairn, where Johnson heard "a song from Ossian" (as he called it) in the Celtic, and smelt peat-fires for the first time. At Inverness they began their "equitation"—riding on horseback over the rough moorland and deer-forests, past Loch Ness and Glenshiel to Glenelg, where they took boat for Skye. Here they were received with what Boswell considers "unbecoming parsimony" by the Chief of the Macdonalds; though, as the poor man's house had been recently burnt down, he probably did the best he could for them. At Kingsburgh they passed a night at Miss Flora Macdonald's house,—"a little woman of genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred,"—and Dr Johnson slept in the same bed that had once been occupied by the bonny Prince Charlie. Then on to the fine old castle of the Macleods at Dunvegan, where they were so hospitably entertained that Johnson declared "he had eaten lotus, and was in danger of forgetting he was ever to depart." Thence, "with but a single star to light us on our way," they journeyed to Corrichatachin. ("Do you wish to raise the devil, by using such long words?" said Maitre Pierre to Quentin Durward, when he said he came from Glenhoulakin.) Here we are told that "Dr Johnson went to bed soon," while Boswell, young Maclean of Col, the laird and his son began a carouse which lasted till day-break, and between them consumed four bowls of punch. Boswell's account reads like an undergraduate's description of his first bump-supper: "We were cordial and merry to a high degree, but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. . . . It was near five in the morning when I got to bed. *Sunday, September* 26. I awaked at noon with a severe headache." As Creevey is fond of saying, with reference to "Bruffam's" latest escapade, "Was there ever?" Johnson, however, treated the affair with good-humoured tolerance; and when Boswell (like a repentant schoolboy) pleaded, "Sir, they kept me up," he answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog." Possibly the Sage was impressed by the magnitude of the potations. Four bowls of punch among (apparently) four people! Truly this was on the heroic scale.[1] As Luther said, *Pecca fortiter*, while you are about it.

Then "Col" persuaded them

[1] Johnson's maxim was: "Claret for boys; port for men; brandy for heroes."

to go to his little island, and they sailed along much the same course as the "Lord of the Isles," but in the reverse direction.

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay.
. . . . . .
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll."

The Chief, however, was on board the boat. It was a perilous voyage. "It was very dark, and there was a heavy and incessant rain. . . . I now saw what I never saw before, a prodigious sea, with immense billows coming upon a vessel." Col made Boswell take hold of a rope,—"his object was to keep me out of the way." All the time Johnson was placidly reposing in a berth below. "I went down to visit him," says Boswell; "he was lying in philosophick tranquillity, with a greyhound of Col's lying at his back to keep him warm." They were lucky in reaching the harbour of Lochfern in safety; for in the following year young Maclean of Col was drowned, not far from the same spot, in "Ulva's stormy water."

After passing Mull and Tobermory, they reached Iona, where Johnson "felt his piety grow warmer" among the ruins of St Columba's monastery. They slept in a barn, and he writes to Mrs Thrale that "Boswell, who is very pious, went into the chapel at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste for fear of spectres."

Then came their memorable visit to Inverary, of which it may be said that, if Boswell was presumptuous, the Duchess of Argyll was inexcusably rude to a stranger and a guest.[1] But courtesy was never a strong point in the fair Gunning's character. From Inverary they made their way to Auchinleck, and Boswell had the pleasure of showing Johnson round "the romantick groves of my ancestors." The old judge received them civilly enough. Johnson was warned by Boswell against three forbidden topics — the Whigs, the Kirk, and Sir John Pringle; and the visit might have passed off tranquilly had not the judge's collection of medals unluckily diverted the conversation to Cromwell, Charles I., and Episcopacy. Then, indeed, the fat was in the fire with a vengeance. A stormy altercation ensued between "my august friend" and "my revered father," while poor Boswell sat by, silent and distressed. He has not given us any details of this battle of giants, but Walter Scott has recorded one characteristic remark. Upon Johnson's enquiring what possible good Cromwell had ever done for his country, the old laird burst out with, "God, doctor! he gart kings ken they had a

[1] The Duchess of Argyll was one of "the beautiful Gunnings," and was the wife of two Dukes in turn (Hamilton and Argyll), and the mother of four Dukes. So, at least, a descendant of hers told the writer.

lith in their neck!"[1] Years afterwards, when the two protagonists in this scene had been gathered to their fathers, Boswell piously writes: "They are now in a happier state of existence, in a place where there is no room for Whiggism" — evidently implying that the Whigs had been relegated to another place.

From Auchinleck the travellers returned by easy stages to Edinburgh, which they reached after an absence of eighty-three days. The personally conducted tour had been an unqualified success. In spite of the rainy weather and other inevitable discomforts, Johnson had enjoyed the novelty of the journey — now on horseback, now in a coach, and now by boat, the constant change of scenery, the study of new men and new manners, and the hospitable welcome he had received from a nation whom he had been decrying all his life. Nor was he ungrateful to Boswell for his care and thoughtfulness. "It is very convenient to travel with him," he writes, "for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect. He has better faculties than I imagined: more justness of discernment." Later on, he declared emphatically that "it was the pleasantest journey he had ever made." Johnson was probably more pleased with the Scotch than they were with him. Great resentment (and no wonder) was caused by some of the strictures both in his journal and in Boswell's 'Tour' (published later) on the habits and language of his entertainers, and it was perhaps as well that he did not visit the Hebrides a second time.

One person especially had viewed the Highland tour with strong disapproval. "My father," writes Boswell, "is most unhappily dissatisfied with me. He harps on my going over Scotland with a *brute* (think how shockingly erroneous!), and wandering, or some such phrase, in London." It must be admitted that the old judge had solid reasons for dissatisfaction. He had been, on the whole, a kind and indulgent father. He had given Jamie an expensive education, had indulged him in a foreign tour, had made him a handsome allowance, and had paid his debts (£1000). In return for this his son had been idle, extravagant, and dissipated; had wasted his time in London instead of following his profession at Edinburgh, and had attached himself to a "dominie" who had bearded Lord Auchinleck in his own castle, and upheld to his face the pestilent heresies of Episcopacy and the divine right of kings! James Boswell was, in fact, in a somewhat ticklish position, for his father had made a second

[1] Dr Johnson would probably have defined *lith*, "a small joint in the neck, sometimes broken by foxhunters." The word is Anglo-Saxon, according to Halliwell:

"Was never arrowe that greeved hym,
Ne that him touched lythe nor lyme."

marriage, and could, if he chose, disinherit James, and settle the estates on his second son, David. Lord Hailes, an old family friend, did his best to smooth over matters, and the birth of a son, whom Boswell diplomatically christened Alexander, did something more to bring about a reconciliation. But one thing Lord Auchinleck would not hear of—in spite of many entreaties—namely, that Boswell should try his fortunes at the English Bar.

Boswell, however, continued to visit London periodically, and kept up his intimacy with Johnson. But there are frequent gaps in the journal of these later years, and he often writes that he has kept no notes of the conversation that passed. This was partly, perhaps, from indolence — he was growing weary of the incessant strain involved in listening and recording; but it was, we fear, mainly due to his habits of insobriety. If he did not keep in the straight path, it was not from lack of good advice from his excellent mentor. "Clear your mind of cant: don't trust to impressions, work more and drink less, get as much force of mind as you can—live on what you have, and, if you can, live on less." But, alas! the whole book of Ecclesiastes is of little use or efficacy in such cases.

By his father's death he became laird of Auchinleck in 1782, and there is a touching letter from Johnson soon after that event: "I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs Boswell." Johnson himself was growing old, and afflicted with disease. His last and — as many think — his best work, 'The Lives of the Poets,' was written by him between the age of sixty-eight and seventy-two, when his mind was still as strong as ever — but that was a final effort. He became a martyr to dropsy and asthma, and it was then that Boswell showed that, in spite of absence and neglect, he retained much of his old affection and devotion to his master. He proposed that the Government should be asked to increase Johnson's pension, that he might be able to winter in Italy, and thereby prolong his life. Sir Joshua Reynolds cordially approved of the scheme, and the Chancellor (Lord Thurlow) promised to give it his "best support." Then it was decided to inform Johnson of what had been done.

"I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was much better to-day. BOSWELL — 'I am very anxious about you, sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which, I believe, is your own wish.' JOHNSON—'It is, sir.' BOSWELL—'You have no objection, I presume, but the money it would require.' JOHNSON—'Why, no, sir.' Upon which I gave to him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter. He listened with great attention, and then warmly said, — 'This is taking prodigious pains about a man.' 'O, sir,' said I with most sincere affection, 'your friends would do everything for you.' He paused — grew more and more agitated—till tears started into his eyes, and exclaimed with fervent emotion, 'God bless you all.' I was

so affected that I also shed tears. After a short time, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction—'God bless you all for Christ's sake.' We both remained for some time unable to speak. Then he left the room."

But the earnest appeal of Johnson's friends, though backed up by the Chancellor, was rejected by the Government, for Pitt never granted a pension or a favour to a man of letters. And though Thurlow offered to advance the sum required (£500), Johnson, who had been deeply hurt and mortified, refused the offer, and the scheme was dropped. If carried out, it could hardly have prolonged his life. That valuable life was now drawing to its close. Boswell met Johnson for the last time at a dinner at Sir Joshua's, on June 30, 1784.

"I accompanied him in Sir Joshua Reynolds' coach to the entry of Bolt Court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot-pavement, he called out, 'Fare you well'; and, without looking back, sprang away, with a kind of pathetic briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation."

The dignity and simplicity of the two passages quoted above can hardly be surpassed. They are in striking contrast to the effusive and often boisterous style of his letters to Temple, and in contrast also to his slipshod and inadequate account of Johnson's last hours. But he could not describe what he had not seen, and he was himself ill in Scotland when the end came. "Johnson feared death [he says], but he feared nothing else in the world, not even the occasions of death." His physical courage was indisputable, but he had a Christian's dread of "the Terrors and Eternities." He endured his sufferings with exemplary patience, his only prayer being that "he might render back his soul unclouded to his Maker." Almost his last words were addressed to a young girl, who had found her way to his bedside to ask his benediction: "God bless you, my dear"; and then murmuring *Jam moriturus*, he sank into a doze, and soon afterwards his mighty spirit passed away. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, "and," says Mr Elwin, "of him may be repeated with literal truth the lines which Tickell wrote on the burial of Addison—

"'Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest.'"

In Johnson, Boswell lost what had practically been the sheet-anchor of his life. Now that the controlling influence of that masterful personality had ceased to be, his character deteriorated. The "moral fences," of which he speaks in one of his letters, were hopelessly broken down, and the eleven years during which he survived Johnson are a melancholy record of "domestic misfortunes, broken health, and disappointed ambition." We do

not care to dwell upon the final stages of his decline and fall—his disastrous failure at the English Bar, his abortive attempts to secure a place in Parliament, his debts and difficulties, and (to use a mild term) his convivial excesses. He died in 1795, in his fifty-fifth year, when he had hardly touched the confines of old age.

Time has, on the whole, dealt gently with Boswell's memory. His faults and foibles have been condoned or forgotten, and men have, as a rule, only cared to remember his undeniably good qualities both of head and heart, and the gratitude which they owe him for his matchless biography of Johnson. For, before he died, he had completed and published that immortal work which had been the dream and ambition of his youth, and the engrossing occupation of five years towards the end of his life. He had spared neither time nor trouble on his *magnum opus*. He had sifted the mass of available materials, selecting the best and throwing aside the "surplusage" with that rare discrimination to which we have alluded before; he collected anecdotes and impressions from Johnson's surviving friends—Bennet Langton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr Adams, Dr Taylor, and others—and the result had been a literary masterpiece which has associated his name indelibly with that of his hero. By a kind of prophetic instinct he has demanded of his readers that his own character should be dissociated from his work.

"A man who has been able to furnish a book which has been approved by the world, has established himself as a respectable character in distant society, without any danger of that character being lessened by the observation of his weaknesses. . . . Such an author, when in his hours of gloom and discontent, may have the consolation to think that his writings are at that very time giving pleasure to numbers; and such an author may cherish the hope of being remembered after death."

This hope, to which he so touchingly refers, has been more than realised. Who cares to remember, as he turns over those delightful pages and passes from one dramatic scene to another, that the writer was bibulous and dissipated? We only think of that rare combination of talent and industry which has given us a life-like portrait of a noble character; and our only feeling is one of gratitude and admiration for the author. James Boswell has, indeed, well earned his immortality—

"Triumphant thou, o'er Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale!"

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

LIII.—A DOG AND A TRAITOR.

In the hands of Northumberland, a violent and self-seeking adventurer, the negotiations were much curtailed. On the 19th Richard came to Flint with the last few friends who remained to him. There were but four of them—the Earls of Salisbury and Gloucester, Bishop Merke of Carlisle, and John Maudelyn, the king's private secretary.

Hereford had kept his own counsel, and up to the moment of their arrival no one had any idea of the terms upon which they came. The place was surrounded by a huge army, but there were no troops in the courtyard where Richard was waiting. When Henry arrived, Westmoreland, Stafford, and the rest were near him as before, but they drew instinctively to one side of the entrance to the keep, so as to stand apart from Surrey and Exeter, who had been brought, rather to their own surprise, to be present at the meeting.

The arrangements were all such as would have been appropriate to the entertainment of one monarch by another. Henry himself was as smiling, as unctuously crafty, as ever. He advanced to meet the king, bowed twice, and addressed him by his title, but did not in any other way acknowledge the least inferiority of rank. Richard, on the other hand, behaved with a dignity so perfect that he seemed almost to be unconscious of any change in his own position or Hereford's since they last parted. Beside so exquisite a piece of acting the cunning of his enemy showed vulgar and laborious.

To the spectators the scene was one of absorbing interest, for its exact meaning was still in doubt, and upon that meaning hung the life and fortune of every one of them. The hostile parties drew farther away from each other, to right and left of the great stone doorway, and conversed by signs and monosyllables while they watched their two leaders pacing slowly up and down the long courtyard together, and talking with the calm voices and polite gestures of men engaged in friendly negotiation. Henry's partisans appeared to be the more anxious: they had no bond with their chief, and no hold over him, except the bare material self-interests on each side. His intentions had never been confided to them; and though they had no reason to doubt the issue, it was still vague, and their stake was too great for indifference. But Richard's friends had al-

ready faced their utmost risk and looked beyond it. They could bear everything; for they had seen a possible hope in the distance, and their only present anxiety was to know that their forecast had not been baseless from the beginning. Exeter alone was really tortured by the suspense.

At one moment the discussion seemed to have reached a point of agreement, and hearts beat more quickly as the two royal negotiators came towards the double knot of onlookers with the evident intention of speaking. But the alarm was a false one. Henry had nothing yet for publication. "His majesty will dine with us," he said to Westmoreland. "Let them lay for twelve at once." And he turned to resume his walk to and fro.

Richard was a pace or two in advance: he had moved back while Henry was speaking, and his eyes were fixed on the gateway, at the far end of the court, by which he had entered. The portcullis was down, and through it could be seen a dog, leaping against the crossed bars and thrusting his nose between them.

"Mat, Mat," Richard called to him. "Poor dog!"

"Let the dog in," Henry commanded. The portcullis began to rise slowly; there was a scramble of paws beneath it, and the king's favourite greyhound dashed into the courtyard. He came swiftly to the two figures in the centre, and leaped up with every sign of joy upon one of them: but that one was not his master.

Richard made no remark: the pacing began again, and Mat walked by Henry's side. As the turn was reached, close to the keep, the king hung back for an instant and then took his place, as if by accident, between Henry and the dog. But Mat, with the air of one who rebuffs a stranger, immediately passed behind him and was at Henry's side once more, thrusting his nose into the usurper's hand.

At the cold touch Henry stopped involuntarily. "What does the dog want?" he asked.

"Favour," replied the king with a bitter-sweet smile; "it is a good sign for you and an evil one for me."

"How do you know that?" asked Henry, rather taken by surprise.

"I know it well," said Richard, turning and speaking so that everyone could hear him. "The dog knows nothing of persons: he makes cheer to you as king of England: and so you will be; he has this knowledge by instinct. Take him: he is no worse than others."

They went in to dinner: when the whole party were seated there was one place vacant.

"Who is the twelfth?" asked Henry, looking round him. "Is there no one else coming?"

This time Richard laughed almost gaily as he seized his chance. "I suppose there were

too many qualified for the twelfth place," he said; "they could not all come."

Soon after dinner horses were brought. Richard had been carefully kept from any private conversation with his friends, and he foresaw that he would not be allowed to travel with them. Before mounting, therefore, he turned to Surrey, "Good-bye, Tom," he said in his most natural voice. "You will find a good lord in my cousin Henry, but remember that it was I who made you a knight."

John heard the words and his heart leapt; to those who had been present at the burial of De Vere, but to them only, the meaning was unmistakable; Richard was appealing once more to St George.

Conqueror and captive rode from the courtyard: the portcullis fell again behind them, and Richard's friends looked at one another. Westmoreland came back alone to them from the gate.

"My lords," he said, "my orders are to wait till the Londoners have struck their camp and then to see you clear. The king made it a condition that you should all six have a safe-conduct."

Exeter drew a deep breath and blew out his purple cheeks: John, with a quick side glance, caught a very different gleam on his lord's face as they went silently into the keep.

LIV.—THE DAY OF TRIAL.

On the 29th of September—two years to a day since the inauguration of his splendid despotism—Richard abdicated the Crown of England: on the 30th he was formally deposed by Parliament, and Henry of Lancaster, standing before the empty throne, challenged the realm by right of conquest and of descent. The first of these claims was undeniable, though frankly brutal: it was characteristic of the man that he could not refrain from adding the second, based as it was upon a silly and scandalous tale which had failed, some ten days before, to commend itself even to his obsequious advisers. But Richard once gone, the only alternative to Lancaster was the eight-year-old Earl of March; and the two Houses had no hesitation in covering the shame of Henry's pleas with a decent Parliamentary title.

The coronation took place on the 12th of October. On the 18th began an inquiry into the circumstances of the Duke of Gloucester's death. Sir William Bagot turned usurper's evidence, and gave a voluble account which embarrassed friends and foes alike: he ended by casting suspicion on Surrey, Exeter, and Aumerle. Surrey shot up like a flame and challenged his accuser to trial by battle. The other two followed his example. The debate which followed made it clear enough that the two Hollands were wrongly accused; but Aumerle

was again attacked next day, Lord FitzWalter and a dozen other peers throwing their hoods down before him on the floor of the House, as gages of their readiness to meet him in judicial combat. The scene ended with the examination of John Hall, a servant who swore to Aumerle's guilt and his own, and was thereupon taken to the gallows the same afternoon. On the Earl of Northumberland's motion it was then ordered that Richard should be conveyed to a place of surety and cut off from all intercourse with his friends. Five days later he was accordingly taken from the Tower by night and in disguise, and brought by roundabout ways to Pontefract Castle in Yorkshire.

On the 29th the Lords Appellant were impeached. Their enemies were literally clamouring for blood, and as the trial degenerated into a mere howl of insensate party rage, even Surrey and Salisbury began to despair of themselves and the cause they served. Richard's fate depended on their life and liberty: if a charge of treason could be successfully laid, if it could be shown that they had acted for a moment on their own responsibility, and so been technically in disobedience to the king, both they and he were lost for ever. There was nothing for it but to cower: a horrible extremity for two of the most honourable and high-spirited men of their time. But the sacrifice of their self-respect was not made in vain: as they reiterated, hour after hour, their humiliating plea of agency, of irresponsibility, of action under the king's peremptory command, and were answered, hour after hour, by yells of disappointed fury, even Henry shrank from the sight of the evil passions which had given life to his dynasty. He foresaw, too, that his own popularity, his own security, would be endangered if he could not check the savagery of men like Northumberland, who served him only for plunder and revenge, and would serve his enemies to-morrow if a better price were offered. He therefore closed the proceedings with some show of order and decency, and postponed judgment till the 3rd of November.

In the few days which intervened, his more vindictive partisans exhausted every argument to secure a sentence of attainder and death; but they found Henry quite unsympathetic to their ferocity. His distinction, and the secret of his success, lay in his entire lack of either depth or nobility of feeling: it was this which made him at once crafty and smiling, callous and genial; which enabled him to bide his time without impatience, and take the supreme risk without hesitation; to turn relentlessly against old friends, or to forgive his enemies when policy demanded it. The man who, to conciliate the Arundels, introduced into England the burning of heretics, was the same who, to avoid a lasting blood feud with the houses of York, Holland, and Montagu, could renounce the temptation

to destroy all their chiefs at a single blow.

His decision was privately conveyed to the prisoners and their friends overnight. The Duchess of Exeter was at Dartington with her two young sons; but Joan was with her brother, Lord Stafford, and received the king's message at his house. After a hasty consultation with John Marland, she requested that the two Dukes and their friends, after judgment had been pronounced, should all be brought back from Westminster by the king's bodyguard, and delivered out of custody at the gates of the New June, where the long river frontage gave them a more defensible position than Tom's own house in Friday Street.

This precaution was the saving of their lives. The mob of Londoners, who had always favoured Arundel and fiercely resented his death, waited on Tower Hill from long before daybreak, sure at last of their revenge. When the prisoners and their escort were seen to have stopped short in Thames Street, and the report spread that they had escaped with life and liberty, the rage of the crowd came roaring down the Hill like a breaker on a lee shore. Happily the troops were still in Thames Street, and remained there perforce, blocking the narrow entrance completely, until the fury of the storm ebbed gradually away, and only a few scowling ragamuffins remained to jeer through the great gates at the poleaxe men on guard behind them.

LV.—STROKE AND COUNTERSTROKE.

Once inside, Tom left his uncle to do the honours of the house, and took the stairs flying. At the top his wife was waiting for him. "Not very dignified, am I?" he said, throwing his arms about her, —"but then I'm not Earl Marshal any longer: I'm not even Duke of Surrey."

"What is that to me?" she asked, as she drew down his head and kissed him once more.

"If you must know," he replied gaily, "it is a good deal to you: you are only a poor little Countess now, and you've lost Warwick and the horses too."

"I have not lost you." She took him by the hand and led him into the Great Chamber, where they were presently joined by the others. Joan gave them all a cordial welcome, but no one said much in reply.

John closed the door with encouraging sharpness, fixed his heel carefully against it, and looked on intently; but the embarrassed and weary men before him showed no sign of appreciating their security.

"Come," said Tom briskly, "we must have a table; we can't have a council of war without a council table—it is unheard of."

John brought a small table and placed it opposite the fire.

"But is this a council of war?" asked Aumerle in a low voice as they took their seats.

"Certainly it is," replied Tom. His tone was so decided that Aumerle started as if at a rebuke, and an uncomfortable silence followed.

"Where is Lord Dorset?" asked Joan, by way of making a fresh start.

"There is no longer a Lord Dorset." Tom's voice had scarcely recovered its cheerfulness; his wife misunderstood the words, and her face clouded.

"No, no!" cried Tom; "but he is Earl of Somerset now, and he has gone over to the enemy." He turned to his companions. "My wife does not quite understand the position yet. Let me sum it up, and we shall see exactly how we stand. In the first place," he went on, with a bright look towards Joan, "since you last saw us we have all lost a good deal of weight — in fact, we have shrunk to what we were two years ago. My uncle is Huntingdon again, and I am Kent, — it feels rather like putting on our own cast-off clothes. Aumerle is Rutland, and Despenser here has to drop his earldom. Salisbury is Salisbury still, because he never became anything else,— that shows how much better it is never to accept promotion: you run no risk of having to forget your own name."

Salisbury laughed and nodded; but he was the only one of the party with a spark of humour left in him. Huntingdon growled at his nephew's light-hearted tone. "If it were only my name!"

"It is not only our names," Tom continued, still speaking to his wife; "we are all to lose whatever lands, charters, or money we have received since '97. I don't know who is to get them, but it really doesn't matter, the whole thing is just a pastime—something to occupy the other side during the interregnum."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Rutland with an uneasy look at Joan; "you seem to have forgotten the sentence — the condition about——"

"Oh, yes, I know," Tom interrupted; "about not adhering to the late King Richard, and being liable to the usual penalties for high treason, and so on. Well, we do adhere to the late King Richard, don't we, and we *are* liable to the usual penalties, and we ought to be thankful for it."

"I don't see that," Huntingdon grumbled. "What have I got to be thankful for?"

"My dear uncle," replied Tom, "isn't it better to be liable to penalties than to pay them? Henry has struck us with a blunt weapon: we shall strike him with a sharp one when our turn comes."

Rutland was looking pale and unhappy. "When our turn comes?" he mumbled. "That will be long enough."

"It will be at the earliest possible opportunity," replied

Kent; "that is, the first time Henry gives a tournament."

"Why a tournament?"

"Well, any kind of festivity that will serve as an excuse for our coming near him armed and all together."

Rutland's furtive eye glanced again towards Joan. She saw that he mistrusted her, and rose to go, with the haughty little air that became her best.

"My husband is my lord," she said, "and King Richard is his; your secrets are as safe with me as with yourselves."

She had meant to leave them to their own counsel, but Rutland seized the opportunity to break off the discussion: the suspense of the last few days, the judgment pronounced that morning, and the outburst of the mob, had shaken his nerves, and he winced from even the thought of further risk.

"Very well," said Kent, as they all rose together, "then we must meet again; shall we say in three days' time, and in this house? We can all come and go as we like here, because we have the river."

It was by river that they now departed; Lord Huntingdon conveyed Rutland, Salisbury, and Despenser to the boat, and John found himself alone in the room with his master and mistress.

They had forgotten him: Joan's head was hidden against her husband's shoulder, and she was weeping silently.

"Never fear, sweetheart," said Tom; "a few months at most, and we'll make the New June blossom again like the rose."

The words sounded to John like an ill omen: they did not seem to cheer his lady much.

"Must you?" he heard her saying, "must it all begin again? Have we not enough?"

Tom held her fast and looked down with a smile of indulgent tenderness. "Enough?—while Richard has nothing?"

The words swept like a sea-wind through every corner of John's brain: he straightened himself proudly, as if to the flapping of a standard overhead.

LVI.—ON THE FAITH OF MY BODY.

The company of those who remained faithful to Richard was now reduced to the smallest possible number, but it was still powerful, and it soon began to grow. At the meeting on the 6th of November there were present three additional members, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Ralph, Lord Lumley; these were joined within the month by Sir Thomas Blount, Sir John Shelley, Sir Barnard Brocas, and others. No one suspected the design of the four Earls; there was even a slight revulsion of feeling in their favour, and Henry seemed to be playing into their hands when in December he announced his intention of keeping Christmas at Windsor and ending the festivities with a Twelfth-night tournament.

The loyalists at once held a

final council, at which Lord Kent proposed that the whole party should meet two days beforehand at Kingston-on-Thames and ride together to Windsor as if arriving for the tournament. Confederates could be found to admit them to the Castle during the night: then, when once they had made sure of Henry and his son, they would proclaim Richard, send messengers to France, and raise the country in every direction.

The plan seemed full of promise to every one but Rutland, who was still in a pitifully depressed state. He agreed, however, to stand in with the rest; and the meeting broke up with the understanding that the members were to assemble at dusk on January 4 without further summons, and in the meantime to give no sign of activity, even to each other.

Tom went straight to inform his wife, who was waiting in Lady Huntingdon's room, and John sat in the corridor outside. Presently the door opened, and Margaret Ingleby came out.

John sprang up to greet her, but she seemed hardly to remember who he was. Her hand lay in both his while she spoke to him without resistance, but without any touch of recognition.

"I have heard your plot," she began. "I have nothing to say about that, but you have forgotten the only thing I care about."

"Tell me," he said with a quickening of anxiety.

"Lord Stafford will be there —with the king."

John was thunderstruck: he had indeed forgotten. But she was right. Lord Stafford was a prime favourite with Henry: he had married the heiress of the murdered Gloucester; he was to have the next vacant Garter Stall; he was the most rising young man at Court. Certainly he would be at Windsor, and if the plot succeeded he could not fail to be among those marked for death.

But here a sudden rage came over John as he realised the two-edged horror of the position. What was one life that it should weigh against so many—against King Richard's own?

"What can we do?" he asked in low fierce tones. "Would you destroy us all?"

"I would destroy myself."

"Yourself!" he groaned, more exasperated still. "How could you save him if my lord cannot? You know John Holland and the rest too — there'll be no one for mercy this time."

He would have tossed her hand away, but her clasp tightened firmly upon him. "He must be warned," she said; "he must, and since none of you can do it, I will."

Her deep musical voice had its old power over him. His anger passed, and he saw her as she was, daring everything for a mistress whose own loyalty could ask nothing, even for the brother she loved. But his face was sterner than ever, for the danger grew more terrible as he looked upon it.

"Margaret," he said, "do what you will with *me*. I gave gladly, and I'll not repent; but I cannot give you Richard."

"Richard is mine as well as yours; if he goes I lose you all."

His eyes thanked her, but he shook his head. "I promise you," he pleaded, "that I will defend Stafford with my life. Surely that is enough. They will think twice before they part with me."

"No," she answered, "it is not enough. You have said yourself that I know John Holland."

"You have my promise," he said stubbornly; "you cannot ask more."

She pressed his hand, and walked slowly away. He looked after her without moving.

LVII.—GONE AWAY!

The 4th of January had come. By sunset the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon were at Kingston; by six o'clock, when darkness fell on the short winter's day, 400 lances had assembled, and other troops were reported on the march. Of the chiefs, only one was absent from the rendezvous. If it had been any other than Rutland, his failure might have caused alarm; but the party was strong enough to spare its weakest member, and no one suspected him of courage enough to betray the plot.

By half-past six the moon was rising: she was only a day or two past the full, and as the clear frosty light broadened up the sky impatience began to grow on the conspirators. Mounted messengers had been sent out to look for signs of Rutland's approach. Shortly before eight they returned without tidings, and Lord Kent gave the word to start without him.

By eleven the head of the column had reached Frogmore, and Lord Kent halted to enable the rear-guard to come up. Three-quarters of an hour later John stood under the shadow of the castle, and rapped out the signal upon the secret gate.

It was opened immediately. John passed the word back to those who followed, stepped inside, and went forward a pace or two.

The porter hung about him: the man seemed uneasy, but quite devoid of caution. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, touching his cap, "but if you want to see the king, I'm afraid you're too late. I hope I shan't lose my bargain, sir."

"Where is the king?" asked John sharply.

"He went to London, sir, this evening early."

John's head was whirling. He looked round at the crowd of armed men pouring into the courtyard, and saw his lord among them.

"The king is gone," he said in a low voice; "the porter says he is gone to London."

"Oh, is he?" replied Kent coolly; "we'll see about that."

He ordered the porter into

custody, drew up his men in four companies, and gave directions for the whole castle to be seized and searched in detail.

No opposition was offered: but neither king nor courtiers were found. The chiefs stood in the moonlight looking at one another with eyes that recognised defeat, but refused to acknowledge it.

"Try the canons' houses," said Lord Kent, "and you, John, look into the Great Gateway."

His men dashed off in front of him. Before he could reach the gateway tower they were dragging out a prisoner. But it was not the king: it was Margaret Ingleby.

"I came to see a friend," she said, "but I was too late; the Duke of York was here already."

John saw that he must clear her before the men, and that quickly.

"My lord!" he shouted across the moonlit green, "Lord Rutland has betrayed us, the king has gone to London."

"Right!" shouted Tom in reply; "then we are for London too. Fall in!"

LVIII.—MARCH AND COUNTERMARCH.

The real war had come at last, and Tom was in his element. He marched eastward with a dash which put heart into his men; halted them at Colnbrook to avoid fatigue, and made a great parade of taking up a strategic position there, where the roads branched off to Windsor and Maidenhead. His right flank could be turned by Horton, and he knew it; but he had no real object in covering Windsor, for if he were compelled to fall back at all, it must be towards Maidenhead and Oxford, keeping open the direct route to Wales, the last possible rallying-ground of Richard's cause. In the meantime scouts were sent out towards London, and messengers to the rear, to hurry on the promised reinforcements, some small bodies of which were already reported close at hand.

After six hours' rest and a plentiful dinner every one appeared to be in good spirits. John tried in vain to catch his lord off guard for a moment and learn his true estimate of their chances. He ended by adopting his working hypothesis that all was going well.

At noon Margaret came to say good-bye to him. She was to return to Lady Kent at Kingston, and take her straight to Chester; from there it would be easy for them to rejoin Lord Kent, or escape to France by sea, as the occasion required.

These alternatives were spoken of with matter-of-fact hardness on both sides. Margaret, whatever she felt, could not afford to spend her strength immediately before her journey. John was fettered by a masculine shame: while there is still the remotest chance of sur-

vival, a man, and especially an Englishman, dare not risk his self-respect in the naked farewell words of the long parting. Even to himself his heart said nothing unendurable, as he watched her take the road and listened to the rattle of hoofs dying away between the frosted hedgerows.

He returned to find the chiefs in council. Scouts had brought in a man of Rutland's: whether he came on his own account or his master's, no one but Lord Kent ever knew; but he brought heavy news. London had risen with enthusiasm, and Henry was marching with no less than sixteen thousand men.

"I put six for sixteen," said Tom as he informed his colleagues; "but six are enough to move us from here. We must find something we can really hold against odds, till our friends come in."

They drew off to Maidenhead at once and barricaded the bridge. The town afforded excellent quarters, while the advance-guard of Henry's force, arriving at dusk, had to shiver through the frosty night on the eastern bank of the river. John counted their watch-fires, and saw that new ones were continually being added: there was little doubt that the attack would begin at daybreak.

LIX.—MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

An hour before dawn Lord Despenser and Sir Thomas Blount moved quietly off in the direction of Henley with the baggage train and all the unmounted troops. John perceived that a general retreat had begun, and that the coming fight was to be merely a rear-guard action; but what were the chances of success he could not tell. He stood with his lord at the door of their lodging, and watched in the growing light while the ammunition waggons were brought forward again into position within a quarter-mile of the river bank.

"John," said Lord Kent in a quiet unemphatic voice, "if any one remarks on my uncle's absence, you can say that he went last night to Berkhamstead to bring up reinforcements."

John started as if he had been struck.

"You see the plan," said his lord almost sternly. "If he finds himself in sufficient force, he comes down on Henry's rear: if not, he makes for Marlow and goes west with the others."

"I see," replied John, looking him straight in the face; "was the plan yours or his?"

"The ammunition is all forward now, I think," said his lord; "it is time we were following."

Trumpets were sounding on both sides as they came within sight of the bridge. A group

of officers clustered round Lord Kent immediately.

"I see you have all found your places," he said cheerfully, "archers to right and left—they will take open order at once: keep the shooting under control as far as possible, and see that the waggoners feed the fighting line with arrows. The men-at-arms will remain in column on the road, and take their orders from my trumpet: they will charge in troops of forty each — ten abreast."

The enemy were not so methodical: they were commanded by Sir Robert Neville, a gallant but inexperienced young man, who wished to make a reputation before his superiors could overtake him with the main army. Being comparatively weak in archers, he was compelled to force the fighting: his billmen to the number of over a thousand were drawn up in a crescent, ready to converge upon the bridge-head, with a reserve of equal numbers behind them; and in front of both his wings a thin line of bows was thrown forward to divert the attention of Lord Kent's marksmen from the point of attack.

This, however, they were unable to do. The barricades upon the bridge were very slight — they were rather obstacles than barriers,—but the roadway was flat, and the low parapets gave little or no cover. Salisbury's archers had the range exactly, and the assailants had barely time to tear down the first breastwork of hurdles and rush into the narrow passage, before the head of their column was completely snowed under. For a moment or two John saw the converging pressure from behind force more and more men forward to fall writhing and shouting over those who had already fallen in front: then almost before he realised what was happening, the bugle-horns sounded sharply to right and left, and the arrow-sleet was suddenly over. The enemy were scattering out of range. Lord Kent's loss was very slight; his archers had been strong enough to dominate the enemy's, as well as to destroy the advance, and he cheerfully consented to an hour's truce for the removal of the wounded, upon condition that the two remaining barriers should not be touched.

Before this work was finished the sun rose in great splendour: John saw the first clear ray flash on his lord's helm and fire the golden lions on his surcoat, as he rode across the front to speak to Salisbury. The men saw it too, and raised a cheer.

Tom came back smiling. "Salisbury's fellows wish this could last for ever," he said to John, "but it can't."

John felt a strange elation gaining on him.

"It has lasted too long for those poor fellows yonder." He pointed to the slow march of the dead and wounded opposite.

"Not a bit," replied Tom, still radiant; "it is a good day to die on, this — wait and see."

The light on his face shone

full into John's mind, and cleared up his doubt. They were lost: his lord knew it. A moment afterwards he realised that his anxieties too had all vanished: he was happy, like his two radiant chiefs, with a careless happiness that he had never known before.

The trumpets were sounding again. Neville had put his fresh troops in the front line and was repeating his desperate attack. This time the second barrier went down, but again the tide of the advance was choked by its own dead.

"We must rebuild," John began to suggest to the man beside him. But as he spoke he saw the enemy in their retreat throwing the broken hurdles down into the river. He looked round at his lord.

"Never mind," said Tom, "it is not over yet."

He rode forward to receive the flag of truce himself.

"Listen," he said to the herald. "Take my compliments to Sir Robert Neville, and say that I wish he would give me the pleasure of meeting him in person on the usual terms. His next attack will finish the affair one way or the other, and the opportunity will have gone by. Say that I propose to be on the bridge ten minutes after hearing his trumpet, with one squire only, no one else to be within a furlong on either side."

This offer seemed as reasonable and attractive to Sir Robert as to the challenger himself: it in no way conflicted with his ideas on the duty of a commander. Some little time was taken up in arranging for the further conduct of the action in the event of his being disabled; but at last his trumpet rang out, and Lord Kent called for his helmet.

"Remember St Inglebert," said John before he buckled it on, "go in at your fastest pace and come sharply forward as you cope."

"I wish Edmund were here," returned his lord; "ask him to forgive me for sending him off to France."

The last barrier was opened, and the champions sat motionless on their horses in full sight of both armies. Bills and bows were forgotten, and the two lines pressed forward, even within the forbidden distance of each other.

When the *laissez - aller* sounded, Neville started at once. Kent hung back for a moment, and then launched himself like an arrow. At the instant before meeting his opponent he bent forward suddenly, as he had seen Reynault de Roye do ten years ago, his spear and shoulder in one piece. Upon him the shock seemed hardly to take effect at all; to his opponent it was fatal. Sir Robert was flung against the parapet of the bridge, and was taken up with his neck broken.

Broken, too, was the spirit of the attacking army: they made but a feeble reply to the triumphant cheering of their adversaries, and soon afterwards were seen to be busy about dinner: they had not even asked for a truce. Their

inaction lasted until sunset, when some of Northumberland's troops arrived, and a third assault was ordered.

This time the column was headed by a hundred men-at-arms, who marched slowly on foot to the entrance of the bridge and were then thrust forward, like a steel spear-head, by the rush of unarmoured troops behind them. The arrows clashed upon their plates like hail on glass, and many fell: but the rest succeeded in breaking the last barrier and staggering forward a few paces on to the open ground. Then a trumpet sounded three times in rapid succession, and three troops of mounted men in heavy armour fell upon them like three great oaks falling among underwood: behind them in the twilight the storm of arrows, more terrible now because unseen, choked the bridge once more with dying and dead.

There were fresh men and desperate men in this attack: but it failed at last, and Lord Kent dictated his own terms for the night. The prisoners he returned, with a hand-shake and a light word of good-bye to each: even Stutterville, thought John, was never in a happier or more charming mood.

LX.—BLOCKHAM FEAST.

The rear-guard action was over, and Lord Kent, in spite of the risk involved in his chivalrous challenge, had successfully achieved his object. He had secured for Despenser's men a clear start of twenty-four hours, and had now only to disengage himself and follow with the mounted troops. This proved easy, in spite of the stillness of the night and the broad moonlight which lasted till morning. The town formed an effectual screen for the movement: the waggons were abandoned where they stood, the armour and ammunition was all placed upon pack-horses, and by five o'clock the last of the little army slipped off unperceived by the enemy, leaving behind them only a score of wounded men hidden in cottages, and a few lights burning on their last barricade.

It was still twilight when they came to Henley: there they tore down the stone parapet of the bridge at both ends, and piled the broken masonry in the centre. Two hours later they did the same at Wallingford: the archers grumbled aloud as they turned away from a breast-work which, as they said, they could have held against St Michael and all the angels.

At Abingdon they dined and rested: Despenser had slept there the night before, but had left again very early, and was now some ten or eleven hours in advance. The sun set before they reached Farringdon, and it was pitch-dark when they rode into Fairford, for the moon was not yet up. She

rose at ten o'clock and lighted them to Cirencester, where they were to meet Despenser. He had, however, marched through the town and left a message that he was encamped in a park on the far side: Lord Kent accordingly sent on his men to join forces, and fixed his own headquarters at the principal inn, looking out upon the market-place. Salisbury and Lumley remained with him, attended only by a chaplain and secretary and two squires, as well as John Marland: even for these the house could hardly provide room. But after such a day's work they had no difficulty in sleeping soundly.

The moon was far down the sky, but it was not yet day, when John was awakened by a loud knocking upon the street door. Through the iron window-bars of the ground-floor room, which he was sharing with the other two body-squires, he saw a group of pole-axemen, two of whom were carrying enormous horn lanterns.

"What do you want? Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the bailiff of this town," answered a voice in the shadow of the house, "and I demand admittance in the king's name."

"Be good enough," replied John, "to demand it again in a couple of hours' time."

"That is a servant's answer," retorted the voice. "Where are your masters?"

"I am here," said Lord Kent, who had come downstairs on hearing the noise, followed immediately by Lords Salisbury and Lumley.

A lantern was held up, and a face peered into the room.

"Thomas, Earl of Kent, John, Earl of Salisbury, and Ralph, Lord Lumley, I summon you to surrender as rebels and traitors to our Lord King Henry."

Lord Lumley had been eyeing the pole-axemen. They were neither young nor smart-looking: there was something humorous about so pompous a demand so insufficiently backed.

"Arrested by the watch!" he cried; "and fined, I dare say!"

"Steady!" said Salisbury in a low tone; "this may be serious."

Kent thought so too. "Perhaps you will be content to wait while we finish dressing?" he said courteously.

The bailiff agreed, and his men fell back a few paces. The three lords went upstairs to consult, and took John with them.

"In the open," said Kent, "these fellows would give us no trouble. There are only ten of them, and we are eight — seven with sword and dagger. But we must know where we are going if we make a rush for it. They will have shut the town gates."

"We can't hold the house, I suppose," suggested Salisbury, "till Despenser comes?"

Kent shook his head. "It's a mere cockle-shell, and we don't know how long he may

be. I fixed no hour, and he may have to break in."

They looked out into the wide street, where daylight was beginning to appear at last.

"There's the church," said Salisbury, pointing across the market-place to a large building with scaffolding upon it. "It looks new. I hope it is consecrated," he added with a smile.

"I hope it is defensible," Lumley replied, laughing.

"I daresay it will serve our turn one way or the other," said Kent. "Let us go down and see this bailiff."

They took their swords and went down.

"I understand, sir," said Lord Kent through the window, "that you regard us as your prisoners? I offer ransom."

"I am a gentleman, my lord," replied the bailiff curtly.

"The more reason," urged Lord Kent; "a gentleman always puts his prisoner to ransom."

"The cases are different: I have not taken you in fight."

"Good!" said Lord Kent. "We can put that right at once. Have you a sword and dagger?"

"I decline the honour," replied the other with a cold patience.

Lumley was annoyed. "Why did you call yourself a gentleman, then?" he asked.

"I bear coat armour."

"I should think so!" cried Lumley: "a demi-lion faineant!"

Salisbury gave a half-groaning laugh. "There's an end of that," he said; "it is time to go now."

They filed deliberately out into the passage. John unbarred the door with one quick movement, and the seven swordsmen went through the watch without a single effective blow on either side. The bailiff alone followed them with sword drawn, shouting angrily to his men to come on. The poleaxes were unused to charging, except with the butt.

At the church porch there was a moment's pause: the door proved to be unlocked, and the fugitives slipped through it one by one, while Lord Lumley faced the bailiff.

"Come, sir," he said cheerfully, "let us part friends: now that we are out of your hands, I beg your pardon for my jest."

"Very likely."

Lumley went in, and the door was bolted behind him. "He's a deadly beast, this bailiff," he said to the others; "he means mischief yet."

"We are in sanctuary," answered Kent, "and here we stay till Despenser comes."

"H'm—I have my doubts," said Salisbury.

"You Lollards always have," Lumley replied.

As time went by, voices were heard outside: a crowd was evidently collecting. The prisoners climbed upon benches and looked out of one of the great windows. The market-place was half-full of men armed and unarmed, and the bailiff stood in the middle arguing with a knot of burgesses.

"Ha! the sun is rising," said one of the squires presently; "Lord Despenser will be stirring now."

No one replied. John looked uneasily at his master. Was he, too, beginning to doubt?

Ten minutes passed: the mob grew steadily. A cart arrived, bringing a great balk of timber.

"Ah!" cried Salisbury, "I thought so; they are going to batter us."

"I wonder how long that will take?" said Tom, fingering his hilt.

At this moment a loud shout was heard. "Fire! fire!" The cry came from the south-east corner of the market-place, where smoke was seen rising from the back of the houses.

"Lucky!" said someone.

"That's no luck," answered Lumley. "That's my priest: he stayed behind when we ran out of the inn. Good man! That will keep the wasps busy!"

"A priest all over," said Salisbury, "he has only maddened them."

It was quite true: a dozen or two of those more immediately concerned went off to extinguish the fire, but the rest ran with loud shouts to get out their battering-ram. The priest had only succeeded in destroying their scruples.

The prisoners stood upon the steps of the high altar and consulted.

"Shall we fight them here or make a rush for it when the door gives?" asked Tom. His eyes were bright again and his hands restless.

"Neither," replied Salisbury; "we must surrender before they break in."

He went quickly to the door: the ram had reached the entrance of the porch.

"Is the bailiff there?" he shouted. "We wish to parley with the bailiff."

"I am here," said the cold voice they knew; "I give you ten minutes' truce."

The door was opened, and the two parties faced one another. Tom moved to the front. "I am the Earl of Kent," he said. "To save you from committing sacrilege, we are willing to surrender—upon terms."

The bailiff was neither young nor old: his face by daylight looked harder than ever.

"There are no terms for rebels," he replied.

"I appeal to the king, your lord."

The bailiff looked at the three leaders in turn: his eyes rested deliberately on Lord Lumley.

"I bid you to Blockham Feast," he answered.

Tom closed the door. "Now what do you say?" he asked Salisbury.

"Surrender," replied Salisbury,—"the axe is a decent end: I can't die like a rat among a hundred dogs."

"It will take them longer too," urged Lumley, "and there is always the chance."

Tom drew his sword and opened the door again; the crowd edged back as if expecting a charge.

"We are knights and peers

of Parliament," he said; "we have appealed to the king, and we are content to leave the rest to you. But we have servants here: what will you do with them?"

"They may have their horses," replied the bailiff, "and an hour's law on the road you came by."

"At once?" asked Tom.

"No," answered the bailiff, "afterwards."

The three lords came forward and gave up their swords: no one asked for those of the squires. The crowd pressed eagerly round the whole party, but the armed men soon formed a ring and drove them back. Axes were brought, and a confessor sent for from the abbey; the battering-ram was laid on three upturned stools to make a block.

"John," said his lord, "you must find my uncle, wherever he is."

John was surprised: he dared not name his mistress, but the look on his face betrayed his thought.

"My wife," said Tom, "is safe by now: say no more of that. My uncle is the king's only chance. I don't know what he has done since he left us; but if he has made terms with Henry, so much the better for Richard."

"I will go to him at once," said John. His voice seemed no longer part of him.

A monk was brought in: Kent and Lumley made their confession, but Salisbury refused, and knelt at a little distance by himself.

When they had all three risen, Tom held out his hand to the other two.

"Good-bye," he said, "I go first." He came over to John once more and kissed him. "Remember," he said, "that we are murdered, not attainted: Edmund should have my earldom."

He kissed him again and stepped resolutely to the block.

John fell on his knees and covered his face. At last down to the horrible abyss of frozen darkness where he crouched there came a faint sound of a crowd shouting. He rose to his feet and pushed blindly towards the inn.

"My horse, my horse," he heard his own voice reiterating. No one replied or hindered him.

LXI.—THE PATH TO FLAUNDEN.

All that day John rode in a stupor of grief, careless of danger, thoughtless of direction, unobservant of his horse's growing lameness, scarcely speaking a word to his companions. At starting next morning they reminded him that his lord's badge could serve him no longer for credit or protection: he carried it concealed about him till evening, and then sank it in the river beneath Abingdon Bridge.

The other squires had parted from him before this: to them he seemed to be a madman, riding directly to certain de-

struction. They left him to go his own way, and turning north themselves, fell straight into the hands of the pursuing army, which, as it happened, had been misdirected at Wallingford, and was now lying round Oxford.

King Henry was gracious over the news from Cirencester, but he declined to ratify the terms of surrender: the squires, after a short imprisonment, he sent to the scaffold with Sir Thomas Blount, Sir Barnard Brocas, and a score of other knights and gentlemen.

John meanwhile stayed undisturbed at Abingdon, where no one asked him any questions. He was just a listless, pleasant-spoken gentleman, who bandaged his horse's legs himself, and took no interest in public affairs however near or thrilling. In his own thought he was a man with an errand, and life was bounded absolutely by his journey; but it was the journey of a ghost, a nameless and half visible traveller passing through a country where he had once been some one, but was now no longer remembered even by his enemies. About such a journey there could be no haste or impatience, for he had lost all count of time.

It was some days later that the sense of time came back to him. He had left Henley in the early morning on his way to Marlow, and was riding slowly beyond Hurley Bottom when he came to the well-remembered fork where the road breaks off to Maidenhead Thicket. He stood a long time looking down it, as if even from there he could see the great bridge and his lord still fighting with the sunlight on his helmet. Then from Hurley the north wind suddenly brought a chiming of bells, and he knew that this was another Sunday than that Sunday of the bridge. For the first time, as he turned away, his face was wet with tears.

Four days later he was at Amersham; and he might have come to Berkhamstead on the next morning, but by this time cunning also had returned to him. He would make for Langley first, and approach as though from London; he might hear, too, if Huntingdon had passed that way, as was most likely.

It was a bright still morning; the Chess glittered in the January sun as he crossed it below Latimer: he went slowly up the hill, and looked for the bridle-path to Flaunden. There it lay, remote and clear, vanishing at the crest of the slope into a mysterious little wood: the scene was all small and brilliant as the background of a picture. And now, while he stood looking at it, the figure of a man on horseback came out of the wood and moved downwards upon the path: he, too, was strangely clear, man and horse, and as he drew slowly nearer, John was certain that he knew him. Then his heart quickened, for he saw that chance had brought back to him a fragment of the past; no friend, but one who had been formerly a knight of Huntingdon's

household, and had ridden away with him the night before the battle.

"Shelley!" "Marland!"—even on the open hillside they spoke the names with cautious intensity.

"Have you heard?" asked John.

"By God, yes," answered Shelley, with the gusto of a sensation-monger. "You did pick a hard bit to fall on! Not that we did any better!"

"What——?" faltered John, "I have a message for Huntingdon."

"Then it's 'hunting done' for you," said Shelley, still more cheerfully. He looked about him at the empty landscape. "We're safe enough here. I'll tell you how it happened: it was his fault, not mine. We were making a bolt for France: we got into Essex pretty easily, but there was some delay about a boat. We lay in a mill at Pitwell, as snug as possible, only Huntingdon would have wine. The vintner smelt a rat, and had the miller followed: we were collared as we sat at supper and hurried off to Chelmsford. Next day they took us—where d'you think?—to Pleshey: a regular hornet's nest for poor old Huntingdon. There was the Duchess of Gloucester with the Staffords and young Arundel, and half a dozen more to back her. She came out on to the steps, and Huntingdon went on his knees to her, but all she said was: 'We never know, my lord, do we?' and by God, sir, she said it as if she had something to hate him for. They took him away and shortened him in a field outside."

The man's every word was disgusting to John: he himself had never had any affection for Huntingdon, but this coarse picture of his miserable end was so heartlessly drawn, and seemed so horrible a travesty of his own lord's death, that it soiled for a moment the dignity of that poignant farewell.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly.

"To the king," replied Sir John. "I told young Arundel I could put him in the way of finding his property that Huntingdon had taken: so they gave me a safe-conduct and letters commendatory. I think I'm all right." He slapped his saddle-bag, and mounted. "Where are you going yourself?" he asked carelessly. "Oh, never mind, if you'd rather not tell me. Well, good luck!" and he rode away.

John knew Henry better: the New June was forfeit, root and branch, and Shelley, the last flower of it, had but a few days more to bloom. The memory of it all was suddenly like rotten weeds before him: black to his eyes and sickening to his nostrils. Had he indeed been part of this? How often Nicholas Love had told him so.

Ten days later he dismounted before the guest-house of Mount Grace.

(*To be concluded.*)

AT A TURKISH ELECTION.

THE Orient Express from Constantinople puts you down at Adrianople somewhere between eleven and midnight. As you step from the footboard of the *train-de-luxe* you leave Western comfort and ease behind you. You have reached an environment more Oriental than Constantinople itself. But even in the five years that have elapsed since the writer last visited the ancient capital of European Turkey, to some degree the influences of the West have forced themselves upon Adrianople. Five years ago there was no hotel at Karagatch, and arriving by the same train the European passenger was obliged to drive the three miles into Adrianople proper, there to seek refuge in the most insalubrious hospitality of a native caravanserai boasting the pretentious title of "hotel." Now, however, a well-dressed young Greek meets the train and pilots the visitor to the very passable hostelry called "The Janick," where the traveller is able, if the demands upon the limited space of the institutions are not too great, to sleep in a room of Western appointment.

This was my fortune, and after passing a good night, I arose early and walked into Adrianople. The first touch of winter had fallen upon Southern Europe, and if it had not been for the endless stream of red-fezzed *Redifs* that I met upon the road, it might have been a cold weather morning in Northern India. This parallel almost became convincing, when, presently, through a gap in the trees which lined the road, the view of Adrianople in the grey haze of a misty morning burst upon me. The town is built upon a small hill lying in a bend of the river Tundja (tributary to the Maritza), and is remarkable from a distance for the many minarets of its mosques. Crossing the Maritza by the solid Turkish bridge, I found myself in bazaars packed with off-duty reservists, and, what is more wonderful, these soldiers were all engaged in marketing. It is indeed a new sight in Turkey to see soldiers with money to spend, and Adrianople, even at first view, impressed upon me the changes which the Young Turks have already effected in their country. I discovered later that the army had actually received its pay with regularity since the new order of things had arrived. My first call was upon the British Consulate. Here I found Major Samson, the energetic Consul, who knows everybody and everything worth knowing in the whole *vilayet*. As the preliminary elections were actually taking place in Adrianople, and were to some degree responsible for my visit, the Consul arranged an interview with Reshid Pasha, the Vali. Now Reshid Pasha is

one of the strongest and most progressive of the Young Turk party, and has entered upon his duties in the Adrianople *vilayet* with an energy and vigour which have already produced a marked result. I could not help recalling to mind my last visit to the Vali in Adrianople. Then there was just the same well-bred courtesy as we received to-day; but this courtesy proved the sole outcome of the interview. There was no direct answer to my inquiries, no desire to aid me in those matters where I was ignorant; nothing but endeavour to mislead and embarrass me where it was opined I might know or learn too much. Consequently on the present occasion the frankness of the Vali was a revelation. His time was valuable, and he went straight to the business in hand. The directness of his answers and the suggestion in his questions showed that, far from wishing to conceal, his one desire was to help and instruct. He arranged that I should immediately visit the principal polling centre in the town, and directed one of his secretaries to meet me at the poll at the appointed hour. If the future of Turkey may be judged from my first impression of the new Vali of Adrianople, then in a very few years Turkey is destined to become a great nation.

If you would imagine what the first General Election in the provinces in Turkey is like you must put out of your mind all pictures of the boisterous elections with which you are familiar. In England, as in America, politics have become a fashion. The voter exercises his privilege, first as a vindication of his rights as a citizen, and secondly as a justification of his own intelligent discernment. At the present moment no such feelings exist in Turkey. The average Ottoman subject barely realises that the last few weeks have brought him any rights as a citizen, and he certainly is not yet in competition with his neighbour on the question of the intelligence of their respective powers of selection. He comes, therefore, to the poll much in the spirit of the parent who visits the office of the registrar when a child is born. It is a State duty in which, as yet, he has not appreciated his personal interest. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the provinces. In Stamboul, where the people are better educated and the Greek element is inclined to be obstructive, it may be different.

The actual voting was taking place at the Municipal Hall without display or excitement. In fact, as I saw the function, it was quite a tame affair. There was not even a crowd to mark so singular a phenomenon in Turkey as an election for constitutional representation. The Municipal Hall was thrown open, and but for the presence of double police sentries at the entrance, there were no signs of any special or extraordinary business. Marching into the central hall, I found a small knot of people surrounding a pillar-

shaped ballot-box, and a table before which two tellers were seated. The pillar-box received the voting papers, and the tellers checked the voters. The procedure seemed to be something after this wise. The electors are all registered in their respective wards, and furnished by the ward-*muktears* with a blank paper bearing the official seal. The voters are then informed of the names of the candidates standing in their division, and are told that their *muktears* will be present at the poll between given hours on a certain day. Such voters as appear at the stated hour are checked by the tellers in the presence of their own *muktears*. This done, they drop their voting paper into the ballot-box. If, however, they do not attend while their *muktear* is present they are required to produce a certificate of birth. In a division of the Municipal Hall was the polling-booth; here the electors had the right to inscribe on their voting papers nineteen out of the twenty-eight names for representation. As far as I could see from the small numbers that voted in my presence, they all came with their papers already filled in. It will be seen that the procedure is primitive to an extreme, and also that it lends itself to many possibilities of falsification and fraudulent return. In fact, the Vali himself pointed out that in some districts of the *vilayet* it had already been found that votes had been extensively duplicated, and that in each case where this had been discovered the scrutiny showed that the duplication was in the favour of Greek candidates. On the other hand, before my arrival the mayor of the town was defeated in what could only be described as a dishonest canvass, and was immediately removed from his post. Perhaps when the significance of such malpractices as these is more generally appreciated, the hustings at a provincial Turkish election will cease to be as passionless as they have been on this first occasion.

Later I spent some time in the polling-booth for the Karagatch division of the same Sanjak. For the most part the voters were Mussulman and Greek villagers from a large village near the town. On this occasion the ballot was not carried out in quite the same manner as at the Municipal Hall. In this case almost the whole of the votes registered were those of illiterate husbandmen. These peasants, all in the picturesque costume of the country, sat outside the police post where the ballot box was placed, and waited until their names were called by the tellers. They then walked gravely to the poll, and after having been recognised by the village *muktear*, dropped their papers into the box. I am positive that ninety-nine per cent of them had not the smallest idea of what it all meant. I went amongst those who were waiting to vote. They readily showed me their papers, which were already filled in. I noticed that the selections on all the Greek

papers were in the same handwriting, while in the same manner only one handwriting was responsible for the lists furnished by the Moslems. Inquiry showed that in the case of the Greeks the papers had all been inscribed by the village schoolmaster, while the local *hodja* had issued the papers already filled in to the Mahomedans. Both sections, when asked who they were voting for, replied conclusively—"It is written on the paper." When further questioned they admitted that they had been quite content to leave the selection of names to the writer of the document.

I do not wish to infer that this means of bringing the populace to the poll has been a malpractice; I only want to emphasise the fact that a population, of which ninety-five per cent is certainly illiterate, and in which no political emotions whatever exist, can only return representatives by instruction, and, therefore, for years to come the representation in the Turkish Parliament will be based upon class representation alone. The Moslems will vote as their *hodjas* instruct them, and the Greeks as the schoolmaster advises. One fails to see how it could be otherwise. But at the same time it restricts all national sentiment to a very small portion of the community and opens the door to every conceivable chicanery and manipulation.

Another irregularity I also noticed in the polling-booth, and it is one that the Committees will do well to eradicate before their next general election. The *muktear* sat at his duty-post of identification with a wad of filled-in voting papers, and acted as proxy for a very large percentage of the names called. This, of course, paves the way for incalculable iniquities. For the rest, I never saw a less demonstrative election in my life.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

DEMOCRACY TRUE AND FALSE — COMPULSORY SERVICE — THE BENEFIT OF TRAINING — A NATIONAL SPIRIT — THE DECAY OF INDEPENDENCE — THE POWER OF THE NAVY — THE DANGER OF SURPRISE — WHAT WE HAVE TO LOSE — THRIFT, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE — THE VIRTUE OF ECONOMY.

THE proletarian, as his friends and patrons delight to call him, has not risen to the top of his opportunity. He has interpreted that pious doctrine, the government of, by, and for the people, in a niggardly spirit. He has taken no steps to make himself part and parcel of the country. He has selfishly regarded the State as a thing outside and apart from himself, which shall minister to his wants and lift from his easily bent back the burden of life. He does not trouble to inquire who it is that sustains or protects the milch-cow. He profits by her fertility, and that is enough for him. His citizenship begins and ends in the casting of an occasional vote. When it is obliquely suggested to him that he should play his part in the defence of Britain, he instantly takes alarm, and murmuring "conscription," as though the mere sound of the word were a final argument, he hies him off to spout politics in his public-house.

In other words, he interprets citizenship as privilege, not duty. He does not understand that service is the only freedom, and thus makes a mock of the franchise and his country. If England were invaded, it would not avail the non-combatants that they were voters to a man; and until our citizens are asked to accept their share of responsibility, the democracy, such as it is, will remain a sham as well as a menace. It would be as well, therefore, if all those who respect the sincerity of life and who believe that our great Empire is worth preservation would do their utmost to further the objects of "The National Service League."[1] Lord Roberts has long deserved well of his country, but in nothing has he proved his prescience and patriotism more clearly than in advocating the honourable necessity of national defence. Though we have a perfect faith in the ultimate acceptance of his scheme, it will succeed only by free and frank discussion, and by the understanding of what it will and what it will not achieve. In the first place, it is national in the widest sense. It is far removed from the controversies of party politics.

[1] No league can prosper save by membership and subscription, and we make no scruple of stating that the address of "The National Service League" is 72 Victoria Street, S.W.

In the second place, Lord Roberts's scheme must not be confused with conscription. He does not advocate the enrolment of an army which should serve abroad, in India, in Egypt, or in our over-sea dominions. It is no part of his policy to withdraw the youth of England for two or three years from the business of civil life, and keep them during that period under the discipline of barracks. It is his ambition to call into being an army, trained compulsorily, it is true, but trained for Home Defence only. Here, then, in the words of the League itself, is the plan plainly and succinctly set forth. "What we advocate," says the League, "is this—

"(*A*) A Navy and a Regular Army recruited, as now, by voluntary enlistment.

"(*B*) Universal Compulsory Military Training for the whole of our male population, without distinction of class, as follows:—

"1. Physical training and military drill, with instruction in the use of the rifle, for older boys, in every Boys' School. After school the continuation of this training up to the age of 18 in Cadet Corps, Boys' Brigades, and similar institutions, under State supervision.

"2. The following training for all youths physically fit, beginning at the age of 18:—

"(*a*) In the first year three or four months' continuous recruit training.

"(*b*) During the next three years an annual camp of a fortnight."

The scheme, thus briefly sketched, is neither exacting nor revolutionary. Even if there were no possible chance of invasion, it would still be worth all the support that Englishmen can give it. There is no boy, whatever his destiny may be, that is not the better for knowing how to walk, how to bear arms, how to fire a rifle. Even though he were never called upon to defend his home, he would have learned such lessons of carriage and restraint as would serve him to the end of his life. Look at the loafing, untidy louts that hang about public-houses in the country, or pack themselves into mobs agape at a football match, and ask yourselves how great a profit they would gain from a proper system of drill. The round shoulders, the protruding head, the loose knees, and shambling gait, which are a disgrace to many of our youth, would disappear before military discipline. The public-house and the music-hall would no longer be the only popular places of resort. A new and potent interest would drive into oblivion, for a while at least, the ancient pleasures; and the moral profit of compulsory training would equal its physical advantage. Moreover, the mere fact that the training was compulsory upon all would give us a national solidarity which at present we look for in vain. The working-man is to-day alternately starved and pampered. A Government pledged to accept Free Trade without inquiry, thinks that unemployment is a less evil than the payment of a fair price for the necessities of life. Impas-

sioned scholars would sweeten what they pretend is the grey life of the people with a pinch of Keats or Tennyson. The Radical politician, intent upon his own popularity, sees the ostensible value of the working-man, and putting him into a glass case unblushingly asks the world to gaze upon his perfections. But if the working-man were recognised as an integral part of the State, and associated in the defence of his country with those who earned their bread otherwise than with the toil of their hands, he would learn far more that was useful to him than all the Extended Universities of the world could teach him, and he would understand for the first time the true meaning of citizenship. After all, the value of a vote is uncertain, and the toadying of an occasional canvasser cannot be soothing to the self-esteem of the working-man. Yet it is the vote and the toadying alone which represent the privileges of citizenship in the eyes of thousands of misguided persons.

And, apart from the discipline, apart from the consciousness of work well done, apart from the sense of comradeship which comes of sharing the same duty, compulsory training would create that national spirit without which no country can support an empire or itself, and the influence of which the Radical party eloquently deplores. We all know that in the eyes of a large number of our fellow-countrymen there is something obscene in the Union Jack. In England, as nowhere else, the symbol of patriotism is a disgrace. The flag may not fly over an elementary school, lest the children of Great Britain be corrupted by the spectacle to feel pride in their native land. The excuse for its suppression is, of course, that, were it seen, it might arouse a military ambition; it might inspire the youth of England with an eagerness to support its country's cause and to fight its country's foes. This furtive dishonour done to the flag, and to the emotions of which it is the sign and symbol, would be contemptible were it not dangerous. It is possible for a future citizen to understand the position and destiny of the great city to which he belongs, without dreaming of adventure and oppression. But our present rulers cannot accept this possibility, and they are deliberately concealing the truth of England's grandeur and England's policy from the generation which in ten years will have the mastery of the polls. Indeed, it is by no means the least advantage of Lord Roberts's scheme that it would do much to revive this dying spirit of nationality. No one can serve, even for four months, under the colours without a vague consciousness of what those colours stand for; and as an army never marched to victory save under the impulse of patriotism, it would be well if we could recover, with the aid of the National Service League, something of that love of country which over-zealous politicians have done their best to destroy.

The objections to the scheme are for the most part frivolous. In the first place, we are told that it is a curtailment of personal liberty, and therefore repugnant to the English temperament. In glowing terms the Briton is represented as a sturdy independent soul, who will neither give help to nor take help from anybody. If this were ever true, it is true no longer. Independence and personal liberty have been savagely sacrificed on the altar of greed. The surrender by the Liberal party of its old individualistic gospel is the most striking episode in the politics of the last few years. The citizen who thinks it no shame to have his child fed and brought up by the State, who eagerly lies in wait for the hour when he shall qualify by age and luck for a pension, cannot demand an inviolable liberty. He has placed himself, tied and bound, in the hands of authority, and may well be asked to pay something in service and self-denial for the nurture offered him by the State. But, even if England had not by socialistic legislation proved her right to use the strength and sinews of her citizens, she might still plead the common obligations of citizenship. She might declare, and with perfect justice, that no man was fit to vote who was unwilling to serve his country. It is a noble thing, we have been taught, to die for the fatherland. It is a noble thing, also, to live for the fatherland, and no man should feel reluctance if he be commanded to guard the freedom which his birth conferred upon him. Nor can the project of the National Service League be opposed in the name of peace. No platitude is more familiar nor more closely packed with truth than that which tells us to prepare for war if we wish for peace. An unarmed nation is a mere challenge to the aggressor, and if the history of the last forty years tells us anything, it tells us that a nation in arms cannot easily be provoked. If war depends upon the popular vote, and the people itself is compelled to take up arms, the people will always do its best to secure a firm and lasting peace. On this point experience and common-sense are perfectly agreed.

But no sooner is it proposed to take the simplest steps for the defence of our shores, than we are told irrelevantly that there is no cause for panic. It is to avoid panic that we would advocate as strongly as possible a scheme of compulsory training. For upon this depends our security, moral and commercial. Mr Haldane the other day, in acknowledging the anxiety inseparable from unreadiness, declared that "if adequate preparations were not made for home defence, though war might not eventually ensue, the anxiety created among business men would lead bankers to raise the rate of interest, the wages fund being thereby affected, and a depression in trade caused that would injure workmen as well as capitalists." Here is an argument which will doubtless appeal

even to the champions of peace at any price, and for which no political casuist is ever likely to find an answer. We are a wealthy country, the guardian of immense interests, the seat and centre of the largest empire that the world has known, and yet we shrink from incurring the slight discomfort which an adequate defence would entail. It is hardly credible that a nation, not enervated nor in decay, can be thus blind to its own needs. That a bitter Nemesis has not long ago overtaken us is not our fault. But there is still time for reform. If we listen to the voice of wisdom, and refuse to be frightened by the bogey of conscription, we may still make our defences good, and see to it that the hour of national anxiety does not find us unprepared.

Meanwhile, it is impossible to overrate the imperative necessity of action. No amount of smug conferences held at The Hague will change the truth that England is very well worth invading, and that if once a foreign foe got footing on our soil we have no sufficient force wherewith to stay his progress. We would not wish to underrate the power and usefulness of our Navy, but a Navy has other duties[1] besides the duty of guarding our shores, and its momentary surprise or defeat would, as things are to-day, hand us over an easy victim to an enemy willing and able to strike a blow at the heart of our Empire. If any one still doubts the possibility of invasion and defeat, let him read a little pamphlet, published with the approval of Lord Roberts,[2] and reconsider his opinion. It is true, as this wise little pamphlet points out, that our Navy is absolutely larger than ever it was. But not merely is it relatively weaker, if we compare it with the other navies of the world; it is also called upon to guard an empire immeasurably greater than that which it guarded a century ago. In 1801 the British Navy was superior to the combined forces of all Europe. To-day it aims at, and does not always hit, a two-Power standard. In other words, it has not grown with its responsibilities; and thus it is more than ever imperative that we should strengthen our military defences. Even in 1801, when our Navy held the supreme command of the seas, Pitt knew better than to neglect the British Army. He was convinced that, though a Navy minimised the risk of invasion, the risk was still there; and while he did his utmost to enlist recruits, he watched with approval the arming "in our island of every freeman," and carried a musket himself. Moreover, there is another reason why our Navy has lost something of the advantage which once belonged to it.

[1] What these duties are is clearly set forth in the article, "Our Manacled Fleet," which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for January 1909, and to which we have much pleasure in referring our readers.

[2] The Briton's First Duty, with an Introduction by Lord Roberts. Published by the National Service League.

That which in old days was called "seamanship," and which set us beyond the reach of France and Spain, has now been replaced by a mechanical skill, in which the other nations may reasonably expect to equal us. Every new invention, every artifice, which decreases the importance of personal skill and bravery, even if they are adopted instantly by our Navy, help our enemies to overtake us. Again, the Channel is no longer the barrier that it was. Steam has made the narrow strip ten times narrower. That which once could be crossed only at the caprice of a favouring wind is a trivial obstacle to a battleship which steams twenty knots an hour. In brief, the old problem must be stated in new terms, and he was a poor friend of England who bade us sleep comfortably in our beds and ask no questions.

We may, then, take it for granted that, with the new arms and the new appurtenances of war, invasion is possible. "Everywhere," once said Lord Salisbury, "you see the powers of offence increasing. Armies become larger; navies are founded; railways, telegraphs — all the apparatus which science has placed at the disposal of war becomes more perfect and more effective. And all these things may, by one of those strange currents which sweep across the ocean of international politics, be united in one great wave, and dash on your shores." Nor can we anticipate the moment when that great wave will threaten to overwhelm us. It will come more suddenly than a storm at sea. We shall be warned by no fall in the political barometer. We may be overtaken when, as now, we are lulled to a false security, or the enemy may seize its opportunity when our Army is fighting abroad. To give us confidence, there must be a well-drilled force behind the Navy, and it is to provide this well-drilled force that Lord Roberts is devoting the leisure which he has nobly earned in the battle-field. In truth, if we fail, we fail with our eyes open and in spite of eloquent warning. We know what is required of us, and as it cannot be put down in black and white too often, we cite the admirable summary of the National Service League. This, in brief, is what we need—

(1) A supreme Navy, which should be able to draw, as other naval Powers can, upon a large trained Naval Reserve.

(2) A highly-trained, long-service, voluntary army, representative of the physique of the nation, to garrison and police the Empire, and to deal with small wars.

(3) A great reserve of trained men, "a nation in arms," sufficient and efficient to guard these islands against raid or invasion, and to provide, by voluntary effort, in a national emergency, the power of expansion outside the limit of the forces of the Crown.

Such is the most import-

ant problem that perplexes the country, and such the scheme suggested by Lord Roberts's League. Upon its acceptance, or the acceptance of something like it, our very existence depends. It is idle to spend vast sums upon what is called "socialism" or "social reform," before we have made our country reasonably secure. What will it profit an aged man, who has passed his life untaxed and thriftless, if at the very moment he is to receive an unearned, ill-deserved pension, the enemy clamours at our doors? The voice of prudence suggests that we should look to safety first and enjoyment afterwards. But just now the voice of prudence is silenced, and we squander the national wealth on the unemployable when it is our only duty to protect industrious and energetic citizens against attack. And if we defer our preparation much longer, the moment of security may pass, and in a sudden defeat the work achieved by centuries of effort be undone. There is no doubt that we have far more to lose than any of our rivals, and for that reason we should guard what we possess with the utmost jealousy. Being a maritime nation, we could not pass unscathed through the experience of other countries. It is not easy to realise what the effect would be if London were held by a foreign army. "Remember what has happened to the great maritime powers in the past," urged Lord Salisbury some eight years ago. "In every case the great maritime power has been paralysed and killed, not by the disasters it may have suffered in its provinces or its outlying dependencies; in every case it has succumbed to a blow directed at the heart. . . . So long as our heart was unstruck, we might look with comparative indifference on the result of any war. . . . But if our heart is once struck there is an end of the history of England." This is a solemn warning which no patriot will neglect. The very grandeur of that history insists that we should be true to the splendid tradition of our race. We are asked to protect not a village nor a province but a mighty empire, firmly established upon enterprise and self-sacrifice. We are asked to give so little to attain so much, and surely those who make the demand will make it not in vain. If only there be an army in England adequate to repel an invader, we may regard with confidence the safety of our Empire, and rest content that henceforth we may "in peace and honour live."

Our reckless neglect to secure the safety of Great Britain comes partly from a lack of patriotism, partly from a scorn of true economy. We are fast becoming a profligate miser among the nations, a sort of imperial John Elwes, who when he was worth half a million nearly died for want in his own house. On the one hand, we squander vast sums on public philanthropy and municipal enterprises; on the other, we grudge the very little money which might put the country in a proper state of defence. If our financial

method be a symptom of our character, we are forced to acknowledge ourselves far-travelled on the road of decay. There is a hopeless extravagance even in the money we save. Those who are surprised by an enemy without men and without munitions of war must needs pay ten times its value for that upon which their national existence depends. They are no better economists than was Panurge, who burned great logs for their ashes and ate his corn whilst it was but grass. "Why," said he, "should I cut my wheat in the blade when from it you might make a good green sauce?" That is precisely what England is doing to-day; she is making a green sauce of her corn, and doubtless will feel a sad surprise when famine overtakes her. And she errs not without warning. In a wise and witty speech, delivered at Edinburgh a month ago, Lord Rosebery, the most disinterested of counsellors, delivered a homily upon thrift, both public and private, which deserves a better fate than to be forgotten with the daily journal wherein it was reported. "I think," he said, "it is serious for those who have the governance of our affairs to remember that great nations and great empires live only so long as they are thrifty; that the moment they begin to waste or disperse their resources, the day of their end is at hand. That is a fact abundantly proved in history, . . . and though I do not pretend to preach thrift from any exalted standpoint, I do beg those who are here present and those outside these walls whom my words may reach, to remember that thrift is the surest and the strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong, and so necessary, that no great empire can long exist that disregards it." These are words spoken with authority, and spoken none too soon. Our Government has proved itself thriftless both in what it spends and in what it spares, and if there be not a speedy return to saner methods, it will be as miserably bankrupt as Panurge himself, whom not even the lordship of Salmagondy could save from ruin.

Lord Rosebery has long held a unique position in the State. He shrinks from office, and is careful not to give an undue support to either party. As an *amicus curiæ* he is without a rival, and you will hardly find his like in the annals of the past. Knowledge and judgment are his, and he speaks with the weight which is carried by one who has held the highest offices. His politics, moreover, are nicely tempered by the study of history and literature. He is always ready with wise saws and ancient instances. It would not be easy to name many statesmen with his literary equipment. Charles James Fox, when he took pen in hand, declined upon a stiff and arid style. Not even the most pious admirer could pretend that the late Mr Gladstone possessed Lord Rosebery's clear insight into life and letters. Nor does Lord Rosebery stint his eloquence because he has

left the strife of partisans. His knowledge and his irony are always at the service of the State. And he touches nothing save with a light hand and a gentle scorn. Thrift, for instance, is not the sprightliest subject upon which to discourse, and yet Lord Rosebery treated it even with a sort of gaiety. His treatment of it, too, is opportune. If it be not sprightly, nothing too much can be said in praise of that thrift, now hopelessly out of fashion, which purchases independence of philanthropy and patronage. This kind may flourish, and indeed does flourish, in circumstances of the direst poverty. Lord Rosebery described with a quiet humour the thrift of the Scottish peasant, who, in the eighteenth century, kept what he could, not for the sake of livelihood but for the sake of his funeral. (The Chinese in California are said to be inspired by the same ambition unto this day.) "This patient and self-denying people," said Lord Rosebery, "amassed enough for what, after all, is the most insignificant event in our life—toiled and spun, and spared themselves for that purpose." And they thus toiled and thus spun, because they thought it shame to be beholden to the State—a reason which to the elector of modern times, eager for doles, must appear the last freak of folly.

This thrift, then, which is a guarantee of independence, is a golden virtue. There are other kinds of thrift, in praise of which nothing can be said. That which comes of fear, for instance, is the determined enemy of enterprise and adventure. It is not the apostle of mere thrift who has gone overseas to found colonies and to enlarge the borders of the Empire. The man who will at all costs keep the little he has is doomed to a life of penury and discomfort, and may easily come upon the parish at last by some accident of fortune. And thrift, itself a virtue, becomes, when practised by a miser, the ugliest of the vices. From a vice it turns to a disease—a kind of madness which defies alike reason and ridicule. The expedients to which John Elwes, whom we have already cited, was reduced by his hatred of extravagance, would furnish forth a tragi-comedy. At the time of his greatest wealth he would sit in an old greenhouse to save a fire, or with his servant in the kitchen. He spent his mornings in collecting chips and bones and crows' nests, which presently he might use as fuel. When he rode out he never left the soft turf adjoining the road, and so spared the expense of shoes, declaring in explanation that the turf was pleasant to a horse's foot. To save the cost of going to a butcher, he would have one of his own sheep killed, and eat mutton until it was finished, nor would he refrain from the stale meat, even if it were putrid. He would never allow his shoes to be cleaned, lest they might be worn out the sooner, and he thought the foulest rags good enough to cover his nakedness. From the pleasures of life he resolutely excluded

himself. Though a good scholar he would not incur the expense of books; and though he lived in the golden age of the drama, and might have seen Garrick and Mrs Jordan, Kemble and Mrs Siddons, he would never spend the few shillings asked for a seat in the theatre. He knew neither love nor hate, neither joy nor beauty. He was the wretched victim of the money that he amassed, and his example makes the very name of thrift hideous.

But when we look more narrowly at it, John Elwes was in reality guilty of the vice which he most bitterly deplored. It was truly the spirit of waste to which he succumbed. He wasted with more than a gambler's recklessness the gold which he collected. There it lay in drawers and boxes, useless and untouched. It did him no more good than it would had he flung it into the sea. It brought him nothing that was comely or of good report. It did not reveal to him the amenity of life. And it may be said without paradox that the miser is the worst squanderer of them all. He wastes his money upon nothing. In very truth, waste is the worst foe of decent living, whether it comes from the extravagance of vulgar display or from a mean penuriousness. He is the wisest man and the thriftiest who puts his income to the best use; and if you would have an example to set against that of Elwes the miser, you could not do better than choose Peregrine Langton, who has found immortality in Boswell's 'Life of Dr Johnson.' Probably no better economist than he ever made a shilling do the work of half a sovereign. He had no more than an annuity of £200, and he led the gracious life of a country gentleman. He lived in Lincolnshire, a county that was not more than moderately cheap, and he lived without stint or difficulty. "The servants," said his nephew, "were two maids and two men in livery. His common way of living at his table was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome: he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance as to clothes was genteelly neat and plain. He had always a postchaise, and kept three horses." And when all was paid he still reserved a tenth of his income for charity, and had saved at his death the better part of a year's income. Such an achievement is not common in the experience of life, and Peregrine Langton succeeded only because he paid for everything as it came. He knew neither interest nor panic. He was, in fact, the antithesis of Panurge and the British Government, who both, with very different motives, have eaten their corn in the green. And the sin of our Government is far greater than the sin of Panurge, because its thriftlessness may bring ruin upon millions.

THE TANGLE IN INDIA.

BY SIR CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, K.C.S.I.

I.

THE outlook in India is more hopeful now than it has been for some time past. Not because of Lord Morley's reforms. They have not been put forward to satisfy the cravings of agitators or in obedience to their threats. Neither have they been deferred in consequence of the revolutionary wave which has threatened to spread over India. For the restoration of peace and security to the people of India, and for the safety of our own people, other measures must be, and I am glad to say have been, now adopted. When the history of the past five or six years comes to be written, I think it will be said the spread of anarchy and disorder in Bengal especially has been due to the extraordinary slowness of the executive government to act: to want of foresight, alertness, and promptitude. If the measures now taken for curbing the press and for summary justice in the case of serious political crime had been taken three years ago, the Viceroy would not have had to deplore "a murderous conspiracy, a widespread conspiracy, aiming avowedly at the systematic assassination of Government officials, which is to discredit our administration, and expel the British Raj from India" (Lord Minto's speech in Council, Calcutta, December 11, 1908); nor would a member of Council have had to support proposals for repressive legislation by a description of Bengal which would be a libel on Oudh under the worst of her Nawabs. It is the fashion in quarters, some of which ought to be better informed, to attribute the disturbance in Bengal to the division of that province for administrative purposes. The Hindu leaders cleverly took advantage of that measure and used it for their own ends. But the widespread conspiracy is a purely Hindu conspiracy, closely connected, I believe, with the Cow Societies. In its methods it is as much fanatical as political, and is directed as much against the Masalmáns as against the British. Let those who doubt the wisdom of dividing Bengal read the following quotation from a letter from the Government of Eastern Bengal:—

"The Mahomedans have a very profound distrust of the Hindus, whom they see at every turn exploiting them for their benefit, whether as landholders, as Mahujuns, as moneylenders, or in every turn of life where the Mahomedans are, so far as the Hindus find it possible, shut out from lucrative employment. The principal weapon — the boycott of European goods—is an intensely selfish weapon, by which the agitators compel the poorer people to pay the cost of the pressure which they wish to bring to bear upon the Europeans; and it is carried out by tyranny and

oppression, and utterly regardless of the cost to the poorer classes, who are made to pay. The Hindus frequently also treat the Mahomedans with great contumely and contempt."—(Secretary, Eastern Bengal and Assam, to the Government of India, March 14, 1908. Advisory and Legislative Councils Blue-book, vol. ii., Part II., p. 946 c.)

There are, we know from Sir Harvey Adamson's speech, some fifteen thousand "volunteers" in Bengal enrolled in the *Samitis*, against which the new laws have been designed. This admirable and amiable "Territorial force" is occupied in executing the measures described above, with a little murder, arson, and dacoity thrown in. The main hope of the degraded and downtrodden Muhammedan population is their formation into a province where they will be in the majority. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, we have Lord Macdonnell denouncing the partition of Bengal as if it had outraged the sacred soil of Tipperary, and assuring the House of Lords that, if it could be undone, all difficulties would vanish, and a noble province would reappear where the liberal measures of Lord Morley would take root amid a fine independent peasantry.

I do not know whether the salvation of the Muhammedan majority — eighteen millions out of twenty-nine—was in Lord Curzon's mind when he divided Bengal. I believe not. But nothing more is needed to justify his action.

However, as I have said, the outlook is distinctly more hopeful since the legislative measures passed in the Calcutta Council on December 11. If the Lieutenant-Governors of the two provinces are strong men and are allowed to act, there is a good hope that the revolutionary and anarchical movement may be checked. It is possible that as the real spring of the Government in India has been moved to London of recent years, a fact which the agitators who have hovered about the India Office for the last few months have been quick to recognise, so the headquarters of anarchy as well as of sedition may be transferred to this country. Be this as it may, the main point is to have strong executive governments in the Indian provinces. The trail of half-heartedness is over even the recent legislation. The Seditious Meetings Act was aimed at the orators who have been stumping India, exciting hatred and revolt; but "unfortunately, I think," says Sir Harvey Adamson, "it was surrounded by safeguards which rendered it somewhat difficult to put in operation." The Newspapers Incitement to Offences Act followed. It stopped short of sedition, and was hampered with an appeal to the High Court. Now has been passed the Summary Justice Act, which is excellent. But the local Governor, the authority directly responsible for the peace, is not allowed to move under it unless and until he can procure the sanction of the Governor-General in Council, which may mean the Secretary of State. There is much to suggest the hand of Lord Morley in all this.

Lastly, the *fons et origo* of the whole mischief is the seditious press, which is left to the slow, cumbrous, and inadequate machinery of the ordinary law; and when after weeks or months of sittings a Court convicts and an indignant judge awards a sentence proportionate to the crime, the Government is waiting at the jail door to reduce the term, mitigate the penalties, and order every attention to be paid to the convict's comfort. Every one who has taken part in Indian affairs must say with Lord Lansdowne (Debate of Dec. 18)—

"I feel very strongly that it is necessary to strengthen the hands of the Government of India against the seditious press of that country. To my mind, although the person who wreaks his own petty vengeance or spite by blowing up a number of his fellow-citizens with dynamite is a great criminal, I am not sure that the man is not a greater criminal still who by the distribution of seditious literature excites people to crime which he, perhaps, himself has not the courage to commit."

That is a pronouncement which will have the concurrence of 'Maga's' readers. I would like to add that a still greater criminal, in fact if not in motive, is he who being entrusted with the sword fails to use it to stop this cruel mischief.

II.

To pass to the contemplated reforms of the Legislative Councils. The Blue-books on this subject are a mass of crude matter without digest or arrangement, and the task of examining the foundations on which the proposals are based is difficult. Lord Morley, however, has stated the proposed changes with sufficient clearness. As I cannot presume the readers of 'Maga' to be more conversant with the details of Indian administration than Lord Morley's audience in the House of Lords, a brief sketch of the present Councils is offered which those who do not need it can pass by.

Prior to 1892 there was no popular or quasi-representative element in the Legislative Councils. The non-official members were chosen and appointed by the Government, and an official majority was always secured. The functions of the Council were limited strictly, and it was expressly forbidden to transact any business or to entertain any motion except such as appertained to legislation. In 1892 an Act was passed to improve the Councils, by giving them greater freedom and a broader representative basis, and authorising the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors and the Governor-General in their respective Councils to make rules enabling the members to discuss the annual financial statements, and to ask questions under certain conditions and restrictions. The Councils constituted under this Act by Lord Lansdowne's Govern-

ment in 1893 are composed partly of official and partly of non-official members. The officials, with the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor, form a majority, but in some cases only a bare majority. Of the non-officials some are nominated by the Governor, and some are recommended to him for nomination by various bodies and associations. He is not bound to accept a recommendation. The non-officials nominated directly by the Governor at his own discretion must be selected "in such manner as shall in his opinion secure a fair representation of the different classes of the community." The Imperial Legislative Council, at which the Governor-General presides, is built up in like manner on the basis of the Provincial Councils. It must be remembered that it is this Council which deals with all matters affecting India generally, and that the Provincial Councils, although they may "make laws for the peace and good government" of their respective provinces, may not interfere in any way with the public finances, the penal code, the currency, the post, the telegraph, naval or military matters, or the religion or religious rites or usages of any class of his Majesty's subjects in India.

The Councils thus constituted by Lord Lansdowne's Government in 1893 have now worked for fifteen years, long enough to make their defects evident. It would be in accordance with the practice of the Governor-General in Council if those defects as they appeared or were felt from time to time had been noted by the Secretary of the Legislative Department, and there is no doubt a file in the Calcutta office in which they have been recorded and discussed. It is not surprising, therefore, that the matter was taken up by Lord Minto so early in his Viceroyalty. The agitation in Eastern Bengal in 1905-6, soon after he assumed office, compelled him to reflect on the condition of the Empire in his charge; and he doubtless realised the small measure of help which he obtained even from those whose interests were obviously identified with the permanence of order and good government. In the circular letter to the Provincial Governments (vol. i., Part I., of Blue-book), in which their opinions were sought on the rough proposals of the Government of India, the ruling note is—

> "the need of making adequate provision for representing the landed aristocracy of India, the mercantile and industrial classes, and the great body of moderate men who, under existing conditions, have no sufficient inducement to enter political life and find but little scope for the exercise of their legitimate influence."

Again (in par. 14)—

> "The Government of India are impressed with the necessity for giving substantial representation to the great landowners who not only constitute the aristocratic and stable elements in Indian society but also represent the interests of the landlords great and small."

In his first speech on Indian affairs (July 21, 1908) it will be remembered Lord Morley said that the time had come for an intrepid step forward, and affirmed that "the Govern-

ment of India was in thorough sympathy with the necessities of the day and the hour." Reading between the lines of the letter, from which extracts have been given above, it would seem that the necessities in the Governor-General's mind were not those of satisfying the ambitions of the agitators of Eastern and Western India, but the need of rallying the conservative classes to the side of the Government — a need which the events of the day, of the hour, imperatively indicated.

Accordingly, in the forefront of Lord Minto's proposals was placed the scheme of Advisory Councils, which was to bring the ruling chiefs into closer touch with Imperial affairs. The great magnates of British India, of every province where landholders of sufficient dignity and status could be found, were to be associated in the same Council.

It is surprising that the defects and impossibilities inherent in this scheme should have been overlooked by his advisers, although the Viceroy himself, with his short experience, may well have failed to realise them. It is more surprising that the views of the ruling chiefs were not ascertained before the proposal was published. The Foreign Secretary must have known the light in which the chiefs would regard the position offered to them, and the difficulties in bringing them together for any purpose. The ruling chiefs declined to fall in with Lord Minto's proposal. It might have been possible to do without these independent princes, but the rest of the scheme also had incurable defects. The Advisory Councils were to have no legal status; they were not to be called together at any stated times; they were to have no exclusive privilege of advising the Government. In fact there would be even less reality in the position than in that which belongs to a privy councillor in this country. It was soon clear that the proposal must fail. It was not enthusiastically welcomed even by those for whom it was intended. The classes who were not to be included, and whose influence these Councils were designed to check, were indignant at their exclusion. Some of them did not conceal their contempt. In the Congress lately sitting in Madras the Babu party rejoiced loudly at the defeat of this measure.

The leading idea in the Advisory Council scheme was the formation of a second chamber for India, and will have the sympathy of many people. But unless a legal status were given to it, such an institution could not live. For this purpose Parliamentary legislation would be necessary. A Bill to constitute an aristocratic and Conservative second chamber for India would get short shrift in the present House of Commons, even if it were backed by the persuasive eloquence of Lord Morley. At the same time, safety might have lain in that direction, as the delight of the Congress-Wallas goes to show.

To turn to the defects shown by experience to exist in the

scheme devised in 1893 by Lord Lansdowne. The object in view was, as the then Secretary of State phrased it, "to give representation to the views of different races, classes, and localities through the medium of corporations vested with definite powers upon a recognised basis, or of associations formed upon a substantial community of legitimate interests." In plain words, a numerical or territorial basis being out of the question, any existing lawful body, board, municipality, chamber of commerce, university, or what not of sufficient importance was to be constituted an electorate.

It is now apparent that the result is not what was expected. The district boards have failed to represent the landed interest which was confided to them. Out of fifty-four members returned only ten have been landholders, while thirty-six have been lawyers. Similarly, the grouped municipalities who were expected to return commercial or business men have, out of forty-three representatives, sent to Council forty lawyers, two landholders, and one only of the commercial class. The Imperial Legislative Council tells the same story. Of the non-official members nominated or elected since 1893, 40 per cent have been lawyers or schoolmasters. Only 23 per cent have been landholders, and the mercantile community has been represented to the extent of 25 per cent. The Government of India

> "are far from denying that the professional classes are entitled to a share of representation, proportioned not merely to their numbers, which are small, but to their influence, which is large and tends to increase. But they are not prepared to allow them a virtual monopoly of the power exercised by the Councils; and they believe that the soundest solution of the problem is to be found in supplying the requisite counterpoise to their excessive influence by creating an additional electorate recruited from the landed and monied classes."

In this most men who know India will thoroughly agree.

The next defect, and perhaps the most serious from the point of view not only of policy but of justice, is that the present scheme has failed to provide the Muhammedan community with a representation on the Councils at all adequate to its weight and importance. The Muhammedans have been alarmed about their interests from the first moment this reform scheme was broached. On the 1st of October 1906, in answer to the Muhammedan deputation, Lord Minto said—

> "'You justly claim that your position should be estimated not merely on your numerical strength but in respect to the political importance of your community and the service it has rendered to the Empire,' and he added 'that any electoral representation in India would be doomed to mischievous failure which aimed at granting a personal enfranchisement regardless of the beliefs and traditions of the communities composing the population of this continent.'"

Lord Minto ended by assuring them that their political rights and interests would be safeguarded in any administrative recognition with which he was concerned.

Here there are admissions and pledges also of a very

solemn nature, which must not be forgotten however difficult it must be to act up to them.

An examination of the Muhammedan position in some of the provinces where they are most numerous will show the difficulties in front. In the United Provinces, for example, where there are in round numbers forty-one million Hindus and seven millions of Muhammedans, out of six places for which recommendations—*i.e.*, elections subject to nomination—are made, not a single place has been won by a Muhammedan during the whole life of the Council, some fifteen years; and the seats at the Lieutenant-Governor's disposal have not been sufficient to adjust the balance. In the Panjáb the Masalmáns are 53 per cent, the Hindus 38, the Sikhs 7 per cent of the population. In the Council, which is filled entirely by direct nomination, the Muhammedans have two seats, the Sikhs one, the Hindus one. In Eastern Bengal and Assam the proportions are much the same — Buddhists taking the place of Sikhs. Although the Muhammedan voters largely exceed the Hindus, the latter secure more than their proportion of seats. This will not be wondered at, if the reader remembers the description given of the condition of the Masalmán population on the first pages of this paper.

In determining the new constitutions of the Councils and assigning seats to each interest, the Government of India have acted in consultation with the Provincial Governments. It is a matter which must be left to them. There appears, however, to be one important oversight which may have influenced their judgment.

In determining the amount of representation to be given to each class, a prominent place is given to the census returns. In comparing the relative numbers of Hindus and Muhammedans for the present purpose these figures are, I suggest, deceptive. Thus the Madras figures are given as follows (I take them in thousands):—

Hindus . . .	34,048
Muhammedans .	2,451
Christians . .	1,024

Under the term "Hindu" are reckoned all who are not Muhammedans or Christians. But surely there are millions of people in every province who ought not to be counted Hindus for representative purposes. To make the meaning clear, I quote from a memorial presented to their Government by members of the non-caste Dravidian Mahajana Sabha of Madras. They say—

"The differences between the Hindu and the community of the memorialists are so great that it is a deplorable mistake to regard it as forming a part of the Hindus. The Dravidian community is not subject to the scruples of caste. . . . There has been existing for centuries enmity and hatred between their community and that of the Hindus. The Hindus have been persecuting them in a thousand and one ways in social matters, and politically it is only under the British rule, which is universally regarded as a protection

to this community, that they are enjoying any privileges."[1]

The Dravidians are said to number one-sixth of the population of Madras. I have not the census returns at hand, but assuming that they and their like number one-sixth of the Hindus properly so called, the proportion of Hindus to Muhammedans should be reduced from 34 : 2 to 28 : 2 in round numbers. If one thing is certain, it is that whatever system of election is established, save one based on minute distinctions of race and religion, the Hindus and, in most provinces, the Brahmins will gain a majority of the seats.[2] What right have these men to claim as their constituents millions of people whom they regard as the vermin in the fields, and whom they cannot even approach without pollution? Probably not less than one-fourth of the population of British India, after excluding the Masalmáns, are people with whom the Hindu, properly so called, would neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep. On the other hand, a Muhammedan, no matter what his social status, belongs to the Moslim community. It appears, therefore, unfair to the Muhammedans to reckon these vast multitudes as Hindus in estimating the number of representatives to which the two communities are respectively entitled. This whole question of Muhammedan representation needs much more consideration than it has received at present.

So far, however, it is comparatively plain sailing. The real trouble comes when the attempt is made to frame some reasonable system of election. It seems that an elective system had been determined on first, and the consideration of the manner in which it is to be carried out has been deferred until a more convenient season. Lord Lansdowne asks, Do you really mean to adopt the principle of election as we understand it—an exotic system in India which has been tried cautiously and found not an unqualified success? Lord Morley answers, "We do propose the substitution of election in a large degree for the old process of recommendation."

Very well, election "in a large degree" let it be. Nevertheless, the question remains, How are you to carry it out? The Blue-books give us no enlightenment on this head, and perhaps were not intended to do so. The Government of India have got no further than this—

> "We have made no attempt to frame regular constituencies for the election of landholders, Muhammedans, and representatives of Indian commerce. The materials before us are insufficient for the purpose. [Two volumes of 700 pages each, and weighing some twelve pounds.] The conditions of each province vary too much for any uniform plan to be feasible."

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[1] Vol. ii., Part I., pp. 248, 249 of Blue-book.

[2] See Surendra Nath Bannerjee's speech at the Congress, reported in 'Pioneer Mail' of January 1, 1909.

Some Governments may do this, some may do that, and so on. And "with these general observations"—very helpful it must be allowed—they "change the conversation" (para. 34 of despatch, Oct. 1908).

The *deus ex machinâ* now comes in the shape of the Secretary of State with his electoral College scheme. The wretched Government of India were in a tangle before, but now they are knotted up past escape.

In 1893 the idea of making separate constituencies on a religious or racial basis was not, I think, suggested. It is condemned by most authorities as certain to lead to bitter animosities and strife, and it is to be feared that this will be the result. But after their past experience, and the dread of the Hindu vote, which will certainly be strong enough in any elective system to prevail, the Masalmáns insist on a pure Muhammedan constituency wherever elective systems are introduced. It is to be regretted that they will not accept a system of nomination; but this is distasteful to them, and strongly opposed by the Hindus.

It would be most satisfactory if Lord Morley's proposal could be made to work. But even as interpreted by Lord Macdonnell, it will not, in my opinion, suffice to protect the Muhammedans, who will be worsted at every step necessary to the election.

The question should be threshed out in India between the Government there and the heads of the Moslim community. Unfortunately, it is recognised by all that the real power is in Whitehall. The Hindu leaders, Gokhale and others, have been hanging about Westminster all the autumn. It will not be easy to persuade the Muhammedans that it was for nothing. So they also are preparing to besiege the India Office.

Leaving the Government of India to discover how elections are to be suited to these incompatible and irreconcilable conditions, let us turn to something else. In order to represent all the different interests entitled to seats, the first step necessary is to enlarge the Councils. This measure is no doubt a very excellent piece of reform on many grounds. The small restricted Councils, besides being inadequate to admit all interests, are too apt to become mere cliques. It is resolved to double each Council in round numbers. Lord Minto has never contemplated giving up the principle of an official majority in the Provincial Councils, much less in his own. He was confronted, therefore, with the necessity of providing for legislative duties a very much greater number of official members. After consulting the different Governments, it was found that the men could not be spared without serious injury to the ordinary administrative work; and it must be remembered that the reformed Councils will have twice as many to speak, will have much greater liberty in questioning and resoluting, and are to dis-

cuss the Budget in much detail. In order to meet this difficulty the Government of India proposed to appoint such a number of officials as will ensure a majority, but not to call them up until a crisis arises. This plan is somewhat crude, and does not tend to save the non-official face. The Secretary of State brushed it aside. "I am unable," he says, "to persuade myself that to import a number of gentlemen to vote down something upon which they may or may not have heard the arguments will prove satisfactory." Lord Minto might have urged Parliamentary practice as a precedent; for certainly nothing can be more in accord with such practice than the procedure described so contemptuously by Lord Morley. The Secretary of State, however, has told us plainly that he will have no hand in introducing Parliament into India. The Government of India, therefore, remain in the net, and might have to stay there. But again the *deus* pops out, this time with a pair of scissors or a sharp tooth, and severs the knot. It is quite simple: abandon your official majority in the Provincial Councils and it is done. It is the old fable of the lion and the mouse, with the parts reversed.

Any one reading Lord Morley's reform speech would believe that he had the Government of India heart and soul with him throughout. It is astonishing to find that this important and very dubious experiment has been decided upon over the head of the Governor-General in Council, and without hearing what the men principally concerned—namely, the Provincial Governors—have to say.

The arguments for it are these: (1) Bombay is doing it now; (2) the legislative business in these Provincial Councils is trivial. The Governor will have a veto: if the majority try to pass wild-cat bills he can veto them. If they merely obstruct bills which he wants to pass for the peace and good government of his province, it is not much matter. If the worst comes to the worst, the Governor-General's Council can take them up and pass them. (3) The existence of an official majority directly, palpably, and injuriously tends to weaken, and (the words are Lord Morley's) "I think I may say to deaden, the sense of trust and responsibility in the non-official members of these Councils, and to throw them into an attitude of peevish, sulky, permanent opposition."

In answer to these arguments, which appear insufficient and unsound, it may be said that the Bombay Government is amusing itself by balancing on a wall. It can come down now whenever it pleases. It has chosen to nominate more non-officials than the law requires. As vacancies occur it can redress the balance. I understand Lord Morley to mean that his proposed Bill will compel the Government to remain in the dangerous position it has taken up. You can always find a self-

confident man who will go into a dangerous place so long as he thinks he can come out. Before you cite him as an example, make him understand that he will have to stay there. How long is it since the Governor of Bombay gave his official nominations to non-officials, and who are the non-officials? I think we ought to know that. For one thing, they are not elected members.

Secondly, the peace and good government of an Indian province are scarcely trivial or merely local affairs. They mean the welfare of a country that may be as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is sometimes larger and contains more people. All the measures that have been passed in India for the improvement of the condition of the people, for sanitation, for protection of the ryots, and the like, have originated with the servants of the Government, and many of them would not have passed unless the Government had had power on their side.

The third argument, if it came from any one but Lord Morley, I would call fantastic. The matter in hand is not the moral and spiritual welfare of the non-officials, but the peace and good government of the country. If the moral elevation of these gentlemen is to be your guiding principle, then by all that you hold sacred leave them alone. Their characters will be much more injured by the animosities, the lying, and the corruption engendered by your proposed elections than they will be benefited by the dignity of sitting in a permanent majority. The same reasoning applies to every ruffian in the country who wants to steal. The policemen undoubtedly deaden the sense of trust and responsibility in the non-policemen, and beyond all doubt throw many of them "into an attitude of peevish, sulky, permanent opposition" to society.

At any rate, the reasoning applies closely to Parliament. Why not try the system there? Let the Cabinet sit by themselves and dismiss their followers for the remainder of the session. Surely men like Mr Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil are worthy to be saved from degradation. Arguments like these are addressed to the wretched, false sentimentality of the day.

The arguments against Lord Morley's plan are infinitely stronger. In the first place, there is the danger that the power for good of the provincial governors will suffer. To ask a man to govern an Indian province and to subject his legislative proposals to be rejected by a majority of his Council is unfair, and will weaken and be used to weaken his authority. It is most undesirable that he should be called upon to use his veto or to throw himself for help on the Governor-General's Council. It is easy to say the non-officials will not unite. But we are only at the beginning of this business. It will not be long before the nationalists, the extremists especially, realise the power the elective

system puts in their hands. The seats are bound to fall more and more to Hindus, chiefly Brahmins and lawyers. The clamour for more seats to be handed over to election will be irresistible. Every periodical advent of the Liberal party to power will be marked by a fresh step forward; or the step will be taken in order to anticipate the other side. The agitators will sit like hungry crows on a tree round the India Office. It will not be long before a firm phalanx of obstructionists sits in each provincial Legislative Council. The logical position of the Government in the Imperial Council, in which Lord Morley knows an official majority is vital, will have been surrendered, and "force" alone will be the answer. After all, Mr Carlyle is right. It is, I venture to think, distinctly wrong and dangerous to make such a very serious constitutional change in the government machinery of India without full consultation with all the authorities in India who will have to work under it.

The originating cause of Lord Morley's proposal is none of the specious reasons put forward to dazzle the innocents in the Houses of Parliament, but simply the difficulty of finding officials to form the majorities in the enlarged legislatures. This difficulty might be well met by appointing some of the best Indian officers in the different provincial services to the Councils. It would be a very fitting tribute to many of them. There are in the judicial and executive branches of the service men with knowledge, experience, and ability, as well as tried integrity and loyalty. They ought to be represented in the Councils, and by appointing them two birds might be killed by one stone.

Last of the greater changes discussed by the Government of India is the increased liberty to be given to the Councils, Imperial and Provincial, in discussing the budgets, in initiating measures, in introducing and passing resolutions on public matters, and in asking questions. These changes appear useful in many ways. But the liberties to be conferred must be placed under reasonable rules and restrictions. Such liberty as is allowed to members of Parliament in this country is very likely to be abused, to the great injury of the public welfare, by ingenious Indian Nationalists. The approval of the Governor ought to be obtained for every motion and question. It is not right or wise to place the dignity (*izzat*) or the characters of the Indian public servants at the mercy of a reckless or indiscreet member.

I come now to Lord Morley's announcement of his intention to advise the King to appoint a native of India to be a member of the Governor-General's Executive Council on the occurrence of the next vacancy. This is a change of very great and far-reaching consequences. The reader will remember that the Governor-General in Council (where "Council" means the Executive Council of six)

is by statute the Government of India. Each member has sole charge of one or more of the great Departments of the State, and, besides, he takes part in the general work of the Empire and has an equal voice in every matter. Nothing can constitutionally be concealed from him, and he is bound to read and sign all despatches. As Lord Morley was speaking to a House which he knew to be ignorant of the details of Indian administration, it is a pity that he did not more fully explain the case to it. He should have explained first, that when he said that in this policy he had "the absolute and the zealous approval and concurrence of Lord Minto himself," he did not mean the Governor-General in Council, who ought certainly to have a decisive voice, at the least some voice, in a matter so nearly concerning him, but only Lord Minto personally, a very different thing; secondly, the House of Lords should have been informed that the case quoted as a precedent, the recent experiment of appointing Indians to the Council of India which advises the Secretary of State, is in no way analogous or similar. In the one case the member of the Governor-General's Council is one of the Indian Cabinet, with a potent voice in all affairs. In the other, the member of the Council of India has neither initiative nor responsibility. He has no right to be consulted. The Secretary of State can not only override his Council except on matters of expenditure, and even there he can easily elude them; but he can keep them, and does keep them, in ignorance of most important decisions. A member of the Governor-General's Council can record his dissent, and it must be notified to the Secretary of State in the despatch on the subject. A member of the Council of India may record a dissent, but unless he makes the fact known, and gets some one in the House to ask for it, it will be put away and never heard of again.

It must not be imagined that I think these things should be otherwise so far as the Council of India is concerned. It is out of the question that ten or twelve elderly gentlemen should share the responsibility of a Secretary of State, or be able to override him. I am emphasising the falseness of the analogy presented to the House of Lords.

India has to be governed in India, and everything which may weaken the Governor-General in Council is dangerous. The appointment of an Indian to be one of the Governor-General's colleagues must have that effect in many ways, and will increase the pernicious tendency which has been growing for some years past to turn the Government of India into a telegraphic duet between the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. It may well come about that neither of them shall know his part. I cannot improve the words Lord

Macdonnell has used in condemning this ill-judged and dangerous experiment. I ask leave to quote them:—

"The principle which, in his opinion, ought to direct and control our policy in India was this—the maintenance of complete and absolute control in the hands of a small body of picked officers of the Empire who formed the Government of India, and, subject to that control, the fullest measure of local government in the provinces that each province was fit to administer. *He believed they could not find in India a single individual who would be able to give valuable advice and assistance to the Governor-General in Council.* He was also certain that they could not appoint a Mahomedan to that Council without also appointing a Hindu; and if they did appoint such an officer, and he were not of the class against whom the legislation of which they had heard was directed, he would command no influence whatever amongst his co-religionists."—Lord Macdonnell, House of Lords, Dec. 18, 1908.

THESE BE YOUR GODS, O ISRAEL!

At the end of the first session of this Parliament the present writer endeavoured, in the pages of 'Maga,'[1] to call attention to some features in the composition and in the evident purposes of the dominant party in that Assembly which had scarcely received that notice and consideration from the more thoughtful part of the nation which, in our opinion, they deserved. The ordinary citizen had been somewhat wayward during the crisis of the General Election, and, in view of the disasters which it brought, found himself stunned and apathetic. Such a vast change of the political atmosphere must, he fancied, have had, at least, some solid basis. It must, no doubt, justify itself by some definite scheme of political regeneration; and with a sublime faith in the common-sense of his countrymen, he trusted that such a scheme would work itself out on sound lines, and be guided by the constitutional principles evolved out of our national history. He was content to wait patiently for its further evolution.

We tried then to show that his trust was somewhat misplaced, and that his confidence had no sure foundation. We pointed out that the history, even of that first session, showed elements at work that were scarcely noted by the nation at large. They could only be discerned by that comparatively small contingent of the Opposition which deemed constant Parliamentary attendance to be a duty; and that contingent we estimated at scarcely more than thirty or forty members. The curtailment of Parliamentary reports, even in 'The Times'; the absurd travesty of reporting in the other London daily papers; and the substitution for any faithful report of the debates of the ill-informed and superficial "descriptive" gossip of the Press gallery,—all these have been serious hindrances to any proper appreciation by the intelligent part of the public of the real danger to the State which arises from a House of Commons composed like the present.

The truth of our estimate of two years ago has since been amply proved. The knowledge of that danger has now filtered from a small group of Unionist members into the consciousness of the nation as a whole. Few now remain ignorant of the general character of the notions that do duty for political principles in the breasts of a large section of the Ministerial party. The bye-elections, little as they have affected the numerical preponderance of the present majority, give abundant evidence that the nation is alarmed. But has it yet realised the full danger to national character, to national

[1] "The Parliament of 1906," 'Maga,' February 1907.

prosperity, to social order, and to the influence of this country abroad, which is threatened by the tyranny of a reckless and heterogeneous majority?

We are not now concerned with criticism of the measures which have been brought before Parliament. Such criticism has already condemned them. We desire rather to call attention to the composition of that majority; to the personal element which reveals itself only to the careful daily observer who notes its characteristics in all their deformity; and to the small title to respect which is possessed by some of the leaders whom the strange and passing current of political feeling has brought to the surface.

To the close observer, one of the most curious symptoms of the political arena is the readiness with which its strangest transformations are accepted, in an extraordinarily short space of time, as everyday matters which need excite no surprise. New men, who but yesterday were irresponsible privates, and seemed scarcely warranted in indulging in dreams of non-commissioned rank, suddenly are found to be swaggering as generals. Such transformations must always occur when a new political entity emerges from the chrysalis state. But as a rule, the discipline either of inherited tradition or of personal training, precedes the assumption of authority; and even if outstanding genius commands a speedy recognition, and passes at a bound over the intervening steps, yet such talent has, usually, already made itself visible on a larger stage than that of St Stephen's, and the nation recognises in its new ruler one whom a large body of public opinion had designated as an outstanding personality.

We desire to attach no undue importance to such personal accidents as these. We are ready to believe—if so it must be—that the last three years have seen the evolution of such a crop of political Eminences as has never before been produced in the same space of time. We do not for a moment grudge them a rapidity of elevation that might make the strongest brains to reel. We accept, on trust, the distinguished talents that have opened the doors of that Upper House, to which a tribute of alternating vituperation and adulation is paid, to a host whose names, not previously distinguished, have now become permanently lost in a bewildering variety of new titles. We doubt not that the wisdom of the Privy Council is vastly enhanced by the generous quota of its recent recruits: and we are even ready to believe that some of the most important positions in the Cabinet are filled, with distinction, by men not one of whom was known, three years ago, beyond the floor of the House, and the circle of his own acquaintance. But until we find some adequate ground for complete confidence, it seems not unreasonable to examine the ingredients which are eddying about in the tur-

bulent cauldron of the present political majority, and see whether they are not of a kind well fitted to throw some strange flotsam and jetsam to the surface.

When the huge and unwieldy majority first came together in 1906, it was difficult to discern its real character. Some symptoms, however, were perfectly clear. It was dumbfoundered at its own success; boundless in its self-confidence; undisciplined, and therefore, naturally, ill-mannered in the extreme. Of Parliamentary tradition it was, on the whole, as ignorant as it was of constitutional principle. Some members of it were conspicuous exceptions to the general rule. By degrees, these have made their weight felt throughout the House; but they have done so warily, and as a rule they are not the men who would be picked out by the gossips of the Press gallery. The bulk of the party was, and still remains, a seething mass, heterogeneous in its aims, and united only in the buoyancy of insolence.

As we pointed out two years ago, it was soon apparent that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—partly, it may be, from sympathy, still more from indifference, and, to an even greater extent, from motives of opportunism—had made up his mind to favour the extreme section of every wing of his party. In the past he had been galled by the Liberal Imperialists: and with very considerable astuteness, he resolved to make himself safe against any such cabals in the future. Firmer discipline might have developed, even in the motley ranks of his huge majority, some sense of responsibility, and some appreciation of constitutional principle. But it would have damped the ardour of those to whom the late Prime Minister looked as a make-weight against his more halting, or more prudent, colleagues.

As a consequence of this encouragement, the extremist element crystallised their aims, and became bolder in their assertion. Fortunately, in one important sphere they have not been allowed to triumph. In the sphere of foreign policy they have happily not been able to grasp the helm. Signs were not wanting that even here a prolonged tenure of office might have given to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the opportunity of exercising a sinister influence. His journalistic incursions into the domain of foreign politics, and his discussion of armaments, gave rise to a serious danger. But it was fortunately checked by other circumstances. The traditions of the Conservative party forbade the Opposition to make these questions the subject of party attack, and the eager partisanship of the Ministerial majority had therefore to find other spheres for party triumph. Besides this, very few members of that majority had such acquaintance with foreign politics as would have enabled them to evolve a foreign policy of their own. In that domain, therefore, their

mischief was confined to ill-timed questions, to reckless encouragement given to mischievous intriguers, and to attempts captiously to criticise and to interfere with our agents abroad, which were deprived of their pernicious tendency only by the gross ignorance of the subject under which the critics laboured. On the whole, in spite of some dangerous and reckless Parliamentary episodes, Sir Edward Grey has been permitted to steer a course directed by the best traditions of our foreign policy. Bitter disappointment was felt by those who had hoped for a reversal of all the traditions of sound diplomacy; but it found vent only in obscure murmurings, and was recognised only by those who were able to observe the under-currents of the political tide.

As regards India, the contempt of their fellow-members and the indifference of all sensible men at home have been the just reward of the factious rancour of disappointed officials and of ignorant and hare-brained globe-trotters, like our Cottons, Keir-Hardies, Rutherfords, and Mackarnesses. But time alone can show whether these have not worked deeper mischief in native circles, and whether they have not pushed the Secretary of State into dangerous experiments.

But let us observe some of the symptoms of the pernicious influence of this reckless and heterogeneous majority in other spheres. It was by means of Conservative votes that the Government were able, in the first session of this Parliament, to check a wild scheme of reduction in the national armaments. That reduction was pressed largely by Colonel Seely. It is ominous that Colonel Seely is now the colleague of the War Minister whose estimates he attacked with virulence less than two years ago. Let no one fancy that the contingent which he then led has abandoned its aims or lost its hopes. We have only to remember that early in the past session the Government withdrew their navy estimates, and recast them on a lower scale, in obedience to the threatened revolt of a powerful section of their followers. It is true that we have had of late bold assertions of a strong naval policy, and brave words have been uttered. But it would be a mistake to feel any confidence in such declamations. They are devised to meet a growing sense of insecurity that has spread over the nation. They are prompted by passing phases of foreign politics which have forced public attention. As soon as the clouds have disappeared, the old apathy and listlessness may reappear, and the inveterate obstinacy of those who care little for our foreign position will reassert itself. It will do so with the powerful support to be received from a financial position which is hopelessly involved, and for which the Government have no solution to propound except vague threatenings against particular classes, and revolutionary

schemes of taxation that will banish capital and check enterprise. And it will have the sympathy, if not the active support, of a large section of the Cabinet.

It is the same picture, in whichever direction we look. In the Trades Disputes Bill, a show of firmness and of respect for the first principles of justice appeared on the Treasury Bench on a Wednesday, to be followed by an abject and ignominious surrender to the selfish arrogance of class privilege on the following Friday. The result is shown in the studied sarcasm of the judgment delivered by two such eminent Radicals as the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton in the recent case of *Conway* v. *Wade*. A baseless figment of new financial resources, in the Taxation of Land Values, was first welcomed as a fitting subject for consideration: then decisively condemned by the Lord Chancellor in the only sense in which it would be acceptable to the Parliamentary apostles of Socialism: then revived by the Solicitor-General for Scotland, in a series of stump orations, as the prime article of his political faith; and now is accepted as an axiom by those patterns of responsible Parliamentary representation who glory in the name of disciples of Mr Henry George. By parity of method, if Bedlam were let loose, it would first be accounted as an axiom of broad-minded toleration to listen patiently to its ravings: then some of our present majority would find in these ravings some suggestion of plunder or anarchy suited to their taste: and next they would be accepted as political oracles, which none but the selfish reactionary would venture to dispute.

And in all this wild career nothing is more comic than to observe how seriously the political pundits of the Ministerial majority take themselves. They have learned their own game: three years have sufficed to make them think themselves the repositories of Parliamentary tradition; and upon any eccentricity of which they have not been the originators they frown with all the solemnity of neophytes. Mr Victor Grayson mouths his vapid platitudes, but does so without learning the little tricks of manner, and without having gained admission into the little coteries of the party which confer the *cachet* of political wisdom. So he is howled down, and each petty member of the Radical party thinks he is thus rendering powerful and efficacious aid to Mr Speaker in protecting the decencies of debate, and is thereby raised, in his own opinion, to the platform of serious politics. No one perceives the grades of political experience with greater acuteness than he who has just learned that there is some one who may possibly be even more crude and irresponsible than himself. So the political mountebank finds himself jeered when he apes the tricks that taught others to rise, and must console his discomfiture in

meditating upon the mellow wisdom that prompts a Chancellor of the Exchequer to regale the ears of the tap-house politician with projects of raiding hen-roosts, and to indulge in sensational pictures of stripping the richest of his neighbours of their ill-gotten gear. Mr Victor Grayson is accosted with orthodox head-shaking. Mr Lloyd George is the authorised financial representative of the wealthiest empire in the world!

After all, to the plain citizen this personal element means a good deal. It is no pleasant topic to dwell upon, but it cannot be ignored. It is not an accident emerging from purely fortuitous circumstances. On the contrary, we are reaping as we have sown. In a fit of epidemic madness the nation gave an overwhelming majority to a party which long political exile had deprived of the first germs of political responsibility. Under the rush of a headlong flood of impulsive feeling it crowded into the ranks of its Parliamentary representatives scores of men who had never gravely considered political questions, and who hardly contemplated their own candidature as a serious matter. What wonder that in the strange jumble of ill-assorted ingredients, elements should be thrust to the surface which have no equilibrium of their own, and are the playthings of contending currents? What wonder that amidst these eddying whirlpools the nation should rub its eyes after its own temporary hallucination, and should awake to find that the largest commerce that the world has ever known has its destinies committed to the hands of Mr Winston Churchill, and that the pivot upon which the finance of the world turns has as its representative Mr Lloyd George?

If the nation wishes to study its own political barometer, let it pay attention to the personal element in the composition of that amorphous majority to which it has entrusted its destinies for the moment. Let it weigh in well-adjusted scales the wisdom, the temperance, the restraining responsibility which may be present in that majority against its recklessness, its readiness to temporise with the forces of anarchy, its heedless neglect of all that is solid in national character. To do so it must perforce devote itself to what may appear the sorry task of watching the proceedings in the House of Commons. They have ceased to be of interest, and the newspapers, rightly gauging the taste of their readers, no longer provide reports which have palled upon the appetites of those for whom they cater. Instead of that, we have the gossip of the lobby and the fantasies of Punch's jester—who has, in very truth, become a serious chronicler compared with his brethren of the daily parliamentary press. Only a faithful mirror will give to the English citizen a true picture of what the Mother of Parliaments has become. We do

not wonder that the commercial instincts of newspaper proprietors make them shrink from such distasteful provender. But the real character of the present House of Commons can only be guessed from its fruits, and can only be known to those who view it from day to day or learn it by the painful process of studying an adequate and faithful report of its proceedings. It is only by such a process that the lamentable confusion, the lack of consistency from day to day, the reckless injustice, airily ignored by the apologists of the Government, which characterised the discussions on the Licensing Bill, could be seen in their true absurdity —small as was the proportion of the Bill which ever was discussed. Only thus could it be seen how the persistent monotony of Mr Birrell's *persiflage* has degenerated into a reckless frivolity which treats anarchy and avowed lawlessness as merely good subjects for a joke, and is ready to scoff at the axioms of political economy in order to conciliate the forces of disorder; and how even the natural moderation and good sense of Mr Runciman can be betrayed into imitations of the jaunty autocracy of his predecessor as Minister of Education. The necessary attention to Parliamentary procedure cannot be given too soon or too earnestly.

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MOUNT ABU.

I.

Before the inquiring Englishman has been in the East a year a suspicion is almost sure to be borne in upon him that India is more spiritual than Europe. It will either come through dipping in Oriental books or through conversation with some intelligent Hindu or Moslem, and for years he will be trying to square this new idea with what he knows of Eastern character through practical contact with it. Instinct, tradition, reason, will deny it, but something will whisper that this is prejudice, the Englishman's inability to see a different point of view; and the uneasiness left by the doubt will be kept awake by occasional glimpses behind the inscrutable Oriental mask. Then, may be, a Hindu will tell him plainly and politely in his own mother tongue that the English are barbarians, who search out the means and miss the end of life; that the Oriental seeks unity, the Western differentiation; that the Oriental unites, while the Western separates, mind and matter; that the Oriental seeks to be caught up in the Universal, the Western to dominate the Particular. To which the Englishman may be prompted to reply that God will look after the Universal and man's business is with the Particular, and that the aggregate of good in the world depends upon his attention to it.

One's first impressions of the East often last long. The maggot of national disparagement was put into my head a week after landing by a Hindu who answered my regret that the East and West could not understand each other better, and seemed to be drifting even farther apart, by saying—

"It is a pity. But it will be all right, you will see. When Europe becomes more spiritual there will be more sympathy between the two races."

This left such an impression on me that, in the midst of the material pursuits that occupy an Anglo-Indian's time, I would often be pulled up by a sense of blindness to things of the spirit all round, and I would search for the expression of the spiritual life in a helpless hole-and-corner sort of way, just as an entomologist peers behind palings and lifts up stones to find a grub or chrysalis.

A few days afterwards a friend was showing me over a bazaar in Madras. I did not know the difference between a Mussulman and a Hindu, and I envied the way he could distinguish nearly every figure in the dazzling kaleidoscopic crowd by some caste-mark or obscure difference in dress or feature. He explained the privileges and disabilities which differentiated each sect. He showed me a Brahmin who might not eat mushrooms and a Brahmin who might, but whose wife mightn't; and he pointed out a Saddhu who must lie on an antelope's skin, another who might not lay his staff on the ground, and a third who must eat and drink out of a human skull.

I was chiefly interested in the religious vagabonds and ascetics, and my head was already full of strange things when I saw three intense looking men in white, bareheaded with close-cropped hair, and wearing a white screen over their mouths tied by a piece of string to the back of their ears like an eye-shade. These men, whoever they might be, were very earnest about something.

"What are these?" I asked my friend.

"Jains," he said.

"Kim's Jains?"

"The same."

"And what is the mouth-guard for?"

"They have a holy horror of swallowing insects."

I looked up the Jains, and out of much conflicting authority discovered that the sect originated between 500 and 600 B.C. It is not an offshoot of Buddhism, as is popularly believed, but contemporary with it, both creeds being the outcome of the Sankhya school of philosophy, which denied the existence of the eternal, supreme deity. The aim of both is to renounce the world and to escape the misery of life by extinguishing desire. Both seek Nirvana, which means to the Buddhist absorption in the universal essence; to the Jain merely release from re-birth. Both sects were regarded as heretical by the Hindus, but while Buddhism was persecuted out of existence by the Brahmins, Jainism survived after many trials, being less opposed to the orthodox faith.

In the north of India Jains and Hindus seem to live together amicably, and the Jains, through long contact with the Brahmins, have come to recognise the Hindu deities,

and in some cases to admit them into their temples, though they worship none in particular. In the south dogma is not so plastic, and men have a saying about rivals, that they love each other like a Brahmin and a Jain. The Jains' denial of the authority of the Vedas is in itself a sufficient cause of war.

After reading nearly all that had been written about the Jains, I put my impressions to the test by finding out what I could of them from people who had met them in the flesh. A Hindu told me that they were atheists, and that they did not wash. A Baptist missionary summarised their faith—it was a quotation, I think—by saying that they denied God, worshipped man, and nourished vermin. Then I learnt from a Jain barrister that in old days the whole of India was Jain, and that Hinduism, with its extravagant fables, its degraded rites, and its infamous sacrifices, was the conception of apostates from the true faith, which was very much what Abbé Dubois was told by the Mysore Jains a hundred years ago.

But, apart from these inconsistencies, I found it easier to get at a fair estimate of their secular virtues, from which it seemed that the Jains were likely to be the folk who would bring me into touch with the substance of the spirituality whose shadow I had been chasing. So I made up my mind to go to Mount Abu when the first chance offered and see "if there was anything in it."

II.

The temples of Dilwarra and Achilgar on Mount Abu are miracles of elaboration; but beautiful as is the whole effect of the *mandapam*, the colonnades, the pyramidal sikras, and the horizontal arches supporting the domes, there is an uncompromising severity in the details of the shrine, which are ugly enough if one looks into them minutely. Once enter a Jain temple and you will never dissociate the sect from the images of the Tirthankaras, the twenty-four founders of their order who attained beatitude through contemplation of the Infinite. In the central shrine, approached by the *mandapam* in the middle of the courtyard, the saint sits cross-legged and surveys the world he has renounced. His glassy eyes stare from his cold niche with a complacency that chills the blood. He is the personified negation of humanity. But the central image, with its inhuman eyes and smile, is only one in an infinitude of embodied complacencies. For the Jains have a genius for repetition. The cloisters, which are built on the plan of the old Buddhist *viharas*, with twelve or fifteen cells to each arcade for the monks' quarters, are peopled instead with the same

image, each in his own cell, staring stonily into the courtyard. One figure does duty for all. One Tirthankara is the image of another. Nirvana has no moods. There are no grades in beatitude. They are indistinguishable, save for the symbol of the bull, the shell, the antelope, the serpent, the lion, on the pedestal of each. But there is diversity all round. There is not an inch of their cells, of the cloisters, pillars, architraves, lintels, jambs of the doors, domes, ceilings, which is not carved in high relief with the images of gods and beasts, or both, finely chiselled in the white marble of which the shrine is built. The whole effect is to tease one out of thought. Looking at it, I could understand the mood of the iconoclast. The destroyer of images appeared to me a man of sensibility, a man who thinks too much rather than too little, who is not deceived by prattle about art. I could imagine a spiritual man with a little warm blood in his veins running amôk in the place with a chisel and a hammer. I felt that Dilwarra owed its preservation to its remoteness. Aurungzebe would have levelled the temple to the ground.

Here, then, was the spirituality that I sought, and it sent a cold shudder through me. It was beautiful in a way, as the work of Aubrey Beardsley is beautiful, but with grotesque elaboration rather than simplicity. There was imagination in it, the successful expression of the spirit that underlay and directed the work, the patient devotion of men who are content to spend a lifetime in the ornamentation of a niche or in carving the interior of a single cell, and above all, the devotion of the founder, Vimala Sah, tender nourisher of the microbe and the worm, who in the year 1032 spent many millions of rupees, earned in merchandise, in the glorification of the first Tirthankara and himself, and for whom gangs of slaves sweated in distant quarries and dragged the marble up the hillside. There is a shrine to him opposite the temple gate, in which he appears almost as large as the Tirthankara himself, riding on a dropsical horse and attended by ten elephants.

Another temple at Dilwarra, built in 1197, is dedicated to Nemnath, the twenty-second Tirthankara, who, on the morning he was to wed a king's daughter, left the world for a hermit's cave, and, what is more, persuaded the princess that this was the only thing to do. The guidebook says that "they lived a platonic life on the mountain for many years." In this temple my gloom was mitigated by a group of soldiers who were going round at the same time with a Babu and the guidebook I had borrowed in the hotel. They were a little sceptical about the celibacy of the twenty-second Tirthankara, and none of them had the ghost of an idea what "platonic" meant. But they were too sensible to take the place

very seriously or to allow the Tirthankaras to get on their nerves. One of the corporals halted by every cell, and peering into it said, "Sime old fice," or "This 'ere's Nemnath again. 'E wouldn't 'urt a floiy, 'e wouldn't."

And when the Babu explained that Devi was a Hindu goddess, and her presence in the shrine was inconsistent with orthodox Jain tenets, he said very much to the point,—

"You cawn't get these blokes to drop anything. It's the sime as they'll go on kerrying baskets of muck on their 'eads when you've tort 'em to put it into a barrer."

This was just what I wanted to say myself, but I couldn't put it so well.

The old Hindu superstitions are deep-rooted. Sakya Muni, Mahavira, Nanak, all cut a clear path out of the tangle, but the rank undergrowth grew up again to impede and choke the way.

An attendant told me that on certain days of the year a goat is slain for the shrine of Devi in the temple of Nemnath, and the bleeding carcass is brought into the courtyard, where men have devoted themselves for centuries to the preservation of life. Perhaps it is true that the sacrilege was committed at one time in the Dilwarra temple, though it is hard to believe it in spite of the anomalies of faith that one meets with every day.

Tod tells us that the Jain king, Komarpal, kept his army in camp all the rains because it was impossible to march without killing animalculæ. Oil mills and potters' wheels were suspended from the middle of June till October, and no lamps were lit in the monsoon lest moths should perish in the flames. In Gujerat you may see Jains feeding the ants by the roadside. At Ahmedabad and elsewhere houses are kept for insects, into which penitents enter, devoting their persons to the feast. Charity can go no farther.

The strictness of the Jain observances varies a great deal, according to the sect. The temples dedicated to Nemnath and Adinath at Dilwarra belong to the Swetambaras, or white-clad ones. There is another temple belonging to the Digambaras, the "sky-clad" or naked, who deny their women salvation and wear no clothes at their meals. Not many years ago they wandered over the country naked, but now the police have intervened, and one seldom meets them without a loin-cloth. Neither of these orders is as strict as the Dhondiyas, a far less numerous sect, who reverence no idols, restrict their diet to two kinds of vegetables, and carry their ideal of the sanctity of life to the point of fanaticism. These were the men I saw in the bazaar in Madras. Afterwards I visited the rest-house of their wandering priests in an old city in the Punjab.

III.

I went to the rest-house expecting to find a particular thing, and I found, not the unexpected, as so often happens, but the symbol I looked for charactered on every brow for any one to read, that seemed to say, "I have done no hurt to any living thing. I have tended and preserved all creatures alive." A narrow flight of smooth concrete steps led to a chamber above one of the city gates. I left my shoes outside the door and entered with an uncomfortable sense of prying. Perhaps mine was the first white man's shadow that had fallen across the floor. But the Jains were not disturbed. It was but the shadow of a shade, for my concrete self was no more than a materialised illusion projected for a moment across their vision of the real. They were nearly all old men, some with shaven heads, some with stiff, upright, grey hair, innocent of oil and water, for their faith forbids carnal ablution. Yet they did not appear filthy, in the ordinary sense. Their skin was dry and smooth like polished furniture. It looked as if it might be kept clean with a brush. Their smell was their own. It did not invite closer contact, but it did not disgust. Uncleanliness with them is a part of godliness. They would rather die than crush a wriggling microbe in the water. Precautions to the same end were visible all round the room. Every one of them had the pent-house insect-guard over his mouth, and carried beside him a soft mop with a loop for the handle to brush the insects from his path. In the corner of the room were large vessels of milk covered over with gauze.

There was a low murmur of voices in the room like the drone of summer gnats. Some of the priests reclined on mats; some stood beside the pillars gazing into vacancy, or moved across the polished floor like the pigeons that flew out when I entered. The spirit of gentleness was palpable there; yet I wondered if it was due to genuine tender-heartedness or mere empty formalism, superstitious habit, and the fear of injuring oneself vicariously. We are slow to accept strange ideals and to admit that there can be much in views that jar with our own. Perhaps that is why a suspicion was borne in on me that the Jain is humane by formula, and that his tenderness is unintelligent, conventional, and springs from no living motive in the heart. Yet, even if this is so, it does not condemn the principles of the faith any more than the conduct of modern Christians reflects upon their Founder.

Outside the city I was shown the municipal rat-house and its Jain caretaker. Plague had been severe in the place that year, and thousands of men and rats had died. The elders were persuaded by Government that the rats were at the

bottom of it all. So they prescribed a campaign against them. But the Jains and some of the more orthodox Hindus swore that, so far from allowing rats to be killed in their houses, they would rather perish than injure a flea on the back of one of them. So a compromise was arrived at. The Jains allowed cages to be set in their houses on condition that the captives should be housed and fed in a depot outside the city.

On two twin hummocks separated by a trench I found the rat-house, and the guardian's white-washed hut. The cage was a menagerie car with iron wheels, laid on a solid brick foundation, and covered over with a stalwart *pandal*,—so pious and humane were those good folk who provided lodging for God's creatures and shelter from the rain. Large as the cage was, there was not room on the floor for more than half the pensioners. The others stood in tiers on one anothers' backs —a scabby, quivering, weak-eyed throng, consciously waiting their doom. A few hundred yards off, by a ruined shrine, under a peepul tree, we found the guardian asleep. We discovered from him that a dozen or more rats were imported every day and as many died; also when the place was swept out many escaped; so that the old Brahmin in the shrine had to fortify himself against invasion by more traps. The recaptured ones were scrupulously returned to the cage.

When I reached the Jain rest-house it was an hour before sunset, and the priests were coming in for their evening meal. The Jain layman who had introduced me to the *mahant* as an inquirer anxious to learn about all truths, reminded me that after the sun had set no food nor drink might pass their lips. So I took myself off with the understanding that I should come again and learn all about their particular revelation, whatever it might be. But I did not see these holy men again, though I came to learn about their system through abstracts of their sacred books.

Their Gurus say that Jainism is eternal,—that it had no founder, but existed from the beginning of time. Time consists of circles, and there are twenty-four Tirthankaras for each half circle. Mahavira, who attained Nirvana in 526 B.C., was the successor of earlier Tirthankaras who preached Jainism through countless cycles of ages. The Jain sacred books are filled with a fanciful system of metaphysics, and a cosmogony that makes the head reel. As in the Buddhist and Brahminical books, time is measured on a dizzying scale. They define the exact span of the different compartments of heaven and hell, the Jambu-wipa, or the earth we live on, with the seas encircling it, and the dividing mountains and lakes of four hundred thousand leagues; the Kalpas or æons of time varying from forty million millions of years to a few thousand; the sixteen mansions of Swarga, where blessed souls

enjoy bliss; and Naroka, where those damned beyond any reincarnation endure torments according to their sins, and derive what comfort they may from the knowledge that their sentence can only endure thirty-three thousand years. The thing that struck me as most strange was, that a sect whose creed is nothing but a tangle of confused metaphysics with a few moral axioms thrown in, offering no immediate menace of hell or hope of paradise, should adhere to such a severely practical application of their tenets to life, involving more self-denial than any other formula or stimulus of faith.

IV.

To return to Abu. I visited the mountain in August, a season when in the intervals of rain the hill top is shrouded in mist. Abu lies about seventy miles as the crow flies from the Gulf of Cutch. It stands in the path of the monsoon, and catches the clouds straight from the sea. In July seventy-five inches had fallen. During the first ten days of August the sun did not shine three hours. The landscape was wrapped in the hooded melancholy of the rains. You could not distinguish a tree from a hill; a shadowy hummock beside the path loomed out of the mist like a giant peak; a pool on a plateau a hundred feet beneath seemed to be floating up from the plains. The scarp was scarred with cup-holes, generally in pairs, in the shape of grinning eye-sockets with streaks of lichen depending like wrinkles and tears, and every now and then, when the grey mist parted, you found yourself looking into the eyes of some ancient aboriginal hag or "promontory goat," huddled out of the rain in one of those crevices, like a saint in a niche. The temple of Siva at Ooria stood in three feet of water, and the lush corn grew halfway up to the architrave. The marble lingam-yoni, rank with mould and slime, looked more obscene than ever. The court of Santinath's temple at Achilgar was so slippery that the caretaker who showed me round had to circumvent the shrine by climbing over the carved elephants' heads that projected from the plinth. An impassable torrent roared between me and the anchorites of Guru Sikhar. The seven hundred pious steps to Gaemukh were a running watercourse. I ploughed my way through the bog and rain, and sometimes snatched a hasty meal in a cave beside a sad-eyed Bhil, feeling all the while that I was seeing the temples in their right setting. Mist and gloom are congenial to them. The images of their Tirthankaras preach disillusionment. The sermons in their stones are in the same key,—a monotonous exhortation to escape, to be deceived no more by the phenomena of matter, to sit down in a

niche in the rock and resign all inclination, to have no wish to be warm or dry or housed or fed or loved, but to yield at once to the inevitable, and without effort or pain, to be—

"Roll'd round in Earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees."

I saw Achilgar in the same gloom as Dilwarra; but on a second visit the clouds lifted momentarily. Dilwarra is a frequented place; it lies in a hollow of the hill near Mount Abu station. Achilgar is remote and lonely, a village of temples standing one above another in tiers on a cliff. Dilwarra attracts you with its cold complacent beauty outside, and repels you with its elaborate, perfected hideousness within. Achilgar, perched in the clouds, is wrapt in brooding mystery. It is a ghoulish place. The moss-grown rocks are pregnant with history and legend, spiritual and secular. The rocks leer at you with wry faces, conscious of all that has gone on. Decrepit banyan trees lean on them for support. Hanuman, Bhairon, and Ganesh conspire for evil in the crevices of their roots. And at every corner you tumble upon something which tells you as plain as whisper in the ear that all you have heard about the place is true.

The path leads through barley-fields with straggling hedges of wild roses, and in many parts it forms a tributary to the clear bubbling stream that bisects the upland. It rises over several undulations towards the ridge that flanks the plateau on the south-east, till one comes to a spot where the image-houses by the sacred tank, the white marble shrines, the anchorite caves cut out of the sheer cliff, peep out of the mist all round, tumbled amidst the crags and trees in a way that tempts you to sit down on a wet stone and take it all in quietly. It is the mood in which one holds a long-coveted book and slowly cuts the pages. In this way the spell of Achilgar grows on you with a luxurious deliberateness through a succession of surmises in which distances are confused by the wreaths of mist curling over it, revealing bit by bit with wild suggestions of the whole which the intermittent bursts of sunshine only exaggerate.

One must remember that in old days the Pramars ruled at Achilgar. They would be kings there now, folk say, but for the impiety of one who doubted a miracle of Siva. Everybody knew but this sceptic that the god had put out his toe from his shrine of Vishéswar in Benares to steady the mountain of Abu, and by way of proof his yellow toe-tail is there to-day for any one to see who has the courage to peep into a crevice in the floor of Achileswar, the temple opposite the wet stone where we are sitting. The people of the hill know that the fissure leads down to hell; but the unbeliever in his pride must needs put revealed truth to the test. So he built an aqueduct from a fountain to the fissure, ex-

pecting to see it overflow, for which he was cursed by the god, and his race perished with him.

There are many other shrines in the courtyard of the temple of Achileswar, and in the image-houses round the sacred tank where the black cobra dwells you may see all the avatars of Vishnu under one canopy. Hard by is the house of the Jain Mahant, its antique walls overgrown with fern and moss. Now the racing cloud-drift has receded and a shaft of light from the invisible sun has laid bare the face of the cliff; and where the temples rise in tiers and terraces to the summit, one sees a hermit's cave cut out of the rock, the eye of the frowning precipice. But in a moment the grey vapours have recaptured the place and engulfed everything.

The ascent is full of mystery. A turn in the rock and one comes upon Hanuman's gate, black with age and rain, sullen, secretive, with empty cells on either side where the guard hailed the kings who rode through. It is built of solid granite, even now so compact that one cannot tell where the rock ends and the masonry begins. Drooping, melancholy banners hang from the architrave, and the gross red god attitudinises on the wall. Water bubbles through the old gateway with music older than the Vedas. Framed by the arch in front is another lake on which dabchicks are playing round a willow island. Then looking back towards the *kund* one sees an unexpected shrine on a knoll, the Jain temple of Santinath, that has been looming there all the while unseen, embraced and sheltered by great banyan trees, through which its marble walls gleam white and spectral.

Beyond the lake one passes through a second gateway. All this time I had seen no one, and heard nothing save the cry of hidden peacocks. No dogs barked, and I began to think that it was for some festival that this little town,

> "Mountain-built, with peaceful citadel,
> Was emptied of its folk, this pious morn."

But the clatter of my nailed boots on the cobbles brought a few faces to the door, and a Vishnuite of low caste attached himself to me and showed me over the Jain temples.

V.

There is nothing in the architecture or sculpture of Achilgar to compare with Dilwarra. The Tirthankaras are repeated on a smaller scale; the carving is not so finished and elaborate; the horizontal arches, domes, porticoes, cells, are relatively mean; there is a good deal of stucco and rude scamped workmanship. But the place has a charm of its own in its mystery, its remoteness, and its unexpectedness. It is more like a

lamasery than any other collection of shrines I have seen in India. It climbs up the hill in the same way and looks over the edge into the same abysmal mist, and the deified saints stare through their iron grills in the face of the four winds of heaven. The pagoda-like shrines are four-faced, and topped by the jingling Buddhist THEE; lanterns hang from the ceiling; the walls are painted in the Chinese fashion with hills like haycocks out of perspective; and the Swastika mark is in the centre of every marble square on the floor.

Over the entrance of the topmost shrine but one there is a wall-painting by a decadent of Ahmedabad. The scene is a broad street, with a lamp-post in the middle. The houses, unredeemed Europe of the Haussmann period—without grace, ornament, variety, or inner symbolism. The purblind inmate of one of them, a consequential Englishman, is strolling down the road, his hat tilted forward, a cigar in his mouth and a gun under his arm. A naked Bhil with a bow and arrow precedes, and two truculent-looking policemen follow with swords. The only other figures in the frieze are a pot-bellied Hindu ascetic, gorged and sensual-looking, and a Muhammadan flogging two bullocks in a cart.

Here, then, was the other side of the shield, the verdict of the recluse upon progress: Europe through Jain spectacles. The maggot in my head which had been lulled to sleep by the narcotic of pride, stirred again uneasily, and I saw my race as it appeared to the artist—proud, cruel, insolent, overbearing; no more sensitive to blood-guiltiness than the aboriginal Bhil; mercenary, Philistine; busy and fussy about little things of the world, with no sense of the brevity of life and the enveloping shadow of the Infinite; doing everything for self-aggrandisement, yet believing themselves all the while to be the sole inheritors of the three cardinal virtues, which they dub Christian, and in obedience to which they drill the weak to their needs and exploit them to their material advantage in the name of righteousness.

The Jain artist had defeated me. I blushed for the West. I was almost persuaded to be a Little Englander. His nightmare of civilisation was so real that I felt I ought to abandon the estate my fathers had won honestly, and leave the tenants to fight it out among themselves for the reversion, believing them worthier than myself. The graphic irony he had put into the picture tilted the balance over with a shock. Asia sank; Europe dangled ignominiously in the air. A moment ago I had been blaspheming his Tirthankaras. Now I felt like the tourist who, having gone out to see the great Roshanas, Buddhas of the Law and the Dragon, awful emblems of change figuring the ceaseless conflict of material forces with the Infinite, returns home un-

conscious of their abstract significance, and repeats—

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

"Where are the Jains?" I asked my Vishnuite guide.

"In Abu," he said.

"What are they doing there? Is to-day a festival?"

"They are in their shops. There is no one here; the mahant is in the plains."

It was true. There was nobody there save the caretaker with his massy keys and two or three of his kind asleep by the ashes of a fire. Two women sat by the gate and took it in turns to search each other's hair; but they were evidently not of the faith which entails hospitality and nourishment to all vermin. The Jains were in their shops. "So they are not so spiritual after all," I thought. But I made humble excuse for them. They are merchants and moneylenders because they can be nothing else without destroying life. Agriculture is abhorrent to them since so many grubs and caterpillars are crushed beneath the ploughshare. They are rich because they are thrifty and have no inclination to luxury. They are honest, as the standard goes, and on this account are a great deal in request in treasuries. But they are usurers. The villagers tell me they will extract the last *pie* from a dying man. I felt the scales were swinging back. Yet among their own folk their charity is large, and many give all their possessions to the Church. That is why their temples are the richest and most elaborate in India. All of which seems to imply that they carry out their principles in practice more strictly than other communities, which is indeed the case. Yet, after all, it was but a cold and perfunctory kind of spirituality that I had found, and so formal and detached from human sympathy that I began to hug my own materialism, and even to suspect that the Jain artist had tampered with the scales.

"Take me to the cave of Gopi Bishen," I said, and I was led there on my hands and knees by a goats' track. The cave was painted all over with figures of gods and heroes and holy saints who had dwelt there in the past, but there was no one within. A hole slanted into the darkness from a cell in the corner leading to the bowels of the earth. Perhaps the hermit was inside. Perhaps he had made himself invisible, as repute said he could. There was a human smell about the place; the ashes on the floor were warm; I felt as if I were standing among ghosts.

We scrambled down the cliff. At the bottom we found the door of Achileswar open. A solitary voice was repeating some litany in the dark. There was someone by the altar crooning over the fissure that held the god's toe. The chant was sad and plaintive beyond words. A flicker of light sprang from the darkness within the shrine and I saw

fingers moving in the air before the mysterious dimly illumined god. They were scattering flowers on his lap. The flicker expired and a figure floated into the gloom of the outer shrine, where its sandals lay on the floor before the sanctuary. It approached muttering some *mantra* and gazed at me fixedly without speech.

"It is the hermit," my guide said; "he does not see you." And I looked into the eyes of an old man without illusions. I was face to face with the spiritual.

VI.

The stream at Ooria had fallen, so the next day I waded across and climbed Guru Sikhar, the highest peak of Abu (5600 feet). It was a stiff ascent up the slippery steamy rocks to the anchorites' caves on the summit, the kind of rough track by which penitents should leave the world. In the caverns of this remote cloud-swept peak I looked for ghostly things, but found more of earth than of heaven. And I was glad. The hermits were not so spiritual as I had expected. I liked them the better for it. The anchorite in the cave under the shrine of Dadu Brigha had been a handy fellow in his youth. He had built doors and windows to his own cave, his chela's cave, the cow's cave, the kitchen, and the store-house; cut a clean flight of steps out of the rock to the shrine above, and planted trees and roses in the fissures. I found him sitting in his cell attended by his chela, honoured and at peace, with a look of quiet content and pride in his workmanship.

To my "Salaam, Guru-ji!" he answered "Salaam, maharaj!" in a way that dissipated all sense of intrusion. I called his dwelling a palace among caves, and asked him how long he had lived there, for I had heard that the Saddhus of Guru Sikhar boast of the years they have dwelt in their cells, and the villagers of Ooria give evidence and take sides.

"Sixty years!" I said. "It is hardly possible. You appear still quite a young blade."

At which he smiled gently and his irreverent young chela guffawed.

"Is that a well?" I asked, pointing to a hole in the rock with a gleam of black water in it.

"No. It is my cave," the chela said.

"It is a bit wet just now," said the Guru, "so he shares mine."

They were cheery enough in their damp cell, and laughed and joked and smoked and drank tea, and the chela beat the drum to please me, and thrust a cane chair out of the cave for me to sit on, and told me with pride how his Guru had built and contrived everything in the place. Their granary was full, and the sleek

cow reeked of comfort and homeliness.

The chela led me up the steps to the old bell and the shrine of Dadu Brigha on the summit.

"When the mist clears you can see all the world," he said. Peering down I saw a lusty young Saddhu ascending from another cave in the hill. I thought he was going to pay the Guru an afternoon call. Instead he clattered up the steps, brushed past me into the shrine without a glance to right or left, and plumped down on his hands and knees before the tiny image, dinting his brow with his long talons and dragging his unkempt matted hair in the dust. Then he muttered some brief reverence to the altar, daubed his forehead with its ashes, and bundled out again. But before descending he banged the bell thrice to draw the saint's attention, and while the response was echoing clearly from across the valley he was gone. I never saw anything so perfunctory in my life.

Guru Sikhar was the end of my pilgrimage among the Jains and the Hindu ascetics of Mount Abu. I found there very much what I had observed elsewhere. As to the spirituality I was looking for I have no more than a suspicion how much I discerned or missed. I only know that the Guru and his chela were the most human Saddhus I had met among the hundreds of thousands of children of indolence who spread like locusts over India, living upon the substance of the poor. In a land where apathy and superstition are bred in the bone of the people it is strange that there are not more of them; for to renounce the world is to be independent, honoured, fed, exempt from work and responsibility, secure from oppression, answerable to no man. Their spirituality seems to me the dead fruit of instincts whose vigour long since departed. Ritual and a perfunctory formalism have survived the living impulse of the heart. The wick flickers all night in the much-bewicked shrine, but the guardian smokes bhang and dreams away his days in ease. He receives but he does not give. The Jain, on the contrary, gives. He suffers materially for his particular idea of the unseen world. He is spiritual, therefore, according to the strict definition.

EDMUND CANDLER.

THE OFFICERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons Offices, as they are called in the Estimates, are not a Government Department in the sense that they carry out the orders of a Minister of the Crown, but they form a section of the Civil Service. The size and duties of the staff are probably known to a small percentage even of the Members, while the general public is only vaguely aware of its existence.

The history of the officials of the House is a short and, at first sight, not very alluring path of research, and it is one in which none since the Clerk Hatsell, who belongs to the eighteenth century, have been tempted to wander. Yet, as will be seen, this path, if badly lighted, is not difficult, and, it is hoped, not tedious to explore.

The idea held by the general public of the duties performed by the clerks seems, in the writer's experience, either that they act as private secretaries to Members or that they compile a report of the debates. Such erroneous beliefs must be dissipated at the outset. It will be noticed that the title of this article is "the Officers," and not "the Clerks," of the House of Commons. The reason is that the establishment extends beyond the clerks. What history there is mainly concerns the clerks, it is true, but as there will be occasion to mention such officials as the Speaker's Secretary, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Deliverer of Votes, the Doorkeepers and Messengers, the more comprehensive title was chosen. There are thirty-seven clerks in the House of Commons, only three of whom sit in the House itself. The remainder are divided between the four main offices situated in various parts of the building: the Public Bill Office, the Journal Office, the Committee Office, and the Private Bill Office. The head of this body is the Clerk of the House, who sits at the Table in the seat nearest the Treasury Bench. He is in much the same position as the permanent head of a Government Department, save that he is in some ways more independent. He has, for instance, the absolute power of appointing new clerks, though he has no power to give them a salary. Again, he does not carry out the orders of a Minister responsible to the House, but when any question regarding himself or his staff arises in the House it is the Speaker who replies. The Clerk's office is held by a patent under the Great Seal, and his chief duty is to assist the Speaker and the House generally in matters of procedure. Two Clerks-Assistant also sit at the Table, who hold their appointments from the Crown. They keep minutes of the proceedings, and also advise as to procedure, particularly with regard to questions and notices of motions. The

Public Bill Office, to put the matter briefly, supervises the financial provisions of Public Bills, sees them safely through all their stages, and communicates with the House of Lords. The Journal Office compiles the Votes and Proceedings, and the Journal. The Committee Office furnishes clerks to act as secretaries to the various Standing, Select, and Private Bill Committees, of which, in the middle of a session, there are a great number. The Private Bill Office supervises the passage of Private Bills through the House, and acts as a kind of intelligence office to the Parliamentary agents. These clerks act as the unseen wheels in the machinery of St Stephen's, without whom it would be impossible to get through the large amount of business actually done. The size of the staff may seem surprising to those who are unfamiliar with the working of Parliament, but, as may naturally be supposed, its numbers have necessarily developed with the gradual increase in the labours of the House.

The Clerk of the House of Commons makes his specific entry into history in the year 1388. In the Rolls of Parliament we find under that year that the king "granta auxint a la requeste des comunes d'aider John de Scardesburgh, leur Commune clerk." Of John Scardesburgh we hear no more, but as the "common clerk" appears in 1388 to be established in office, it is to be inferred that he existed before. Whether there were any other clerks at the time is uncertain, but the Rolls of Parliament mention the appointment each year of Triers of Petitions, a body which may be looked on in some respect as the first standing committee of the House. It is natural to suppose that some kind of clerk was in attendance upon these Triers to keep records, endorse petitions, and perform other necessary duties. In these early days, however, it is not likely that the first Clerk and his subordinates, if such there were, held very dignified positions. The Commons were still overshadowed by the Crown and the Barons, and their Clerk was a humble subordinate of the Chancellor who appointed him, probably from among his poor dependents. His position, indeed, was largely that of an amanuensis, as may be gathered from the fact that in 1601, by which time the House of Commons had fully vindicated its importance, the Clerk, Fulk Onslow, was permitted to appoint his servant, one Cadwallader Tydder,[1] to act as his deputy during indisposition. For the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, however, there is no further evidence on the subject. From the single passage in the Rolls of Parliament mentioned above record is silent concerning the clerks till we come to Elizabethan times. Thenceforward we have sufficient material to form a clear general idea of the development of the clerical establishment.

The early authorities are the

[1] See D'Ewes's Journals, p. 623.

Commons Journals, the Journals of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and Lord Mountmorres's 'Irish Parliaments,' the last of which contains an account read by one Hooker to the Irish Parliament of procedure at Westminster in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Then we get Burton's Parliamentary Diary for the seventeenth century, and Hatsell's 'Precedents and Procedure' for the eighteenth century. The latest authorities are the Reports of Committees from 1833 onwards, which inquired into the Establishment of the House.

The primary duty of the Clerk was from the earliest times to record the proceedings of the House. Thus ran Hooker's narrative: "Before the Speaker's seat is a table board, at which sitteth the clerk of the House, and thereupon layeth his books and writeth his records." The Clerk had also to keep the Bills which were before the House in his custody, and to ingross them after third reading. He also had the privilege in early times of copying Bills and extracts from the Journal for Members at the rate of ten lines a penny. It has been questioned whether any reporting of speeches was included in this keeping of the records, but it is quite clear from an entry in the Journal for May 31, 1742, that the Clerk conceived it to be his duty to report the heads of important speeches.[1] From this entry we learn that the practice of reporting continued till the end of the reign of James I., but ceased soon after the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, owing to a desire expressed by Charles to see a speech as entered in the Journal. The House, in order to preserve its privilege, stated on April 17, 1628, that the entry of particular Members' speeches was without warrant at all time. Another duty of the Clerk, till a regular chaplain was appointed, consisted in reading prayers,[2] a function which he probably handed over to the chaplain at the Restoration. If the Clerk's duties were miscellaneous, so also were his emoluments. There are several references in our early authorities to the Clerk's salary, and he seems to have derived his income from various sources. The earliest payment, which probably dates from the first letters-patent, was a not very princely grant of £10 a-year from the Treasury, but it is stated besides in the letters-patent that the Clerk was also entitled to "all rewards, dues, rights, profits, commodities, advantages, and emoluments whatsoever to the said office appertaining." Hooker's narrative shows that the Clerk received forty shillings on every Private Bill passed, and made what money he could by copying. In these payments we see the origin of the fees on various proceedings which till

[1] The early Journals also show this. The heads of speeches are here found recorded, and it is curious that the Clerk's ear was chiefly caught by the little Latin tags and quotations.

[2] C. J., March 23, 1603.

1821 continued to be the source of the Clerk's income. As late, however, as the beginning of the seventeenth century the emoluments of the Clerk appear to have been very small, and to have been chiefly derived from a contribution levied on every Member. In 1604 the collection was made of five shillings from every knight of the shire, and two and sixpence from every burgess. In 1624 the collection had increased to about £1 a-head, out of which the Clerk received £30, his son £10, and the Serjeant £20. The Commonwealth would permit no fees and collections, and during its existence the officials seem to have been placed on fixed salaries, as we learn from references in Burton's Diary; but these fixed payments probably ceased at the return of the easy-going monarchy, and the system of fees, which had already begun, was reverted to. The table of fees was systematised in 1731, and a full list is given in the Journal for that year, which shows that fees[1] went to the Clerk, Clerk-Assistant, Clerk of Elections, four Clerks without doors, Serjeant, Housekeeper, and four Messengers. So much had the business of the House increased, that in Hatsell's time (1786-1821) the Clerk's income rose to nearly £10,000 a-year. One source of income had, however, ceased by that time—the sale of appointments to clerkships. Dyson, Clerk in 1747, bought the place of Clerk-Assistant for £6000, but refused to accept any payment of this kind in his turn. Hatsell (1768-1821) was the first to profit by this act of sacrifice, and he says that no payments for promotion or appointment were ever afterwards taken. In spite of this renunciation, the Clerk was at that time enjoying the present Lord Chancellor's salary; but Hatsell was the last Clerk to enjoy this princely income, for by an Act in 1801 the Clerk's salary was fixed after Hatsell's death at £3000 a-year, and £3500 after five years. Hatsell lived till 1821, though his office was performed by deputy after 1797, so that nearly a century has elapsed since the old scale of payment ceased.[2]

The position and influence of the Clerk in the House in earlier times seems to have varied, and it is unfortunate that evidence is comparatively scanty on this very interesting question. The House always seems to have regarded its faithful servant with respect, and almost with affection. His position in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was a far humbler one than it is now, but it must be remembered that, though an amanuensis, he is always a *clericus*, a learned man. Further, when in the course of a century or so the traditions of his office had grown, it was naturally he who guided the House and

[1] These fees were paid to the Clerk of the Fees, who distributed them. The other officers were directly paid for work done by those for whom they did it—private agents in the case of Private Bills, and the Treasury in the case of public business generally.

[2] It is now £2000 a-year.

Speaker in matters of procedure. In the days, therefore, when precedents were still few and education less universal, the Clerk's voice had great authority. One of the most distinguished Clerks was Henry Elsyng, who held office during the first years of the Long Parliament.[1] Under him the Clerk's office reached a position of dignity and authority which was quite unprecedented, and the esteem in which he was held may be gathered from the notice in Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses':—

"This (place) crowned his former labours, and by it he had opportunity to manifest his rare abilities; which in a short time became so conspicuous, especially in taking and expressing the sense of the House, that none, as it was believed, that ever sat there exceeded him. . . . His discretion also and prudence was such that though faction kept that fatal, commonly called the Long, Parliament in continual storm and disorder, yet his fair and temperate carriage made him commended and esteemed by all parties. And therefore it was that, for these his abilities and prudence, more reverence was paid to his stool than to the Speaker's[2] chair; who being obnoxious, timorous, and interested, was often much confused in collecting the sense of the House, and drawing the debates to a fair question."[3]

The Clerk who succeeded Elsyng, Henry Scobell, was not so popular with the House. He seems to have been one of those unfortunate persons who, in doing what they conceive to be right, contrive to incur everybody's censure. When Cromwell imperiously dismissed the House, he dutifully inserted in the Journal for 20th April 1653: "This day his Excellency the Lord General dissolved this Parliament." This was nothing more than fact, but was nevertheless a breach of privilege, and he was called to the bar of the House in 1659 to be rebuked, and his words were ordered to be erased as a forgery. In 1654 he appeared, as he considered himself in duty bound, as Clerk to Cromwell's second Parliament. This brought him a lecture for his presumption in appearing without summons, and though he was reappointed, he was curtly informed that the House had no liking for his patents. His most serious breach with the House was due to Cromwell's ill-advised attempt to re-constitute the House of Lords. Scobell, who was Clerk of Parliaments, an office held by the Clerk to the House of Lords, went off to the Upper House and took the Commons Journals with him, which he absolutely refused to give up, regarding himself as their proper custodian. This caused great indignation and perturbation among the Members, who held that their privileges were being invaded by the House of Lords. The dispute was satisfactorily settled, but not without many wild words.

[1] The inexperience of Members and the peculiar difficulties of that time must have added greatly to the Clerk's prestige. The modern position of the Clerk clearly dates from those troublous days.

[2] The Speaker was Lenthall.

[3] Professor C. H. Firth thinks that the authority for this statement is the passage about Elsyng in Whitelock's 'Memorials,' ii. 364 (ed. of 1832).

These disturbed times ceased with the Restoration, and the Clerk's career settled down to one of faithful but less conspicuous service. However, one more individual holder of the office stands out as worthy of particular mention as being the only Clerk who, so far as we know, abandoned an administrative for a political career. Jeremiah Dyson, Clerk from 1741 till 1762, whose generosity in refusing to sell subordinate offices has been mentioned above, resigned his post in order to become a Member of Parliament. He sat for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, till 1768, Weymouth and Melcombe Regis till 1774, and for Horsham till he died in 1776. He was the life-long friend of Akenside, the doctor and poet, and both in their youth were advanced Liberals. On the accession of George III. both changed sides, and took up the new cause with considerable zeal. It was then that Dyson resigned his post to become a politician, and though considered at first a supporter of George Grenville, his real position was among the "King's friends." As we read in the 'Dictionary of National Biography':—

"Office after office was conferred upon him, and as he brought to his side a profound knowledge of Parliamentary forms and precedents (for he was jocularly said to know the Journals of the Commons by heart), and was endowed with a subtleness of apprehension which gained him the title of the Jesuit of the House, his promotion was fully justified by his merits."

His Parliamentary diligence earned him the nickname of "Mungo," an allusion to the character of a slave in a popular opera.

Little need be said about the two Clerks-Assistant who also sit at the table. The post is an arduous one, but there is little of historical interest connected with it. The first Clerk-Assistant, according to tradition, was Rushworth, who held the office in 1640.[1] The post of second Clerk-Assistant was not created till 1801. The salaries of both these posts were fixed by Acts of Parliament in and after 1801.

For the most part, the main body of clerks, who perform their duties outside the debating chamber itself, has grown silently with the increasing business of the House, and much of its early history lies buried in obscurity, from which it can only be partially rescued by conjecture. The work of the clerks is concealed, as it should be, behind that of the Members. But there was a time when the watch-case of Westminster was thrown open and an unaccustomed light was thrown upon the Parliamentary cog-wheels. The light, it is true, lit no reflecting spark in the public interest. Hence it is that the extremely interesting evidence given before the

[1] Two distinguished men have held the post of Clerk-Assistant, though there is no space to go into their history. For John Rushworth readers may be referred to Professor Firth's excellent article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' The other was John Rickman, Clerk-Assistant, 1820-1840, with whose name the taking of the first census is associated, and who was a friend of Charles Lamb.

Committee of 1833 is probably known to very few. Moreover, since Hatsell's time there has been nobody to record these details of the House of Commons, so that in the following pages it has been the aim of the writer to supplement Hatsell's scanty notice with facts that may prove interesting.

During Hatsell's lifetime, and even before his retirement in 1797, the attention of Parliament seems to have been called to the large income of the officers, and the Acts of 1801 and 1812 were passed. The effect of these Acts was that the salaries of five officers —the three Clerks at the Table, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Deputy-Sergeant—were fixed by statute, to be paid out of a fee fund, thereby created and supervised by a collector of fees, who was made responsible to a body of Commissioners for the House of Commons Offices. Not only all the other clerks, but the doorkeepers and messengers, continued to be paid in the old way, by the piece, by fees, and, as will be seen, by gratuities. This state of affairs lasted till 1833, when Parliament was all aglow with the Reform movement, and the indefatigable body of Members, led by Mr Joseph Hume, with laudable industry, raked up every item of civil expenditure and subjected it to searching criticism in the new spirit of the nineteenth century. It is not strange that some comfortable sinecures of the easy-going eighteenth century were put rather out of countenance before the eagle eyes of select committees. The House of Commons Offices came up with the rest, and a very large body of evidence was taken which is to be found in vol. xii. of Reports of Committees for 1833. A great many reforms were suggested in the Report, some of which were carried out at once and others at a later date. The aim was to cut down unnecessary expenditure, to abolish sinecures, and to substitute fixed for variable salaries. In 1835 and 1836 other committees sat which effected further reforms. The matter then rested till 1848, when a Select Committee inquired into the expenditure in nearly all the Government offices. The most important section of the Report dealing with the House of Commons Offices was that which recommended the establishment of a graduated scale of salaries as in other public offices. This principle of bringing clerkships in the House into conformity, so far as possible, with other Civil Service appointments as regarded conditions of pay and promotion, was accepted by the Select Committee appointed to consider the subject in 1849. A scheme prepared by the Speaker was before them, and the regulations based upon their Report are still in force. It is unnecessary to enter further into detail, but in order to appreciate the old conditions, it will be well to remember that clerks start now on a salary of £100, with the prospect (appointments at the Table apart) of rising slowly to £1000 or £1200 as principal clerk of a department.

It is probable that at a very early date there were clerks

"without doors," for it stands to reason that the Clerk must have required assistance in copying the Journals and in ingrossing Bills during a session of any length, though it is possible that these duties were performed rather by personal servants of the Clerk than by public servants of the House. But it is quite certain that clerks sat on committee in very early times. In the seventeenth century there were still four so-called "under-clerks without doors," and these four clerks became the four principal clerks of the later Committee Office, so that where the under-clerks "without doors" are mentioned in earlier times, it is safe to assume that their duty was to sit on committees.

Thus, in the sixteenth century, Hooker mentions a room outside the chamber in which the under-clerks sat, and there is frequent mention of committees in D'Ewes's Diary and in the early Journals. These clerks were paid by fees, and there is a petition mentioned in the Journals for 24th June 1701 from the Clerk-Assistant and four under-clerks for a reward, as they had left all their other business, and fees had only brought in £30 a-piece. By Hatsell's time the staff had grown considerably, and in his book of 'Precedents and Procedure' he divides the clerks into five heads: (1) the clerk to the Committee of Privileges and Elections; (2) four principal clerks without doors to attend committees; (3) two clerks directing the Ingrossing Office, with subordinates; (4) a clerk to collect and distribute fees; and (5) the clerk of the Journals, with several subordinates. Those were the days when election petitions were many and hotly contested, so that after a general election, when many election committees were sitting to hear them, the clerk of elections had to find many deputies, and was very busy himself. The Ingrossing Office was occupied in writing out Bills on third reading in a peculiar crabbed hand, of very ancient origin, for which printing, strange as it may seem, was only substituted in the middle of the last century. By 1833, when full details of the Establishment are again on record, we find that Hatsell's enumeration still holds good, except that the clerk of the fees has grown into the Public Bill and Fee Office, and that the Private Bill Office has been added. This latter office dates from 1811, and was created to cope with the rush of Bills connected with private enterprises which marked the first decades of the nineteenth century. Besides the clerks there were the chaplain, the Speaker's secretary, and the Serjeant-at-Arms, who had a large staff of doorkeepers, messengers, and porters under him, besides nominally controlling the Deliverer of Votes, of whom more will be said in the sequel.

The chief object of the 1833 committee was to inquire into the payment of the staff. The Report complained of over-payment in many cases, of want of economy, and of a system under which officers derived their

incomes from a great variety of sources, some of which were distinctly objectionable. As to over-payment, though the committee recommended considerable reductions, it cannot be said that this fault was very serious. The clerks received little more than they do now, and it must be remembered that there was no pension scheme for sickness or retirement, though it may perhaps be admitted that the payment by shares of the fees which had slowly grown up under an old system had become unduly inflated by an increase of business which had not been contemplated.

The variety of sources from which the clerks derived their incomes was certainly very curious. They were paid for the work that they did, and the more they did the more they were paid. The seniors, therefore, in most cases had more chances of doing work than the juniors, that they might gain the higher salary to which their longer service entitled them. In those days, when printing was comparatively little used, there was a tremendous amount of copying and purely clerical work to be done, all of which was paid for by the piece. In this respect the position of a clerk was a more arduous one than it is now, when all minutes, reports, papers, &c., are sent to the printer at once.

There were, however, other sources of income, in various cases, which could rightly be called objectionable. The reward of the chaplain, in the first place, was curious. No official payment was given to him, but it was the custom for the House to address the king praying him to confer some preferment upon their chaplain, which always took the shape of a big prebendal stall. In accordance with the committee's recommendation the payment of a fixed salary was substituted for this custom. Another objectionable institution which vanished at the first breath of reform was that of sinecures. The four principal committee clerkships, not necessarily all filled, were usually held as sinecures, on which the committee clerk, *rude donatus*, retired in peace. Two-thirds of the fees from Private Bill committees were divided among these principal clerks—one-third share amounting in 1832 to £918 odd. The same system held in the Ingrossing Office. The principal clerk of ingrossments did no work, but drew 6d. per press out of the fees. This share amounted in 1832 to £278 odd.

These were small abuses. But a graver objection was that gratuities were too prevalent, and perquisites too many. The senior clerks in the Committee Office received gratuities from the agents for Private Bills on a scale fixed by long custom. They were paid a guinea or more according to the number of days of sitting by the promoters of the Bill, and smaller sums by the opposing parties. In spite of the fact that these payments were disallowed if costs were taxed —a rare occurrence—it was made perfectly clear that the usage was of long standing,

and it probably conduced to rapid work on the part of the clerk who had to write in amendments, copy minutes, &c. The same principle applied in the Ingrossing Office, where rapidity was likewise in the interest of the agents. A much less defensible system flourished regarding the payment of the lower staff, the messengers and doorkeepers, who were paid almost entirely by gratuities, chiefly from the Members. It was, in fact, estimated that the calls of this kind upon each Member amounted to about £9 per session. These officers, who had usually been servants, received a small salary of £12, 13s. 6d. from the Treasury. The rest of their large income was from fees and gratuities. The two doorkeepers collected about two guineas from each Member, which they shared equally, and they also divided 22½ per cent of the fees charged for the admission of strangers. The first doorkeeper also received Private Acts from their various agents, which he made up into sets, receiving a guinea a complete set from the agents. The four messengers, in addition to their salary, were paid by the Treasury for carrying the orders of the House, at the rate of 2s. 6d. per order, and 6d. per mile, with coach-hire. The mileage and coach-hire were only charged if the order had to be delivered "off the stones," a survival from the times when few roads in London were paved. The charge had thus become very inconsistent by 1833. Whitechapel was on the stones, but Westminster Bridge was off the stones, so that it cost more to send to Lambeth than to Aldgate. Besides this, they also collected about two guineas from each Member, the whole sum thus received being divided equally. Editors paid them three guineas for each reporter in the Press Gallery, and each had fifty-four sets of Public Acts to deliver, which brought in half-a-guinea a set. Finally, the lower doorkeeper took gratuities on his own account to the amount of £360. The value of these posts may be gathered from the fact that in 1832 the first doorkeeper made £892, 14s. (a larger income than that of many a senior clerk), the second doorkeeper £808, 4s., and the four messengers all over £580. It is not surprising to learn that as much as £500 was paid for the succession to one of these comfortable berths.

Besides gratuities, each of these lower officials was entitled to a set of votes and Parliamentary papers, and this brings us to the question of perquisites and to the singular administration of the Vote Office. Perquisites of stationery, sufficient for their entire private use, went to the two Clerks-Assistant, the Serjeant and his Deputy, the Deputy-Housekeeper, and the two Doorkeepers. A set of the Journals was allowed to the Clerks at the Table, the Principal Clerks of the Fees, Journals, and Committees, the Serjeant and his Deputy. A set of votes and papers was given to the above, and also

to four other senior clerks, the Deputy-Deliverer of Votes, the Deputy-Housekeeper, and eight lower officials, while fifty-one sets were the perquisites of the Deliverer of Votes. These papers were worth money, and could readily be disposed of to the public, for the demand was greater than the supply, though advantage was not always taken of this, at least by the higher clerks. A set of votes and papers was worth 8½ guineas to its holder, and they were readily disposed of through the medium of the Vote Office, of which the Deliverer of Votes was the head.

The Vote Office, which was in the Serjeant's department, was certainly an extravagant luxury. The duties of the Deliverer of Votes, who had a Deputy, three clerks, and several porters in his pay, were to deliver the votes and printed papers to Members, and to keep an account of the papers ordered to be printed. The whole responsibility lay upon him, and he was paid by the fees and emoluments of the office, out of which he paid all his assistants. The Office, or the Deliverer of Votes,—for they were one and the same,—had two sources of income: fees and presents from Members for delivery of votes, and the sale of papers to the public. The fee for delivery was £2, 12s. 6d. per Member, though some sent presents besides. This charge was levied upon all, but it by no means followed that they all received the papers to which they were entitled. They had specially to claim them, if they wished for them, and all unclaimed votes and papers were kept as perquisites and sold. Even in the sale of papers the Revenue was hardly treated. A full set of papers, which cost 12 guineas to produce, was sold to the public for 8½ guineas. The post of Deliverer of Votes was indeed a gold mine. The officer of 1832, who also pursued the lucrative trade of a coal-merchant, made £1956, 17s. from fees and presents, and £1547, 17s. from the sale of papers in one year. His expenses, which included £700 paid to reduce the printing bill of the House,—the only restitution made to the public,—came to £1694, 12s. 6d., so that his net profit was £1824, 14s. The whole system of this Office was thoroughly bad, and it was reformed in 1836. The fees paid by Members were abolished, and the officials were put on fixed salaries, of which the highest was £800 a-year. So passed the *bell' età d'oro* of the Vote Office.

Lastly, there was another source from which certain of the clerks drew an unofficial income. It appeared that by long custom those clerks who had the leisure and the inclination supplemented their incomes by soliciting private business,—that is to say, by acting as agents for or against Private Bills. The clerks who were most concerned in private business formed regular firms. The largest of these was Doringtons & Jones, of which two out of three partners were in the Public Bill Office. Two other firms consisted of clerks from the office

of Clerk to the Committee of Privileges and Elections, an office which alternated between periods of stagnation and feverish activity. These three firms had thirty-four, twenty-six, and eighteen Bills respectively in 1832, while the largest number taken by an outside firm was twenty-one. The committee clerks and ingrossing clerks occasionally took a Bill, but their practice was much more spasmodic; yet it seems strange, in these days when the ingoings and outcomings of civil servants are so paternally restricted by Treasury Minutes, that only the clerks in the Private Bill Office were forbidden to take private business, for committee clerks were only restrained from acting as agents before their own committees, while even this latter restriction did not hold good of election committees, and the Clerk of Elections, himself a prosperous agent, confessed that he found it a delicate matter to forbid assistants, who might be opposing agents, to act as such before a committee. Apart from the desirability of protecting officers of the State from the possibly contaminating influence of private enterprise, the chief objection to this practice was that the clerks, having as officials every opportunity of examining all proceedings at the earliest possible moment, enjoyed exceptional facilities for vexatious opposition. Still there is little doubt that these clerk-agents must have served their clients very well, and have acquired a minute knowledge of procedure, which would enhance their usefulness as officials. Such a view was very strongly held by the Clerk of the House, Mr John Henry Ley, who declared that clerks could not be better employed than in conducting private business. There was, indeed, very strong opposition to reform on this head; but the Committee of 1833 held firm, and was followed in this matter by those of 1835 and 1836, after which time the practice was abolished.

So much for the sources from which the officers were paid; it is now time to glance briefly at a few interesting details which transpired as to the working of the Offices. Hours were considerably longer than they are now, owing to the far greater use of manuscript copying and writing and the far less satisfactory apportionment of labour. The Journal Office, which had far more duties than it has to-day, might almost have been called a sweating-shop, where men voluntarily overworked themselves for the sake of the payments, which were certainly liberal. The income of the Clerk of the Journals was made up of certain more or less fixed items; but the other Journal clerks were paid for what they did, and if they were absent or ill they lost their pay. The three senior clerks all made over £1000 a-year, though none had been appointed for more than fifteen years; but then they sometimes worked twenty-two hours in the twenty-four. Of the last of these seniors, who had only served ten years, the Clerk of the Journals remarked: "He may consider himself very fortunate: he has risen in con-

sequence of the death of my principal assistant in the office, who died at the age of forty-three — his medical advisers constantly warning him that such would be the case if he persisted in not relaxing from his laborious duties. When I was in his situation, I myself for a whole week only had four hours bed on the average; at last I became ill, and it was found necessary to make an alteration so as to have a change of nights."

The Committee Office was less laborious, because committees did not sit for long hours; but the arrangement of work in that office was a little curious. Nominally, the office was divided into four desks — a principal, a senior, and a junior clerk at each. The principals, it will be remembered, did no work and got a great deal of the money; but they had all served their time. The work was distributed to the desks in rotation; and as payment was made by the number of days on which a committee sat, there was a large element of luck introduced. Public committees were paid for by the Treasury, and the fees were the property of the clerk. Private committee fees, on the other hand, were paid by the agents, and pooled — two-thirds being divided among the sinecurists, and only one-third among the senior clerks. The juniors caught the crumbs from the seniors, by whom they were paid as deputies, and made odd sums by copying.

This strange system of receiving that for which you did no work, and working for fees that you did not get, also nominally flourished in the Ingrossing Office. This survival of earlier times, in which work was excessively tedious and hours (fourteen to fifteen out of twenty-four) very long, earned the sum of 12s. 6d. per press — a press being a skin of parchment containing forty-two lines, about seven words to a line, in an old crabbed handwriting. Of each 12s. 6d. the fee fund took 10s. 9d., and 1s. 9d. was left to the office. Of this 1s. 9d. the sinecurist and the head clerk received 6d. each, while the remaining 9d. went to the actual performer of the labour. It so happened, however, that the salaries of the three active members of this office were made up from the fee fund to certain fixed sums.

The first stirring of the dust of centuries did not take place without causing many eyes to smart; while the staunch conservatism of one and the artless surprise of another when questioned upon his own particular little perquisite make the reading of this evidence full of humour. One of the most delightful passages has been kept to conclude this article, and it is a passage most eloquent of the ancient, easy-going days. There was an official called the Deputy-Housekeeper, who was chief of the lower staff; and his official income, though drawn from ten different heads, amounted to little over £400 a-year. His main profit, however, was unofficial, and derived from the provision of refreshment for the Members. Every one has

heard of Bellamy[1] and his kitchen; his mutton-pies are said to have been on the lips of the dying Pitt.[2] This Bellamy was Deputy-Housekeeper, and was succeeded in his office by a son, who gave evidence in 1833 and revealed the history of the famous kitchen. Bellamy, besides being Deputy-Housekeeper, was a wine-merchant, and when Members, jaded with debate, desired to have a refreshment-room in the House, Bellamy was fixed upon as the obvious organiser. He was approached, and, after some demur, consented. A kitchen and a dining-room were found for him, and a certain sum allowed him for servants. The Members apparently fixed their own prices for food, and Bellamy found it a good method of selling his wine. The tariff was given in full: for a sandwich, Members paid 1s.; for cold meat, bread, beer, and cheese, 2s. 6d; for cold meat, salad, and tart, 3s. 6d.; the most expensive dinner of steak, veal pie, and chops, *ad lib.*, with tart, salad, pickles, beer, and toasted cheese, never came to more than 5s. 6d. Only the best wine was served, 1s. 6d. being charged for a glass of negus; 10s. for a bottle of claret, and 8s. for port. It is no wonder that in the convivial eighteenth century Members, cheered by the finest wine and Bellamy's most extensive repast, could make eloquent speeches of five hours in length. Those days are now gone by, and under the *régime* of the present Kitchen Committee, with its wonderful 1s. dinner, Members are tempted to economy in eating, which is not so conductive to exuberance in speaking.

But Bellamy has gone, and with him the eighteenth century. Since then Parliament has been transformed, and even the Palace of Westminster has been rebuilt. For the officers there are no more perquisites and no more gratuities; the "family" clerkship has given way to the appointment after competitive examination; fees and sinecures have become fixed salaries and pensions, and neatness and precision reign where dust and disorder once held sway. But as Charles Lamb dwelt with affection on the past glories of the India House, so it is pleasant for one who serves the House of Commons to dream occasionally of the more picturesque but more laborious days when the worthies whom he has succeeded took their fees and shortened their lives; to call up the courtly Hatsell, or the recalcitrant Scobell, or the stool of Elsyng more prized than the Speaker's chair; and so to ponder, envying their more unfettered lives, blessing, perhaps, his own more secure existence, till his dream is brought to a close in the Rolls of Parliament with that transitory figure, his father in history, John de Scardesburgh, "the common Clerk."

O. C. WILLIAMS.

[1] See the 'Rolliad,' lines 41, 42 of "The Statesman"—

"In vain had Bellamy prepared the meat,
In vain the porter—Bramber could not eat."

[2] See Rosebery's 'Pitt,' Appendix.

THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

THERE is, happily, in Oxford one element of comparative stability—"The undergraduate is unchanging as Egypt, revolutions and commissions leave him as they find him, self-centred and serene, for he is beyond them and above them, though his teachers are chameleons and change with their surroundings."

This description was written twelve years ago, and twelve years more of acquaintance with the undergraduate from new and varied points of view have confirmed the writer in his admiration and affection for that amazing creature—not that he is faultless; he is full of faults which make him lovable, "Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." Infinite though that variety is, he remains essentially the same—a young British human boy of many types, even of many nationalities, for he has a wonderful power of assimilating the youth of all English-speaking peoples, Orientals, and even young Frenchmen and Germans, to his standards and ideas without any conscious effort on his part. They sooner or later become dominated by the *esprit de corps* of their college, and the desire to be effective members of it, "to do something for it," as the saying is, in athletics or in the schools or in its social life; and the young strangers meet with encouraging and kindly treatment in the vast majority of cases, and from the best men.

Oxford has become a second Babel, in which many tongues are spoken. Forty or fifty years ago foreigners were rare in Oxford. In Balliol in the early 'Sixties there was not one, and if there had been, few of us could have made ourselves intelligible to him in any language but our own, save in Latin, possibly in Greek, perhaps also in French of a deplorable kind, for we had received a good classical education. A young Englishman may not be better off for languages now than he was then, but he is at least aware that there are other customs and views of life than his own worth considering, and to be reckoned with if he is to maintain the place of his nation in the world. A Japanese, whose stature is insignificant, and whose cricket and football and rowing, if existent, seem beneath contempt, is now recognised to be a man of war. It is not extravagant to say that the career of "Ranjie," as he is affectionately called, has done much to make our youth, especially our undergraduates, realise that we have an Indian Empire, and that it may be difficult to hold against men "who can play a game like that." French and German heard in the "High" suggest to the undergraduate with much vividness that there are great nations outside of this

"tight little island," and very near it. His father or grandfather was aware of the existence of other nations than his own, but his assent to that belief was what Newman calls "notional"; the son's assent is "real," vivid, and operative now that at every turn he meets a concrete foreigner, no notional and vague abstraction.

In other ways his political horizon has been enlarged: there were ardent Liberals and Conservatives among the young men forty-five or fifty years ago, but they were comparatively few; the American Civil War—the Reform Bill of 1867—the Abolition of Tests, which was no mere University question—the fate of the Established Church in Ireland—the break up of the Liberal Party in 1885 on the issue of Home Rule, or of a Union of Hearts—Majuba Hill—the fate of General Gordon—the Boer War,—were great political events or questions presented to the country and to the undergraduate in the space of forty years or less, the most important forty years probably of English history. The undergraduates' latent political instincts were awakened, and Oxford is now as full of political clubs as was Paris in 1789. Henley and Lord's have ceased, even among cricketers and oarsmen, to be the only subjects worth talking about. Socialism, or something very like it, had special attractions for young and generous minds among the Liberals. The improvement of the condition of the poor, especially in the slums of large cities, was the nearer and more definite aim of the young Conservatives and Churchmen. "Whitechapel" and "Bethnal Green"—that is, mission houses established in these quarters—became known and filled by Conservatives and Liberals alike, for there was a happy unanimity among the young missionaries as to ends, if not as to methods, and both missions appealed to "enthusiasms" of different kinds, equally powerful. Plenty of cold water and criticism was thrown on both movements by "judicious friends," but the enthusiasts were wise enough to trust in themselves, and they have been justified.

In every college debating societies discuss the problems of the day with that mixture of frivolity and earnestness which Plato anticipates as the unsatisfactory result of dialectic, if freely permitted, in his ideal State, where "the young men having been allowed to taste the dear delight too early are always contradicting and refuting each other, and are like puppy dogs who delight to tear and pull at all who come near them, and valiantly and speedily get into a way of not believing anything that they had believed before."[1] Oxford is like the Athens both of Plato and of St Paul, but after all a young Englishman is not a Greek, and can both wrangle and believe.

The writer had the privilege a few months ago of hearing the members of his college addressed by Mr H. G. Wells on Socialism. He stated his

[1] Plato, 'Republic,' 539 b.

case with great earnestness and equal moderation, for he allowed a century for the realisation of Utopia by persuasion and the gradual education of rich and poor. Later on in the evening the writer had an equal or greater privilege when, in one of the Ladies' Colleges, he heard Socialism discussed by young men less moderate and cautious than Mr Wells. They, and apparently some of the young ladies who listened, had more than the courage of their opinions. A decade or two seemed sufficient for the happy and successful accomplishment of the great change, and Mr Wells was "heckled" with youthful impetuosity. He went through the ordeal with great good-humour and dexterity, and the young men had not the best of it. It was an instructive evening, and gave one much to think of. The Christian Socialist is a particularly formidable person, for he combines the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. The party in the Church of England to which he generally belongs has borrowed from the Church of Rome the art of guiding and using unorthodox enthusiasm, an art which Protestants have yet to learn—one which may be used with great efficiency in Oxford, where the Church of England still holds the field by virtue of long tradition and the atmosphere of the place, which the fiercest of advanced thinkers cannot escape any more than the air in which he lives and moves and breathes. Enthusiasm means vigorous life, and extravagance in youth is graceful and commendable: it is well to sow your wild oats early, and the crop in Oxford is plentiful, unfailing, and clears the ground for a better harvest. It must not be supposed that political interests alone attract the undergraduate: his admiration for an athlete is no less sincere than his admiration for a leader or obstructionist in any of the great movements; his tastes are catholic, and he is impressed by energy and successful achievement in any shape. But a "Blue" is nearer to him and more approachable than great personages outside Oxford. Personal acquaintance is possible, and largely sought, with a member of the Eight or the Eleven or Fifteen of his own college; still more with any one who has played or rowed for the University: to be a member of "Vincent's," the club where athletes congregate, is a high distinction. Plato, to quote him once more, protests against the evil influence of "the Public, the greatest of all Sophists"—the young man is the slave of public opinion—"He will have the notions of good and evil which the public in general have; he will do as they do, and as they are such will he be."[1] The British public, many schoolmasters, most fathers, some mothers, sisters without exception, journalists above all, conspire to "corrupt" boys and undergraduates by extravagant praise of athleticism as an end in itself. Extravagance breeds extravagance, and some persons

[1] Plato, 'Republic,' 492.

would gladly see "the flannelled oafs" banished from the University: such reformers ignore the use and merits of a sane athleticism, the moral and intellectual education which can be given in a "scrum" or boat-race or a cricket-match. The Ethics of Athletics await and deserve rational treatment.

Let us turn to a change in the habits of undergraduates of which every one will approve. Any one who has read old-fashioned novels depicting life at Oxford, such as 'Reginald Dalton,' or even 'Verdant Green,' written many years later than Lockhart's story, knows that strict sobriety was not one of the virtues of undergraduates. Any one who has read Mr Pyecroft's account of life in Oxford in the 'Thirties knows more—that drunkenness was frequent, if not habitual, in the fast set: not the deadly habit of solitary drinking which was and is almost unknown, but the more venial error of silly and excitable boys whose fathers could remember the Regency, and were not very rigorous censors.

The Bishop of London's utterance, made not long ago in a sermon preached at St Mary's, "about a wave of drunkenness passing over the University," excited much comment and indignant protest. It is difficult to believe that he meant more —if he meant more he was misinformed — than that the behaviour of many undergraduates at bump suppers, or on going out of training, leaves something to be desired.

Against these regrettable, but not frequent, incidents must be set the fact that the consumption of wine is now trifling, and far less than it was fifty years ago when college and private wines were frequent and the ordinary form of entertainment. Their place has been taken by breakfasts of a very substantial kind, no unworthy rivals of the great Scottish breakfasts of old and even present days.

There are in Oxford 3000 young men of every class, and they conform cheerfully to the regulations by which discipline is maintained, for they understand their use and meaning. The political instinct of young Britishers is naturally strong, and is confirmed by the training which they receive at school. If 100 young Germans or young Frenchmen were brought together in a college under rules not vexatious but certainly demanding punctuality, regular hours, and a considerable abridgment of freedom "to go as you please," that college would have a brief and stormy existence. Disturbances in Oxford are not unknown, and furnish materials for spicy paragraphs in newspapers, but they are not frequent. The writer has seen undergraduates of all sorts in two colleges, and under different aspects,—as one of themselves long ago, later as tutor, dean, and proctor, as golfer and cricketer; and games, it must be remembered, are the best means of judging character, for in them all men show their real selves. He is glad to testify that the Oxford undergraduate is not what he is painted by novelists or writers for the press—sometimes as a rowdy aristocrat, sometimes

as an æsthete, sometimes as a hero of the Guy Livingstone type, sometimes as a saint. He is not commonly any of these, but a wholesome and manly young fellow with the virtues and faults of youth, accessible to influence if kindly and wisely exercised, though sometimes *cereus in vitium flecti.*

He has a code of honour of his own not more deficient than many other codes, lax in some respects, in others rigid. He abhors "bad form," which means to him meanness, snobbishness, excessive "side," vulgarity of the pretentious kind, above all foul play. "Bad form" he is too ready to chastise by the wild justice of a solemn rag, which itself is not far removed from bad form, and is apt to pass into a kind of lynching, like judicial proceedings of that sort elsewhere.

One other failing of the blameless undergraduate: his code is lax in the matter of dress—Mr Gladstone, as we are told in Mr Fletcher's charming account of the great man's sojourn at All Souls, when, for a time, he had retired from politics, was amazed and scandalised by the shorts and blazers in which the younger members of the University, *non indecoro pulvere sordidi*, display their athletic proportions. He told the Fellows of All Souls that in his day undergraduates were "dandies," young "Beau Brummells"; no change in Oxford struck him more than this, or was more distasteful to that real Conservative. It was the only change which he himself had not helped to make in the place where he spent the happiest days of his declining life, and for a time fell or rose to the level of the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," who wrote "Gladstone on Church and State."

One of the most remarkable and wholesome changes in undergraduate life is the reduction of expenditure. To "go a mucker" was even fifty years ago not an uncommon exploit. The phrase survives, but now means a serious scrape, or worse, of any kind; it used to mean specially reckless and absurd extravagance, ending in a burden of debt of which the culprit did not rid himself till after many years of tribulation, inflicted often not on himself only, but on sisters and brothers and parents, who had pinched themselves that Tom or Dick or Harry might go to Oxford and live like a "gentleman." It is only fair to say that these young gentlemen paid their debts in the end, most of them, as the writer knows from conversation with an eminent Oxford tradesman, now long departed, who was an authority on the subject. There were many Pendennises at both Universities more than half a century ago, like Thackeray's foolish Arthur. There are few now,—the parents of the ruined spendthrifts were mostly clergymen and country gentlemen of moderate means, a class now relatively and absolutely poorer than they used to be. Necessity, and the good feeling and common-sense which are now prevailing, save in pestilent quarters, in this

country and in Oxford the reflection of it, as to the meanness of meanly admiring mean things, and of worshipping and imitating unworthy persons of rank and wealth, have led to the practice of economy and self-denial by many undergraduates in every college. In any well-managed college, and few, if any, colleges are not well-managed in respect of internal economy, a youth if he is sensible and careful can live with reasonable comfort and a reasonable share in college life, social and athletic, for a sum varying from £110 to £120 a-year—*i.e.*, the academical year of six months. This estimate of course includes only the expenses incurred at Oxford for college and University charges—what an undergraduate spends on clothes, journeys, small personal outlays, and in his vacations, depends on himself. Figures of this kind are necessarily indefinite, but it is more than probable that the average undergraduate, and he is not the foolish prodigal son depicted in sensational journalism, now spends £3 instead of the £4 which he used to spend forty or fifty years ago. Some heroes in every college emulate the self-denial of their brethren in the Scottish Universities, and under more trying conditions, for in Oxford you cannot live in a lonely garret, as you please, feasting on a barrel of oatmeal and a cask of herrings, as some Scottish students do, or used to do, men to whom one would speak with one's hat off, as Dr Arnold used to say he would like to do when addressing some of his boys at Rugby. It is irritating to hear some foolish persons lament that new Oxford is not what old Oxford was, a place where every man was a "gentleman"—*i.e.*, a member of the "upper classes," a Utopia, without the merit of being desirable, never realised in Oxford. Who would now wish or dare to define that "grand old name" in a way which would exclude any one who is modest, courteous, self-denying, and faithful to duty? We had best adopt St Paul's definition of the name implied in his description of "charity."

One of the most interesting of University problems is how to satisfy, with due regard to possibilities and to their own interests, the claims of "working-men" to an Oxford education. That sombre and pitiless book, 'Jude the Obscure,' makes us understand the difficulties which, not a clever boy in a county school, for the ladder has been made for him, but a working-man, must surmount if he is to make his way into Oxford. The writer will not here attempt to discuss this thorny question further than to say that while money may be forthcoming for the Oxford education of a working-man, he must provide the time. Can he, unless he be a man of exceptional ability, not merely of exceptional ambition, spare with advantage to himself two or three years of his life, and return to the factory or workshop contented and fit for his work? The knowledge, or the degree which he may have acquired, will not necessarily help him to earn his living: it would

seem that if a working-man comes to Oxford he must cease for good and all to be a working-man. Perhaps it will be found better that Oxford should go to the home of the working-man, than that the working-man should come to Oxford; but the question is one which demands and is receiving careful consideration. These words were written before the publication of the report of a committee consisting of seven representatives of the University and seven representatives of the working classes. The report deals with the doubts and difficulties felt even by those who sympathise with the desire of working-men to be in touch with Oxford: it is open to criticism of details, like all reports, but it will repay perusal, for it is careful and exhaustive, and gives rise to many reflections.[1] The extreme reformers in Oxford are not infallible any more than their critics, but in this matter they have "got hold of the right end of the stick," and will be supported, when the time comes and the mists clear, by many who cannot agree with them on other points—on one especially; the "Oxford Tutors," or some of them, have been understood to advocate a change compared with which other reforms sink into insignificance. It is difficult to ascertain how far they seriously propose or hope to banish from Oxford a person called by many opprobrious names—"the idle rich," the man "who comes to Oxford only as a school for manners," the "athlete," the "Passman," for this term sums up all his odious qualities.

Much was written about many Oxford questions, and among them about the Passman, in 'The Times,' 'The Daily Telegraph,' and 'The Westminster Gazette,' last June and July. The controversy began with a series of articles in 'The Times' on "Oxford and the Nation," written by "some Oxford Tutors," in the spring and summer of 1907,—very vigorous and interesting articles, but open to criticism. The criticism was made a year later in a letter, equally vigorous and interesting, by "A Graduate," which appeared in 'The Daily Telegraph' of June 30, 1908. One of the "Oxford Tutors" replied to him in 'The Daily Telegraph' of July 9. A perusal of these letters, part of a huge mass of literature, will give any one interested in a question hardly less important than the questions of Old Age Pensions or of the Licensing of Public-houses considerable knowledge of the issues involved, which are intricate enough. We are concerned here only with the Passman and the college system, of which he may be said to be a part, and on which his continued existence will depend. One of the writers of "Oxford and the Nation" replying to "A Graduate" disclaims any hostility to the collegiate system, "admirably," he says, "defined" by his opponent "as men living, eating, playing, and even quarrelling together,"—a definition probably not offered as complete. It may

[1] See 'Times' of Dec. 5, 1908.

be assumed, therefore, that colleges, as hotels at least, will long endure, unless blown up by some "Oxford Tutors" of the future. As to the Passman there is some obscurity; it is not clear what is to become of him. There seems to be some hope for him after all; it is recognised that he cannot be ended, but that he may possibly be mended, and his most determined enemies seem ready to accept this rational solution of the problem. The Editor of 'The Westminster Gazette,' who seems to be in sympathy with, and to understand the views of the "Oxford Tutors," denies "that there is any desire to exclude the Passman from the Universities. What is wanted is that he should come with the grounding of a rational and efficient education which should be carried on through his University career." These are the words of truth and soberness, and must express the real wishes of the "Oxford Tutors" and their friends, notwithstanding occasional violence of language about the Passman. The words Passmen and Classmen have been the causes of much mischief and misunderstanding: they are not real kinds in nature separated from each other by an unfathomable chasm—they shade and pass into each other by imperceptible gradations. Many undergraduates are Passmen for part of their career—Classmen for the rest of it when they read for some Final Honour school: comparatively few are Passmen to the end. Among 3000 young men there are some idlers and "wasters," but the percentage is small, and does not warrant wholesale massacre. Nor are the Passmen the only idle and extravagant members of the University. Many who seek no distinction in the schools receive a fair education, though they might receive a better if the Pass schools were improved and the standard raised.

To educate Passmen, not to expel them, is one of the duties of a great national University. Education means something more than a literary or scientific training; there is an education, political and social in the best sense, though difficult to define, which is good for all young Britishers, whether they be rich or poor, clever or dolts, industrious or idle, for they educate each other. Even the idler can be coerced, and ought to be coerced by discipline, and when reformed he gives reason for much rejoicing, and is an edifying example. Our practical nation will not tolerate a University inhabited only by professors, researchers, and clever boys—all admirable persons, but it takes more than them to make a world, to make the Oxford which we know, and which excites the envy as well as the criticism of nations superior to us in learning, science, and research. Abolish the Passman—abolish the Gulf Stream,—both are beneficent and ordained by nature. It is significant that while some reformers on this side of the water ignore or underestimate the value of the collegiate system, their wiser brethren on the other side are countenancing, it may be said

promoting, the introduction of the only substitute for that system possible in American Universities. A writer in 'The Times' of August gives an interesting account of the Fraternities in the young men's Universities, the object of which is to promote something like college life: nor do their sisters lag behind, for they have formed for the same purpose Sisterhoods, called by the charming though not classical name—Sororities.

It is probable that movements of this kind will have the sympathy of the numerous American Rhodes scholars who return to their country, all of them, I believe, with happy experiences of college life in Oxford. Mr Rhodes' bequest was the realisation of an idea, which few will deny, to be imperial in the largest and noblest meaning of the term. Whatever may have been the errors of that great man, the Rhodes foundation will atone for them in the judgment of all but vindictive partisans. He wished to bind together by knowledge of each other and consequent good-will not merely the subjects of the British Empire but Americans of the United States and Germans. It is possible that had he lived he would have sought Rhodes scholars in even a larger area, but he did what he could in the time allowed him. There are in Oxford 180 Rhodes scholars — by the end of this century 3000 of them will have passed through Oxford, educated men and effective in every department of life, carrying with them kindly memories and the indefinable influences of the place. Surely Rhodes will prove himself a peacemaker, masterful and Napoleonic though he was.

The Rhodes scholars come from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, Bermuda, Jamaica, Newfoundland, the United States, and Germany. The selection is made in the countries from which they come, on the grounds of intellectual and moral excellence, with much regard to physical and athletic prowess, —for in English-speaking communities at least, the last kind of ἀρέτη is valued as highly as it was by the Greeks, who were not deficient in intellectual gifts. The Rhodes scholars have made their mark and held their own in the schools and in athletics. They have been cordially received by the young Oxonians, who have something to teach them and learn from them, both in views of life and in vocabulary. It was feared by some of the authorities that the new-comers might be less amenable to discipline than might be desired—there was no need for fear: they conform cheerfully to rules which, for them, have the charm both of novelty and old-world quaintness: they are happy in Oxford, and sorry to leave it, as the writer knows from frequent testimony: Rhodes' purpose is on its way to complete achievement.

But it is impossible adequately to describe the undergraduate: like the person of Cleopatra, he "beggars all description."

P. A. Wright Henderson.

POLITICAL INTERLUDES—COMIC AND OTHERWISE.

BY SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P.

DURING the Parliamentary recess a somewhat exaggerated amount of interest and discussion has been occasioned by two articles, which appeared in the months of December and January last, in the pages of a contemporary magazine. It is perhaps fortunate that the usual routine of political controversy is varied by some incidents of a ludicrous kind, and the prospects of the Unionist Party are promising enough not to be seriously clouded by any mists of misunderstanding that may arise from them. Personal gossip and the vague threatenings of mysterious combinations which expect to be taken by others at their own valuation, may always be trusted to arouse a little temporary excitement. But now that the first glamour has worn off, it may be well to subject them to a cool estimate, and to see what amount of serious consideration they deserve. By the experienced leaders of the party we may be tolerably certain that they are taken at their true value, and that they do not abstract an undue portion of that time and thought which are required for matters of real moment in the councils of the party. Statesmanship probably soon learns how to estimate the gossip of the Club and the Lobby and the theatrical threatenings of an obscure clique.

The first of these articles was entitled, "Mr Balfour's Sum in Subtraction," and purported to give to the leader of the party some unbiassed guidance as to those of his colleagues in the late Cabinet whom he might discard, or to whom he might assign merely ceremonial functions, in forming a new Government. With respect to the authorship of this anonymous essay in ultroneous advice it may be permissible to confess some embarrassment. It would be unjust, on the one hand, to the able editor of the magazine in question, were we to express any doubt as to the correctness of the clue to authorship afforded to us. The article professes to be written by one who is a member of the present Opposition in the House of Commons. But it is just as true, on the other hand, that—to the honour of the present Opposition, be it said—any surmise connecting the authorship with this or that member of that Opposition would be promptly repudiated by any one intimately acquainted with its composition. This is no matter for surprise. We do not easily attribute to any one, with whom we are in close or daily intercourse, action which would imply an abandonment of the ordinary rules of honour and of loyalty. Anonymous writing has, no doubt, certain very

manifest advantages; but no man of very strict honour will make it the vehicle for personal attacks which he knows perfectly well that he could not make in his own name without forfeiting the respect of those with whom he is constantly associating. The anonymous detraction of colleagues is a degrading task.

The article, by implication, if not expressly, excludes the hypothesis that its author assumes the title of "M.P." by membership, not of this, but of a former Parliament. But, by recalling incidents and personalities unfamiliar to those who have sat only in the present House, it gives indubitable evidence of having been written by some one whose Parliamentary experience is not at least confined to the present House of Commons. Further, there can be little hesitation amongst those who know the spirit which animates the present Opposition, in maintaining that in some very notable instances the verdict of the anonymous critic would be disavowed by an immense majority. To particularise further would be to imitate the methods of the writer himself; but it may surely be permitted to doubt whether the lukewarm praise accorded to one of the most devoted of Mr Balfour's lieutenants fitly expresses the ungrudging and whole-hearted loyalty which he commands amongst the rank and file of the party.

But, after all, apart from natural dislike of the personal appraisement of those with whom we are closely associated, and doubts as to its good taste, is there any reason to think that the apportionment of office is any higher part of political discussion now than it was when it formed the engrossing pastime of Taper and Tadpole? The writer of the article is evidently a diligent student of Disraeli's novels, and enhances the brilliancy of his style by borrowing many of Disraeli's phrases. Has he failed to see his own picture in the mirror of Disraeli's sarcasm? Does he think that personal gossip becomes less degrading because it is not whispered in Lord Monmouth's waiting-room, or imparted with mysterious shakings of the head on the pavement of St James's Street, and is only conveyed through the medium of an anonymous article, to which an added piquancy is given by circumscribing its authorship within a comparatively confined circle?

To the great mass of the Unionist Party, whether within or without the House, the permanent interest of politics fortunately lies outside the range of these personalities. At this moment the questions at issue are of more vital and far-reaching importance than they have been, it may fairly be said, at any epoch since the earliest quarter of last century. Discussions about the leadership of the party have been disposed of, once and for all, by Disraeli's compendious epigram, which defined the leader as the man who leads. Amongst all the personal questions, that alone is of supreme interest,

and the answer depends on no passing whim, and no dexterity of individual appraisal, but on the spontaneous and inevitable verdict which is given by the Tribunal of Necessity, against which there is no appeal. Where the leader is to find his chief lieutenants, or, in other words, those who will help him in his fight in the country and in Parliament, is a question which will be decided by the exigencies and fortunes of that fight. The disposal of places in the official hierarchy is really of comparatively little moment. It causes excitement amongst those who have personal aims to attain, and on it depends the momentous issue as to which of different aspirants are to write themselves "Right Honourable." In the case of the great administrative offices the settlement of that matter must have powerful effects, but they are confined to the sphere of administration, and do not affect the general current of political feeling, whether in the country or in Parliament. Even within the administrative sphere, their importance is much mitigated by the steadying force of official tradition, which acts as a powerful solvent of personal idiosyncrasies.

Individual merit or demerit will always form an attractive subject of discussion amongst the members of a party, and within certain limits such discussion is not only natural, but inevitable. But that general consensus of opinion, which shapes itself insensibly amongst a party, forms the most valuable, and probably the most correct, verdict. A leader who keeps in touch with his party cannot fail to be impressed with it, unless he lacks some of the most essential qualifications for his post. But such general consensus is made more difficult, and not more easy, by transferring such discussion to the pages of a magazine, by exposing its problems to the gaze of unsympathetic as well as of sympathetic audiences, and by advancing a claim on behalf of anonymity, to speak in the name and with the authority of the whole party within Parliament. To do so is an offence to political, as it would in other circumstances be to social, loyalty. That, in present circumstances, it involves a rather ludicrous inopportuneness of occasion is perhaps a matter fitted to stir the sense of humour more than that of indignation.

In the January number of the same magazine the editor returned to the subject, and claimed, with regrettable truth, that the article had "excited lively interest." Whether it was, as he adds, "necessarily resented by prominent politicians scheduled for shunting from the next Unionist Cabinet," is open to doubt, if we take a reasonably respectful view of the calibre of such politicians. That, as he goes on to say, "it met with hearty approval among the Unionist rank and file," is a dictum which many, at least, amongst that rank and file will emphatically deny. We can well dispense

with the lineal descendants of Taper and Tadpole, even though they may barb the arrows of their sarcasm with a literary skill and a command of epigram to which their prototypes could not pretend.

The second article appeared in the same magazine in January, and bore the mysterious title of "The Confederacy," with an authorship as loftily assigned to "A Confederate." We are not admitted very closely into the confidence of this all-powerful Camarilla: it rests securely upon its widespread fame. "Much," we are told in the opening sentence, "has been written and said of the Confederacy during the last few years, true and untrue." [The attributes of veracity and inveracity do not belong, we presume, as the usual rules of grammar would lead us to expect, to the last few years, but to what has been written and said.] It is sad to have to plead guilty of crass ignorance; but the present writer must sorrowfully confess that the volume of oral and written testimony has passed entirely over his head, and that he never even heard the name of this dread engine of political power until he read the blood-curdling revelations of "A Confederate." As the information would have been "mixed," he has at least escaped the untrue as well as the veracious; so there is perhaps the less ground for regret.

Against the youthful and ingenuous, although terrifying, declaration of the Confederate no such charge can be brought as was suggested by the other article. Its author in no way misuses his anonymity, and infringes no maxim of loyalty or good taste. He displays himself as a conspirator with perfect good manners, and his unruffled confidence in the secret power which reposes in the mighty councils of himself and his fellow Confederates is united with a genial good-nature and self-complacency that conquer our good-will. He is ready to bludgeon us: but at least he will never stoop to the poisoned weapons of personal gossip. We would rather breathe the same air with him than with "M.P." But did no other reader have the passing suspicion, which one at least must own at first suggested itself to his mind, that the whole of this melodramatic revelation was a wicked hoax, perpetrated by an orthodox Cobdenite for the discomfiture, by ridicule, of the Tariff Reformers? Only the conviction that a sense of humour was not a strong point with the orthodox Cobdenite cast a doubt upon that momentary suspicion. But better proof of its falsity was soon forthcoming. The frolicsome spirits and the boyish ingenuousness of "A Confederate" rapidly dispelled it. No astute snare lurks in these schoolboy periods and in that unconscious humour. The "M.P." of December has a pretty dexterity in epigram, a good turn of style, and no little proficiency in the art of rather biting sarcasm. His

snarl is unpleasant, and one would not like to be within reach of his teeth. But "A Confederate" is innocent of all such arts: he is as honest in his boisterous bark as he is innocuous with his only half-developed teeth. The prodigious and quite unconscious solemnity of his style can have but one origin, which very soon displays its unmistakable marks. The portentous dignity with which each sentence opens, the feeble dribble with which it ends, tell us as plainly as if we could hear it of the bungling construing of Lower Fifth, which seeks to render classical idioms into English of a style which is reckoned grand only because it is not familiar, and which duly betrays itself in the first stilted efforts of the schoolboy essay. We can honestly congratulate "A Confederate" on not having left these echoes long behind him. He will forget them all too soon. In the meantime, let no severe indignation be spent on his refreshing exuberance. Fairly judged, it shows a healthy energy of political conviction, and, at the worst, affords food for amusement, not for anger. To quote one of its choice sentences, "Blessings are often disguised: it will be realised before very long that the Confederacy is a case in point." We assure "A Confederate" that we have already realised it: a good joke in politics is a genuine blessing in disguise.

His confidences are delightful. A crisis in party politics had arisen. Mr Chamberlain and all his works were "to be relegated to the background." The danger is described in a sentence which must be read in its native innocence of composition and punctuation: "It was not improbable for up to that time—and after for that matter—no feverish excitement had been displayed, certainly in high quarters on behalf of Tariff Reform." The Unionist Party had to be educated. "But, however that may be, there were at any rate three ['A Confederate' and two companions] young and ardent politicians [we don't call ourselves 'politicians' after we have cut our wisdom tooth] who determined to leave nothing to chance." They—the youthful three—had to make history. "The time had come to strike, and to strike hard." Like all great movements, their task was difficult. But consequences did not daunt them. They met "*over* the dinner-table." One may trust that the advancing evening found them nowhere else. It was at a private house: mark well that no gaudy and fashionable Savoy or Ritz restaurant harboured the mighty trio! One—doubtless "A Confederate"—had brought with him "a plan of campaign." As one might have guessed from his later composition, "it was rough." But it grew into shape, just as the three grew into fifteen. "The Confederacy started on its way rejoicing." Their thorough enjoyment is contagious, and we would not lessen it by a jot or a tittle.

"This in short is a correct account of the founding of the

Confederacy." Unlike other great political parties, peculiar fates attended its birth. "The Press was not its godfather, nor the Central Office its godmother, neither were the blind, the halt, or the lame invited to attend the ceremony." Are these the usual concomitants of a political baptismal party?

But its early childhood has been smiled upon by all the good fairies. It now contains "several well-known peers, and a considerable number of Members of Parliament [are peers no longer Members of Parliament?], *as also* many prominent men in the literary world." Its destinies are guided by a potent tribunal, "A Council of Twelve," who "once a month, or oftener if necessary, meet together." By them, or their dread emissaries, "Free Food Unionists *may be brought to light and marked down.*" The fate they deal out is appalling. They may even go "to the extent of running a candidate off their own bat," whatever that new device of the cricket-field may mean. Is it a form of torture for the Free-Fooder, or for the candidate? They follow the tactics, not only of the cricket-field, but of the field of battle. They have "an admirable system of scouts," and one fancies that they may be found disputing Hampstead Heath with General Baden-Powell's handy schoolboys.

"So much for the governing body and its methods of procedure. The individual Confederate however is a host in himself. Once a month as many as are able meet and dine together." We do not seek to raise the curtain that hides these august post-prandial confabulations.

Finance, it is sapiently remarked, is "a vital point." So it is of many things less potent in the history of the Empire than The Confederacy: but even it must consider pounds, shillings, and pence. It would have been interesting, if permissible, to know a little more. But the revelations are cryptic. "From time to time the most extravagant pronouncements have appeared in the Press as to the unlimited supplies which the Society has at its command. *This is true and untrue.*" That is to say, an extravagant statement may or may not be extravagant. They have unlimited funds; but more than unlimited funds may be required. It will be forthcoming. "The Confederacy comprises many men whose pockets are as deep as their political convictions, and just as full." The metaphor is a little disjointed, but it reveals a very Eldorado. One is tempted to ask, Is this revelation quite wise, with a Chancellor of the Exchequer on the prowl for hen-roosts?

But with more than boundless resources at their command, the Confederacy has other tasks before it. It must educate the benighted constituencies, and "apathy is to be driven out of the bones" of the ordinary elector. "The gospel of Tariff Reform is to be carried into Free Trade Lands." By this mighty Confederacy the electors are to be ensured

representation on a strange entity, hitherto unknown to our electoral machinery, "The Central Local Association." The poor electors are not, as "A Confederate" mercifully admits, altogether to blame. "They cannot learn without a teacher, . . . and the Confederacy undertakes the task." Once properly enlightened, they must, in case of a relapse into independence, submit to the vengeance of the dread conclave. "Its arm is far-reaching, its blow may descend anywhere." But all this "is merely the foundation of its policy." We shall see what we shall see. They are to be "a force that nothing will turn aside." We have only, it seems, as yet felt "a policy of peaceful persuasion." But "The Confederacy has decided to stay its hand no longer, and before the new year is many months old it will strike."

Will they not temper mercy with their giant's strength? Some day—it may be hoped many a year hence—"A Confederate" will learn that old nerves are easily perturbed, and that the slumbers of his seniors may be sadly broken by nightmares. In the buoyant exuberance of his youth will he not tell us how to shelter ourselves from his thunderbolts, and snatch a brief slumber in peace?

Let us plead something in extenuation, if not in excuse, before this all-powerful conclave which is to shape our destinies. Unfortunately we have, all of us, constituents who, unaccountably, may think that we are answerable to them for our action in Parliament. Some of us have, perhaps, studied the question of Fiscal Reform even before "A Confederate" had begun those studies that have taught him the refreshing unconventionalities of his style. We have, with such reasoning powers as we possess, come to certain conclusions pointing to the necessity for a serious review of our Fiscal system, and we have seen these reasons vastly strengthened by the disastrous action of the present Government. We have hitherto found ourselves guided by the trusted leader of our party along a path which coincides with our own conclusions, and we have full confidence that our path will be his until he reaches his goal, and beyond it. Should new developments arise, we count ourselves responsible only to our constituencies and to our leader for any action we may take. And however much we may admire and envy the high spirits and complacent self-confidence of the "young and ardent [but nameless] trio," we fear that any interference between us and our constituencies would have to be indulgently, but very firmly, rejected; and that any outside suggestions would go to swell the contents of our waste-paper baskets.

When we have got out of the incident all the amusement that it is fitted to afford, is it not time to ask, Is this serious politics, and does it deserve the prolonged consideration of grown men?

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME,

1856-1885.

BY GENERAL
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

V.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN—WRITING AGAINST TIME—OFF TO NATAL—SOME REMARKABLE SERMONS—WORK FOR 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE'—WORK FOR 'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH'—A 'WORLD' DINNER—MARSHAL MACMAHON—A DINNER OF EDITORS AND SOLDIERS—OFF TO CYPRUS—A STORY OF A GRIEVANCE—OFF TO ZULULAND—OFF TO INDIA—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE—LORD LYTTON.

We sailed, Sir Garnet Wolseley, with thirty-six staff and special service officers, all volunteers, in the S.S. *Ambriz* on September 12, 1873, for Cape Coast Castle. Of that small group some were afterwards to go far and to become well known to the Army and the public. Colonel (afterwards General Sir John) M'Neill, Lieut.-Colonel (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn) Wood, who, like M'Neill, had already won his Victoria Cross, Major (now General Sir Baker) Russell, Major (afterwards General Sir Thomas) Baker, who was Quartermaster-General of the Army when he died, Captain (afterwards General Sir Redvers) Buller, Captain (now General Sir William) Butler, Lieutenant (now General Sir Frederick) Maurice, fresh from beating Sir Garnet Wolseley in the competition for Sir Edward Hamley's "Wellington Prize Essay," were all of the party. As Augustus Anson wrote to me before we started, we were "using the finest steel of our army to cut brushwood"; but the magnet that had irresistibly attracted the steel was the Chief in whom we all had absolute and unbounded confidence, Sir Garnet Wolseley.

We all were anxious to make ourselves acquainted with everything relating to the country and the war, but we could not all have the books at the same time, and Sir Garnet asked Captain Huyshe, of the Rifle Brigade, D.A.Q.M.G., and myself to study the blue-books and reports, to put our notes into shape and read them to our brother officers. Every moment of our spare time was devoted to this work, under the most unfavourable conditions—tropical heat, a heavily rolling ship, the sickening smell of new paint, and the stench of bilge water, not to mention sea-sickness. The results of our work were two papers by me on "The Relations between Great Britain, the Protected States, and Ashanti, with the Causes of the Ashanti War," and a paper by Captain Huyshe on "The

Topography of Ashanti and the Protectorate of the Gold Coast." These papers we read on board ship, and, after our arrival at Cape Coast, sent home to Mr John Blackwood with a map by Captain Huyshe.[1] They were published by Messrs Blackwood & Sons as a small post octavo volume, under the title of 'Fanti and Ashanti.'

This expedition brought me into touch with Mr Winwood Reade, the correspondent of 'The Times.' He was a small, fragile man, with a chest so narrow that it seemed impossible that it could contain a normal set of vital organs, yet his indomitable spirit carried him through all the hardships of the campaign. He was the author of that remarkable book, 'The Martyrdom of Man,' in which his masterhand sketched in picturesque language the story of the ancient civilisations of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. His hatred of priestcraft was only equalled by his horror of the institution of slavery.

A very different type was Mr (afterwards Sir) Henry M. Stanley, correspondent of 'The New York Herald,' a man of intense courage and determination, with a powerful physique. He was then known as the explorer who had been sent to find, and had found, the famous missing traveller-missionary, Dr Livingstone. His subsequent remarkable journey across Africa, and his still later journey to relieve Emin Pasha, were narrated in his books, 'In Darkest Africa' and 'Through the Dark Continent.' Before he started on this last expedition I sat next him at a dinner given by Sir William M'Kinnon, at which other interesting African explorers were present, and many questions connected with the Dark Continent were discussed. In later years he married that charming artist, Miss Dorothy Tennant, and sat in Parliament as Member for Lambeth.

The Ashanti campaign over, we embarked at Cape Coast Castle for England in March 1874. Previous to our embarkation I had suggested to Sir Garnet that I should write a narrative of the campaign, and he approved. I wrote to Mr John Blackwood saying that I proposed to write such a book, and that I should like to sell it outright, naming a sum to him. On my arrival in England I received a letter from Mr Blackwood accepting my proposals, and saying to me that the success of the book would largely depend upon its being brought out while the interest in the campaign was still fresh. As, under our agreement, the loss, if the book were a failure, would fall entirely on the publishers, I felt bound to use every effort to lose no time. There was necessarily some delay incurred in obtaining all the official documents of the campaign, which were

[1] Huyshe died of malarial fever at Prahsu, our camp on the banks of the river Prah, before we crossed into Ashanti territory.

placed unreservedly at my disposal by Sir Garnet, and in obtaining supplementary information from some of the actors in it. But when once I got to work, no time was lost. I engaged two shorthand writers, dictating to each of them for about two hours a-day. I worked from twelve to fourteen hours a-day, dictating, arranging notes and papers, reading the shorthand writers' transcripts, and correcting and revising proofs as they came in. Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Harry Cooper of the 47th Regiment most kindly prepared an admirable collection of maps, the proofs of which he examined and revised. Messrs Blackwood's part of the work was done with great rapidity. The result was that in six weeks I wrote, revised, and saw through the press two octavo volumes, containing between them 795 pages. Mr John Blackwood was good enough to tell me afterwards that, as far as he knew, it was a record feat; and I was glad to know later that the whole edition was sold.

Five months spent in the most exhausting climate in the world, and an attack of the Coast fever, had taken a great deal out of me; during the preparation of this book I was unable to take any exercise or recreation, and in consequence suffered, after the first three weeks, from insomnia, and for the last fortnight took chloral every night. Yet the book never left my mind even in my sleep. I consulted a doctor, who advised me strongly to take a rest, saying I was running a serious risk of brain fever. But I knew I could never rest till the work was done, and held out, determined the moment the book was finished to rush off to Switzerland. On May 23, having corrected and despatched the last proof, I wrote, signed, and posted the preface, and after a light dinner started from Woolwich. I slept the whole way to Cannon Street, from Cannon Street to Dover, from Dover to Calais, from Calais to Paris. At Paris I went to bed in the early morning, and slept almost continuously for over twenty-four hours, waking up on the following day fresh and in good health.

During my holiday in Switzerland I met my friend Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss) and Lady Elcho, whose handsome and gallant son, Alfred Charteris, had fallen a victim to malarial fever during the Ashanti War. Charteris and I had shared the same room in Government House at Cape Coast Castle, and side by side had been the first to enter the village of Essaman in the first fight of the war. I travelled with Lord and Lady Elcho for a few days, and I wonder if Lord Wemyss remembers what a narrow escape he had, when, coming down the Rigi by rail, he leaned far out of the window, and a projecting point of rock struck his low-crowned hat from his head. Another inch or two would have deprived our nation of one of its most striking and delightful personalities.

In the autumn I found myself posted to Sheerness, one of the dullest of quarters, where my spare time was devoted to rackets, billiards, and whist, with an occasional day with the hounds. In consequence of a grave disappointment as regards promotion, I was seriously meditating leaving the service, and went up to London to consult Sir Garnet Wolseley. He advised me not to be in a hurry, and one morning when I called on him at his office he said, "Will you go with me to Natal?" He had undertaken a special mission to Natal as Governor and High Commissioner. We sailed in February 1875, the party consisting of Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Colley, on special service, Major (now General Sir William) Butler and Captain Lord Gifford as A.D.C.'s, and myself as Assistant Military Secretary. With us went Mr (afterwards Sir) Napier Broome, who had been appointed Colonial Secretary. On our arrival Colley became Colonial Treasurer, Butler Protector of Immigrants, both with *ex officio* seats on the Legislative Council, and I became Private Secretary to the Governor and Clerk to the Executive Council.

Here I was again to find employment for my pen. It was arranged that we should supply the leading newspaper, 'The Times of Natal,' which was the Government organ, with leading articles explaining the Government policy, and Napier Broome, fresh from the staff of 'The Times,' Colley, Butler, and I took it in turn to write them. The leading opposition journal, 'The Natal Witness,' was edited by Mr Winter, whom Butler, in one of his amusing speeches in the Legislature, called "the winter of our discontent." In August I gave a lecture in the new Kafir Court House at Pietermaritzburg on "Incidents of the Ashanti War, with remarks on the manners and customs of the natives of the Gold Coast."

On this first visit to Natal I met two remarkable men. One of them was Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, a man of great ability and statesmanlike mind, who knew the Zulu character and the Zulu language as no other European did, except John Dunn, and who subsequently, with infinite skill and tact, conducted the negotiations with President Burgers which led to the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain. The other was Dr Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, whose book on the Pentateuch had raised a storm in the Church. In this book he had criticised, with what would now be looked upon as fair historical criticism, many of the statements as to facts and figures contained in the first five books of the Old Testament, and had shaken the belief of many in the Divine inspiration of their authors. An attempt to get him removed from his bishopric had failed, but his opponents had succeeded in having another bishop appointed as Bishop of Maritzburg, and these two bishops lived in that small town. I remember, soon after arrival,

saying to Sir Garnet that it would be a difficult task to steer a straight course between the two Bishops. "I will ask them both to dinner and go to neither of their churches," was the wise reply. And so we, Sir Garnet and his staff, used to attend the service held by the military chaplain for the troops on Sunday mornings, but I would occasionally attend one of the other churches in the evening.

At one of these services I heard Bishop Colenso preach a sermon which remains in my mind, one of the only three I ever heard that have left a lasting impression. The first of these was by Dr Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, in the chapel at Eton, when I was a schoolboy. It was intensely dramatic. He depicted so vividly the procession of souls coming up for judgment, that when he paused, raising his eyes and lifting his hand, and saying, "And there stands the Judge," every head turned towards the direction in which he pointed.

The second was a sermon by a high church, but not a celibate, clergyman at Brighton, who, preaching on St Paul's Day, described St Paul's trials, the scourgings, buffetings, shipwreck, &c., and then said (his wife sitting just below him), "But St Paul never had the greatest trial to which man can be subject, he never was married."

The third was this sermon by Bishop Colenso. Taking for his text the song of Deborah, which had formed some part of the day's service, he showed the brutality of the cold-blooded murder of Sisera by Jael, its hideous treachery, its violation of that law of hospitality which is most sacred to every Oriental, and said that if he believed that this murder was acceptable to God it would be impossible for him to believe in the mercy or goodness of the God who approved it. Then he proceeded to contrast the teaching of the New Testament, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," with this praise of murder and treachery in the Old Testament.

We rode a good deal, and played lawn-tennis at Maritzburg. We made a tour round the whole Colony, and in October, the object of Sir Garnet's mission having been successfully accomplished, we returned to England.

At Durban, before embarking, we met Sir Henry Bulwer, Sir Garnet's successor, and his private secretary, Mr Rider Haggard, then a youth fresh from Harrow, now so well known both as a novelist and an agriculturist.

The brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, the deferment of which had so disappointed me in the previous winter, was now bestowed upon me, and I was posted to the command of a depôt field battery at Woolwich.

During the winter of 1875-6 I went with Sir Patrick M'Dougall and Major (now General Sir Alexander) Tulloch to Egypt, and, alone with Tulloch, to Crete, spending a week

at Athens on the way. Our experience in Crete formed the subject of an article in 'Maga,' a year later, but there is one memory that I did not tell in that paper. Just before the sailing of the steamer that was to take us home, some peasants brought us for sale a few treasures which they had found in an old tomb. The price they asked was trifling in comparison to the value of the treasures offered; but neither Tulloch nor I had much money to spare. I bought some glass vessels and a pair of gold earrings that had lain buried at least two thousand years. Tulloch also bought some gold ornaments. There was a gold ring with a small red stone, apparently badly chipped, which I would not buy, and Tulloch bought it for about a sovereign. When we examined it with a magnifying-glass, it turned out to be a ruby intaglio, that which I had believed to be a chip being a deep carving of a bird on a branch.

My pen seems to have been idle all through the summer of 1876. I was very busy with my military work, training recruits to be sent as drafts to India in the autumn; but I used to go up to London to attend the games of Kriegspiel, which were held, I think, weekly, and in the summer I went with Surgeon-General (afterwards Sir Thomas) Longmore and another officer, to study and report upon ambulance material at an Exhibition held at Brussels to promote means of preserving health and saving life. In the winter I began to crave more active employment for my brains, and enforced confinement for a month under a surgeon's hands in London afforded the stimulus and the opportunity. I wrote to Mr John Blackwood suggesting two articles, and he approved. The first of these, which appeared in February 1877, was called "Philanthropy in War." It sketched the origin and progress of the various national societies for aid to the sick and wounded in war, and of the Geneva Convention, and described the character of the help given by neutrals during the Franco-German War; but its chief object was to urge upon our own National Aid Society that it should employ the balance (£73,000) which had remained in hand at the close of the war, or at least the interest of the investments, on making preparations for aiding our own soldiers in war, and that it should come to arrangements with the War Office for a definite sphere of duties to be allotted to the voluntary helpers whom it should organise in time of peace. My efforts in this direction were not successful. I have always thought that this was due to the conservative influence of the financial element on the committee, my membership of which I had previously resigned when I failed to get them to move in this direction.

The second article, which appeared in April 1877, was entitled "Crete." Anxiety as

to Russia's designs on Constantinople was rife at this time; she had torn up that clause of the Treaty of Paris which forbade her building ships of war upon the Black Sea; her policy was tending more and more towards making that sea a Russian lake, and it seemed to me that if the dismemberment of the Turkish empire should give the gate of the Euxine to Russia, or to a Power under Russian influence, Crete, with its splendid harbour at Suda Bay, must from its position become the key of our communications on that part of the line which lies between Malta and Egypt, and that its acquisition by us would go far to neutralise the evils that would accrue to us from Russia's gaining the outlets of the Black Sea. From this point of view I contrasted its importance with that of Cyprus and other Mediterranean islands, and concluded by saying that if ever the Bosphorus should be opened up to Russia, Crete would become a necessary link in the chain of fortified harbours which secure our communications with the East.

Before this article appeared in 'Maga' I was again in full swing of work, writing for 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'The World.' I do not remember how my introduction to 'The Daily Telegraph,' or rather to its proprietor and principal editor, Mr Edward Lawson, came about. I have cuttings of two short letters which I wrote to that paper in November 1876, headed respectively "Russia at Constantinople" and "Diplomatic Parallels," but, so far as I can trace, my first regular contributions commenced with two long articles headed "England's Greatest Danger in the East," which appeared on the 18th and 20th February 1877, under the signature "Anglophil." The text for these articles was a sentence in Lord Hartington's speech on the debate on the Address, in which he said—

> "Perhaps we are supposing that German and Austrian interests will make the statesmen of those countries on the alert, and that Russia, knowing she has no territorial advantages to gain from war, will shrink from it. But it may be that neither Germany nor Austria have any interests in Asia, and that the Asiatic provinces of Turkey also are open to attack. England has great interest in these Asiatic provinces. They some day may become the most direct route to India."

The object of the articles was to ensure the defence of English interests, if necessary, even by war.

From that time I became a constant contributor to the paper. The war between Russia and Turkey afforded ample subject for my pen. It broke out in April 1877. I continued to urge in letters signed "Anglophil," under such headings as "England's Threatened Interests," "Why do we hesitate?" &c., that we should mobilise, and that our neutral attitude should be one of armed neutrality. In headed articles I wrote upon the various phases of the war and its possibilities. Thus I wrote on "The Russian Advance through Roumania,"

"The Passage of the Danube," "The Lines of Gallipoli," &c. In this way I was able freely to urge my own views in letters, while in leading articles I was under the control of Edwin Arnold, the political editor, and advocated the policy of the paper with which I was entirely in accord.

This continued throughout the year 1877 and the spring of 1878. Then came the Treaty of San Stefano, and the proposal to hold a Congress at Berlin. I find among my papers of this time the following memorandum by Edwin Arnold of topics on which I was to write:—

TOPICS.

1. *Military position and prospects of Russian forces*, north and south of the Balkans; numerical, strategic, and sanitary condition; their present and future transport, supplies, and communication, including remarks on Roumelian uprising in the Rhodope hills and Roumanian hostility.

2. *While strongly desiring peace* and a just settlement by diplomacy (which is hardly probable now), *display*, with confidence but moderation of tone, the capabilities of the British Empire for LA GRANDE GUERRE, our forces, resources, opportunities, advantages (and disadvantages), our right and best military policy, and the necessity for doing the work thoroughly if we go into it at all.

3. Answer the question "*What* are we fighting for?" so often asked with pretended ignorance, pointing out—

(1) Treaty-faith and its import.
(2) European and English rights.
(3) Sea and land communications of British Empire.
(4) Peace and continued prestige in India and Asia.
(5) Our Mussulman subjects and the considerations attaching to them.
(6) Commerce.
(7) Future peace and developments.

4. Write special paper on Armenian and Black Sea sections of San Stefano Terms, pointing out why, if Congress ever meets (as we hope it may), the exactions as to Batoum, Erzeroum, and Kurdistan cannot and must not be allowed to stand. Show military, political, commercial, and continental consequences of Russia's aggressiveness herein, and speak as flatly as you like of the plain and certain future necessity of a safe railway route to India through the land dominated by these proposed Muscovite burglaries.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Early in 1877 I came across the manuscript of the article on the French Stage which Mr Froude had rejected ten years previously. A visit just paid to Paris had revived my interest in the subject. I re-wrote the paper, adapting it to the later date, and sent it to the editor of 'The World.' Mr Edmund Yates wrote me a charming letter in reply, accepting the paper, and saying he should be glad to have other contributions from my pen. The article appeared on March 14 under the title "Five French Plays and a Moral," and before long I became a frequent contributor of articles on military subjects, especially on subjects dealing with that borderland where military policy and foreign policy meet, and on French politics.

My connection with 'The World' brought me some pleasant friendships. Edmund Yates was then living in Cavendish Square, and I dined sometimes at his house, meeting there, amongst others, Mr T. H. S. Escott, who was then the political editor of 'The World,' and Major Arthur Griffiths,

well known not only as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, but also as the author of 'The Chronicles of Newgate' and several pleasant novels. He was at this time a constant writer for 'The World.' Another guest was Mr Frederick Marshall, Secretary to the Japanese Legation in Paris, author of 'French Home Life,' and of delightful weekly papers of French gossip in 'The World.' I dined at a 'World' dinner given by Yates at Greenwich, where I first met Mr Philip Currie, then Assistant Under Secretary at the Foreign Office (afterwards Lord Currie, Ambassador successively at Constantinople and at Rome), of whom I saw a great deal in later years. Yates was a brilliant talker and a most hospitable host. I saw a good deal of Escott. One evening I had been dining with him at his house in Brompton Crescent, and after dinner he, Griffiths, and I were sitting in his smoking-room when the post brought Escott a letter which he read to us, suppressing all names. It was from some one living in the North of England, who said that a young gentleman had proposed for the hand of his daughter, and had told him that he was making an income by writing for the papers, naming 'The Saturday Review' and 'The World' as two of his sources of income. The writer of the letter had asked the young gentleman to show him some of the articles he had written in these papers, and had applied to 'The Saturday Review' asking whether the articles named by the young man were written by him. They had replied in the negative; and he now wrote to ask Escott if two articles, "Plevna" and another, of which the young man claimed the authorship, were from his pen. "Plevna" had been written by me, the other by Arthur Griffiths.

Long after my connection with 'The World' had ceased, Yates, having allowed his paper to become the vehicle for an unjustifiable personal slander, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Some time later I went with Arthur Griffiths to see him at his house at Brighton, and found him much broken in health. He died not long afterwards. Escott subsequently became editor of 'The Fortnightly Review,' and having suffered much in health, lives in comparative retirement at Brighton, whence from time to time he sends forth valuable and interesting books. Arthur Griffiths, to the regret of a large circle of very sincere friends, died early in 1908 on the Riviera.

One evening in May 1877, while the Russo-Turkish war was in progress, a card was brought to me on which was written, "From the Illustrated London News." My visitor said that he was deputed by the proprietor to ask me if I would write an article for a War Number, which was about to be produced, on the Armies of the Contending Powers. About twenty-five columns were wanted, and they must be

ready within five days. I thought the terms offered insufficient, and was not anxious for the work, as I had plenty to do; so I said that the only terms on which I would undertake it were that I was to have a hundred guineas for the article, which should be not less than twenty columns, and that a shorthand writer should be sent down to me the following morning. Next morning the shorthand writer came with a letter accepting my terms. The War Number appeared. It contained "The Armies of the Contending Powers, and a Description of the Theatre of War," by me; "The Navies of the Contending Powers," by E. J. Reed, C.B., late Chief Constructor of H.M. Navy, and another article which was anonymous. I heard afterwards that an edition of 100,000 copies had been sold. My military duties were not interrupted; and this was the best payment I ever got for five days' employment of my spare time.

In this year 1877 I obtained leave to attend the French manœuvres as the guest of Marshal Canrobert. Sir Charles Ellice, Colonel East, and Colonel Reilly, R.A., represented the British Army. I had rather a close escape one day. We were riding five abreast uphill on a narrow road, when suddenly a cart with a runaway horse tore round the corner from a side road, and came straight down on us. To avoid East, who was on my left, the driver pulled his near-rein hard; the near-shaft struck my horse, penetrating his side, and flung us both over on a heap of stones. I escaped without a scratch or even a tear in my clothes, but the horse (a French cavalry troop horse) had to be shot.

Marshal MacMahon acted as director of these manœuvres. He had a reputation for making blunders of speech, due to forgetfulness or confusion of mind. He rather mixed up the foreign officers, and I heard him ask Sir Charles Ellice if he had come from St Petersburg expressly for these manœuvres. Many amusing stories were current illustrative of this peculiarity, two of which I remember. It was alleged that when he was told that his Government had been defeated in the Chamber by a majority of one, he said, "If only I knew who he was, that one!" The other story was, that before inspecting the Military College at St Cyr, he was told that one of the students was a man of colour, who was working hard and doing well, but led rather a difficult life among the other students on account of his colour, and the Marshal was asked to say a few words of encouragement to him. The Marshal promised to do so, and, stopping opposite him in the ranks, said, "Vous êtes le nègre, n'est ce pas?" "Oui, Monsieur le Maréchal." "Très bien, très bien; continuez, continuez de l'être."

I kept up my work for 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'The World,' and sent two papers to 'Blackwood,' the first of which, "The South African

Question," appeared in July 1878, discussing the problem of South African Confederation, and advocating the annexation of Zululand. The second, "The Troubles of a Scots Traveller," was a sketch of a most curious and interesting book by one William Lithgow, published in 1623, which I had come across in my researches at the British Museum into matters connected with Crete.

While I was busy as above, I met one morning in Pall Mall, coming out of the Athenæum Club, Mr John Blackwood, and asked him to dine with me that evening at my club, saying I would try to get one or two men to meet him. A minute or two later I met Sir Garnet Wolseley, who promised to dine. Then I met Mr Edward Lawson, who also accepted my invitation. I called on Redvers Buller at the War Office, and he too accepted. And then I asked Edmund Yates to meet John Blackwood and Wolseley and one or two others, not mentioning their names, and he accepted. I was in entire ignorance of the fact that there had appeared in 'The World' an offensive personal attack upon Lawson, and that he was not upon speaking terms with Yates, and congratulated myself on having got together so representative a party at such short notice.

All my guests had arrived except Yates, when Lawson, looking down from the gallery over the hall in the club, saw Yates coming in. He whispered to me, "Is Yates dining with you?" When I said "Yes," he said, "Don't introduce me." I have often since thought how well he met the unpleasant situation in which I had placed him. We went down to dinner in a private room, six of us at a round table, and two of them not on speaking terms. Sir Garnet sat on my right, John Blackwood on my left, Buller divided Lawson and Yates. Conversation never for a moment flagged, and though two of my guests never addressed each other, or replied directly to what the other had said, so perfect was their tact that no one looking on would have guessed there was anything wrong. Lawson had made his acceptance conditional on his being allowed to leave early to go to the office of the paper, and at 10 o'clock I accompanied him to the door of the club. I heard afterwards from Buller that Yates had only said a few nice words about Lawson after he had left the room with me.

The two friendships which I made through my work for 'The Daily Telegraph' were those of Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet of 'The Light of Asia,' and Mr Lawson (now Lord Burnham). I used to see Arnold at his house in Brompton. The last letter I had from him is dated April 20, 1889. I had written condoling with him on the death of his wife, and mentioned a very beautiful paper of his in 'The Fortnightly Review,' called "Death and Afterwards." Replying to my letter, he wrote:

"Sad as it was, it cheered me with the touch of true human comradeship. I am proud that my little treatise gave you pleasure, and your kind words encourage me to say that in the darkest moment of loss the convictions which I expressed there have never been shaken. Death, I do believe, is an illusion which derives its present mystery and sorrowfulness only from our necessary ignorance. . . . I am working hard again, the best tonic for trouble."

Shortly afterwards he sent me a small volume of verse, 'In my Lady's Praise': the first poem in the volume, entitled "Good-night, Good-bye," is touching and pathetic.

Later on he found consolation, and has now gone to solve the problem of "Afterwards."

Lord Burnham, as every one knows, still flourishes. I last saw him at Hall Barn, his country seat, near Beaconsfield. In my dealings with him as a contributor to his paper, I always found him a courteous and considerate gentleman and a generous paymaster. I visited him and his charming wife at Orkney Cottage, on the Thames, by Maidenhead, and no one who was privileged to be present at them will forget his delightful parties in Arlington Street. At one of these, a men's party (I think "oysters" was printed on the invitation card), I heard Billy Russell and Burnand sing to Sullivan's accompaniment and Irving recite, while Toole gave us an imitation of Phelps playing Hamlet with Buckstone prompting.

In the early winter of 1877 I had been sent to command a garrison battery at Dover, which in May 1878 was moved to Newhaven, the most dreary of quarters. There was little work for me to do, and writing was my chief occupation. One evening in July a telegram was brought to me while I was sitting with two of my officers in the little artisan's house in which I lived, and where we had our mess. So little importance did I attach to it that I did not open it till we broke up to dress for dinner. And then I found this—

"House of Commons, 6.20 p.m.

"I go in two or three days to Cyprus. Will you come? If so, come to town early to-morrow.—Wolseley."

Cyprus, and not Crete as I had hoped, was the island that passed under our rule. Sir Garnet had not been at liberty to speak till the decision was announced in Parliament, but the moment that was done he had announced it to his selected staff. Colonel the Hon. J. Dormer[1] and I were Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-Generals to the force of British and Indian troops which was sent to occupy the island. Within a few weeks the troops were removed, with the exception of a few companies, and our occupation was gone. But at Sir Garnet's wish I remained to raise and organ-

[1] Afterwards Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in Madras, where he died of wounds inflicted by a tiger.

ise a force of military police (zaptiehs), 200 horse and 400 foot, and to purge and remodel the prisons, with the title of Chief Commandant of Police and Inspector of Prisons. I visited every town and village in the island, but my official duties are outside the scope of these memories. There is only one story which I must tell.

Opening of tombs, with which the island is honeycombed, was strictly forbidden by the Turkish law, which we administered. A gentleman, whose brother had formerly been American Consul, was known to be breaking the law. He was warned, but persisted, and was caught in the act. I personally prosecuted him before the Cadi at Larnaca, when he was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and confiscation of the objects he had taken from the tombs. Sir Garnet, the Chief Commissioner, remitted the imprisonment. Some time later an American warship anchored in Larnaca roads. The delinquent went on board and poured out the tale of his fancied wrongs in the ear of the naval officer commanding. "Sir," said this officer, "your story does not interest me, but it appears to me you have been doing something wrong." How often since, when I have had to listen to the story of a grievance, have I felt inclined to give the same answer!

In February or March 1879 I had made all arrangements for a short visit to the Holy Land with Captain Wisely, R.E. We went to Larnaca to embark, when a telegram from Sir Garnet came, saying that if we went we should have to spend three weeks in quarantine on Larnaca beach on our return. Plague had broken out in Syria; Egypt had placed all arrivals therefrom in quarantine; Cyprus was obliged to follow suit, to avoid being also quarantined by Egypt, which was our only way of communication with England; and so we reluctantly abandoned our proposed journey.

While in Cyprus I had written descriptive letters for 'The Daily Telegraph,' my last contributions to the daily press.

My work in Cyprus accomplished, I returned to England in April 1879, and obtained a short leave of absence. Before it expired, I was sent for to the Foreign Office, and asked if it would suit me to return to Cyprus as Chief Secretary. I told Philip Currie, through whom the offer came, that I would accept nothing without consulting Sir Garnet Wolseley. He kindly telegraphed to that effect to Sir Garnet, who replied that while he had no doubt that I should make an efficient Chief Secretary, he wished me to be told that the Chief Commissioner and the Chief Secretary could not both leave the island at the same time, and that he should wish always to have me with him on active service. Currie showed me the telegram; I said, "Then I cannot accept," and he said, "You are quite right."

Almost immediately after-

wards Sir Garnet returned to England, and being appointed to relieve Lord Chelmsford as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, took me with him as his Military Secretary. Our voyage out was brightened by the society of W. H. Russell, special correspondent of 'The Daily Telegraph.' During the three weeks we were on board ship he kept us constantly amused, never told the same story twice, and sang a good song on deck in the evenings.

The action of Ulundi had been fought before Sir Garnet could join the troops in the field. It was left for him to ensure the capture of Ketchwayo, the Zulu king, and to arrange with the chiefs the peaceable settlement of Zululand. While these events were in progress I saw much of that remarkable man Mr John Dunn. The son of a missionary, he had, from his intimate knowledge of the Zulu people and language, been appointed British agent in Zululand, after Ketchwayo's coronation and recognition by the British Government. For years he had lived among the Zulus, adopting to a great extent their methods of life, but when war became imminent, he had, after warning Ketchwayo, come out to the British. He was a gentleman in appearance and manner, and had personally conducted many shooting parties of English gentlemen in Zululand and the neighbouring territories. I have a particular recollection of seeing him on one day shoot with a small-bore rifle a black mamba, one of the most deadly snakes, advancing with head erect from the cave which Ketchwayo had used as a powder-magazine, and on our return journey to camp shoot with the same rifle a partridge on the wing. On the settlement of Zululand he was formally recognised as a Zulu chief, in control of a considerable territory.

After a successful expedition against a chief called Sekukuni in the north of the Transvaal,[1] Sir Garnet returned to Natal. Captain Herbert Stewart, who had been staff officer to Colonel Baker Russell in this little campaign, and I shared the same quarters at Pretoria and became close friends.

One morning, on returning from transacting business with the Chief, I found Stewart in an unusual state of excitement, and asked if anything was wrong. He told me that the post had brought the gazette containing the rewards for the operations under Lord Chelmsford in Zululand, and that his name was not mentioned, though he had been Brigade-Major of Cavalry throughout the campaign. He said he had decided to leave the service, and should send in his papers at once. I begged him not to take any such action till he had at least tried to get what was evidently a mistake put right, pointing out that he was sure

[1] In November 1899 I described this campaign in an article in 'Maga' entitled "The Transvaal Twenty Years Ago."

of a brevet for the Sekukuni campaign, and that if he could get one for the Zulu War, he would thus become a lieutenant-colonel. I asked him who was his best friend in England. He replied, "My wife." Then we concocted a telegram to her, and went with it together to the telegraph office, Stewart protesting that it would be no use. At the office we found that, the charge being something like ten shillings a word, the telegram would cost over ten pounds, and he said he was not going to throw so much money away. I said, "Very well, if you won't send it, I shall send it in my own name." Of course he would not let me do this, and so the telegram was sent by him. In less time than we had expected, the reply arrived, "Brevet granted." He thus became a brevet-major, and not long afterwards received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for the Sekukuni campaign.

When Sir Garnet left the Transvaal for Natal, Herbert Stewart and I drove together in a post-cart the 360 miles from Pretoria to Maritzburg, and on the way came in one night for the worst thunderstorm I ever remember. Our mules would not face it; our driver turned them off the road on to the veldt, and with their and our backs to the driving rain we waited for daylight. When it came, we saw how the lightning had torn up the ground near our cart, as though a Lyddite shell had buried itself and then burst, and we had not driven a quarter of a mile when we came across a whole span of oxen lying dead together. On the outbreak of a storm oxen which have been outspanned to feed generally make for the shelter of the nearest ravine or donga, and hours often pass before they can be found. To prevent this, the driver of this team had yoked his oxen to the pole or disselboom of his waggon. The pole was shod with iron, the yoke-chains were iron; a flash of lightning struck the pole, and killed the whole team.

Herbert Stewart had gone to Durban, to embark for home, when a telegram from India offered me the post of Private Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, in succession to Sir George Colley, who had been appointed to succeed Sir Garnet as Governor of Natal. I consulted Sir Garnet, who urged my accepting the post in my own interests. Herbert Stewart, who was on his way home, and whose kit was actually on board ship at Durban, hastened to Maritzburg to relieve me, and a few days later I sailed in a troopship conveying a battalion from Durban to Bombay.

Colley was still in India when I arrived. Waiting at Bombay to meet him on his way to embark, I was the guest for three days of that remarkable man Sir Richard Temple, then Governor of the Bombay Presidency. He was possessed of boundless physical as well as mental energy, as his staff well knew. On the night of my arrival he told me he should like it if I could meet

him at six o'clock the following morning, in order that he might tell me his views on some of the matters before the Viceroy. After two hours, he suggested adjourning to the following morning at six; and after another long sitting, he told me that on the following morning he should like to give me "an exposition of his views as to the desirability of the retention of Cyprus." This I could well have spared. He had decided to stand for Parliament at the next General Election, and told me that as a Temple he was naturally a follower of Lord Palmerston's policy, that he had carefully studied his career, and was convinced that he would at the present time have been a Conservative. Shortly afterwards Sir Richard resigned his Governorship and as a Conservative entered the House of Commons.

That he did first-rate work during his Indian career there cannot be a shadow of doubt. That he possessed in a remarkable degree the invaluable gift for an administrator of rapidly assimilating and using to good purpose ideas and information derived from others is to be gathered from a story current in India, that he once accompanied a naturalist and botanist to Darjeeling for a week, and on his return wrote the best book ever written on the flora and fauna of the Himalayas. Of course the story is without foundation in fact, but Anglo-Indians have a marvellous gift of seizing a man's—or for the matter of that a woman's—chief characteristic, and stereotyping it in a nickname, a story, or an epigram.

My experience is that a Viceroy's Private Secretary has no spare time, unless meal-times and an hour or two after dinner can be so considered. On my first arrival, telegrams used to be brought to me during dinner. This, I thought, interfered with my digestion and the Viceroy's, as he always asked what they contained. So I tried a little ruse, and giving directions that telegrams arriving during dinner were to be placed on the writing-table in my bedroom, used to slip out immediately after dinner and open them, not troubling the Viceroy with them till the next morning, unless they urgently required reply. Telegrams arriving after dinner were similarly treated. Once when we were retiring for the night, Lord Lytton said that he hoped I was comfortably installed, and linking his arm in mine accompanied me to my room. On my table were two opened telegrams and one unopened. "Now I understand why there are no telegrams in the evening," he said, with his delightful smile. I confessed, and the result was that he used to see the evening telegrams at bedtime, instead of earlier; and we sometimes sat up till the small hours of the morning decyphering telegrams received, and cyphering his replies.

The true story of that time of grave anxiety has been told, so far as it ever can be, by Lady Betty Balfour, in her two memorial works, 'Lord Lytton's

Indian Administration,'[1] and 'Personal and Literary Letters of the Earl of Lytton.' It was impossible to live in intimate relationship with Lord Lytton without learning to love him. Each day, as I saw his gallant bearing in face of undeserved misfortune, the staunch way in which he stood by his colleagues, accepting for himself alone and refusing to let them share the responsibility for any error that had been committed, my admiration for him grew and my affection deepened. And in my spare time I found him the most delightful companion I have ever known. His sense of humour was inexhaustible; he was full of anecdotes. His poetic mind shed a new light on commonplace things. One evening we had been amusing ourselves in playing "Buried Cities." As we bade "Good-night" I said "Constantinople would be a difficult word to bury." Next morning he sent me round the following verse, which I am kindly allowed to publish—

"In grief still constant, I no pleasure know
That is not grave-born like a churchyard flower.
Lone are my days as broken stairs that go,
Leading to nothing, round a ruined tower."

His resignation of the Viceroyalty was sent in together with that of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet, and in July, as soon as the rains had set in, we sailed for England. My tenure of office under him had been short, but it had been in a very exceptional time, and it had drawn me closely to him. I accompanied him to Knebworth, where I stayed a month, doing what little I could to help him with his private affairs. Professionally or pecuniarily I had gained nothing by my short time of service under him, but I had gained a most valuable experience, and that which was better than money or advancement, the priceless boon of his friendship.

The last time I saw him was when I had been appointed Military Member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, and before starting, went over to Paris to spend my last Sunday with him and his family at the Embassy. He was even then full of fun and anecdote, but when he was saying good-bye to me there was a note of sadness in his farewell. He gave me his photograph, beneath which he wrote—

"God speed!—Your affectionate old friend,

"LYTTON.

"PARIS, 22*d March* 1891."

In the following November I was lying with a broken arm at Fort Sandeman (Apozai), a remote outpost on the North-West Frontier, when the news reached me of his death, and I knew that I had lost that best of all this world's possessions, a true and staunch friend.

[1] I reviewed this book in 'Maga' of December 1899.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE BLUIDY MACKENZIE."

Mr Lang has done well to write from the modern historical standpoint the life of one whom he describes as "a thoroughly modern man, one of ourselves, set in society and political environment unlike ours, and perverted by his surroundings."[1] The penalty for discordance with contemporary fashions is complete and persistent misunderstanding for, at any rate, a century or two. Historians are prone to classify under broad heads, and any subtlety of temper escapes their notice. Popular opinion looks only at deeds, and the suspicion of recondite motives serves only to add duplicity to the other counts of condemnation. Accordingly Mackenzie has remained for posterity "the bluidy advocate," and this "modern man" has taken his place in the vision of 'Wandering Willie's Tale' with "the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale, and Dalziel with his bald head and a beard to his girdle, and Earlshall with Cameron's blude on his hand, and wild Bonshaw that tied blessed Mr Cargill's limbs till the blude sprang, and Dunbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king." But Sir George was neither fierce, nor cruel, nor dissolute, nor specially crafty; nor was he ever a traitor; nor had he one single point in common with moss-trooping ruffians like Lag and Bonshaw. Yet "that noble wit of Scotland," as Dryden called him, has for two hundred years enjoyed the most gory of names, his tomb in Greyfriars churchyard has been the target of the street boys of Edinburgh, and he has secured the kind of popular hatred which in England has deservedly followed Jeffreys and Scroggs. Indeed, since the man of the robe is more disliked than the man of war, he has been odious beyond the average of the "Persecutors." For much of this, no doubt, he has himself to thank; but it is the duty of serious history to revise popular reputations, and the work in the case of Mackenzie is overdue. "The impartial critic," says Mr Lang in a different connection, "can hardly touch Scottish history without evoking the outcries of blistered patriots." Happily in this case the patriot need not suffer, for a moderate defence of Mackenzie does not involve any new upsetting of Covenanting sanctities. The main plea is rather in extenuation than in defence. Mr Lang has done his work with great thoroughness and with marked fairness of temper. He has been meticulous in his examination of evidence, and scrupulously logical in his deductions. The reader will find no special pleading, and little in the way of historical generalising, save the sound doctrine that the despotisms of the Stuarts

[1] Sir George Mackenzie: His Life and Times. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

and of the Covenant were both bad things, and had to be destroyed before the land could win peace. Mr Lang has had one aim, and one aim only, to get at the facts about a very difficult character. The result is a complete portrait of Mackenzie, a criticism based upon a true understanding. Many tangled pieces of history are "redd-up," and much new light is cast upon controverted matters. We are bound to add that while the book is a conspicuous example of the author's value as an inquirer, it is also conspicuously full of the faults of construction which mar his historical work. Evidence is tumbled out precisely as Mr Lang disinterred it, and while the data are given the reader has generally to construct the case for himself. For example, the chapter on Argyll's downfall is a new and valuable contribution to our knowledge, but we defy any one to make head or tail of the argument at a first reading.

In the fierce times of civil and religious strife the moderate man has a hard part to play. The world's sympathy goes out to the rash inconsiderate fiery voluntary, rather than to the men who see both sides of the case, are enthusiasts for neither, and choose their party with a sad resignation. A Falkland can never have the popularity of a Cromwell or a Rupert. For the soldier the task is easier, for he is under orders once the die is cast, and therefore a Montrose and a Claverhouse become definitely partisans who fight wholeheartedly for their cause. But a lawyer who first swithers and then takes sides, appears still as the ambitious independent man, and if he is earnest in the cause he has chosen he will get no credit for scruples from any opponent. It is useless to argue that a lawyer's loyalty to his official superiors may be as sincere as that of a soldier; the world has long ago made up its mind to distrust the long robe. This has been Mackenzie's case. He had certain convictions, broad-minded and humane; he was also ambitious in his profession, a loyal servant of the king, and a good fighter. His career was not in accord with his published convictions; therefore, says the world, like so many others he kept his principles in one pocket and his ambitions in another. It is a fair judgment, but one must add the rider that in those ambitions there were certain other principles, the principles of a lawyer faithful to the law which he had to interpret. The conflict is therefore rather between the humanist and the legalist than between God and mammon.

At the Restoration a Moderate Episcopacy was established in Scotland as a measure of policy by the advice of the majority of the Scottish Council in London, and apparently without any great desire on the part of the king. It was a fatal blunder, but the situation was difficult enough. Presbyterianism had become committed to the Covenant and to a doctrine of the "Crown honours of Christ," which made civilised government impossible. The preachers

claimed to act only on God's commands, of which each individual was the sole judge. They demanded that the decrees of the kirk should override the laws of the land; and the more extreme among them preached the Knoxian doctrine of the divine "call to execute judgment upon idolaters." They advocated a crusade against Episcopacy and its extirpation in England. It may well have seemed to Charles and his advisers that the restoration of Presbytery with its political propaganda would lead at once to anarchy and presently to civil war. They therefore as a police measure tried a modified Episcopal system which would give them direct authority over the ecclesiastical leaders. It is easy now to see that the thing was a hopeless blunder, an unwarrantable interference with individual rights; but it is not so easy to see what other plan would have succeeded. Probably the best would have been to restore Presbyterianism and punish soundly all ministers who strayed into treasonable paths. It would have meant some harassed years, but the good sense of the people might have come to their aid. There were many quiet folk who resented the secular interference of the extremists. The Covenanter Baillie had a scheme for sending all the Remonstrant preachers to the Orkneys. Mr Robert Law, who was "outed" in 1662, sighed for the Cromwellian days, when there was no General Assembly. "From the year 1652 to 1660," he writes in his 'Memorials,' "there was great good done by the preaching of the Gospel in the West of Scotland, more than was observed to have been for twenty or thirty years before; a great many brought in to Christ Jesus by a saving work of conversion, which was occasioned by ministers preaching nothing through all that time but the Gospel, and had left off to preach up parliaments, armies, leagues, resolutions, and remonstrances." There must have been many Mr Laws, and the future was with them had the Government but realised it. Instead, they suffered in the general policy of curbing dangerous fanatics by making fanatics out of men naturally law-abiding and well-disposed. The government of Scotland fell into the hands of hungry nobles, eager for fines and penalties to pay their debts with, and as turbulent and profligate as they were stupid. A difficult situation was speedily turned into an impossible one.

Mackenzie first comes upon the scene as a cultivated and ardent Liberal. He was sprung from the old house of Kintail, and his mother was a minister's daughter. After an education at Aberdeen and St Andrews, and a short stay at the University of Bourges, he was admitted to the Scottish Bar. The following year he published his novel, 'Aretina,' a youthful exercise in the Scudéry manner. Next year he was engaged for the defence in a great case for an advocate of two years' standing—the trial of Argyll for high treason. Mackenzie

argued, with reference to his client's dealings with Cromwell, that his compliance was merely passive, and therefore not punishable. Unfortunately the sensational production, when the speeches were over, of a number of letters to Monk convinced Parliament that Argyll's offence was complicity rather than compliance, and the verdict was for death. Mackenzie, as we know from his own account, was much in sympathy with his client, and to him we owe the record of a gallant saying. His toleration is prominent, next, in his attitude towards witches, many of whom, as Justice-Depute, he had the business of trying. He exerted his influence on behalf of these wretched women, and did his best to have some of the villainous witch-finders punished. His position enabled him to squash many cases and to impose easy penalties in others. He did not reject the possibility of witchcraft altogether, though he was always inclined to be suspicious of the supernatural. But his humanity was outraged by the methods of extorting evidence, and his lawyer's mind condemned most of the proofs as flimsy. Such an attitude was not popular in his day, least of all among the ministers; and later Mr Donald Cargill made this protection of sorcery one of the grounds for excommunicating the King's Advocate.

In 1663, when he was twenty-five years of age, he published his most interesting book, 'The Religious Stoic.' It contains the philosophy which inspired his life. The gist of it is, that the practice of piety is much more vital in religion than this or that confession of faith. Sects dispute only over things immaterial, and absolute certainty on these matters is for ever denied to mankind. But since the human mind needs some code, the wise man will accept any reasonable creed which has been given the sanction of the law of his country. "In all articles not absolutely necessary for being saved, I make the laws of my country my creed," says this admirable Erastian. There is much in the style of the treatise to suggest Mr Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' The most famous sentences in it are those in which he condemns persecution for heresy as unjust—"God leaving us upon our own hazard, a freedom in our choice" — and impolitic, since "it fares with heretics as with tops, which, so long as they are scourged, keep foot and run pleasantly, but fall as soon as they are neglected and left to themselves." This does not mean, however, as Mr Lang well points out, that persecution of heretics is not justifiable if their heresy becomes a danger to the public peace. "I confess," Mackenzie writes, "when men not only recede from the canonised creed of the Church, *but likewise encroach upon the laws of the State*, then, as of all others they are the most dangerous, so of all others they should be most severely punished." On this point, at

any rate, he was always consistent. Towards the end of his life he said a good word for the Quakers, against whom every man's hand was turned. He would always defend the Quietist, but not the militant Presbyterian.

About this time his liberalism was stronger than his legalism. He is said to have disapproved of the liturgy, he certainly disapproved strongly of the "outing" of ministers in 1662-63; he dedicated with words of high commendation one of his moral essays to that Earl of Crawford who resigned office rather than take the anti-Presbyterian oath; and, though the date is uncertain, he seems to praise that extremest of fanatics, Johnstone of Waristoun. Some Presbyterian influence was at work in him, but it is difficult to know its source or duration, for his 'Memoirs' seem to have been extensively revised at different dates. When he came into Parliament in 1669 we find him a pillar of the anti-Lauderdale Opposition. He regarded the Lords of the Articles as "a grievance with us," though later he came to think them one of the pillars of Prerogative. He fought the cause of the free burghs and opposed the practice of forfeiting rebels who did not appear when summoned to trial. In general he seems to have stood out against the Government of Scotland by a selfish oligarchy of nobles, who were now anti-Covenant as they had once been Covenanters, but were always anti-popular. Montrose saw in the king the bulwark of a true democracy; even so Mackenzie, as the defender of monarchic rights, was likened by Sir George Lockhart to "a John of Leyden, a Masaniello, an enraged Venner the cooper and his Fifth-monarchy men."

But the war was not to be waged over civil rights but over the endless differences in religion. The Indulgence of 1669 was a clever attempt to split the Presbyterian opposition, but it only filled the pulpits, in Leighton's words, with "owls and satyrs," and drove serious people to conventicles. Then came the Act of Supremacy, by which Lauderdale scotched the nascent ultramontane longings of the bishops. Lauderdale, with all his faults, was impartial in his favours to the clergy of every denomination. From these events dates the Persecution, properly so called. The Western Lowlands began to prepare for a systematic disobedience to the law, and the Government girded its loins for systematic repression. The Covenanting tradition needs no defence of ours. In its purer form it inspired hundreds of simple men and women to suffer and die for a spiritual cause. Its followers may have been guilty oftentimes of lawlessness and folly, but they opposed a deeper lawlessness and a more dangerous error. At the same time, it is only fair to realise that the Government were hard bested. Their initial blunder in church policy at the Restoration had committed them to a course from which there seemed to be no retreat. Moreover, they saw in the anarchy of the Westlands

something very like a political conspiracy. They knew that the preachers were inspired by plotters in Holland like Mac-Ward, and had conspired in 1666, during the Dutch war, to seize the chief Scottish castles. In 1669, James Stewart, an eminent sectary, who, by a turn of fortune, became later Lord Advocate, had published his 'Jus Populi Vindicatum,' in which he seemed to advocate the public hanging of all who were not extreme Presbyterians. It may well have occurred to these perplexed politicians that the Covenant was uncommonly like the Society of Jesus. Mackenzie himself, according to Evelyn, attributed the origin of Presbytery to a Jesuit, who introduced extempore praying into Scotland "about the 20 of Queen Eliz." It is a familiar habit to find Jesuits in all matters obscure and peculiar. Wodrow discovered them among the Quakers and Disraeli among the blameless U.P.'s.

Presently Mackenzie fell out with his party. They believed quite unjustly that he had betrayed them to Lauderdale, a belief which that wily diplomatist carefully fostered. He quarrelled with Hamilton on patriotic grounds for attacking Lauderdale by means of the English parliament. Moreover, he had come round to the view that at all costs anarchy must be suppressed, and that Lauderdale was the man to do it. By 1676 he is on good terms with his old enemy, and is made advocate-depute to Sir John Nisbet. The following year he became King's Advocate and entered on the thankless task of a law reformer. In his 'Vindication' he prides himself on the changes in procedure which he introduced for the benefit of the defendant in criminal cases; and he is at some pains to justify the doctrine that an advocate's first duty is to his client, and that the King's Advocate has no business to throw up a case on private scruples. We shall consider this defence later, but, whatever its value, Mackenzie had need of some justification for the events which were to follow. Lauderdale had once been a Covenanter, and he took a very serious view of the huge conventicles of armed men which assembled in the West. There were only 1500 regular troops in Scotland at the time, and very little aid could be got from the militia and the gentry, who "were much inclined to the same opinions." He was probably right in this view, but the methods he adopted to meet the danger were certainly wrong. He called on Atholl, Strathmore, Mar, and others to muster their clansmen and quarter their forces in the Whiggish districts. Such was the origin of the famous "Highland Host," which is the blackest stain on Lauderdale's administration. "You spend one half of the day," Mackenzie wrote to his patron, "in studying what is just, and the other half in practising what is so;" in which case Lauderdale was singularly unsuccessful both in his studies and his practice. We agree with Mr Lang that the Government were in hopeless difficulties, but these difficulties were of

their own making. They arose from "the nefarious pettifogging imposition of Episcopacy on the country, without an effort to try the experiment of restoring Presbytery." We agree, also, with Mr Lang that the best way out would probably have been the union of England and Scotland, with a common Parliament, which Charles proposed in 1669; for the Royal Prerogative in Scotland would have been swept away, and English members would have had a salutary influence on Scottish legislation. But even in 1678 something might have been done to split up the opposition and isolate the extremists. Already the Cargillists and the Cameronians were drawing apart from the mass of ordinary Presbyterians and becoming a "Remnant."

Passing over the delectable tale of Mr William Veitch, the most adventurous of ministers, which Mr Lang tells admirably, we soon find Mackenzie with his hand full of disorders. The Covenanters, not unnaturally, took to reprisals. On May 3, 1679, Archbishop Sharp was murdered on Magus Moor. Less than a month later Claverhouse was routed at Drumclog, and the Covenanters occupied Glasgow. Mackenzie was summoned to England to defend the legality of Lauderdale's acts in reply to the complaints of Hamilton and some of the other lords. He seems to have been wholly successful, and proved that in Scotland the king had a prerogative "derived from God only," and could interfere as he pleased with the liberties and comforts of his subjects. Bothwell Brig meant a rich crop of persecutions, since the royal indemnity did not cover "heritors and ministers who were in the rebellion." The western shires became "a hunting-ground for the hounds of the Council, greedy after forfeitures and fines." Any dealings with a rebel involved a man in his guilt, and no laird or burgher who had a friend or kinsman in the heather felt his head safe on his shoulders. Many of the martyrs died in a kind of ecstasy of stubbornness, refusing to save their lives by repeating so innocent a phrase as "God bless the King," though on their own showing Charles stood much in need of blessing. Mr Law saw nothing to admire in such mistaken heroism. Some in their ignorance, he says, count it Christian fortitude; but "it is not the suffering but the cause that makes the martyr." Conventicles, which the early leaders of the Covenant reprobated, were rife in Galloway and Ayrshire. Wild declarations were issued in which a theocracy was frankly proclaimed,—a theocracy which should devote special attention to extirpating popery and prelacy and punishing witches. The king and his ministers were excommunicated, and, in the eyes of the extremists, put outside the pale of the law. This was very like a direct incitement to assassination, and so the Government interpreted it. There is no possible defence for the barbarities which followed, but the preachers had done much

to bring them on themselves. On their head as well as on the Court's lies the guilt of innocent blood. Mackenzie, as the King's Advocate, was marked out by the fanatics for special hatred. Donald Cargill delivered him up to Satan "for his apostacy in turning into a profligacy of conversation after he had begun a profession of holiness, and for his constant pleading against, and persecuting to death, the people of God." It is not clear what Mr Cargill meant. Mackenzie was never, even in the Platonic sense, one of the "people of God" according to the Covenanting definition, though his devoutness was unquestionable; and as for profligacy of conversation, his bitterest rivals in Edinburgh have left us no hint of it. Cargill prophesied, too, that the advocate would die in agony, "all the passages of his body running blood."

The strange case of Argyll gives us a momentary respite from the tale of judicial murders. Argyll was in many ways a better man than his father, but he lacked his astute brain. He was a friend of Lauderdale, and had no sort of leanings to the Covenant, being, indeed, the man who gave the casting vote in favour of Cargill's death. He succeeded to a heavily-burdened estate, and about 1681 was deeply in debt. He had a claim on the Macleans, and spent a large part of his time in a private war with that loyal clan. By a decision of his own courts, backed with Lauderdale's influence and his own feudal power, he had wrested Mull and Morven from them. Suddenly the Duke of York appeared as the protector of the much harassed Macleans. He may have thought Argyll too powerful for a subject, or feared him as an enemy to the Catholic interest. In any case, he was inspired by some of Argyll's creditors, like Erroll and the Seaforth Mackenzie, and by friends of the Macleans, like Gordon of Haddo. Parliament fell upon the unfortunate nobleman, and the charge was that he had taken the Test with a treasonable reservation. The pretext was ridiculous, but the courts found that Argyll's words "inferred treason," and he took the precaution of fleeing into England. The whole affair was a gross job, though Argyll's clumsiness gave a handle to his enemies. Mackenzie tells us that he scrupled to prosecute, as well he might.

Lauderdale was dying, and the King's Advocate felt that his position was becoming risky. He had many professional rivals, and had roused deep antipathies during the past few years. Moreover, his refinement and scholarship was so alien to the crew who then misgoverned Scotland, that he could scarcely look for popularity. He was busied with repression in the West, and with the backwash of the "Fanatic" and "Rye House" Plots which made itself felt in Scotland. The unfortunate Presbyterian gentry had suffered so much from the fines and penalties con-

sequent on being held responsible for the misdeeds of their tenants, that a serious scheme was promoted of a settlement in the Carolinas. It is odd, by the way, to find the names of Tweedside lairds in the project, for the Covenant had few followers on the Border. Drummond of Lundin, who afterwards became Lord Melfort, now comes on the scene as zealous in the acquisition of forfeited estates. In this matter Mackenzie seems to have been highly scrupulous. Except for £1500 which he got out of a fine on Scott of Harden, there is no record that he had any share of the ill-omened plunder.

The end of the quarter of a century of Scottish misgovernment was fast approaching. Melfort continued his career of rapacity till the stoutest stomachs could bear it no longer. Claverhouse protested that the injustice was becoming too flagrant. "I declare it a thing not to be desired that I should be forfeited and hanged if my tenant's wife, twenty miles from me, give meat or shelter to a fugitive." These must have been bad days for the King's Advocate, whom Melfort hated, and who was torn between his private scruples and his duty of obedience. Apathy was creeping over the bulk of the population even in the West, but in the extremists the fires of revolt burned higher. Renwick, the "last of the martyrs," issued in the autumn of 1684 his famous "Apologetical Declaration," and the Government replied with the Oath of Abjuration. Any soldier holding the command of the Council was empowered to put this oath to suspected persons; and if they refused to abjure, whether in possession of arms or not, to put them instantly to death, "in the presence of two witnesses." It was in very truth martial law gone mad, and the last word in anarchy. But it was not on this rock that Mackenzie shipwrecked; for in his eyes, however deplorable, the measure was legal. But in February 1685 Charles died, and James succeeded, and at once made efforts for the relaxation of the penal laws against Catholics. He found willing instruments in Melfort and Perth, *par nobile fratrum;* but Mackenzie resolutely stood out. Though he had argued that the Royal Prerogative in Scotland was absolute, he was not consistent, and could not stomach this over-riding of long-established statute law. In May 1686 he was dismissed from his post, his successor being, of all people, the Whig Sir James Dalrymple, who, in Mr Lang's words, must have owned a very tough professional conscience. Next year we find him defending twenty-three persons on the charge of "resetting" rebels, while Dalrymple prosecuted. Then came the royal proclamation abolishing penal laws against nonconformists; and early in 1688, on Dalrymple becoming Lord Justice-Clerk, Mackenzie was reappointed to his old office. He did not hold it long. The

Revolution came, and the trimmers found a new faith. The Whigs had the upper hand, and Dalrymple turned his twice-turned coat. At last to Mackenzie, as to Claverhouse, had come the chance of single-hearted action, of an undivided conscience. In the Convention alone with Boyne, Ogilvie, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, he voted against the fall of the House of Stuart. He was at least true to his salt.

Like Bishop Berkeley and others since, he sought retreat at Oxford. The few years left to him were happily spent among books and congenial friends. Instead of wrangling with Lockhart over the lives of Westland Whigs, he would devote himself to those historical and moral inquiries which were the real interest of his life. "One loves to think of Mackenzie," says Mr Lang, "in a nook of the Bodleian, by a window where the sun shines fair on Exeter Gardens; or in that ancient library of Merton, with the green Christ Church meadows beneath; or tramping with a friend along the Broad Walk, shadowed by the elms that then were young; or musing on what his life might have been beside the still grey waters of the Cherwell." He had many friends, for Englishmen were greatly attracted to him, probably because he was so unlike any other type of Scot. Anthony Wood held that Scotsmen were cold to learning, and cared only for themselves, but made three exceptions in Mr Urry of Christ Church, Montrose, and "that famous Scot, Sir George Mackenzie." He died in 1691, during a visit to London, of a vomiting of blood, whereby was fulfilled, to Covenanting minds, the word spoken by the prophet Cargill.

It is idle to seek for a pocket summary of the Advocate, but if we must have a generality, Mr Lang's is the best—he was essentially a "modern man." Take him apart from his legal side, and he is as enlightened as Burke or Canning. He loved learning with a sacred passion, and in the dark days of the Persecution founded, to the eternal benefit of his country, the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. He was not a great writer, but alone, save for Leighton, he kept Scottish letters alive during his day. His range extended from fiction to criminal law, from poetry and moral essays to a history of his own times. Considering how ill a place Restoration Edinburgh must have been for the cultivation of the Muses, we cannot but admire his devotion. We know that his conversation must have been worth hearing from the evidence of Dryden and John Evelyn. In politics, leaving aside the lawyer's question of Prerogative, he was as liberal as Montrose, and a great deal more liberal than his Whig opponents for the next half century. In one of his last essays he appears as an opponent of militarism, an ascetic who objected to the arts, and thought that the only luxuries should be Contemplation, Virtue, and Religion, a socialist who is all for the distribution of surplus wealth.

"I am so far from thinking that luxury is useful because it maintains so many poor artizans, that I think there would be no poor but for luxury and avarice, for all would have somewhat, and none would have too much. . . . A present innovation would starve some; yet it would not starve so many as might be easily maintained upon what the luxurious and avaricious possess beyond a due measure."

He implores gentlemen to consider their poor tenants who "are screwed up to some degrees that look too like oppression." His private life was beyond cavil, and his devoutness was so remarked that even Mr Cargill got wind of it.

These are not the traits of the ordinary persecutor. And yet this man, so tender to the cause of the poor, was foremost in depriving many of his humble countrymen of their liberty and their lives. This gentleman, so nice in his sense of honour, was the associate of Rothes, and Melfort, and Perth, to whom honour was a matter for coarse laughter. This statesman, so advanced an advocate of democracy, was the pillar for twenty years of a barbarous and antiquated absolutism.

What is the explanation? Had Mackenzie, as Jerviswoode is said to have remarked at his trial, one conscience for himself and another for the Council? Roughly, this seems to have been the case. The Advocate was by profession a lawyer, and by an evil chance he had to administer the most savage and reactionary body of law in the three kingdoms. He had a very clear rational mind, and out of the inconsistencies of old Scottish practice constructed a doctrine of the Prerogative which was logically complete and probably historically correct. Prerogative is a good doctrine for lawyers, for it provides a direct sanction, and a simple machinery of change. Having accepted his path of duty, he walked steadfastly in it. It was his business to be a legalist and to construe what a higher authority had enacted. He was eager enough for the reform of procedure, but it never seems to have occurred to him that the principles themselves stood in need of revision. Hence he considered that it was not his business to inquire as to the right or wrong of a prosecution; it was his duty to speak from his brief, to make the worse appear the better reason if the court could be induced to accept it. Conscience had nothing to do with the question. As he wrote in his great book on criminal law: "Albeit when the pursuer is a private person, he is obliged to swear the libel, yet where the King's Advocate pursues, he is not obliged to swear the Verity of the Dittay, because he pursues only *ratione officii.*"

There is sound sense in this argument, provided it is not pressed too far. As a defence of this or that action it is well enough; and without such an understanding no honest man would be a lawyer. But a case does not end with the verdict, and a law is not an abstract dogma: decisions and statutes have a direct effect upon the wellbeing of a man's fellows. The real question is: Why did Mackenzie, who knew good government from bad better

than most people, consent to be art and part of a gang of muddlers and rascals in wrecking the king's peace in Scotland? We know that he had scruples about many things, and we cannot believe that his intelligence assented to the policy of Melfort! Why, then, did he remain a colleague? The mere sweets of office were nothing to him, and he did not hold the doctrine that whatever is, is right. He maintained, in opposition to the Covenanters, that no man had a "divine call" to teach the law; but he also said that if a man was convinced that the laws of the land were contrary to the laws of God, it was his duty to leave the country. We know that in 1689 he acted on this belief, and we naturally ask why Oxford did not welcome him at least ten years earlier.

There is no answer, and therein lies the tragedy of Mackenzie's life. By temperament he was the essential conformist.

> "I have travelled," he wrote as a young man, "no further in theology than a Sabbath day's journey, and therefore it were arrogance in me to offer a map of it to the credulous world. But if I were worthy to be consulted in these spiritual securities, I should advise every private Christian rather to stay still in the barge of the Church, with the other disciples, than by an ill-bridled zeal to hazard drowning along with Peter, by offering to walk upon the unstable surface of his own fleeting and water-weak fancies, though with a pious resolution to meet our Saviour."

That is finely said, but the temper has its limitations, more especially in a lawyer. It dulls the conscience, and shuts a large part of life out of its dominion. It makes a man tolerate abuses because the *rôle* of any kind of rebel is against the grain. Mackenzie, to his eternal credit, rebelled in the end: had he rebelled earlier he would have borne a better reputation. "His professional and political career was to Mackenzie, *drama*, art, a thing with its own rules and conventions; his *life* was to him a thing apart, and from these twain which he would have kept asunder was born his tragedy, mournful and inscrutable, true and incredible." So runs Mr Lang's just summary. His error was the error of Bacon, another lawyer and humanist in one. He respected the principles of order and discipline and tradition at the expense of greater verities. Readers of Victor Hugo will remark the wonderful character of Javert in 'Les Misérables,' the police officer whose idealism was the law, and who could not survive the shattering of his idol. Legalism—the loyalty to a trust and to clear reason—is rightly regarded as a saving grace in narrow souls. It illumined the pedantry of Javert and the brutality of Lord Braxfield. But in the finer spirits it is a vice, for it involves a lower standard of conduct than their natures are capable of. In Mackenzie's case the scrupulousness which he showed so amply in his private life was purposely left out of his public career. Montrose could not have sat as he did with Lauderdale and Melfort, and this fact is the measure of the difference between the great and the less great.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.—II.

No sooner was Sir Thomas Overbury safely locked up in the Tower, no sooner was the inflexible Sir Thomas Waad replaced by the greedy, complaisant Sir Gervase Helwes, than the hapless man's enemies began to devise their dark and dismal plot for his destruction. Once more Mrs Turner, "the lay-mistress of the poisons," was summoned to weave her spells. Though Forman, her ancient ally and gossip, was dead, she found in Thomas Franklin of Tower Hill an instrument yet readier to her hand. Now, Franklin was sinister alike in fame and face. He looked ill-favouredly as though he could raise a devil. Withal he was not without a certain vanity. He took a pride in his ruddy beard, and he grew a wanton curl, which fell upon his back, and which he called his "elf-lock." It was the only elfish thing about him. For the rest he was a ruthless sorcerer, so well skilled in the compounding of powders that he could hasten or protract the death of his victim as he would. To a contemporary he "appeared to have been a professed atheist, drenched with disease both bones and marrow, and to have poisoned his own wife." And this was "the groom who had access to the Countess's bed-chamber at all hours, though she was in bed." Such were the plotters. The plot was worthy of them. Mrs Turner and Franklin procured the drugs, Weston, the suborned jailer, administered them, and the Countess eagerly paid the bill. Many were the poisons they employed, and at first without effect—roscetre, arsenic, and mercury sublimate. These failing, the Countess bade Franklin purchase some powder of diamonds, and gave him four angels to that end, which, said he, to him proved to be four devils. Sometimes the poison was concealed in tarts, sometimes in jellies, sent to the captive by sympathetic friends without. As the days passed, the conspirators grew in courage and recklessness. "I was bid to tell you," wrote Lady Essex to Helwes, "that in the tarts and jellies there are *letters*, but in the wine none. And of that you may take yourself, and give your wife and children; but of the other not. Give him these tarts and jelly this night, and all shall be well." It seems that *letters* signified poison, and so thin was the word of disguise that it was scarcely worth using. To Lady Essex, Lord Northampton, and other sharers in the plot, Overbury was known as "the scab," and openly discussed. "This scab," said Sir Gervase, "is like the fox, who the more he is cursed the better he fareth;" and so well did Sir Thomas fare that for awhile his strength baffled all the evil designs of his enemies. Either he was proof against poison, or the *aurum potabile* which he took as an antidote saved him from death. At anyrate, he lingered on alive in his prison, until Weston was roundly told that

he would get no more pay until Overbury was dead. "I have already given him as many poisons," he retorted, "as would poison twelve men."

While the wizard and sorceress were doing their utmost to compass his ruin, Overbury was not idle in the Tower. There he sate in his chamber and wrote letters to his family, and to those whom he vainly thought were his friends. Silence would have profited him better, and he was not without warning. "As you love me, burn this," wrote his brother-in-law Lydcote, "and forbear writing all you can, for it never was so dangerous." Alas! he could not forbear. Condemned to inaction, stripped of companions, he found his only solace in writing, and his indiscretion will appear the less if we remember that he knew not what was being contrived against him, nor that his former friends were most eagerly bent upon his death. A bundle of his letters, still preserved, marks the sad progress of his tragedy. There is not a line of them all that is not written in agony and distress. As you read them you seem to be looking over the dying man's shoulder, as his shaking hand pens the bitter words. "Good my Lord," he says in one place, "excuse my blotting by reason of my weakness at this time." It is the last expression of pathos, and hard, indeed, must have been the hearts of those who read, and who, having read, left a gallant gentleman to die, whose worst faults were pride and indiscretion.

At the outset he enjoins cunning and secrecy upon his friends, and shows something of his ancient spirit in devising nicknames for those whose aid he entreats. "Look well to your seals and mine," he writes, "and mark them well. My letter yesterday was sealed with soft wax ill-favouredly three seals; this is sealed with hard wax and my little seal. Never write but upon some hope coming, then darkly and shortly. Call Rochester hereafter Similis, because he is like Henry VIII.; call the King Julius. Remember these two changes. Call Pembroke Niger." With the eloquence of despair he implores that he may be sent into the country to save his life, "for," he tells Rochester, "'tis not the close air but the apprehension of the place that hurts me." Again and again he lifts up his voice to the same purport. "If you leave me here," he writes to Rochester, "I shall never see you more, and that I fear my enemies understand well enough, and hope so to come by my office, but do not you be accessory to my death, though you could not conceive my body should have overlived thus much." Then he promises that if ever he be restored he will never engage in faction again, and still believing Rochester his ally, prays him to use his influence with the king. "Thursday is a month close prisoner!" he exclaims. "Since the reason he keeps me close so long is to try all ways upon you alone, whether he can work your consent to a separation, for after the doors are

open, then he thinks we will mingle thoughts again. . . . Therefore lose no hour to declare your resolution that God forsake you if ever you forsake me for any hope or fear. . . . For me I shall be reformed according to his instructions, never to transgress, which he cannot but accept." And if all this fail, he adjures Rochester, feigning illness, not to recover till he be out, and to be so dangerously sick that he much desires to speak with him before he dies, or to fall in talk about him at Windsor, that the king may know his suffering and his loyalty. Every line that he writes proves his complete ignorance of what was done outside the walls of the Tower. He was punished, he thought, for the jealousy of the king, who brooked not, it should be said, that he ruled Rochester and Rochester the king, or for the malice of those who were angry that he should have made a stranger so great an actor in the State. Thus, emboldened by his faith in a dead friendship, he demands not merely enlargement but a warranty that he shall not go abroad. If the king would have him go over seas for two or three months, the answer to that is, "that nothing helps the spleen so much as our native air, and foreign, though better, hurts it." This, then, is the constant burden of his prayer: obtain the king's forgiveness, let him know "the intent of my letter both before and now, which was to desire his pardon that my heart was far from offending him." And to all his plaints and prayers he receives no answer but deceits, no hope but promises made to be broken.

And then the agony of increasing sickness drives him to despair. He is consumed with fever; he can endure no clothes on him; his thirst is unquenchable. He feels that his end approaches, and demands that he may have leave to go to his own chamber after nine o'clock this very night, in the Lieutenant's carriage, unknown and unseen. Then by neglect the first of many threats is wrung from him: "This is my last request to you, which if you will deny me you will tempt me far." Still not a word of help; still either contemptuous silence or a subtle treachery. One more attempt he makes to move Rochester's pity and to invoke their ancient friendship. "My fever grows so upon me anew," he exclaims, "that by God if you leave me here a week longer, I think I shall never see you more, for the fever will never leave me while I am here." Full well did Rochester know that he would never see him again. He was deaf to threat and entreaty alike. Why should he fear the enmity of one whose words he confidently believed would never reach the eye or ear of king or friend?

The fever which destroyed his body broke his pride, and in this tragedy of blood and tears there is no episode so grimly tragical as the proud man's surrender of his arrogance. He who had stooped to no man now fell upon his knees in abject supplication to Lord Suffolk, who had promised his mediation with the

king. "If it would please your Lordship," he writes, "to add again your Lordship's hand, to perfect this work so successfully begun, and to be a means first for my present liberty and after for the recovery of his Majesty's favour, I protest before the living God I will ever hereafter be as faithful to you as your Lordship's own heart, and when I digress from this protestation let this letter be a testimony to convince me of dishonesty to all the world." The very thought of Suffolk's intercession cheered his mind. For a while his letters assume a tone of sanguine humility which is doubly sad—sad because it implies a wavering spirit, sad also because it was unrequited. In his buoyancy he promises Suffolk the friendship of Rochester, which he declares he will continue firm and inviolable. With all the eagerness of reviving hope he implores Suffolk to hasten the hour of his freedom for his health's sake. He complains that the piercing air and solitariness of the Tower will not suffer his strength to grow, and he looks forward with impatience to the moment when he shall speak with his lordship in any private place he may appoint. He concludes his letter with such words as he could have written to none before his captivity. "This request I was bold," he says, "to impart to your Lordship, knowing that your noble nature would have some care of a weak man added to that of a prisoner. So with all taking leave I rest yours faithfully till death." His fidelity was not long tried. Even as he wrote the words the hand of death was upon him.

There was one further step in humility which he was destined to take. It still remained for him to ask the pardon of Lady Essex, the woman who was sending him by the path of torture to the grave, and he asked it in a letter addressed to her kinsman and accomplice, Lord Northampton. Truly his adversaries were determined that he should taste the bitterness of shame as well as of death. "Right Honourable and my very good Lord," thus runs the letter, "I received an advertisement yesterday from your Lordship by Mr Lieutenant that my Lady of Essex had been informed of some speeches of mine wherein I should wrong her in her honour. 'Tis true, my very good Lord, that I have heard from many, yea from my Lord Rochester himself, with what bitterness her Ladyship would often speak of me, and out of the sense of that 'tis possible I may have spoken with less respect of her than was fit, but that ever I touched her in point of her honour, far be it from me. For I protest 'twas never in my words nor in my belief, and this I will profess to all the world. And if either my Lady of Suffolk or the Lady herself shall rest unsatisfied, I will be ready to tender as much to their Ladyships and to say the same which now I write to your Lordship; and for my Lady of Essex, if I might be only freed from her ill-will for time to come, there shall be no man

readier to respect and honour her than myself." In this passage there is a true and bitter irony. Overbury prays to be delivered from the ill-will which in the very moment of his prayer was compassing his death, and promises to honour and respect the implacable woman whose hatred neither pity nor suffering could appease.

Once and once only did his ancient courage revive, his ancient insolence break out again. Stung by the desertion of Rochester, enraged by the complaint that he had addressed him in an irreverent style, he let loose the flood of his fury and overwhelmed the false friend with a torrent of vituperation, which even to-day it is good to contemplate. In words of pitiless logic he reminded Rochester that it was to him he owed his fortune, his understanding, and his reputation. He tells him that he has no more human affection or compassion than the colt in Enfield Chase, and he promises him that he will bring him to a public trial before all the friends he has. He pictures him visiting Lady Essex, frizzling his hair, solicitous about his clothes, while he himself is lying miserably upon the rack. He shows the ruin that has been brought upon him and upon his family—his father and mother languishing, his brother Lydcote overthrown; and then describes the author of it all, who should perish rather than see him perish, as losing not a jot of anything that concerns him. Fiercely he insists that he can no longer conceal the bitterness of his spirit; and boasts, as he is not free to speak his last words to his friends, that he has spent his leisure in writing the story betwixt Rochester and himself from the first hour unto this day—how he found him, how many hazards he ran for him, what secrets passed between them, and how when Rochester had won that woman by the letters which he wrote, he caught him mercilessly in a trap. "So then," he says in the last words that ever he penned, "if you will deal thus wickedly with me, I have provided that, whether I die or live, your name shall never die, nor you leave to be the most odious man alive."[1] That which Overbury prophesied has come to pass, though not by the road the hapless victim intended. The story, as he wrote it, is lost, but the hand of justice has stripped the disguise of friendship from the dishonoured Rochester, and sent him down the ages in the dark colours of shame and treachery.

When Overbury wrote this last letter, he must have known full well that his end was approaching. He grew weaker day by day. He passed his tedious and sorrowful hours with many discontents, suffering and alone. For the last fortnight of his life, says his cousin Rawlins, he was not to be seen as usual at his window. Yet his ardent spirit was not easily extinguished, and the governor records that, receiving a hopeful message from Suffolk, "he could not contain himself for joy." The very obstinacy

[1] This letter is printed in full in Winwood's 'Memorials,' vol. iii. p. 478.

with which he clung to life did but fill his enemies with the greater fury. It was even feared that the king might be persuaded to a premature clemency, and, lest so untoward an accident should interrupt the course of vengeance, on September 14, 1613, Overbury received his *coup-de-grâce*. A poisoned clyster, administered by an apothecary's boy, drove the last breath from the worn-out body, and Lady Essex's purpose was achieved. Sir Gervase Helwes sent the first news of the welcome event to Lord Northampton, as in duty bound, and his lordship's replies are an eloquent proof that, as Bacon said, he was deep in the business. In one letter, meant for publication, he assures Sir Gervase that Rochester, desiring to do the last honour to his deceased friend, would have the body of Sir Thomas Overbury delivered to any friend of his that claims it, and declares that Rochester proclaims the constancy of his affection for the dead, and the intention which he harboured at this time of procuring his liberty when the king was at Tibbald's. So much was written for the public eye. In Sir Gervase's private ear he had another tale to tell. "Worthy Mr Lieutenant," said he, "let me intreat you to call Lydcote and three or four of his friends, if so many come, to view the body. . . . If they have viewed, then bury it by-and-by; for it is time, considering the humours of that damn'd crew, that only desire to move pity and raise scandals. Let no man's influence move you to make stay in any case, and bring me these letters when I next see you. Fail not a jot herein, as you love your friends." Here is no shadow of uncertainty. The Lieutenant did as he was bid; the poor wretch's body was buried with haste in the chapel of the Tower, and then for many months was silence.

The death of Overbury was well timed by the conspirators. Ten days after he had been hurried into his tomb Lady Essex triumphantly procured an annulment of her marriage. That which the sorceries of "sweet Turner" failed to achieve was easily compassed by the sycophancy of bench and bar. Four bishops and three doctors of law were found ready to obey the king and to do the behests of the favourite. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, to their great glory, refused to bow the knee at the bidding of an unjust monarch, and are absolved from complicity in the most cynical act of a cynical age.[1]

[1] The letter which James I. wrote to the Archbishop, who had refused to sacrifice his conscience to the humour of his king, is so intimately characteristic of the time and the man that it is worth quoting. "I will conclude therefore with inverting the argument," wrote James, "that if a judge should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a kind of faith implicit in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in divinity, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of my conscience; and the best thankfulness that you, that are so far my creature, can use towards me, is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken, or wrong informed, and so farewell.

"James R."

No obstacle remained in the path of her who was once Lady Essex. Overbury, whom his enemies had paid him the compliment of believing an insuperable impediment, was removed. Rochester, now raised, as Earl of Somerset, to a rank equalling the adventurous lady's own, was impatient until he might protect her with the ægis of his name and fame. The king, delighted in the pleasure of his favourites, eagerly mistook a squalid intrigue for a pure romance of joyousness and youth, and resolved that the ceremony which united the lovers should be of a noble and ingenious splendour. Never before had the court, well used as it was to brilliant spectacles, witnessed so fine a display. The bride, to emphasise the virginal purity of her mind, was married "in her hair." The king, the queen, and Prince Charles witnessed the union in the chapel of Whitehall Palace. Courtiers and poets vied with one another in heaping flatteries upon the handsome couple. Donne himself did not disdain to compose an epithalamium in the loftiest strain of adulation. "Blest pair of swans," he wrote—

"Blest pair of swans, O may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing:
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wisdom grow so stale
That new great heights to try,
It must serve your ambition to die."

The unconscious irony of this poem gives it an interest, unconnected with the ingenuity of its images and the elegance of its expression. Nor is it necessary to bring charges of insincerity against Donne. He wrote in complete ignorance of Overbury's murder, an ignorance which he shared with the vast majority of his countrymen, and he exercised his gracious art for those whom he believed a beautiful woman and a brave courtier. And he was not alone in this ardour of flattery. Thomas Campion made a "Gallant Masque of Lords" which was given on the wedding-day. Ben Jonson, who some seven years before had done his best to add lustre to the nuptials of Lady Frances Howard and Lord Essex, devised two Masques —"A Challenge at Tilt" and an "Irish Masque"—for this more august occasion. But it was Bacon who with the ease of genius outpaced all flatterers. The exquisite "Masque of Flowers," in which with a pompous lack of humour the learned and bewigged gentlemen of Gray's Inn transformed themselves into dainty blossoms, was designed for the pleasure of Lord and Lady Somerset. That it was a beautiful spectacle there is no doubt. Bacon, whose vigilance nothing escaped, was curious about Masques and Triumphs. "These things are but toys," he said, ". . . but yet since Princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost." The cost wherewith this particular masque was daubed was no less than £2000, a sum which one is sure did not disgrace its elegancy. It is possible, indeed,

to surmise from the learned lawyer's own words the fair effect of his dainty device. If he followed the dictate of his own taste, it was all brilliance and gaiety. "The colours that show best by candlelight," said he, "are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green," for the use of which his procession of flowers was very apt. Thus it was that youth and gravity, princedom and learning, did honour to bride and bridegroom. Nothing was omitted from the ceremonies which might win the favour of the fortunate courtier. It is as though time and history stood still for the joy of these happy souls, and yet it was less than three months ago that the miserable and tortured Overbury had paid the brutal penalty of pride. That poets and attorneys should be lavish in the praise of those who basked in the smile of chance is not surprising. We cannot but wonder whether the murderers, as they climbed the topmost pinnacle of courtly fame, were haunted by the emaciated spectre of him who had once been his friend, and the victim of them both.

For a while Lord Somerset and his wife sunned themselves in the royal pleasure. The king still confessed that he took "more delight and contentment" in Somerset's company than in any man's living. But presently there began murmurings of suspicion. It was whispered to Somerset's discredit that Overbury did not come honestly by his death. The flattery lavished upon the favourite seemed to the colder eye of reflection somewhat exaggerated. No man can keep the first place in a jealous court by the cut of a doublet and the mere exercise of the grand manner, and Rochester, if he delighted in his escape from thraldom, missed the counsel of Overbury, who had been not merely his governor, as they said, but his brain. A yet heavier blow was struck at his power and influence by the sudden rise of Villiers. James had neither place nor inclination for two favourites at once, and the triumph of Villiers meant nothing less than the ruin of Somerset. When, therefore, the half-forgotten name of Overbury was mentioned, it fell upon the ears of those whose policy chimed with the discovery of the truth. How the secret was first revealed is uncertain; possibly it was never very profound, and when its betrayal seemed expedient there were not a few who could speak with a knowledge of the foul deed. But Sir Ralph Winwood was the channel whereby the strange story reached the royal ears, and Sir Ralph heard it from Lady Shrewsbury, who, herself a prisoner, had picked up the gossip of the Tower. Presently another rumour came from Trumbull, the British Minister at Brussels, that an apothecary's boy, one Reeve, had revealed the whole history to his servant.[1] The gossip

[1] There is a strong and undesigned piece of evidence that Reeve told the truth out of his own knowledge. Lobell was an apothecary, who prepared the

spread up and down the city. Everywhere there was a reaction in Overbury's favour. Those who had been the loudest in denunciation, now insisted most clamantly upon vengeance. The king would not lift a hand to shield Somerset. With a fine show of justice he declared that the evil-doers should be punished. "Lord, in what a miserable condition shall this Kingdom be (the only famous nation for hospitality in the world) if our tables should become such a snare as none could eat without danger of his life," said he, and thus saying called down God's curse upon himself and his posterity for ever if he spared any that were found guilty.

The sword of justice fell first upon the heads of the guilty hirelings, against whom the prosecution was conducted with a zeal and energy inspired by the king himself. Weston went to the gallows, having expressed a hopeless hope that "they would not make a net to catch the little fishes, and let the great go." The infamous Franklin murmured so many confessions in jail that none would give them credit. Mrs Turner was accompanied to Tyburn by a vast concourse of courtiers and their ladies, and died most decently, as became so elegant a sorceress. It is said that she spent the last days of her life in denouncing the errors of papistry, and by wearing a yellow-starched ruff on the fatal day put an end for ever to an ugly fashion. Helwes, whom Somerset ungratefully described as the worst deserver in this business, followed her to the scaffold. In the meantime the chief criminals set their wits at work to avert suspicion. Lady Somerset did her best to destroy the traces of her guilt, while her lord, in Bacon's memorable phrase, instantly began to "sew fig-leaves." He had already asked and obtained a general pardon. Now he searched Weston's house; he bade his servants lay hands upon Mrs Turner's papers,—and all in vain. The king, now set upon justice, left his haughty favourite to his fate; and if we may believe Weldon, took farewell of him with as fine a treachery as ever Somerset had shown to his friend. It was at Royston, whence, as the king well knew, Somerset was summoned to arrest and doom. "'For God's sake,' asked the king, 'when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again.' The Earl told him on Monday, this being Friday. 'For God's sake let me,' said the king; 'shall I, shall I?' Then lolled about his neck; then, 'for God's sake, give thy lady this kiss for me;' in

prescriptions of Dr Mayerne, the famous physician to the king, and the fatal clyster is said to have been of his making. A witness called Edward Ryder says that he saw Lobell in October 1615, and "told him that it was now manifest Overbury was poisoned by an apothecary's boy in Lime Street. Madame Lobell explained to her husband, 'That must be William, whom you sent in to France'; on which he trembled violently, and said that as William was leaving his master he gave him a letter of recommendation to Paris."

the same manner at the stairs' head, at the middle of the stairs, and at the stairs' foot. The Earl was not in his coach when the king used these very words (in the hearing of four servants), 'I shall never see his face more.'" True, Somerset deserved no better at the hands of his king; but so sudden and callous a forsaking can hardly be found within the scope of history.

On May 24, 1616, the Countess of Somerset was called to answer the charge of having murdered Overbury in Westminster Hall. It was not much more than two years since her marvellous beauty had dazzled the beholders in the Royal Chapel. Now she was bidden to play another part, and she assumed a becoming modesty of garb and demeanour. She was dressed in "black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff, and cuffs." She had come thither to confess her fault and to ask for mercy. She pleaded guilty "with a low voice, but wonderful fearful," and when asked why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on her, "I can much aggravate," she answered, "but cannot extenuate my fault. I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the king." The Earl, who was tried on the following day, assumed a prouder carriage. Refusing to put in a plea of guilty, he maintained his innocence with an obstinate fortitude. He turned a deaf ear to the eloquent persuasion of his sovereign. The king was in a fever of apprehension and anxiety. So many secrets had he shared with Somerset, so openly had he abandoned him, that he feared betrayal even in Westminster Hall. He believed unto the last minute that Somerset would cast some aspersion upon him, that he was in some sort accessory to his crime, and some days before the trial was held he wrote such a letter to the Governor of the Tower as plainly shows the sleepless timidity of his mind. "You know Somerset's day of trial is at hand," said he, "and you know also what fair means I have used to move him by confessing the truth to honour God and me, and leave some place for my mercy to work on." The note of unconscious humour which is heard in these words does not silence the murmurings of fear. Some have assumed, therefore, that James was indeed accessory; it is far more probable that his natural nervousness had got the better of him, and that he saw in a plea of guilty the only sure method of avoiding scandal. But Somerset was obdurate. He was resolved to assert his own innocence at all costs, and never in an unworthy career did he bear himself with so fine dignity as when he fought for his life before his peers. He brought no charge against any one; he was content to defend himself. The sense of drama, which was always his, did not desert him in the supreme crisis. He put upon him all the marks of honour: he wore the cloak, the

George, and the other insignia of the Garter, as if to prove that he still held himself worthy of the noble order to which he belonged. Imprisonment and dread had already set their mark upon him. His pale visage, his long beard, his eyes sunk in his head, demanded the sympathy of all beholders. He was dressed, with a severity which became the occasion, "in a black satin suit, laid with two white laces in a seam, a gown of orient velvet, lined with unshorn, all the sleeves lain with satin lace, a pair of gloves with satin tops, his hair curled." Such was the guise in which he presented himself to the court, and when by the flickering light of many torches, at the end of a long and weary day, he rose to address his peers, there was none present who was not moved by the tragedy and picturesqueness of the scene. All the forces of chance and nature were arrayed against him. His wife had mournfully confessed her guilt, and it seemed (and seems) impossible to the impartial mind that he should not have shared it. He was fighting single-handed against the serried ranks of bench and bar, with no practice in the law and no lawyer to aid him. And truly an unlettered courtier, opposed by Sir Edward Coke upon the bench, and by Francis Bacon, the King's Attorney, had no more chance of escape than a rat in a trap. Somerset did not escape, and yet he spoke with a strength and clarity which surprised his hearers. His hearers were surprised, and not persuaded. By a unanimous verdict he was adjudged guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

As was but natural, Lord and Lady Somerset escaped the gallows. There was still place, though Somerset had not confessed, for the king's mercy to work upon. They were committed to the Tower, where they spent many weary years, and they were stripped of all the wealth and lands which were the fruit of the royal bounty. How lavish was this bounty the inventory of their possessions is an eloquent testimony. We read of bedsteads with gilt pillars, and purple velvet furniture; of large Persian, Turkey, and Egyptian carpets; of pavilions of cobweb lawn, embroidered with silk flowers; of tapestries representing the wars of Troy and Roman story; of many pictures, described as "great tables," and whole-length portraits. The jewels and plate, with which they embellished their courtly lives, were of a splendour which might well have lit the spark of jealousy even in a royal breast, and it is easy to imagine what was their destiny. Not even the Earl's horses were forgotten. A list of them was made by the groom of his stable, and the best distributed according to the king's command. Bay Minion was delivered to his Prince's Highness, Black Denny to Lord Danvers, and White Steward to Sir Charles Howard. The partition was pitiless and com-

plete. And the popular verdict followed the king's displeasure. Lord Somerset, once the favourite, presently became the mock of the balladmonger.[1] He was scoffed and laughed at in many a halting rhyme, until he suffered what is worse even than contempt—forgetfulness. Buried alive in the Tower, he was as dead as Overbury, the victim of his perfidy. He makes but one or two furtive reappearances, as one speaking from the grave. The last letter that has come down to us from his hand is addressed to King James, and is an ardent appeal that his estate should be returned to him. He fell, he declares, rather for want of well defending than by the force and violence of any proofs, and he urges that he, like the family of Helwes, might be given his estate—a greater gift than life, because it extends to posterity. "It is not I who thus put your Majesty in mind importunely," he writes. "It is he that was your creature, it is Somerset, with all your honours and envious greatness, that is now in question;" and even in the extremity of disgrace he confesses to the king that he is "the workmanship of his hands, and bears his stamp deeply imprinted in all the characters of favour." The letter availed him nothing. He died a landless and unhappy man. Though, when they emerged from the Tower, he lived beneath the same roof which sheltered his wife, the two accomplices are said never again to have exchanged a word of amiable greeting. And to prove that in this drama of Greek intensity the hand of Nemesis was far-reaching, the daughter whom Lady Somerset bore in the Tower did not escape the curse. Brought up in complete ignorance of her mother's crime, she grew to womanhood in beauty and innocence, and was wooed by the Earl of Bedford. Despite the opposition of his friends, he married her, and still she knew nothing of Overbury's death. Then one day she discovered, by an unhappy chance, a time-worn account of the trial, and the reading of it broke her heart. Surely Overbury was avenged. Surely his bitter prophecy was fulfilled that Somerset's name should never die, nor he himself leave to be the most odious of men.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

[1] The ballads, songs, and doggerel verse which describe the death of Overbury and the rise and fall of Somerset are many and various. The following passage, taken from a manuscript at Belvoir Castle, clearly shows the contemporary opinion of the disgraced courtier:—

"Thou wast a man but of compounded part;
Nothing thy own but thy aspiring heart;
Thy house Raleigh's, Westmoreland's thy land,
Overbury's thy wit, Essex' thy wife. So stand
By Æsop's law, each bird may pluck his feather,
And thou stript naked art to wind and weather.
Yet care of friends, to shelter thee from cold,
Have mewed thee up in London's strongest hold.
Summer is set, and winter is come on,
Yet Robin Redbreast's chirping voice is gone."

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

LXII.—MOUNT GRACE.

TIME is no comforter: he can but build a culvert over the stream. Below it, for him who stands to listen, the full waters of memory are still rolling; but above it the traffic of the world can now run secure and uninterrupted. By the aid of Time, therefore, one man will achieve forgetfulness, and call it comfort; another will learn only that his life must be henceforth divided — part shared cheerfully with all, part deeply hidden,— in the brief passage from what has been to what shall be.

From forgetfulness John had nothing to hope, and the other lesson he had not yet mastered. He sat in the Common Hall of Mount Grace, before a new-lit fire with no warmth in it—a face and figure so sorrowful in every line that the merest stranger would have known him at once for a man who had lost his way in life. He had come blindly, almost unconsciously, along a road he knew, to the only corner where he could be sure of finding a friend and a hiding-place; but beyond the moment of entering all was formless to his eyes. He knew little of the Carthusian rule, nothing of the existence to which Nicholas had returned, less than nothing of his own possible place in it. And now he was here, he sat frozen and inert, without purpose and almost without thought. A slow step approached, but failed to rouse him: it was unfamiliar even to his animal sense. At last he became aware of a white figure standing by him, and kind bright eyes looking down on him out of a small, round, withered face.

"Peace be with you," said the monk. "I am Father Edmund, the guest-master of this House. Will you be staying long with us?"

"I hope so,—I don't know," replied John. "Can I see Father Nicholas?"

"He is Prior now," said the old man, gently garrulous. "He succeeded me this year. But he will be in his cell now saying his office."

"Oh, I can wait," said John. "How long?"

"Well, dinner comes next."

"Perhaps I might be allowed to sit by him for dinner," John suggested.

"We all dine alone, except on Sundays and Chapter feasts."

"What do you do after dinner?"

"The reverend Prior has to see the Coadjuteur and the other officials."

John was silent.

"Then at noon there is the Third Ave Maria; after that——"

"Yes—after that?"

"We are free till Vespers for our own work. The reverend Prior is very busy: he is writing a book."

"I will venture to break in upon his book," said John.

Father Edmund shook his head. "No one from outside is allowed to enter the Great Cloister."

Grief had made John patient, but he frowned at this.

"Is there not a moment of the day," he asked, "at which your reverend Prior can speak to an old friend?"

The monk looked kinder still, but continued to enjoy the sound of his own voice.

"After Vespers," he replied, "there is supper, in our cells again, and then the Fourth Ave Maria, and after that the last office, and bed. It is a busy day; and then there is the night office too."

"Will you be good enough," said John, "to tell the reverend Prior that John Marland is here, and let him make his own arrangements for seeing me."

"I will ask Father Robert, the reverend Coadjuteur, to do so, if you wish." The tone was one of pleading, almost of remonstrance.

"I am afraid I do wish," said John a little stiffly.

Father Edmund shook his head with an indulgent smile.

"Very well, very well; but if every one thought to force a way in here——"

John almost laughed. "You need not be afraid," he said. "I have found it easier to take the king's castle of Windsor."

"I know nothing of castles or of kings," replied the monk, "but this is the Blessed Solitude of St Bruno;" and with that he glided gently from the room.

LXIII.—FROM TIME TO ETERNITY.

Nicholas entered almost immediately: at the sight of him John's heart seemed to break its cold iron bands and beat again with the pulse of life. But of the two friends, as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, one alone was agitated: the monk's face showed no sign of any feelings but affection and surprise.

John saw this, but was silent: he brought news—such news as he had never brought to any hearer before; but something within him revolted against the crude ready phrases of everyday, and he could think of none better.

"You are welcome, John, but you are unexpected." The words were a question, and John was again conscious of the perfect tranquillity of the questioner: there was more behind it than mere ignorance. As for himself, dumbness still held him: he was looking at the truth, in his effort to relate it, more directly than he had yet dared to do, and it smote him cruelly in the face.

"I am alone," he said.

If any one could have mis-

taken the significance of the words, it was not Nicholas Love.

"Here we are all alone," he replied.

Not the reply itself, but the calm unstrained confidence of the speaker's tone, sounded in John's ears like a message of comfort; but it seemed to come from far off, like a shout of encouragement from a distant battlement, a city of refuge beyond his power to reach.

"Nicholas," he said, "Tom has gone."

His lips seemed barely to move, but he heard the words echoing as in a vault, loud and terrible. He stared at Nicholas, and thought he had missed his mark; the monk's face was still full of comfort, still had the old light in it—that strange mingling of irony and tenderness.

"Gone?" he replied. "You make me anxious." The dry humour of the voice, characteristic and familiar as it was, completed John's deception.

"Ah!" he cried, "if anxiety were all! It is too late to be anxious — he is gone, I tell you, gone; I was there, I saw the end."

"I understand," said Nicholas with gentle certainty of touch. "I did not mistake you. But I am still anxious—about the manner of his going."

Half the sadness fell from John's face: he looked up.

"You need not have been troubled about that," he answered.

"But I was," said the monk.

John looked prouder still: his head rose like a flower after heavy rain, but he found nothing to say.

"You were trying to make a prince of him," Nicholas continued. "It is a perilous process; I feared lest time might have failed you."

"It needed little time or trying," replied John; "he was born noble."

"Yes," said the monk, "of the house of Holland: with God all things are possible."

John smiled, a faint and reluctant smile.

"My dear Nicholas! But you may well say 'all things,' you have no idea of what he really was — you have been away so long. He was the king's right hand, the leader of them all; he fought the finest battle you ever saw, and then made a march half across England — he saved the whole army."

"But not himself," said Nicholas.

John made a quick gesture of impatience. "It was a chance—the merest chance!"

"Ah!" said the monk. "Chance!—you are out of my depth there."

"They trapped us—just seven of us, away from the rest."

"Then he died fighting?" asked Nicholas with real anxiety.

"There was no fighting," answered John regretfully. "They chose the axe: Salisbury was too lordly to end with a scuffle. I was sorry myself, and I know Tom was too."

"You are too modest," said the other warmly. "You have done well, John, very well, and I congratulate you."

"Nicholas!"

"But think a moment," replied the monk. "Don't look at things upside down. What have you been working and I been praying for, these many years? And now you tell me that in spite of all the dangers and difficulties, this boy has lived with honour and died in a good cause, forgiving his enemies and at peace with God. Is that not true?"

"Yes," said John, "it is true; but he is dead all the same—you can't alter that."

"Perhaps not," Nicholas replied; "but you have gone far towards altering it yourself."

"I?" asked John. "What do you mean?"

"You have come here."

"You are wrong," cried John bitterly. "I have changed nothing, I have only prolonged the separation. I thought I was escaping: I will go back—they will make short work of my misery down there."

"Down there is one way," said the monk. "But I can show you a nearer one. Come with me."

He took John by the arm and led him out. They passed through a postern door into the court; it had been the garden of the old house and was still laid down in smooth turf, but the high bank of wood behind was bare and hollow as John had never seen it, and beneath the wood, to the east of the house, now lay a range of buildings, dividing the plateau like a massive dam, and completely cutting off the northern half of it from view.

"There are changes here," said Nicholas, reading his companion's thought, "but this is still the place you knew: you must come farther yet."

They turned to the left and passed the west front of the church: the wall of the Great Cloister was before them, a bulk of solid stone, broken only by a heavy door of oak studded with iron. Even to the great strength of Nicholas the door yielded with ponderous slowness, and then, of its own weight, swung to again with a deep final clash. They stood within the Solitude of St Bruno.

"My brother," said the monk, "you have come from Time into Eternity: does not that alter the world for you?—look again."

John was silent: before him in the pale winter sunlight he saw a wide space of green lawn, stretching empty and level around a conduit of carved gray stone. On every side it was bounded by the cloister wall, above which rose at regular intervals the rigid outlines of the Carthusian cells.

"I see," he replied at last. "It is very different, but it is still a place where men live."

"And where they die," said Nicholas; "but in the life of Time, Death is the end; in the life of Eternity, it is only an incident."

John's eyes were fixed on the closed and silent door of a cell opposite, on the far side of the cloister.

"I am trying to understand," he replied; "but it is so shadowy. Eternity is nothing to me if I cannot find

again what I have lost. You don't offer me that?"

"You have lost much," the monk answered, "but what you have lost was only a part: I offer you the whole. Your pain is temporary, but it will be repeated many times: my remedy is final. Drink of the water which I show you, and you shall never thirst again."

John did not move. "I trust you, Nicholas," he said, "but I am not sure that that is what I want. Even now it seems to me that I would rather thirst and go unsatisfied, than cease to care altogether."

"You will not cease to care," replied the monk. "You will cease to care about this or that; but for the one great good, in which all things are summed up and perfected, you will care as you have never cared before —supremely, without possibility of sorrow or fear."

There was no irony in his voice now,—of himself at any rate he was speaking the plainest truth. John turned and looked at him with the patient weakness of a sick man,—a look with no active belief in it, but with no resistance.

"You are very good, Nicholas," he said, "but surely you forget—I am not one of you. I have no right to live here."

"True, but you have no right to live anywhere else."

The cold shock of material fact roused John from his languor; this, at least, was a motive upon which he could act.

"What a fool I am," he exclaimed, "to stand arguing when there is no choice—forgive me, Nicholas."

The monk looked at him more tenderly than ever, and more ironically: here was a man who had hesitated over the life eternal, but who grasped at the life temporal as a matter of course.

"You will stay then—since there is no choice?"

"I will stay, most gratefully," John replied; "but I don't know how you will get over all the difficulties."

"There will be no difficulties," said the Prior. "The cause of our lord Richard is the cause of God."

LXIV.—AN IMPERFECT VOCATION.

Nicholas was right: there were no difficulties: the Fathers of Mount Grace at this time numbered only eight, and all of them were devoted to their founder and their lawful king. A formal Chapter was held: but whatever were the questions submitted to it by the Prior, they were decided unanimously and without debate — upon what principles John himself never asked or heard. He was an outlaw and an exile from his own world: so long as the monastery granted him the asylum which he could find nowhere else, it was nothing to him whether he figured on its books as guest,

novice, or *conversus;* the dress and daily routine prescribed for him were a necessary disguise, his mind—he told himself—was his own, the mind of a free man.

The Prior made no such error: he knew that where escape was impossible freedom could be but nominal, and even the independence of the mind was not likely to stand unimpaired by the practice of a rule so carefully planned as that of St Bruno, so potent to win over and dominate the human will. He knew then that the position he was creating was from the beginning not what John understood it to be. So much was inevitable: but he also foresaw that it would in the course of time become far more widely different from anything that John at present imagined or desired. If the clear eyes of his native honesty did not blink at the prospect, it was because he evidently believed that he was only passing off gold for brass upon a friend too short-sighted and too much troubled to know where his own advantage lay.

With the best of intentions, then, everything was made as easy as possible for John, and he was enabled to slip into his new groove without a shock, without even a momentary jar. The reverend Coadjuteur and novice-master, Father Robert, to whose especial care he was committed, showed something like genius in the tact with which he dovetailed a past and a present undeniably discontinuous. There was so much kindly simplicity and so little appearance of premeditation about his method that it would be perhaps unjust to speak of it as a method at all; but it might fairly be said that from an observation of this good old monk's conduct it would be possible to sketch the outline of a thoroughly scientific treatment for use in cases of imperfect vocation.

Long afterwards this outline became faintly visible to John himself. He remembered how, among the duties and restrictions now laid upon him, the more novel were made of least account, while prominence was given—when occasion arose, but not otherwise—to those which were most likely to recall his old-accustomed service. The only real contrast—it was continually suggested to him—lay between the cruelty and disloyalty of the worldlings whose contact he had fled, and the selfless devotion of the community that was now his refuge: his soul was bidden to go daily about the walls of the eternal city, to mark well her foundations, her sweet order, her towers of lonely thought, and exhorted daily to bear a part in setting up with greater stateliness the impregnable bulwarks of her peace. Not only those ideas but the very words themselves had their effect upon him: he gained a loftier view of his downfall and his deliverance, and found comfort in that which a year ago he would have scorned as an empty incantation.

Silent though he was, and evidently much occupied with

thoughts which none could guess at, his docility and progress in the rudiments of religion were plainly visible to his new friends, and rapidly endeared him to them. Being themselves of gentle birth, they were able both to feel and to express a sympathy which was not only very welcome, but was actually more congenial to him than the loud friendliness of many of his fellows in the New June. He found, too, in the silence and isolation which were the rule during the greater part of the week, a relief from the strain of ordinary social life, where each of the casual meetings of every day goes to make up an expenditure of force in which personality seems at times to be running completely to waste.

Before long the greater tranquillity of his mind began to be reflected in his face. Father Robert, who with all his experience was by temperament an enthusiast, could not but believe in the imminence of a real conversion: after a fortnight he was confident of it, at the end of a month he was not sure that it had not already taken place. The Prior was wiser: he knew John better, and realised that what time has built, only long time can destroy and build afresh; he combated his Coadjuteur's optimism with a full quiver of his sharpest humour, and forbade any premature attempt to inquire into John's view of his own position. But he was himself unconsciously moved to hope: he began to see in his old friend something more than a refugee; beneath the hard dry surface of his irony the desire of all these years was at last putting forth tender and sanguine shoots. He was always the happier for John's presence in church: and there were moments when a vision filled his eyes and his voice failed him. "He asked life of thee," chanted the rest, "and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

LXV.—THE SOLITUDE OF ST BRUNO.

John was indeed making progress, if not exactly in the direction supposed by his friends. Within a month he had recovered his nerve, both physical and moral: his mind rose as from a bed of sickness and began to look once more with clear sight upon the road before and after. One immediate discovery was the realisation of the full meaning of the Carthusian rule. After the kindly ministrations of the first few days he was left more and more completely to himself: he found in his cell a remoteness he had not conceived as possible—a solitude within a solitude.

The great principle of the Charterhouse is this twofold loneliness—isolation of the community from the world, isolation of each member from the others. Like a shower of drops falling through a clear windless void towards the pool of

eternity, these souls shall pursue their flight in unison, but each untouched and unhindered by the rest: to every one of them the universe shall be a shadow, his nearest fellow a mystery, and himself no longer a self, but a being already surrendered to be merged in the Divine.

First, then, the Order must be cut off from men. Father Edmund, when he said that no one from outside was allowed to enter the inner enclosure, spoke only half the truth. He might have added that no one who had once entered was ever allowed to pass outside again. For the Carthusian, so long as he still draws the breath of mortality, the wall of the Great Cloister is the boundary of the material world: there lies his every occupation, — his cell, church, chapter-house, frater, and library; and even when on one day in the week he walks for an hour or two beyond the precincts, he is still surrounded by the whole community, and still, like an ambassador abroad, carries his native laws and limitations with him. He sees no stranger's face, hears no stranger's voice: even in church the guests of the monastery must sit silently in a place where they are invisible to him. Finally, he has no concern with the welfare of those outside: he is not, even for guidance, an element in their social life. The Carthusian must not preach, like a Franciscan or Dominican, or teach, like a Benedictine: though he cultivate his own garden with skill, he may not go afield and farm like a Cistercian. Even his religious offices are for the community only: outside the Great Cloister and its church he may neither hear a confession, nor administer the last sacraments to a dying neighbour, nor bury him when dead, unless it is beyond possibility for another priest to be found. In such a case the rule is not only relaxed but reversed —the service required must be rendered at all costs; and it was no doubt in reliance upon the letter of this provision that Nicholas Love had been requisitioned for the education of the king's young nephews. His long and reluctant absence served the purpose of the Order: his knowledge of human nature was beyond that of his fellows, and he enforced the rule all the more strictly now because he had himself suffered so deeply from leaving its shelter for a time.

John saw then that in the House of Mount Grace he had reached an absolute asylum: he was no longer in the same world as the enemies who hated him. But the place bore a grimmer aspect when he realised that he was hardly less isolated from the men among whom he lived. The Carthusian is eternally alone. He may not speak with his fellow in private: meeting by chance in the cloister, each must draw his hood over his face, and pass without a word or a look. Even on Sundays and Chapter feasts, when dinner is served in the frater instead of in the cells, no talking is permitted: even during the brief hours of the weekly walk

or other recreation, when conversation is enjoined, it must be general and on the most general subjects. Kindliness and fellowship there may be upon the surface: but the life of the individual soul must be untroubled and uncomforted, utterly and for ever untouched by any other soul of man.

LXVI.—A VOICE FROM WITHOUT.

For any one brought early under such a rule it must be, John began to think, a kind of living death, an entombment of all that makes up life as he had hitherto understood and valued it. Religious offices, work, recreation, the care of the body and the cut-and-dried intercourse of the community—these, in the perfection of the system, would be no more than the half-conscious acts of men living in a phantasmal world. The case was very different for one who, like himself, brought with him into the desert a whole universe of his own, crowded with clearly seen figures and ringing with unforgettable voices. It was hard to believe that he too might in the end find rest in this consecrated grave; for even in the sleep of death there must come to him dreams that no *requiem* could effectually charm away. To him, as to his companions, his surroundings might in the end become unreal; but the vivid life, the life within, would always be for him the past rather than the future, the warm, bright, terrible life which he had left rather than any that hope could set before him.

This unworthiness, this predestined failure to learn the lesson of the Order, might have troubled him: but he soon perceived that even to his superiors the world of their experience was not in practice so wholly abandoned or forgotten. It would have needed a more remote Thebaïd than the Cleveland Hills to place Nicholas Love beyond all touch with the years which he had once shared with John Marland and his young lords. John remembered the tenderness of his welcome, the readiness with which his own long story had been received, the interest, none the less keen for being mainly spiritual, which Nicholas had betrayed in the fate of the boy whom he had taught and loved. Decidedly, though he was dead to the world, the world was not yet dead to him—he, too, was visited in his sleep by dreams.

These thoughts were further confirmed one afternoon in March, when John was summoned to wait on the Prior in the hour of leisure before Vespers.

He found Nicholas at work in his cell: before him on the table a book stood open, carefully propped in a wooden rest which appeared to have been made for it. To guard it further from being soiled during the long process of translation, the volume had been

completely sewn up in a cover of brown holland; but John recognised it at a glance for the copy of St Bonaventura's Meditations which Gian Galeazzo had given to Nicholas upon a memorable day at Pavia. For a moment, as his eyes rested on its clear Italian characters, the narrow walls of gray stone vanished and he saw another Charterhouse rising under a southern sky. The vision passed, but left his brain in a strange tumult; and the Prior's face, when he turned to him, confessed an agitation akin, he thought, to his own.

It may well have been so; but Nicholas had yet another cause to trouble his thoughts.

"John," he said in a slow restrained voice, "you know how earnestly I have desired to shelter you from all outside influences — from associations that could trouble your solitary blessedness. I have tried to keep the rule of our Order as strictly in your case as in my own. But even here there will come from time to time——"

He paused. John saw that there was news, news from outside, and he felt the unknown message knocking loudly upon the doors of his heart.

"We have some obligations which we cannot renounce. We are bound, for instance, to pray for certain benefactors, and, after their death, for their souls." He paused again. John made a murmur of assent. "I am in doubt at this moment whether we should pray for the earthly wellbeing of our sovereign lord, King Richard, or for the repose of his soul."

John's eyes flashed. "Why do you doubt?" he asked abruptly.

"A report of his death has come. It is said that his body was borne through the streets of London by order of his cousin, Henry of Lancaster. The messenger saw the procession, but he seems to suspect a trick of some kind."

"It is likely enough," said John bitterly. "We have nothing to complain of there. John Holland spread such lies broadcast: he swore to the people that Richard was marching with a hundred thousand men, and he dressed the Secretary Maudelyn up to act the part."

"Ah!" said Nicholas, "but by this time John Holland is doing what he can to atone for that. What I want is your judgment on the truth of the report; you know the Duke of Lancaster's character — or do you think the king's health——?"

"No, no," cried John. "It is not true, it cannot be true."

"Think well," said the Prior. "You and I have heard of men dying even more unexpectedly, by violence and treachery not less horrible than this would be."

John avoided his eyes. "I know," he answered in a lower tone, "but Henry is not quite like that. He would forge an Indulgence or a title to the crown, but not murder in cold blood. He is not——"

"Not man enough," said

Nicholas in the dry quiet voice that John knew. "Very well," he continued, "that will do. We must decide one way or the other, and we cannot ascertain the truth; it was your feeling that I wanted to know."

"I feel certain," replied John. "I cannot tell you why."

The Prior drew his sheet of manuscript towards him and took up his pen. "Then on Sunday we shall still pray for Richard, King of England."

John as he went out remembered a day when he had vowed to say that prayer every night of his life. The recollection continued to haunt him: lying awake an hour before dawn, he heard or thought he heard, in the woods above the cloister, a voice that was like the voice of William the Singer.

LXVII.—THE PRIOR'S WISDOM.

The question which the Prior had put into plain words was not the only one to which he sought — and obtained — an answer. He had in fact learned almost nothing about Richard, but a good deal about John: evidently, though for others the king might be buried for ever beneath the donjon of Pontefract or the high altar of Langley, for one at least of his servants his name was still a trumpet-call. The Prior sighed as he thought of his own hopes; so far his grafting had been a failure—the tree was throwing a wild shoot after all. He must sharpen the edge of his vigilance and cut back this hardy growth once more: patience and the years were on his side, against him only the coarse original nature of the human sap. In the end he would get the heavenly rose he desired.

He might have done better to take an image from the March fires on the moor above. The spark had been rekindled in John's blood; it was but smouldering and creeping,— hardly known or feared yet, even by himself, but ready for the first breath of living air to blow it into power. Heather once fired is ill stuff to trample out: small wonder if the moving winds of three years were at last too much for Nicholas and all his priests.

Even now he was on guard: but the first stirring of the flame was close at hand, and escaped his precautions: it was indeed his own most anxious forethought which brought about the mischief. On a cold, clear evening near the end of March, long after Vespers were over and the sunset had faded up the hill, long after every other inmate of the cloister was asleep, the Prior was still pacing his cell in great perplexity. When the full moon had risen and it wanted but half an hour to the call for the night office, he crossed the court and knocked upon the door of John's cell.

John took the sound for the excitator's usual summons, and wondered why the man was so long in lighting the lamp.

When the knock was repeated he sprang from his pallet, and came out into the living-room. It was lit only by a shaft of moonlight which slanted across the end of it: from the dusk nearer the door came the voice of Nicholas, like a voice in a dream.

"John, I have come to warn you of a danger. To-morrow there will be a burial-service here: among those who will attend it — those who are in the guest-house at this moment —there will be some who were once known to you."

John began to tremble in the cold night air. "Who are they?" he asked.

"If you are as self-willed as you used to be," said Nicholas, "you will repeat that question till I answer it: you will stand among the rest of us to-morrow, you will see and be seen, you will be in pain, perhaps in mortal peril."

The voice was measured and firm, but John could interpret the faintest inflections of it: he knew that Nicholas was anxious in no ordinary degree.

"If I were *not* so self-willed," he asked, "what should I do?"

"You would go out early and stay away all day—up on the moor—anywhere."

John reflected. "I wonder," he said at last, "why you gave me the choice—why you didn't simply send me out of the way without telling me?"

"No doubt," replied Nicholas, "that would have been more masterly."

The tone rang in John's heart: a hundred chords of memory chimed to it. But on the other side memories were calling too: and sheer curiosity pricked him unendurably. Yet again he drew back as he realised how for his sake Nicholas had laid aside the authority of the Prior, the craft of the priest.

"I told you," said the dry measured voice once more, "because I dared not do otherwise: I feared you would find me out."

John knew that this was true, and the candour of it conquered him.

"You should have been a knight," he said, and added abruptly, "Very well, I will go."

A bell sounded from the church: he drew on his cowl and followed the Prior along the deep shadow of the eastward cloister.

LXVIII.—A LOVER'S LUCK.

John slept little that night, but when he rose to a still sunny morning he had no sense of fatigue — his nerves were only the more delicately set for pain or pleasure. His mind, as he left the Great Cloister, was a battlefield swarming with quick and violent thoughts, partisans in the struggle between curiosity and resolve. Outside by the porter's lodge he resisted a last wild onset: there on the right

of the gateway lay the little door to the privy staircase of the guest-house — the door which led to the separate chambers for visitors of rank. To know who was sleeping there now he would have stormed the entry in the face of anything that wore material armour. But he had given his word to Nicholas: and there was this too to console him, that welcome as a face from the past would be, it could never, he knew, be the face of his dreams: Margaret must be long ago safe beyond seas.

He turned out of the gate and along the front of the guest-house, hooded and deep in thought. Once past the long unfinished west side of the cloister, the choice of direction must be made: as he stood at the corner of the wall, with a new and pleasant sense of freedom, he caught sight of the roof of his own cell, and was seized with a wayward desire to view his narrow little home from outside. On his left lay the end of the ridge leading to the Hollow Dell: he went straight up it like a boy on a holiday, and came quickly to the spot where three years ago he had talked of the proposed founding of Mount Grace, and looked down upon its site.

Yes, it was here that he had rebelled against the thought of losing Nicholas; just here that he had thrown himself face downwards among the bracken; and there, under the trees on the edge, there he had looked for his friend again and found in his place—Margaret.

Where she had stood a figure was standing now — a figure like her, her very wraith, herself. For a moment he was motionless: his whole vitality, as if dazed by a lightning-flash, seemed to wait and listen for the heart-shaking reverberation that must follow. Then, as he saw that he was unrecognised, a rage came upon him like the rage of battle. He strode forward, sweeping back his hood upon his shoulders and lifting his head as a wave towers before breaking. He heard her voice, as he swept up and overhung her and engulfed her bodily, fall from alarm and sharp surprise to a deep swirl of sobbing content. They spoke together, but their speech was no more than the outrush of the foam over the pebbles.

They drew apart at last, but settled down upon the edge of the bank hand in hand.

"So this is where you were!" she said, with a glance at his white dress.

"I had to take their livery," he answered, "but I am no monk."

"I like you in white," she said, looking fondly at him. "But what are you, then?"

"An outlaw—a dead man—a head and quarters, like any other loyal servant of the king."

"Don't be bitter," she entreated. "This cannot last—it must not; you couldn't hide for ever."

"Where will you take me?"

She clasped his hand closer and shook her head.

"We must be patient: anything may happen. Who could have told, when they caught us at Liverpool, that we should be here to-day?"

He remembered a word of the Prior's.

"What brings you here? A burial? Yes; you are in black."

She could not speak: her eyes tried to tell him the unutterable.

"We have only just got leave," she said at last,—"leave, I mean, to take it down. It was on London Bridge, with the rest, until St Gregory's day. We asked to bury it here, because he was their Founder."

He clenched his teeth and looked away.

"Then they are friends now —your lady and Henry?" he said.

"Every one is her friend now; but she is no friend of theirs."

He longed to take up that "now" and see what lay beneath it; but he shrank from seeming to accuse Joan, and he shrank yet more from asking, even indirectly, whether Richard still lived or not. Before they parted he must dare that question; but from moment to moment he put it from him.

They talked of a hundred other things: of their hopes of pardon or protection, of Edmund's unexpected succession to the earldom, of Lord Stafford's power at Court: but all came round again to this, all seemed to turn inevitably about this one centre. Richard or Henry—which was the pole by which John must steer his perplexed and dangerous course? Yet still he could not force his anxiety to speak out: he dreaded lest the truth should drive the cloud-rack over his one hour of happiness.

Meanwhile Time was fleeting over them, invisible and swift as the wind. Down below white figures were passing along the cloister alley. The Fathers were returning from conventual mass; and by that, and that alone, he knew that he had been away two hours in fairyland. Then up the hillside came the sound of a bell,—a single, cold, dead note, not swung, but hammered out minute by minute. Margaret started to her feet.

"Oh, wait!" cried John. "You have half an hour yet. Tell me," he went on hurriedly, "I must know — what of the king? They said he had died."

"They said so. I cannot tell: no one knows."

"Forgive me," he said, taking both her hands. "I must know. Does Edmund believe?"

"Edmund—yes."

"And you?"

She did not answer at once. Her eyes were soft with a maternal tenderness as she looked at him. What—if she were to revive its hopes—what would the boyish heart of loyalty be daring next?

Nevertheless she decided for truth.

"I believe that Richard is alive: far away, perhaps,—in

Scotland, they say,—but alive and well."

The wave rose more triumphantly than before: his eyes shone above her like spray in sunlight. Once more she lay in his arms and looked up at him with the surrender that sees so far beyond its conqueror.

Then the minute-bell called them again with the cold inexorable voice of separation.

He stood to watch her as she went down the slope. When she had disappeared round the angle of the wall, he drew his hood over his face and followed with long springing strides.

A quarter of an hour later the Prior began the Office for the Dead beside an open grave on the south side of the church. In the presence of two ladies and other mourners from outside the members of the Community were closely hooded: but every one of them was present, and some among them were deeply moved.

LXIX.—THE MESSENGER.

Margaret came again with her mistress to Mount Grace in August; and twice more during John's long captivity. On each of these great days the Prior of his own accord sent John to the guest-house; he knew the bird was not yet tamed, but he knew, too, the impossibility of escape. To forbid such lovers to meet would have been to drive them to desperation; and though these glimpses of a single hour might very probably be undoing the patient work of the months between, yet they could do nothing, he trusted, towards taking John back into the world. The usurper had refused Joan permission to bring her husband's body from Cirencester to Mount Grace: he was not likely to pardon the living while he still persecuted the dead.

So Nicholas did not despair; nor did he fight for John's soul any the less keenly because he fought according to the usage of chivalry rather than that of churchmanship. To the subtle among priests all methods are said to be good in their place: Nicholas acted as a master in the craft would have acted, but he did so by the sheer instinct of simplicity.

John accepted his kindness gratefully, without any thought of motives. For him Margaret's coming had changed everything. He had realised that his thoughts were becoming more religious, but he now perceived that they were still in the main not thoughts about religion—they had as little as ever to do with any kind of professionalism. He had learned to look at all things in the light of Eternity; but even so he hoped—how ardently—to achieve life to the full, to have it whole, not mutilated, not monastic, but with all its natural body parts and passions, the danger and the mastery.

This desire, this resolve, was only half conscious: it came of itself; but his councils with Margaret brought him insight of another kind to strengthen it. She was by allegiance an enemy, but still, as on the day when they first met, an enemy who would accept no craven surrender. When he asked if Richard still lived, she had told him the truth of her belief, and always she kept alive in him the hope to strike another stroke for the cause that was not hers. Henry of Lancaster, it is true, had by this time disillusioned most of his friends; but if he had been all she once believed, she would still have sent her man to do a man's duty for the master he had chosen.

This was a real illumination to John: he got from her, what a man of his active temperament seldom gets, a sight of the thread upon which his own acts and fortunes had all been hung. He had been born and bred to loyalty: it was in his blood to devote his strength proudly to that which was greater than himself, and from the first the king's service had been his horizon of hope. William the Singer had pointed him to it when it was still far off beneath the rainbow: Tom and Edmund had led him straight towards it by a path he loved, a path in which even Margaret had helped to steady his steps. "Loyalty is your familiar spirit" was Nicholas Love's reproach in old days. Truly it had ended by driving him down the steep place, but he was more than ever sure that it was no devil: it had brought him near to destruction, but by not one stride that he regretted. If the deep waters really lay that way, it was Margaret's creed and his that the final plunge could not be too boldly dared. Upon that he had taken her promise: she would give him warning when the moment came near.

Neither of them doubted that it would come: all through the summer of 1402 the country was whispering, murmuring, babbling with gossip of Richard's return. He was here and there, he was at the head of armies, he was backed by Scotland and by France, his brother-in-law Count Waleran de St Pol was in arms before Calais. Henry's alarm was plain to see: a long list of executions added to the hate with which he was loading himself.

In the spring of 1403 Louis of Orleans defied Henry Duke of Lancaster to battle: the challenge was of course disdained, but it echoed beyond Severn, beyond Trent, beyond Tyne. The noise of it rang even through the refectories of the great religious houses; and came, last of all, perhaps, into the cloister of Mount Grace.

A long July day was going slowly out in wave upon wave of very faintly ebbing heat. The great court lay already half in shade, and since the Fourth Ave not a sound had broken the stillness except the monotonous murmur of ring-doves in the wood behind. John was standing, as he had stood so many times under the

heart-breaking beauty of those summer evenings, in the doorway which led into the garden of his cell: he was looking up at the glory of evening sunlight which had already left his tiny high-walled plot, but was shining more and more brightly on the hillside above. It was seven o'clock; the loveliest hour of all was beginning, the hour at which, according to the rule of St Bruno, his waking-day must end. One more moment of sunshine, and he would obey.

In that moment, before he moved, he knew that he was not alone. Footsteps had crossed behind him from the cloister alley to the interior of his cell. He turned down the narrow passage and followed into the bare little room.

There, as he expected, stood the Prior; but there also, by the Prior's side, stood Margaret's messenger, William the Singer.

LXX.—THE CHOICE.

John saw at a glance that he was in presence of two opposed forces; saw, too, that the contest was to be about himself. Inopportune, perverse though it was, his feeling instantly took sides with Nicholas against the intruder.

Nicholas was standing a little apart: he had never looked more solid or more serene. He also knew, of course, on what errand William was there: he knew that the crisis had come at last, the supreme moment against which he had all this time being laying up strength. It was no slight bond by which he held John: strand by strand he had twisted it himself, and though the trial had come sooner than he hoped, he could hardly have been blamed if he had set the whole weight of his influence on the strain against anything this messenger could do or urge. A lesser man would certainly have been overbearing or ingenious.

Yet, as before, the Prior was something more than Prior: his instinct served him better than authority or cunning. He faced his danger squarely, and while his antagonist was still uncertain, still hesitating for an opening, he had seized the attack and gained the first advantage.

"The news is grave," he said to John; "there is a rising in the North and West on a considerable scale. You will know better than I can how it affects yourself, and you may wish to discuss it alone."

To the messenger, his going was no more than a relief: but John knew better what the alternative had been, what the effort must have cost.

"William," he said, when the Prior had disappeared, "that is a great gentleman."

"Ay," replied the other; "but there's no judging the covey by the cock."

John's hostility was on edge in a moment: this man had never failed to interest and irritate him. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"One here, perhaps, and another, it may be, before the world's end: but for the rest there's as much light in such men's nolls as you might meet in a mist from morn to even."

"They are my friends," said John. "Let me hear your message."

William seemed conscious that he had made a bad beginning: for he too had a cause to plead. He was silent, and in the pause a quiet slow step was heard, pacing the empty cloister outside. John loved the sound of that step.

"Come!" he said, more sharply still. "What's your news?"

William's dark eyes turned imploringly upon him. "Though a fool blow it," he answered, "the horn is always the horn to a good hound. They are hunting at last: I bid you forward if you still love Richard."

The time had come then: how should John need bidding? Yet he was still perverse.

"Speak plainly," he said. "Who are 'they'?"

William's enthusiasm was lamed. "Glendower is out . . . and Mortimer."

John blew the names away like so much chaff.

"The Welsh! — They never hunt any trail but their own, and Mortimer is a boy, a puppet! Have you none better than these?"

Again William hesitated. "Douglas . . . and the Percies have risen — Worcester, Hotspur, and the old Earl, all three."

"The Percies! What?" cried John. "The Percies! — for Richard!"

"No: against Henry."

"Traitor against traitor: and how comes that?"

"When rent is spent," said William, "and men come to the bare bags"—he grasped the air with his hand—"force must be to fill them again."

"Aha! they have fallen out over the plunder!" John almost snarled with delight. "But a thieves' quarrel is not for me."

"Why not? I heard one say of his sword, 'Clean it may be, keen it must'!"

"Keen?—they are butchers' knives: but why should I touch them?"

"If Richard's men are all so white-handed, Richard will be hungrier yet."

John saw that he had overshot: to be honest, any blade would do to strike at the usurper. But he was not ready to acknowledge it.

"Very well," he said. "I will take counsel."

"Counsel?" William's eyes burned, and his low voice was once more stirring the tumult in John's blood. "Counsel is a word of the wise: but you and I were fellow-fools once, in a younger year."

"You forget," retorted John, "that in those days you cried out on the Court for a gang of wasters."

"Do I forget? My dreams are yet wild with it. Young men of yesterday, in gold and gules: spending of spicery more than it needed, wax and wine in waste all about, with dancing of damsels and mirth of minstrels—I forbid no man

to be blithe some while, but the brightness of that world was the mirror of sin. Their travail was in robbery and their honour in lordly names: their faith was an evil fellowship, and their manfulness stark murder."

The truth and untruth stung John together. "Ay!" he cried angrily. "So you were pleased to say: and this world here that you despise—of what is this the mirror?"

"Of madness, surely: there is nothing above mould so mad as that which is done against kind. Is not man's kind to live manlike among men, and fail after the flesh? This private peace, this hiding from hindrance, may never long endure, for all the rules in Rome: nay! if any thus lived his life to the end secure in self and lapped in loneliness, without trial or temptings, he might well say that he saw what was never yet seen, high Heaven unhung out of the hooks and let down earthwards at the bidding of a child of clay."

The music of this voice was terrible to John: it chanted his own thoughts aloud to him, and demanded an "Amen" which he had no right to refuse. Yet to speak it would be to give up Nicholas, and that he would never do.

"Go!" he cried with sudden vehemence. "Go! Go! You have done your errand, the rest is for me." He pushed him out into the cloister and shut the door.

Five minutes later the Prior returned.

"William is gone," he said. "I hope you do not think me wrong to have brought him?"

"No, no! not wrong," John replied. "But I could not think while he was here."

He could not think now: he had driven away the singer, but the song went on within himself. He knew well enough that his choice was made: it had never been in question from the beginning, though he had thrust from him the moment of confessing it. That moment was upon him now: and in the rebellion for which his blood was tingling he must strike the first and sharpest blow at his own friend.

"Nicholas!" — his hand reached out despairingly, "forgive me, forgive me."

The blow went home: Nicholas knew that he had lost.

"John," he said in his gentlest, least urgent tone, "you have no doubts?"

John's groan was almost a roar of pain. "Doubts! I have a thousand! I must side with traitors, I must trust my life to renegades; I have no certainty of Margaret's wishes, no guess of our chances of success."

The last ray of hope died out of Nicholas' face. In this heart that he loved he saw pride stirring, and prudence, and affection: but not one regret, not one thought of that which must be left. The world was calling its own.

John knew what he had done: nothing remained but to end it. He began to pull off his cowl. At that Nicholas started suddenly, and strode across into the little oratory.

When John came down again from his upper room, dressed once more in the fashion of his old life, the cell was empty. He stole out into the cloister: for all the immeasurable gulf of time that he had crossed, the glow of sunset was not yet gone from the hill.

At the cloister door stood Nicholas, impenetrably serene and kind.

"You cannot go on foot," he said.

"I must." John's hoarse voice was sackcloth to the other's satin.

"Oh! no," Nicholas replied. "William has left his horse for you."

The horse was there, outside the gateway, obvious, tangible, real, a thing that John could speak of.

"But how is William going himself?" he asked as he mounted.

"I do not know," answered Nicholas with the accent that was most his own. "Perhaps he is not in a hurry."

John saw little of his road: but he was in York by morning.

LXXI.—HATELEY FIELD.

Southward, southward, southward! That way lay battle and allegiance, and love or death,—the end at any rate of delays and uncertainties; but first and above all, battle, something to do, something to win or lose, some one to grapple with. John's eyes turned again and again, at every halt, to the string of pack-horses, piled with arms, that brought up the rear of the little company. One night, when no one could see him, he drew his sword and poised it; many times he recalled the arrow flight at Maidenhead, and felt a fierce joy that he would find some of the incomparable Cheshire bows with Hotspur.

He winced a little whenever that name came to mind; the Percies, he felt, were no leaders for a loyal man. They had been among Richard's cruellest and most mercenary enemies, and now that for equally sordid reasons they had turned against the hand that hired them, their violence and self-seeking were almost more offensive than before. In the baseness of an enemy you may find strength for yourself, from the baseness of an ally you can get nothing but harm. Thankfully, John remembered that Hotspur was not supreme; Glendower was a greater commander, and Douglas, it was commonly said, a gallant heart worthy of his name.

The men with whom he rode were the more to his liking because they were not of the Percy faction, though they had been raised by Northumberland to reinforce his son. They were Yorkshiremen—many of them from Cottingham and Kirby Moorside, old tenants of the Hollands, and proud of their late lord. Not a man among them doubted that they would satisfactorily avenge him

upon the usurper, and that King Richard would then return from some craftily chosen asylum to receive his own again at their hands. They took John's unlooked-for reappearance as a case strongly in point, and scoffed at the claims of young Mortimer, whom Glendower and the slippery Northumbrians were proposing for the Crown. John heard them with infinite comfort, and believed quite half of what he heard; they were at any rate magnificently mounted, they rode like centaurs, and were as keen as terriers for a fight.

The fight came suddenly. On the evening of the 19th they reached Chester, to find that Hotspur had moved on Shrewsbury the day before. King Henry was reported to be raising levies in Lord Stafford's country, and John, after a good march on the 20th, started next morning from Wem with every expectation of a short day's work for his final stage.

At eleven o'clock he was riding quietly towards Shrewsbury, now only three miles distant, when the lazy July air was sharply pierced by the sound of a trumpet. Another repeated the call still nearer at hand, and was answered faintly by yet another in the direction of the town. He looked round him: if he was mistaken, so were his terriers, —every one of them was growling with ears pricked and bristles set. In five minutes the whole party came galloping into the left wing of Douglas's command.

They had arrived to the minute: two or three hours of parleying had just ended in a jangle of pot against kettle,—Thomas Percy taunting Henry with being a man whose word none could trust. Henry's people were chafing to repay this insult, and their attack was only delayed by the difficulty of the position: they had to manœuvre among a tangle of narrow lanes and small enclosed fields, made more impassable by a fine crop of standing peas. Above them, on a large stretch of rising ground from which the hay had been all carried, their enemies awaited them at great advantage.

John, while his armour was unpacked and buckled on, looked down the slope with immense satisfaction. Below him the Cheshire bows were already taking post on both flanks: above, the men-at-arms were lining out along the whole position; they would be able to charge downhill when the enemy's front had but half cleared the labyrinth of hedgerows and pea-sticks. Disadvantages he also marked: the little army was very short of billmen for the hand-to-hand fighting; it was liable to be outflanked by the enemy's superior numbers, and Glendower's banner was nowhere to be seen. He had just captured Carmarthen, some one said, and though urgently recalled, he could not be back in time.

But nothing could dim the scene for John: Douglas himself as he passed along the front inquired his name and

commended him for coming in time. John asked if he was in his right place—he felt bound to confess that he had been sent to join the Percies. "Ay, man," answered Douglas, "ye're wrang; but I'll hang ye if ye move a yard." A knight who followed him explained that the brunt would fall on this part of the line; for the Constable himself was leading the enemy's right, and the usurper was reported to be with him, dressed in the lions and lilies he had stolen from Richard.

"The Constable": a question was on John's lips, but he swallowed it. A monk might ask who was Constable of England, a soldier could not. He looked for the banner opposite: it was just coming into range, and as the sun lit up its square of gold and showed the bold red chevron of Stafford, the blood rushed back to his heart like the bore of the tidal wave up Severn. A moment later the stream of thought turned again to its course, brimmed and glittering with a full flood of resolve. The royal lions, thought John in this moment of inspiration, were a mark for his betters, and Douglas the man to hunt them; but the Constable should be his own. Once at Pleshey, and again at Windsor, Tom had honoured him with the charge of Lord Stafford's safety: in the coming victory he could still be serving the dead. Prisoner or no prisoner, ransom or no ransom, Lady Joan's brother should not be touched by any hand but his own. He gave an order very quietly to the men behind him, and felt even happier than before.

Meanwhile the archers below were already at work; and sad work it was for the Derbyshire men who came against them. In two successive attacks the red cocks of Cokaine and the golden escallop shells of Wendsley were shot to pieces and sank in the green morass of peas. But the Stafford archers succeeded in establishing themselves here and there among the hedges, and their shooting was good enough to cover a third advance. The Cheshire men, too, by continually extending leftwards to save the flank, had opened the centre, and Henry's men-at-arms began to pour into the gap.

The crisis had come: trumpets were sounding all along the slope. Before they were silent Douglas and the two Percies rode out in front of their heavy cavalry, with visors lowered, and standard-bearers close behind them. John saw, in the moment before the line moved off, that every available man was in the charge: there were no supports—the fortune of the day was upon a single throw. He remembered, too, as he lowered his own visor, that he was wearing neither badge nor surcoat: for him a fall would mean a nameless death under the nearest billman's knife. His pulse bounded as he struck spurs; but his eyes had never been clearer in his life.

Time and his senses no longer seemed to keep their accustomed relation: he saw an infinite number of things hap-

pen while he galloped a bare quarter-mile. On the right Worcester was down, Hotspur was engulfed: nearer to him he saw Douglas meet a phantom of King Henry full face, smash it, coronet and all, with a single stroke and pass on towards another royal figure, entrenched behind a double line of men-at-arms. This was the real king, for there was Lord Stafford too, under his own banner, covering his master.

In this last moment of the race John led his men sharply inwards, converging with Douglas upon the same file of the bodyguard: the shock carried the two leaders through, a man or two more struggling after them. But John's horse was dying: as it sank he found that his right arm would no longer serve him. He rolled off on to his left side and was up again in time to see Douglas fall: Stafford was bending from his saddle in a furious effort to withdraw his sword from his fallen enemy: from the mellay a rider on a great bay horse was charging down on him, hotly pursued in turn by three men-at-arms.

With his sword in his left hand and visor open, staggering and half-dazed, John stood up to defend Lord Stafford against his own ally. "No! no!" he shouted desperately, "no!"

"You fool!" cried Swynnerton's unforgotten voice. The great bay rose over John and trampled him: the rider struck once at Stafford, crashed through into a lane, and was gone beyond pursuit.

John heard voices close beside him. "They are both dead, Sir," one was saying.

He acquiesced, and the world went out.

LXXII.—THE GREAT CLOISTER.

John had acquiesced too readily: he had a sword-cut, a broken arm, and several hoof-marks, but he was not nearly dead. In a comfortable lodging in Shrewsbury, and under the hands of the king's surgeon, he even began to mend.

What was to become of him he did not know: though he had speculated furiously all through his first night of fever. A mood of indifference followed, and then one of almost luxurious content. But this, too, gave way to realities: the cheerful bone-setter, mistaking him for a hero of the bodyguard, talked lightly of the vanquished and their well-merited end — Vernon, Venables, and Lord Worcester had all been beheaded. To silence him John turned on his pillow and closed his eyes: even so the market-place at Cirencester was too vividly before them.

On the third day Lord Stafford's wife and sister came from Lichfield.

Next morning the surgeon was still more cheerful. "I have brought some one to see you," he said as he entered John's room, and being as

kindly as he was indiscreet, he stayed to witness the meeting.

John was a little embarrassed: but Margaret was here mistress in her own house. It was not until she had knelt by John's couch, and kissed him like a wife and scolded him like a mother, that she even remembered the bystander. "I am grateful to you for your care of him," she said cordially. "And now I think we can release you for to-day."

John had no hand that he could give her: she drew a chair up close, and sat opposite, looking into his eyes.

"You poor John," she said at last, "what have they done to you?"

"Caught me," he replied. "The question is what they are going to do to me."

She was silent: she looked down, and the light went from her face.

"Margaret," he said softly, to break her reverie, and then when she raised her eyes, "I am sorry, darling, I am sorry. I took the risk wilfully and wrongly, and you must forgive me. Whatever happens, you must be able to remember that I confessed and you forgave me. You see I thought, when you sent no message with your news, that you were perhaps caring too much for my own safety."

Her lips began to tremble. "I was," she said. "I did it on purpose: I hoped you would not go: it was my selfishness—as if your loyalty did not come first."

"I don't know why it should," he answered quietly. "Perhaps that is a kind of selfishness too: there is your king, you know, as well as mine. Why should it be yours to give way?"

Her eyes flashed like crystal daggers. "He shall, he shall," she cried, "or I will be a rebel myself."

That moved John to compunction. "After all," he said in a lighter tone, "he has treated me well so far, and I dare say he will never think of me again."

She was all sober sense in a moment. "Oh! you are wrong: he is thinking about you now—I know it. At first he meant to reward you."

"For trying to save Stafford?"

"Yes: he thought you were one of his own men. But someone was there who had seen you at Flint."

"And now?" His pulse quickened secretly.

"Now," she answered with decision, "he has me to deal with."

She rose and bent over him. "Do you think you owe me anything?"

"Everything."

"I will take it: I can do better with it than you would."

She lingered over her going: then "Remember," she said, "I am taking all you have—your life, your lands, your name, your arms, and your honour."

"Oh! my honour?"

"That has always been mine—always.'

She was gone more than an

hour. When she returned she took her place again in silence. He, too, hung back from the supreme moment, looking not at her face, but at the roses and jessamine in her hand. She tossed them upon the couch and threw herself upon her knees again, pressing back his hair from his forehead with both hands, as if to see better what she possessed.

"I keep you," she cried. "I keep you—you are mine!"

"That's good," he said quietly, to cheat the folly in his blood. She, too, was moved to play a little with her triumph.

"Wait," she answered; "you have not yet heard what the bargain is. The king grants and confirms to me, Margaret Marland, all that his prisoner or rebel, John Marland, holds of him *in capite*, with the name and arms properly thereto belonging, and the manor of Gardenleigh, in the county of Somerset. I, Margaret Marland, surrender to him, the king, all my right, title, and interest in the manor of Eastwich, in the County Palatine of Chester, with the arms of Mells, and the homage of my said husband during his life."

John started, but she held up her hand and went on, "Saving always his fealty to Richard, King of England."

His astonishment was almost fierce. "You said that, Margaret?—and what answer had he to that?"

She dealt the blow as tenderly as she could, watching him with pain in her eyes.

"He leaves you free to obey any order of King Richard's which . . ." John turned pale as she hesitated, " . . . which you shall at any time hereafter receive from him in person."

The mist of wilful hope passed from before his eyes. "Richard is dead: Richard is dead," he said silently, as if to something deep within himself, and from the depth something answered him, "You knew it."

"Yes," he said aloud. "I knew it long ago: Edmund knew, and I could never have mistrusted Edmund."

She made no answer; but as her eyes were close enough to mirror his face, so her mind reflected his thought, spoken or unspoken. At Edmund's name they went back together to the past: they looked for the England of old days, and saw it as those who return after an earthquake see their home in ruins. John had long borne this sight, but on Margaret it struck with fresh poignancy.

"Darling," she cried, "it is a terrible world: I have brought you back to a desert."

"What was Mount Grace but a desert?"

She shook her head. "You were better off with Nicholas—your soul, I mean."

He smiled as one who hears a pardonable error. "Nicholas is a dear fellow, but he spoke the truth about himself when he told me once that life terrified him. What he and his like really desire is not to make life better, but to escape from living altogether."

"From the evil of living," said Margaret wistfully, "and there is evil enough. Is it not true that man needs a cloister —a quiet place apart, where he can always find his best self and think of all things purely? Forget me for a moment, and confess."

John laughed at her, — his happiest laugh. "Dearest, you are right! The soul does need a cloister, but—to forget *you!* No! listen to me: let me tell you what I know: I say nothing against monks, but for a man there's only one safe place in this world . . ."

Her eyes shone above him as he paused.

"A man's cloister is his lady's heart."

So these two, after grief and danger and long separation, began at last their life together. In that dark and perplexed time it was not perhaps the least part of their good fortune that it must be a life of obscurity and quiet. From their remote corner of the West they heard the long storm of rebellion die out in battle after battle, like the reverberations of more and more distant thunder: when the sky cleared and the new age began, the face of England was to their eyes wholly changed. Yet, among so much that was alien, some dear possessions, some living friendships, still remained to them, even in the world of time. They went again and again with Joan to Mount Grace: they found Nicholas Love, as always, more human than the rule he professed. Edmund, too, they kept for a few memorable years, and they stood at last in the brilliant crowd which saw him wedded to his Lucia, before an altar heaped high with the Visconti gold. Prouder still, in spite of its sorrow, must have been that day, a few months afterwards, when they heard of his heroic death, achieved in a forlorn hope from the sea against the pirate castle of St Brieuc.

THE END.

WHEN DOG EATS DOG.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE."

"HAVEN'T you got a chock or some ends, sergeant?"

"No, no a bittock. I ha'e ma orrders and you ha'e yours."

"But, quartermaster-sergeant, we have no fuel at all now. 'Twas Sergeant Jones himself told us to ask if you couldn't spare us an old sleeper?"

"I ken fine whae sent you here. Fuel or no fuel, ye'll just have to lump it."

"But Sergeant Jones——"

"Awa' wi' you and yer Sergeant Jones! He kens aboot the poseetion of affairs as well as I do masel'. Oot ye gang: I canna ha'e ye speirin' aboot all the mornin'. How many times d'ye need telling? Bring in a requiseetion signed by the captain and ye'll get as much as he chooses to vouch for. Oot you get, a' the lot o' ye; I won't have you sappers prowling round my yarrd."

Three scarecrows in khaki shambled away from the railway storekeeper's office grumbling. The storekeeper was quite correct: they were on the prowl, and what they were prowling for was wood or anything else which would burn.

The office was a cosy corner between three stacks of sleepers some eight feet high, over which a railway tarpaulin was stretched. The 'paulin was spoil of war, and had painted on it, in letters eighteen inches high, O.V.S., which stood for "Oranje Vrijstaat Spoorweg." The lettering came at the back behind the packing-case table, and the "O" and the "S" were just visible on each side of the head of Quartermaster-Sergeant John M'Gowan as he sat on his drum of paint. This office was M'Gowan's sanctum, in which he kept all his records, ledgers, vouchers, and small stores. It smelt horribly of red-lead, tarpaulin, and creosoted sleepers, but, after all, this was a clean, almost an antiseptic, odour, suggestive of sea breezes, blue water, and Home, far pleasanter and more healthy than any of the hundred and one other smells which assailed the nostril in the pestilential camp. Also there was shade in here from the South African sun and an absence of that almost continuous swirl of dust which reigned all round outside. Over the field of mealie stalks in which the office stood the dust-devils eddied orange-red charged with mealie-straw particles of forage; and farther down the river-bed they were white and grey, loaded with ashes and still worse. Though there were no actual dust-clouds in the office, yet the wind took its revenge on the sacrilegious sapper who had dared to create a haven of rest in its own devil's playground. It would wait until a sufficient

charge had collected in the creases of the tarpaulin or in the interstices between the sleepers, and then, with an extra effort, flap would go the tarpaulin, and "pouf!" a concentrated shower of grit and sand would fill the hair and eyes of the enemy or pour down his neck. Yes, there were drawbacks even in this comfortable spot, but the occupant did not much mind.

He was a tough specimen of the old school, and was not easily put out or upon. In his own noble corps he was admitted to be a hard case—generally expressed in soldier circles by saying that it would be a very small animal that could make a living off John M'Gowan. He gave and demanded nothing for nothing, and a bawbee to him was capital. As he sat there, making out lists in duplicate, triplicate, or quadruplicate, among the countless issue and receipt vouchers and requisition forms hung upon wires or weighted under spanners and various tools, he was in his element. With grizzled hair and stubbly chin, and with pockets of dust collected beneath his eyes and in every wrinkle of his face, he appeared almost entirely drab. One exception was his mouth, which, sad to confess, was stained with tobacco-juice, for he had again taken to a long discarded and somewhat unpleasant habit. Tobacco was scarce and smoking was not an economical method of using it, besides necessitating matches. His very teeth were now quite brown. One of them was missing, and the gap did not add to John's personal appearance, though it had its conveniences to a man addicted to chewing. There were also several splashes of a brilliant purple on his hands and face, for everything had to be written in indelible pencil, and the weather was hot. Had the odour of creosote been at all suggestive of incense, the worthy quartermaster-sergeant might, with his grey face, stained mouth, and purple spots, have been taken for an idol in its shrine.

While the three sappers slouched away discontentedly past the stacks of sleepers and other stores surrounded by barbed wire, John sat on sweating and checking vouchers. He took turn and turn about with a hapless corporal in what he termed "calling over." This consisted in interminable lists of stores being read aloud by one and ticked off by the other. During the storekeeper's turn of intoning, his suffering subordinate was almost maddened by the dreary sing-song voice which ended each item in a whine. The wind howled over the ashpit of a river-bed, the grit rattled on the roof, an occasional dust geyser smote him fairly in the eyes or neck, and hundreds of nasty-looking flies played a furious game of "touch last" among the purple spots on his forehead, but John did not stop. He prided himself on the fact that nothing left him that had not been read over at least once. Best of non-coms., prince of storekeepers, what mattered to

him the destruction of a force as compared with the deficiency of a bolt?

Meanwhile the three sappers slunk away over to the other side of the railway line. They belonged to the relief then off duty, and the urgency of their need was proved by their wasting valuable spare time in trying to wheedle timber out of Quartermaster - Sergeant M'Gowan instead of resting.

"It's like trying to squeeze blood out of a blooming stone!" said one as they reached the "cookhouse"—two lengths of rail just raised off the ground. There were several camp-kettles about, but only one actually on the rails; underneath this a struggling spark of fire was being kept alive by the unremitting attention of the cook, who, sprawling on all fours, with blackened face about three inches from the kettle, blew hard and teased the smouldering rubbish with a piece of wire. He was no philosopher this black-faced sapper, and no believer in the economics of force or the conservation of energy, for he expended as much breath and effort in swearing between his blasts as he did in blowing. He looked up at the three unsuccessful foragers. As he wiped his streaming eyes with a piece of grey material, possibly handkerchief, probably waste, his attitude was one of not too sanguine inquiry.

The leader of the three only shook his head, it was too sickening for words, but the man behind him made the result of the mission beyond possible error. He snarled:

"No, not a n'end, not a n'arf, not a n'andful of blooming sawdust."

The cook knelt up. Its appearance proved how difficult a task it is to blacken the face nicely when the eyes are streaming. Then he spoke:

"Quartermaster - Sergeant M'Gowan is the——" But his description was cut short by the arrival of the remainder of the mess.

"Wot? Dinner not up?"

"Naao! and you'll get nothing 'ot but your corfy to-day, and that won't be 'ot!"

"Wot? Cold bully again?"

"Yes." He got up and looked in the kettles off the fire. "We drew as nice a fresh joint of trek-ox as ever I seen on this campaign this morning; but—what's the good without a fire?"

There was a look of dismay. It was a stifling day in spite of the wind,—a day when one might have thought that a dainty cold lunch of a slice off the breast and some salad, with a glass of white wine, would have been infinitely preferable to a heavy hot meal. But these tired and hungry men did not want to toy with a light luncheon: this was their principal—their only solid meal. Besides, they were going to get no slices off the breast or salad. They were going to get tinny, stringy bully - beef, such as they had eaten for weeks, and, ah! the charm of a hot meal after a prolonged course of cold bully. Moreover, they were not going

to get white wine or anything cold; they were going to drink a hot or warmish liquid, —not, perhaps, the ideal beverage for the climate — but to drink the unboiled water of the river was too much even for the unimaginative British soldier. There had been some fighting near the bridge a few days before, and the sickly, sweet odour wafted up from the river-bed even as far as this spot, and the clouds of flies hovering in spite of the wind, told their tale of dead animals. Soldiers are not such fools as they are sometimes made out, and they preferred their warm reputed coffee, hot though the weather was, to water from the sparkling brook. The quite excusable look of dismay on the faces of the last-comers irritated the lachrymose *chef*.

"Wot's the good of looking reproachful at me? It's that blooming psalm-singing, tobacco-chewing, voucher-snatching old image sitting there so snug under his 'paulin that you've got to blame. If you want hot joints, if you want veg', arsk him! He's got the fuel—mountings of it —all creosoted ready to burn. If any of you had the pluck of a louse you would 'ave pinched some of them sleepers long ago, and would not look so bloomin' glum cos I can't do you a chump chop off the silver-grill with me bit of rail and me cow-dung and dust fire!" He sniffed as he finished his speech, and rubbed the tip of his nose almost round to a right-angle with the back of his hand. "I'm fed up!"

"Oh, all right, cookie; we're not blaming you!" said the man addressed, in a tone of mollification. "It ain't your fault, we know."

There was silence for some time as the bully and biscuit was shared out and eaten. They ate and drank moodily and sparingly; they had been hard at work all the morning since dawn and were uncommunicative. After the meal was over they congregated in the shade under the long line of loaded trucks in the siding and smoked. Some lit half-smoked pipes, others produced bits of cigarette, a few actually filled their pipes afresh.

"Here you are, cookie," and a whole unbent cigarette was tossed to him. For a few moments all was peace, and one or two men put their hats over their eyes and dozed. A ruminative voice from under a hat broke the silence.

"Yes, he's a tough nut and no error, is old John. Must save the British Government millions of money—that class of man. We'll do him in yet though, somehow, or my name's not Thomas Arthur Eden. Why, he has sleepers enough to relay the whole line from Cape Town. But he's a careful man; won't even help his own corps. Heard what he did at home in camp last year?"

There was a sleepy chorus of negatives.

The speaker sat up. "We used to go down to camp every summer, and M'Gowan was quartermaster-sergeant in

charge of camp stores, drew 'em, issued 'em, cleaned up when we left, and all that. Well, we used to leave a lot of heavy stuff down there every year instead of carting it away —standing camp, you know. The cooking-stoves and such like were stored in a tin hut and locked up. So afraid was old M'Gowan that village children might come and steal his blooming stoves—all covered with tallow and whitening and weighing all of half a ton each —that he wasn't satisfied with locking the doors of the store. He puts bars to the windows, wedges and screws up the door every year.

"Last year he was ordered away, and didn't go down to take over his own stores as usual. The party as went down had a fine benefit of it. When they arrived at the camp they couldn't get into the blessed hut at all. If you believe me, not only had old John wedged and screwed up the door with coach-screws, he had countersunk the screws, puttied the holes and painted over the putty!"

There was a roar of laughter.

"Yes, and we had to cut our way into the shed through the corrugated iron! The quartermaster was not too well pleased. He got properly told off for the delay, and you bet that old John got his bit passed on all right."

"Did they charge him damages?"

"No—I don't think, because the cunning old coon had made a map of the door showing all the screw-holes, and had given this to a corporal who'd lost it. There was not much getting round him. He'd got this plan in duplicate, if you please, and produced the tracing of it initialled by the Major. He's a fair caution."

"'E's bound to be. 'Oo ever met a Mac that wasn't cautious. Why, there's that celebrated cunning man I've 'eard tell of in 'istory — an ambassador or something. 'Is name began with Mac. Wot was it? Mac —Mac—ear—something."

"I know—MacEarvelly."

"That's right — MacEarvelly."

"I thought he was an Eyetalian."

"Eyetalian? Chuck it! Whoever 'eard of an Eyetalian whose name began with Mac? You'll be saying that bagpipes are Dutch or verminsilly's Scotch soon."

There was distinct opposition to the theory of the Italian origin of the author of 'The Prince.'

"Well, Scotch, Eyetalian, or Chinese, I should like to do the old blighter in—starving his own corps like this. Hullo, here comes Charlie. Wot 'o, Charlie!"

A man in shirt-sleeves, with something under his arm, joined the group. "Wot 'o!" was his reply to the greeting.

"Wot'cher got there?"

"An end."

"How did you get that?"

"Pinched it off No. 3 crib."

"Would 'ave done us a treat for the fire two hours ago," said the cook. "It 'll do for to-morrow."

The man who knew of

Machiavelli got up, walked across to Charlie, took the sleeper end, and looked at it impressively.

"'Ere, 'old 'ard," he said, "'*old* 'ard."

"What's up? That's a sleeper end, that is. Never seen before, old son?" There was more laughter, for the impressive manner of examining the block and the tone of voice were hardly warranted.

"That'sright. That'sasleeper end——"

"God bless it!" was the interruption. But the impressive man had the centre of the stage, and was not to be put off. He continued solemnly—

"That's a sleeper end right enough, and it's going to breed."

There was silence at this cryptic statement.

"Yes, it is. I've got a plan."

"So's Kroojer. Let's 'ave it."

The mysterious one took his pipe out of his mouth, pressed the dottle down carefully with an empty cartridge-case, replaced the pipe, and proceeded.

"We want fuel, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Wot's the most likely fuel, and the best?"

"Sleepers, of course. Out with it. Get it off your chest."

"Can we get 'em?"

"No. Come orf of it. What are you getting at?"

"Who stops us getting sleepers?"

"Quartermaster-sergeant."

"How?"

"He keeps 'em in stacks, and keeps a careful tally."

"Why can't we pinch one off the top of a stack?"

"'Cos he's arranged them in a pattern, and has got 'is bloomin' masonic marks and check-signs all over the top."

"Right-o! Now—" he waved his pipe in a half circle, and leaning forward lowered his voice to a confidential whisper —"what *I* want to know is: why can't we take one out of the bottom of the stack, eh?"

"You're shooting your mouth off, Bert. Wot, pull out a sleeper with all that weight on top! You're talking out of the back of your neck."

The orator felt behind his collar as if to test the truth of this statement, but really to pause for effect. "Shooting my mouth orf, am I?" He stopped, and a look of immense contempt came over his face as he felt he was again holding his audience. "Are you sappers or blooming gardeners? What 'ave we got jacks for? Wot about 'em 'ydraulic jacks and screw-jacks? Wot's the good of being Royal Engineers and supplied with every luxury, eh? Talk of lifting that weight?"—he stopped to expectorate—"why, we could lift ten blooming stacks! You're gardeners, that's what you are; landscape gardeners!"

This insult was too much. While they were swallowing it and cogitating over the hint given to them, the men were silent. It was Sandy who

broke the silence: "Mon, Bert, you're a deevil."

"Yes, that's right enough," another added; "but what about old John? He's prowling round all the time."

"The nights are dark, aren't they?"

"Yes; but he prowls a lot at night."

The genius was momentarily stumped, but it was not for long. Again the look of contempt came over his face: "Yes; and what is Sandy here for with the 'To and From' that he found in the farm? It's ordained, I tell you. You know how old John likes music. Wot's the matter with Scotty Sandy and two or three chaps giving him a sing-song every evening to amuse him while the others do their bit with the jack at one of the stacks and pull out a sleeper?"

This clinched matters and there was no reply, until the bugler, a pale youth with many hairy moles on his face, said: "Arf a mo'. That won't help us. It's all very well, but the Q.M.S. will see the hole next morning, and he jolly well knows that it ain't the infantry or cavalry that carries jacks to lift up 'is stacks. He'll bring it 'ome to us sure enough. No, I'm not for it; I ain't forgot what Snobby Jones got lars' week. You know what the Major said yesterday about touching the stores? Not 'arf. I ain't agoin——"

He was constrained to stop by the concentrated look of scorn directed upon him by Bert. The latter looked him up and down and sighed.

"Well, Sprouts, this beats all. We'll 'ave to go back to first principles, as the Major always says before he deals out 168 hours' hard." He stepped towards the end of the sleeper which had been the cause of the discussion and picked it up: "What you think give me the idea? Wot is the key to the whole scheme? —why, *this*—look at it; ain't it the same as any other sleeper end? 'Oo's going to tell it's only eighteen inches long? Can't we——?" He stopped; the look of intelligence on the faces of his audience showed him they had arrived. He shrugged his shoulders. "Some people don't know enough to come in out of the rain. Savvy now, eh? This sleeper end is going to produce one sleeper *per diem* so long as we want it!"

But the bugler, "Sprouts," was not so soon demolished. "That's all very well: it sounds easy *for the first time.* You jacks up the stack, pulls out your sleeper, and puts the end in its place. *So* far, *so* good; but your sleeper end is done. What about the second time and the third and the rest? I don't see where the *per diem* comes in?"

"Love a duck, some people is thick," was the reply. "If you can't see that—perhaps there's others who will explain?"

"Chuck it, Sprouts," volunteered another. "It's all right. 'Aving one sleeper to the good, we can cut the end orf that for the second edition, and so on till Kingdom come. It's the

end we 'ave got as does the trick." The speaker turned to his audience: "Bert 'as got a bull's-eye this time. I'm for it. If any one sees a crab let 'im 'ave it out now." He looked around. No one had a "crab," and until the men fell in for the afternoon's work they discussed ways and means. Bert presided at the council of war, as befitted the strategist and thinker.

That night three figures strolled casually up to the Store Office and politely suggested a little music to the overworked occupant. He was nothing loth. Music, especially Scotch airs, was his weakness.

"Aweel, I don't mind a bittie chune for twa-three meenits," he said, coming out of his den and sitting down on a keg. "How's she going yonder?" jerking his thumb over in the direction of the bridge, from which distant hammering could be heard. He rather wondered at the politeness all the same: he was a man who looked for motives.

"None so badly. We've jacked up Number Three, and they're getting the stringers out over Four and Five spans now. The Captain was very pleased with our shift, said we could have any spare bits of stuff lying about, but devil a bit was there!"

The hint did not get a rise.

"Well, what is't to be, quartermaster-sergeant?" said Sandy, as he stretched the "To and From" to full howl and squeezed out a preliminary whine. This instrument was a dilapidated though originally fine German concertina which had been found in a deserted farm. Some stops were missing, and the wind hissed out of the holes in the leather, temporarily patched with pieces of tobacco-pouch and the india-rubber solution carried for important electric work; but it gave forth wheezy music of a sort in its player's skilful hands.

"Gie us 'Annie Laurie,'" said M'Gowan, and "Annie Laurie" it was, the storekeeper joining in the refrain at the end of each verse.

No sooner had the music struck up than a mysterious noise — "Crrrrk — crrrrk — crrrrk"—was heard above the more distant sounds at the bridge. The sappers kicked each other and winked in the darkness. The Q.M.S. made no remark until the last notes of the air had died away in a wheeze. He then said sharply: "What's that leeftin' jack dae'in yonder?"

"What jack, quartermaster-sergeant?" in a surprised tone.

"Mon, d'ye no hear that? There—there!"

"Oh, that! That's no jack: that's Corporal Smith's gang on the ratchet-brace—they're drilling rails."

"Drilling rrails! What gars them drill rrails up here? Gin I were yon corrporal I'd wake up the man using a rratchet like yon. It's as slow as——"

"Yes—they're a lazy lot, quartermaster-sergeant," was the reply, as Sandy again burst forth into hasty melody.

Several songs were now sung

without a pause. Then silence ensued, and the creaking noise became painfully clear. The storekeeper could not let the subject rest.

"De'il a bit of a rrachet-drill. Yon's a jack!"

"What about that bagpipe thing you were playing the other night, Sandy?" said one by inspiration.

"Which?" said Sandy.

"You know—you called it a 'Something Rock.'"

"Oo-ay—it's the pibroch you mean."

"That's right, The Peabrock. Give us it. The quarter-master-sergeant hasn't heard that."

Then from the wounded instrument gushed forth the weirdest imitation of the pipes that was ever heard. The drone was a bit jerky as the concertina was pulled in and out, but the chanter was realistic to a degree. The music had the desired effect.

"I mind the last time I heard that," said the victim; "'twas in Glen Tilt, an' the Duke's aen pipers playin'."

"Ay," said Sandy, "I ken Glen Tilt mysel'," and he was just preparing to give reminiscences to any extent when from the other side of the line there rang out distinctly "Ting-Tang-Ting"—three strokes of a hammer on a suspended piece of rail. The creaking had ceased.

"What's yon?" inquired M'Gowan.

"We must go," was the reply; "it's our signal."

"Ye're no for shift to-night?"

"No, but the corporal wants us for a job of work."

"Good-night, quartermaster-sergeant; give you some more to-morrow."

They all got up.

"Good-night."

They were actually leaving without giving the last artistic touch to their *rôle*. It was the piper who remembered. He turned round: "Ye'll no be hae'in a spare bittock o'——?"

"No, I have not," said the irate M'Gowan. He now saw the motive for all this excessive politeness, and was vexed at having unbent as far as he had—it was only to get something out of him; but he certainly would have missed this daily, almost hourly question.

The sappers nudged each other as they went off. With another resigned "Good-night" they vanished silent-footed over the soft sand, while the concertina insulted the night with imitations of a donkey's braying. The storekeeper turned into his den, and lighting a very dirty piece of candle started poring over his ledgers again.

Two hundred yards away a couple of men were frantically sawing a two-foot length off a hardwood sleeper. When the minstrels returned this had been sawn off and was being buried, and the rest of the timber was being split up. The only man who was doing no actual work was Bert.

"Did 'e guess?" asked the latter.

"Not 'e. 'E 'eard the noise all right, but we 'eaded 'im orf.

Kidded 'im it was a ratchet-drill! 'E thinks 'e knows why we give 'im the music; thinks we want to suck up to 'im for timber, and 'e's 'uggin' 'imself at seein' through us!"

There was subdued laughter.

"So long as 'e's got something to think 'e's cute over 'e won't trouble us," replied Bert. "Let 'im 'ug 'imself! But we must muffle that jack to-morrow with a bit of sacking. It was no more like a ratchet than I am."

For the remaining days of their stay at this spot the squad ate hot dinners, in the gaining of which all lent a hand except the strategist. As he would say in a self-satisfied tone when urged to do his bit with the rest—

"Me 'elp? Not much! 'Oo 'ave you got to thank for this, eh? Them as 'as brains hasn't got to do manewal labour. *You* work with yer 'ands: I work with me 'ead. *I* organise: *I* command: *you* carry out—I'm the MacEarvelly of this little lot! I do what we call staff-work in the army. That's about the size of it, old pals, see? Wot'o!"

. . . . . .

The construction train had puffed away to other scenes of wreckage, and in it this particular squad with its MacEarvelly, its black-faced *chef*, and its "To and From." The storekeeper's little home was demolished, and all the stuff was being loaded into a long line of trucks by gangs of noisy Kaffirs. Close to a fast-vanishing pile of sleepers which had got down to its bottom layer stood Quartermaster-Sergeant John M'Gowan, Royal Engineers. He was looking at a gap in the bottom of the stack—a gap now as visible as that in his own teeth. He kicked a short end of sleeper out of its place at the edge of the pile, picked it up and looked at the fresh saw-cut, scratching his damp head absently with the business end of the indelible pencil.

"The deevils," he murmured, "the pairfect deevils wi' their rratchet-brace and their music and what not. Royal Horrse, Royal Field, and all Arrtillery, Cavalry, Infantry, and Deparrtments, I can haud ma' ain wi' them a', but the Lord presairve me from ma' ain corrps,—and Jarrah sleepers at top prrices, too!"

He turned away sadly. He had not gone ten paces before he chuckled: "Whae's like us! God bless us!"

THE LOSS OF A LUSTRUM.

FIVE years have now elapsed since the issue of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers, one of the most important State documents ever published. With the shortcomings of our military arrangements, as revealed by the events of the Boer War, fresh in the public memory, the King's advisers were justified, nay, compelled to ask His Majesty to authorise an inquiry into the state of the Auxiliary Forces, for, as shown in the evidence of the Elgin Commission, the country had been for some two years practically denuded of Regular troops, and the Auxiliary Forces alone had been available for home defence. In April 1900 there were in the United Kingdom but 103,000 Regular troops, and these were made up of 37,000 immature soldiers who had been rejected by the doctors as unfit to stand the hardships of campaigning, of raw recruits hastily enlisted, of a few Regular Reservists who had been found unfit, while the balance was made up of sick and wounded who had returned from South Africa.

By a happy chance, it was on the 23rd April, the day sacred to St George, the patron saint of England, in the year 1903, that the Royal Warrant was duly issued, appointing the Commission, which will be known to history as the Norfolk Commission, with full power "to inquire into the organisation, numbers, and terms of service of our Militia and Volunteer Forces; and to report whether any, and if any, what, changes are required in order to secure that these forces shall be maintained in a condition of military efficiency and of an adequate strength."

The Commission was composed as under: the President and Chairman was the Duke of Norfolk, who in 1900 had resigned the office of Postmaster-General to proceed to the war in South Africa; the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who had seen soldiering in the Grenadier Guards and active service in the Boer War; the Earl of Derby, who had held office for three years as Financial Secretary for War, and for two years as Secretary of State for War. After these came Lieutenant-General (now Field-Marshal) Lord Grenfell, a soldier who had served his country with distinction in many campaigns, and had been at one time Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Force. Next in order was Major-General Sir Coleridge Grove, who had held important posts at the War Office for fifteen years in succession; and Sir Ralph Knox, who had served for a similar period as Accountant-General at the War Office. Besides these there were four colonels of Militia and Volunteers, all thoroughly acquainted with the work of the forces on whose condition they were to report; and finally, Mr Spenser

Wilkinson, a journalist of high reputation, who had made a study of military affairs for many years past.

On the 20th May 1904 the Commission issued its Report, a document of only sixteen pages in length, which was signed by eight out of its eleven members.[1] It begins with the following plain statement of the work done:—

"We have held," it says, "82 sittings and examined 134 witnesses. We have considered written information, in answer to printed questions, from every unit of Militia and Volunteers, and also numerous memoranda and suggestions which have been submitted to us by officers of the two Forces, and by other gentlemen acquainted with their conditions, and further, we have received from the War Office many reports and returns of much value."

The result of this long and careful study by judges thoroughly competent to deal with the question is set forth as under:—

"The principles which have been adopted, after the disastrous failure of older methods, by every great State of the European continent, are, first, that as far as possible the whole able-bodied male population shall be trained to arms; secondly, that the training shall be given in a period of continuous service with the colours, not necessarily in barracks; and, thirdly, that the instruction shall be given by a body of specially educated and highly-trained officers. We are convinced that only by the adoption of these principles can an army for home defence, adequate in strength and military efficiency to defeat an invader, be raised and maintained in the United Kingdom. . . . We humbly submit . . . that Your Majesty's Militia and Volunteer Forces have not at present either the strength or the military efficiency required to enable them to fulfil the functions for which they exist; that their military efficiency would be increased by the adoption of the measures set forth in the fourth section of this report, which would make them valuable auxiliaries to the Regular Army; but that a home defence army capable, in the absence of the whole or greater portion of the Regular forces, of protecting this country against invasion can be raised and maintained only on the principle that it is the duty of every citizen of military age and sound physique to be trained for the national defence, and to take part in it should emergency arise."

It is proposed now to analyse, line by line, this solemnly worded advice, to examine and see whether those who gave it were justified in so doing, and to show how far the military authorities have been guided by this advice in the reforms that have been introduced since it was issued. Finally, an endeavour will be made to account for what the ordinary man of common-sense must consider an extraordinary anomaly — viz., that the nation, having found something totally wrong with its military body, and called in specialists to report on the case, has yet failed to take the remedy prescribed by those experts in no faltering tones.

The first line of that portion of the Report which has been quoted above is pregnant with meaning and full of solemn warning, and justice could be fully done to it only by a careful consideration of the history of Europe for the last hundred years. For the phrase, "the disastrous failure of older

[1] The three who did not sign were Sir Ralph Knox, and Colonels Satterthwaite and Dalmahoy: all these, however, admitted the principle of compulsion.

methods," means, in the case of Germany, the awful results to Prussia of the overwhelming defeat of Jena; after which, under the guidance of patriots like Scharnhorst, Prussia adopted the great principle of compulsory and universal military training. Going further back still, it brings to our minds the fact that brave little Switzerland—where the principle, indeed, had always existed, though its practical application had been neglected—was overrun in 1798 by the victorious hosts of the French Republic. The story is well told by Colonel Delmé Radcliffe, our Military Attaché at Berne at the present time, and, briefly summarised, it runs as follows: Full of the fervour of their new ideas, the French Revolutionaries demanded that the Swiss should also adopt their Republican doctrines. When the Swiss indignantly refused to be thus dictated to, the French invaded their territories. Scanty and ill-organised levies were hastily called out. When these suffered defeat, the Swiss turned on their unfortunate leaders and murdered them. Owing to the native gallantry of the Bernese men a few minor successes were gained; but at Grauholz the gallant Swiss were decisively beaten, though they prolonged the struggle, fighting still with desperate fury. In these fierce struggles it is computed that 50,000 men and 4000 women—for they, too, fought — were slaughtered. Then came wholesale robbery, —money, pictures, plate, jewellery — everything was plundered; the invading troops ate up the country. Worse than all, the victors carried off the able-bodied men that still remained to fight as conscripts. Switzerland had to maintain 15,000 men in the ranks of Napoleon's armies. That great general, knowing their fighting value, used the Swiss to form his rear-guard in the retreat from Russia, where nearly half of them were killed. The Swiss have not forgotten the lesson; and last year, as the result of a referendum, the voters of that country voluntarily accepted an increased period of military training.

Studying the phrase again, we recall the fact that Denmark adopted universal service after her defeat in 1864, and Austria after the same experience two years later; and finally we have brought again before us the cruel blows received by our proud and gallant neighbours, the French, in 1870-71. The French began that campaign in full reliance on an army raised by the methods of conscription, a system invented by Frederick the Great and brought to a head by the still greater Napoleon. This was the conscription that our grandfathers taught us to hate. Under it Napoleon demanded from each department of France a certain quota of men, so lists were prepared of all males of certain ages, and the number required was selected by casting lots. The injustice thus initiated was made grosser by the fact that a rich man on whom the lot fell could buy a substitute,

and thus escape his duty to the State. When we remember that Napoleon used the conscripts thus raised for wars of aggression waged for his own personal ends, and that he kept men with the colours for such periods as suited his own imperial and imperious will, we can easily grasp how harsh and odious the system must have seemed to our brave ancestors. We all know how the conscript armies of France went down before the Teuton legions banded together by compulsory and universal service, a system that forced the best men of all classes into the ranks of a "Nation in Arms"; and we all know, or ought to know, that after her cruel disasters France abolished conscription and introduced universal service on the system of her conquerors.

The armies of Russia, of Italy, and of Turkey are based on the same principles, and thus we see that the members of the Norfolk Commission were fully justified when they spoke of the adoption of compulsory and universal training for the whole of the able-bodied male population of every great State of the European continent, "after the disastrous failure of older methods."

"We are convinced," continues the Report, "that only by the adoption of these principles [viz., those of compulsory and universal military training] can an army for home defence, adequate in strength and military efficiency to defeat an invader, be raised and maintained in the United Kingdom"; and this conclusion can be based only on their finding that "Your Majesty's Militia and Volunteer Forces have not at present either the strength or the military efficiency required to enable them to fulfil the functions for which they exist."

In other words, the Home-Defence Force was weighed carefully in the balance and was found wanting, and the Duke of Norfolk, speaking in the House of Lords in June 1904, with all the facts fresh in his mind, said: "The breakdown is in almost every case attributed essentially to the nature of the voluntary system itself, which makes it impossible to demand a reasonable standard of efficiency without greatly reducing the forces." How far is this justified by the evidence given before the Commission? In dealing with this question we find that the real experts, our most famous generals, spoke very clearly on this point.

Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, in answer to a question (360) as to the fundamental difficulties of the case, said: "The difficulties are, of course, that we cannot oblige them to come out for training sufficiently long."

The Duke of Connaught, when asked if he considered the training of the Militia long enough, answered: "No, I do not think so, either in the length of the training of the recruits or when the battalions come out for training." (Q. 3422.)

Sir John French said, that in case of invasion he would not feel any confidence in Militia battalions without a backing of Regular troops (Q. 2452).

Sir Ian Hamilton (Q. 1159): "I certainly would not pretend for one moment that the

Volunteers as they are at present are fit to fight the picked troops of any Continental Power."

Lord Wolseley when asked (Q. 1515), "But the minimum task for which the defence forces of England ought to be prepared, and to which they ought to be equal, would be fighting these 200,000 excellent troops?" answered "Yes," and held that "it would be an act of great imprudence to trust that task to Auxiliary troops alone."

Finally, Sir Evelyn Wood said (Q. 21622) that the country was leaning on the rottenest of reeds if it expected to be guarded against invasion by the arrangements existing in 1904.

From the evidence it is clear that the Norfolk Commission could not do otherwise than report to the King that the Militia and Volunteers were not competent to fulfil the functions for which they existed, and this fact has been of course recognised by the recent reorganisations introduced since Mr Haldane became Secretary of State for War.

The next sentence of the Report runs as follows :—

> "Their [the Militia and Volunteer Forces] military efficiency would be increased by the adoption of the measures set forth in the fourth section of this Report, which would make them valuable auxiliaries to the Regular Army."

What were these measures? and have the responsible military authorities paid any attention to them?

Summarised concisely, the measures recommended were :[1]

(i.) That the Volunteer Force should be represented at the War Office by a separate department.

(ii.) The force should be organised in brigades and divisions, and commanders and staff should be appointed to these bodies.

(iii.) That the commanding officers should be relieved of financial responsibility, and capitation grants should be abolished.

(iv.) The training of the Volunteers should be concentrated upon essentials, each corps practising in peace the special duties it would have to carry out in war-time.

(v.) All corps should be allowed to train up to fourteen days in camp each year, with adequate allowances.

(vi.) Ranges and exercising-grounds should be provided by the State.

(vii.) Transport and mobilisation equipment should also be provided.

It is a fact that should be borne in mind by all who are anxious to study the question of national defence, that all these recommendations have practically been accepted by the Secretary of State for War and his advisers on the Army Council, and are embodied in the Territorial Forces Act. At the War Office, Lord Lucas, Under-Secretary of State for War, has been appointed specially to look after the interests of the Territorial Force. The whole of that force has been organised in fourteen divisions, each division being formed on the lines of a division of Regulars, with a proper complement of horse, foot, and artillery, each division and its component brigades duly provided with their own commanders and staff, most of whom are ex-Regulars, and the remainder specially selected ex-Militia or Volunteer officers.

Commanding officers are almost entirely relieved from

[1] Report, p. 11.

financial responsibility, the provision of drill-halls, clothing, &c., being looked after by the Territorial Force Associations, to which reference will be made later. Capitation grants are no longer issued to the corps, but every man who attends camp receives pay, which goes direct to him.[1]

As regards the training being concentrated on essentials, the less said about this the better. The training of the Territorial Force cannot be taken seriously at all, for efficiency depends on training, and the Duke of Norfolk's dictum that the voluntary system "makes it impossible to demand a reasonable standard of efficiency" is amply borne out by a letter from a territorial officer to 'The Scotsman,' who speaks of the voluntary system as producing "a minimum of benefit and a maximum of vexation." He tells how, in accordance with orders received, he prepared a course of lectures to be given during the winter months, and *invited* the men, whom he could not order, to attend. In response to 120 of these invitations, *three* men attended.

As to drills, he says that "on any given occasion the attendance is only half what it should be, entailing ridiculous formations and twofold attendance on the officers," while any attempt at consecutive training is rendered absolutely impossible by the fact that some men attend the earlier drills only, while others come only to the later ones.

Finally, as regards attendance at camp, where the men are under military discipline and really useful soldiering can be done, he tells us that "the discretion necessarily[2] given to commanding officers to excuse men from attending at camps reduces the supposed obligation to a mere farce."

The next recommendation, "that all corps should be allowed to train up to fourteen days," is also incorporated in the new regulations. Full pay for fourteen days' training can be drawn by any officer or man of the Territorial Force, provided that he has done his previous drills qualifying him to attend camp.[3]

The provision of ranges and exercising-grounds, of transport and mobilisation equipment, all these are entrusted to the Territorial Force Associations, which form a very important feature of Mr Haldane's scheme, and reflect much credit on him as a statesman. Under his scheme each county now possesses a Territorial Force Association, presided over in almost every instance by the Lord-Lieutenant, and charged with all the administrative details that form so large a portion of the work of building up an army. Under this head come the provision of ranges and manœuvre- and exercise-grounds, of drill-halls, of horses, clothing, and equipment, while

[1] Theoretically, a man must make himself efficient before being allowed to go to camp, but this was not enforced last year, as many men were enlisted so shortly before the time for going into camp that they had not time to put in the qualifying drills.

[2] Necessarily, that is, under a voluntary system.

[3] This condition was relaxed last year, as already stated.

the War Office retains control of all that relates to the actual discipline and war-training of the men, of their armament and the supply of ammunition.

The fact that all the recommendations contained in the fourth section of the Report have been adopted shows that the War Secretary and military advisers consider that the advice of the Norfolk Commission is thoroughly sound; but we now come to the sting in the tail, the last few lines of the Report recommending universal military training for every able-bodied male of the population.

The attentive reader who has patiently followed this article so far will have noticed that in the division of the duties between the Territorial Force Associations and the War Office no mention has been made of the most important factor of all that go to the making of an army—that is, the provision of the men. The fact, of course, is that this point has been shirked. It is true, indeed, that theoretically it is the duty of the Associations to provide the men, but it is equally clear to any fair-minded reader that this must remain a dead letter unless and until the Associations are given the *power* to enrol the men required; in other words, it cannot be their *duty* to do what is beyond their power.

But before we pass to the consideration of this question we must, to round off our study of the Report, discuss the reference made therein to a "home-defence army, capable, in the absence of the whole or greater portion of the Regular forces, of protecting this country against invasion." This sentence postulates two conditions—viz., the absence of our Regular forces, and the possibility of invasion. As regards the first, it has been explained over and over again by Lord Roberts, and is indeed obvious to any one who looks for a moment at the question of National Defence, that the Regular Army is an Imperial Police Force, *half* of which is at all times stationed in India, or our other dependencies, or garrisoning the coaling-stations on which our Navy and our Mercantile Marine depend, while at any moment that part which remains in the United Kingdom may be called upon to proceed abroad. This actually happened only a few years ago, as is matter of common knowledge, during the War in South Africa.

The possible departure of our Regulars from this country is also contemplated by the present War Minister, who rightly takes great credit to himself and his advisers for the excellent arrangements under which an expeditionary force can now be despatched from the United Kingdom. This force is to consist of not less than 167,000 men, and its departure would denude this country of nearly all its trained troops; and even this number is considerably under the total of what may be required, for over 250,000 Regular troops served in South Africa, and many more would have been sent had they existed.

We next come to the possi-

bility of invasion on a large scale. This, like the efficiency of the Home-Defence Army to resist the invasion when it comes, can never be settled with the certainty of a mathematical problem till the invader has actually landed, and has either been repelled or has made good his hold on the country.

On this point we must be content to take the advice of experts, and fortunately there is no lack of this, owing to the thorough way in which the members of the Norfolk Commission did their work.

Lord Wolseley, when examined on this subject (Q. 1617), referred to

"Lord Nelson and Collingwood, both of whom believed in the absolute possibility of the invasion of this country, as did also the greatest of all human beings in my view, Napoleon, and also the Duke of Wellington. . . . If you have bigger admirals nowadays than Nelson and Collingwood and greater generals than Napoleon and Wellington to gainsay what they said, I have no answer to make them beyond quoting the experience of history, and that is on my side."

The late Sir John Ardagh, Director of Military Intelligence, when asked for his opinion (Q. 3212-3), said he had been studying the question for forty years, and added—

"We may begin by asserting that any of the great military Powers has available at all times a sufficiently large number of organised military units and equipment to enable it to bring to its seaports, without mobilisation, within five days, forces numbering 50,000 men. . . . To assemble an expedition numbering from 100,000 to 200,000 men would involve mobilisation and require a longer time, say ten days or a fortnight. There are, however, moments, such as the concentrations incidental to autumn manœuvres, when forces of this magnitude might be assembled without suspicion. . . . There would therefore be no insurmountable difficulty in finding, on very short notice, the men, animals, and military *matériel* for attempting an invasion upon a very large scale."

As to the question of a hostile force effecting a landing on our shores, it is astounding that most people in this country, excluding the sailors and soldiers, should think such landing impossible, or at least very difficult. It is, or ought to be, matter of common knowledge that the British army has effected landings in almost every quarter of the globe; and nothing but gross ignorance or insularity will allow us to suppose that other people cannot do what we have proved over and over again to be feasible. The following list, compiled by Captain S. F. Douglas, gives particulars of some of the actual landings effected—

Date.	Place.	No. of Troops Disembarked.	Nature of Defence.	Time.
1758	St Malo	13,000	None	1 day
1761	Belleisle	10,000	Severe	1 "
1762	Martinique	12,000	Severe	1 "
1799	Holland	17,000	None	1 "
1801	Egypt	12,000	2000 men*	1 "
1807	Copenhagen	27,000	None	1 "
1810	Mauritius	12,000	None	1 "
1854	Crimea	30,000†	Expected	1 "
1879	Peru	8,000	900 men	1 "

* And 12 guns.

† And 24 guns.

The most striking of these instances is the landing of the French and English troops in the Crimea. In this case, the Russian fleet of nineteen ships of the line and six frigates, though close at hand, remained in the harbour of Sevastopol and made no effort to interfere with the landing, owing to the presence of the British and French ships which were covering the landing; and, presumably for the same reason, the Russian army, only a few miles distant on the Alma, carefully abstained from opposing the disembarkation.[1]

Sir Evelyn Wood thus describes this operation:—

"The disembarkation was arranged on the model of that followed by Sir Ralph Abercromby, when he landed in March 1801 in Aboukir Bay. On the 14th September 1854, the men-of-war's boats left their ships, fully armed and provisioned with water and food for three days, and we did not get back until 11.30 that night. All the boats loaded with human freight were drawn up in one long line at 8.15 A.M., when the captain, superintending from a fast-pulling gig in the centre, waved his flag as a signal for the line to advance. In one hour the seven battalions composing the Light Division were on shore, and by 3 P.M. we had landed 14,000 infantry and two batteries; nor were our Allies less expeditious, for they claimed to have put 6000 men on shore in less than twenty-five minutes."

This instance well illustrates the difficulty of opposing a landing. The fact is that such an operation, covered by the heavy guns of a powerful fleet, is very hard to resist successfully. The naval gunners can see exactly where their own troops are, and can bring such a powerful covering fire to bear on the part of the coast where the landing is to take place that the invading troops are almost bound to be able to effect a lodgment on the shore.

When examined on this point Colonel Locke, who had been employed for seventeen years at the War Office studying mobilisation, said (Q. 2963), "It is hardly possible to prevent the actual landing,"—that is to say, if the fleet is not available to take part in opposing the invading forces.

We maintain that we have now established that the Norfolk Commission was justified in advising the country to provide itself with a "home-defence army, capable, in the absence of the whole, or greater part, of the regular forces, of protecting the country against invasion"; and we proceed to show that they were also justified, on the evidence given before them, in recording the finding that such an army "can be raised and maintained only on the principle that it is the duty of every citizen of military age and sound physique to be trained for the national defence, and to take part in it should emergency arise."

On the necessity of some form of compulsion our best soldiers spoke with no uncertain voice. Sir William Nicholson, who now holds the post of

[1] Captain Coles, Flag Officer of our Fleet, stated before a Commission which sat in 1859 that, given fair weather and properly prepared troop rafts, the French and British troops, 50,000 in number, could have been landed with all their guns and stores "between daylight and dusk."

Adjutant-General at the War Office, and whose advice cannot be disposed of as "Early Victorian," when asked if he would recommend the application of the Ballot Act, replied, "From a military point of view it would be a very good thing, . . . if you have the Ballot Act without substitutes" (Q. 232).

Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, whose generalship in South Africa earned the commendation of the highly trained German General Staff, maintained (Q. 391), "there is nothing to be done but conscription or the ballot," and later on he spoke of "nothing but conscription or obligatory service" to enable the Militia to act alone in home defence.

Lord Wolseley was very emphatic indeed. He said (Q. 1502)—

> "I think it would be not only good for the Army, but very good for the State and very good for the people, that every young man arriving at a certain time of life should be compelled . . . to go into camp or barracks . . . and learn what discipline is."

Sir John French, when asked if he thought that our possible military requirements could be satisfied by any measures short of general service,—*i.e.*, the liability of all to serve,—said he did not think they could be. (Q. 2492.)

Major-General Hallam Parr gave his opinion thus:—

> "The time has come to admit that unless the country will again accept the old law of Compulsory Service, under which our forefathers lived, military experts must throw up their hands in despair at any idea of placing in line half-trained and half-organised battalions, short of officers and composed largely of immature lads, against the pick of Continental troops led by professional officers." (Q. 2619.)

Sir Evelyn Wood was as convinced as the other great soldiers on the point we are discussing, for he used the words, "Short of compulsion, you cannot have safety for the kingdom if you take away the Regulars." (Q. 21,632.)

It is unnecessary to go further. Line by line the soundness of the advice given by the Norfolk Commission has been proved; word by word almost has it been weighed and balanced and found good. The Report should be printed and put in the hands of every voter, so that at the next General Election the voters cannot at any rate plead ignorance on this the most important matter which can be laid before the people—viz., that of National Defence.

The Secretary of State for War and his military advisers have, by adopting it in their recent army reforms, placed the seal of their approval on nine-tenths of the advice given five years ago by the Commission; the last and most important portion—viz., that which deals with the provision of the men—rests with the people themselves. Kipling has summed this up well in the concluding lines of his stirring poem, "The Islanders"—

> "Surely ye are the people, absolute, strong, and wise,
> And what your hearts have desired ye have not denied to your eyes;
> On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and the saving lies."

A. KEENE,
Colonel, R.A. (Retired).

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE DEATH OF COQUELIN—CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC—COQUELIN A CLASSIC — MME. BERNHARDT AND IRVING HIS ANTITHESES— "LE JUIF POLONAIS" AND "THE BELLS" — COQUELIN'S TEMPERAMENT — THE TRADITION OF MOLIÈRE — "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"—THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS—THEIR FOUNDER — THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE KILT—A NOBLE RECORD—AT WATERLOO —AND AFTER.

THE death of Constant Coquelin has removed from among us an actor who belonged not to France only but to the world. For half a century he had dominated the French stage. He had set an example too rarely followed on either side the Channel. Breaking down the barriers of politics, he had appeared triumphantly in Berlin. In a series of victorious progresses he had added to his Empire the two Americas. And though, with the aid of the press, it is easy to exaggerate the importance of the actor, Coquelin might boast an intelligence and an artistry which made him a great interpreter of the drama, and which claim from the whole world the meed of memory and respect.

In all the arts, in sculpture and painting, in poetry and the theatre, there is a constant conflict of Classicism and Romance. These two methods of understanding and presentation do not belong to this or that nation, this or that age. They have existed always side by side and under every sky. They correspond to different temperaments, different talents. The first quality of Classicism is a sense of structure; the first quality of Romance, a love of decoration. The one builds; the other adorns; and if we keep in mind these qualities, we shall always distinguish easily between the two schools of thought, the two means of expression. Classicism, severe and solidly poised, cherishes the virtues of simplicity and restraint. It is economical alike in thought and workmanship. A quiet amplitude marks all its efforts, and it is never weakened by any littleness of touch. Romance, on the other hand, delights in a riot of superfluous ornament. It is imaginative, lavish, and embroidered. Not content with a mere statement, it must trick itself out with the ruffs and frills of fancy. In its desire to appear elaborate, it too often conceals its purpose, and runs to the extreme of decorative absurdity. In no other art are the differences of classical and romantic so clearly defined as in the art of acting; and Coquelin was able to keep the conquests which he made, because his method was severe,

because at his best he never got a hand of applause by affectation or trickery.

In other words, he was by sympathy and training on the side of the classics. He recognised that the actor's art was an art of interpretation. Himself, with all his resources of voice, gait, and gesture, was the means of expression. He worked upon the qualities of his mind and body as a sculptor models his clay, as a poet handles his words. He did not pretend that he suffered with his characters or rose with them to the pinnacle of power and fame. He was neither king nor valet: it was enough for him to represent them, and many others, with a perfect skill and intelligence. He made no attempt to identify himself with his part, which he regarded as something external to his own feelings. And thus his effects were always closely studied, his self-control was always perfect. He would have seen no incongruity in Edmund Kean's demanding a tankard of porter at the highest moment of tragedy, because he did not confuse the misery of his subject, or the impression he was producing on his audience, with his own performance. He could swagger as Mascarille, play the hypocrite as Tartufe, be the trickster as Scapin, go through all the antics demanded of Cyrano de Bergerac, and never once lose hold of himself and his equipment. In brief, he was not an emotional amateur, not an experimenter in romance, but an artist cast in a classic mould, who could interpret surely and calmly the emotions of others. He is the best comedian, said Molière, who can represent a personage opposite to himself in temper. And it is true of the great actor who is just dead, that though he showed you Coquelin the actor in all his personations, he never permitted Coquelin the man to emerge upon the scene.

Two of his contemporaries have been his complete antitheses, and to recall them is to understand his mastery. Madame Bernhardt and Henry Irving will be remembered as great romantic actors, whose object was to turn their art into an excuse for ornament. They have represented themselves with a kind of passion. Whatever the excuse, it has always been Madame Bernhardt and Henry Irving who have trod the boards. Neither the one nor the other has seen in a play anything else than a chance for the expression of self, for the showing off of familiar effects and personal antics. Coquelin was a stranger to such an ill-considered ambition, and if we compare his method with Henry Irving's—and comparison is easy, since they essayed the same parts — we shall best arrive at his excellence. Irving thought of himself, Coquelin of his play. When Irving undertook a new *rôle*, he asked himself first, How will this *rôle* suit Irving? Coquelin, on the other hand, forgot himself in reflecting how best he should interpret the

author's meaning. The one put the actor above the drama. The other, in acknowledging himself the servant of the poet, won the greater victory. He stooped to conquer. And thus it follows that Irving was always at his best in a bad play. A masterpiece interfered with the freedom of exaggeration which he demanded. Coquelin rose with his occasion. A bad play did not give his talent free scope. Aiming at interpretation, he wished to have something worthy his insight; and to see him wandering through such a piece of confectionery as "L'Abbé Constantin," for instance, was a sorry sight. He played his part with the perfection of ease and lightness. But it was no part for him; it was as though a blacksmith were breaking a nut on an anvil.

In one play, at least, the two actors won a vast success, and each therein so frankly revealed his method that it was difficult to believe they were pretending to represent the same personage. As Mathias in "Le Juif Polonais," Coquelin put before his audience the perfectly realised portrait of a country mayor—a simple soul, kindly, debonair, prosperous, even jovial. The remorse for a murder committed long ago comes to him almost as a surprise. Tortured though he be by the sound of the sleigh-bells, he cannot pose as the villain of a melodrama, because such a pose would not be consonant with the character of a good *bourgeois*. And Coquelin, understanding his part, like the clairvoyant that he was, made the haunted citizen a quiet, commonplace figure, and withal a masterpiece of art. As you watched the performance you knew that the intention of the author was fulfilled, that not otherwise could Mathias be presented to you, and you agreed with the people on the stage that the *bourgeois* died a victim not to the reverberation of spectral bells but to *le petit vin blanc*. Widely different in intention and effect was Irving's rendering. He kept the name of Mathias on his programme, and that was all. The haunted man was always Irving himself. The actor made no attempt to show you the effect of remorse upon a middle-class Frenchman. He explained to you how a man of his own temperament might behave in the distressing circumstances of persecution. It was Irving who passed the window in the first act, who shook with impressive deliberation the snow from his coat, and who removed his jack-boots with a sepulchral ceremony. Every jingle of the bells was a fresh opportunity, not for Mathias but for Irving, until at last you wondered why this highly sensitive, picturesque, and tormented Englishman was surrounded with countryfolk who had no link of sympathy or resemblance with him. It would be difficult to find a better contrast of classic and romantic. Coquelin built up before your eyes, with a convincing solidity, the portrait of a plain man who was

haunted by the one crime of an otherwise blameless life. Irving took Mathias as an easy excuse for adorning his own personality, and wasted no thought upon the part which he was playing, or the expressed intention of his author.

But we do not mean that Coquelin was deficient in what is known as temperament. If he was fine enough an artist always to keep in the frame of his picture, he nevertheless took an instinctive control of his audience. He could do what he liked with it. He dominated it as vividly as Irving once dominated the Lyceum, and he achieved a yet greater triumph : he dominated himself. He has been called ugly—why, we know not. It is truer to say that he had the ideal actor's face, a face which he could change at will, and fit with the expressions of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat. His gesture was large and never restless. His voice was of a wide compass and the quick interpreter of various emotions. And he never came upon the stage without impressing you with his mastery—the mastery not of an antic expert of melodrama but of an artist. Above all, it was his good fortune to be bred in the House of Molière. He had served a long and wise apprenticeship. He was the end of a long tradition, the summing-up of two centuries' artistic enterprise. The Classicism of Molière was, like the Classicism of Sophocles, guided by Nature,—by Nature represented not with crude fidelity but within the limits of a delicate art. And Coquelin humbly acquiesced in Molière's worship of simplicity. He had no greater love of the excesses of the grand manner, which are the vice of overblown Classicism, than Molière himself. He did not think that a king must always be "tall and fat like four." Indeed, to see him was to come face to face with Molière himself. In "Les Précieuses Ridicules," in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," in "Le Tartufe," he revealed all his wonderful gifts of interpretation. His Mascarille carried you straight out of your own century into the past. There stood before you the ruffler of the seventeenth century. The exuberant gaiety of the disguised valet is an imperishable memory, though, alas! the master will never revive it. Who that has once seen it can forget the splendid gesture, the magnificent sweep of the actor? The plumed hat, the lace frills, the full wig, will always live in our mind's eye because he wore them. And despite the extravagance which the part demanded, Coquelin never overstepped the boundaries of his art and method. The immortal swagger was Mascarille's, not his own, and from beginning to end there was no note of the exaggeration which would have deformed an English performance of the play. Then, in accord with his theory that a perfect actor could play any part, and could so securely hide his personality as to represent brave man or coward, young or old, rascal or sentimentalist, he turned lightly from Mascarille to Tartufe.

Never was the unctuous hypocrite more unctuously displayed. The villain created by Molière was by Coquelin made manifest, and he will ever remain a brilliant memory, the greatest of all the masterpieces which hang in the actor's gallery of masterpieces.

It was Coquelin's good fortune, as we have said, to be bred in the House of Molière. By another stroke of good fortune he did not desert that House until he had matured his style and perfected his method. The many years which he spent in wandering did but tend to exaggeration. The custom, long sustained, of playing to audiences which had an indifferent knowledge of French persuaded him at times to elaborate his gesture and to forget the moderation which was his first distinction. A greater injury was done him by the overwhelming success of M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Now this play is an admirable machine. Nothing better has ever been contrived for the exposition of a multifarious talent. Cyrano, indeed, as imagined by the dramatist, is not one man but three or four. A braggart in the first act, he presently trembles before the beautiful Roxane, and thinks it no shame to play the go-between. He does not scruple to lend his voice to his rival, or to deceive the lady whom he has known and loved from his boyhood. In the last act of all he dies, to an accompaniment of falling leaves, with a deliberation which belongs only to the theatre. The play has half-a-dozen merits. It is flamboyant; it is packed with change and surprise; its *bravura* is at times irresistible; and it easily aroused the enthusiasm of those who had read the elder Dumas and delighted in the "Cadets de Gascogne." But it is so obviously unreal that it could be presented only with a brutal inconsistency. Coquelin, accustomed to the delineation of character, was asked to represent an abstraction on which half a dozen characters were grafted. It gave him an opportunity of showing-off which he was quick to seize. It permitted him to speak more lines than ever before had been allotted to one player. And it changed him from an actor of subtlety and perfection to an amazing mountebank doing half a dozen turns at a music-hall. The very fact that he took a real pleasure in his triumph is a proof that his touch was losing its sureness, that his art was less scrupulous than of yore. But it remains the one great mistake in a finished career, and the wonder is that Coquelin was loyal so long to the tradition of his craft. Esteem no man happy, said an ancient wiseacre, until he be dead. Esteem no actor a perfect artist until he has played his last part. All are lawless, especially when they assume the reins of management. "Ah, les étranges animaux à conduire que les comédiens!" Thus wrote Molière, who knew them well, and it is due to Coquelin's refusal to govern himself in his last years that in the

moment of his death he was remembered less vividly as Tartufe, or as Mascarille, or as Gringoire, than as Cyrano de Bergerac, the hero of the long nose and shifting temper.

The value of tradition is apparent not merely in the theatre. In art as in life, in war as in peace, it is the golden chain which binds the present to the past and restrains the headstrong man from his undoing. Especially is it the only begetter of courage and patriotism. It persuades the soldier, fighting for his soil, to deeds of heroism. It creates in the heart and brain of all good citizens the spirit of emulation. Who would fall below the example set him by his forefathers or do dishonour to his native place? A book,[1] recently published, is as good an illustration of what we mean as can be found. It gives, in the form of annals, a clear and concise account of a distinguished regiment. The authors—and the book is compiled by a committee — have done their work with a modest fidelity. Being soldiers, they take the courage and zeal of their predecessors and colleagues for granted, and perhaps for that very reason leave upon our mind a vivid impression of great deeds simply and honourably performed. And as we read, we recognise the worth of such a record as this to those who to-day wear the uniform. The constant economy and changing schemes of many Ministers may all too soon obliterate the traditions of the past; and nothing but good could come to the Army if its every regiment followed the example thus wisely set, and published a plain account of what it had achieved in peace and war.

The Cameron Highlanders, long known as the 79th, has a brilliant history, of which every soldier who has fought under its colours has a right to be proud. And before we consider its exploits it is not without interest to recall its origin. It cannot claim the antiquity of the Black Watch, for it came into being when England needed every man to fight against France and the forces of disorder. It was in 1793 that Alan Cameron obtained permission to raise the regiment which ever since has borne his name. His early career showed the fighting blood that flowed in his veins. He was little more than a boy when he had a dispute with a kinsman, Cameron of Morsheirlich, an expert swordsman and many years his senior. A duel was inevitable, and for once strength overcame skill. Alan, incited to fury by a slight wound, broke down his opponent's head-guard, and drove his own and Morsheirlich's sword into his kinsman's head, thus making a cross-shaped wound of which he died. After hiding some years in Mull, Alan Cam-

[1] Historical Records of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

eron escaped to America, fought for England in the Rebellion, and returned to England in 1780. He was the type of the travelled Scot, intensely patriotic and yet well skilled in the way of the world. "He was," says the historian, "the link between the old type of Highland gentleman and the modern laird whose youthful mind has been formed in the environment of an English public school." His great bodily strength, his dauntless courage, his turbulent spirit, brought him fame wherever he went, and had he lived in an earlier century he would doubtless have followed Crichton, Sinclair, Urquhart, and the rest across Europe, and won laurels wherever he went. And there is another point in which he resembled many of his wandering countrymen. He was the master of a rough, expressive style. As he would brook no interference, so he knew very well how to put his displeasure into words. Not long after he had raised the Camerons, a rumour came that they were to be drafted into four other regiments. Colonel Cameron told the Duke of York that "to draft the 79th was more than he or his father dared do." Then said the Duke, "The King, my father, will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies." To which Cameron replied, "You may tell the King, your father, from me, that he may send us to hell if he likes, and I'll go at the head of them, but he daurna draft us." He "daurna"; and the Cameron Highlanders have remained the Cameron Highlanders to this day.

But Alan Cameron's masterpiece of style is a defence of the kilt, which was provoked by a suggestion that tartan trews should be substituted for the garb of Scotland, and which is so vigorous and eloquent that we cite it without apology. "I have to observe," he writes in 1804, "that in course of the late war several gentlemen proposed to raise Highland regiments; . . . but most of these corps were called upon from all quarters, and thereby adulterated by every description of men, that rendered them anything but real Highlanders, or even Scotchmen (which is not strictly synonymous); and the colonels themselves being generally unacquainted with the language and habits of Highlanders, while prejudiced in favour of, and accustomed to wear, breeches, were consequently adverse to that free congenial circulation of the pure wholesome air (as an exhilarating native bracer) which has hitherto so peculiarly benefited the Highlander for activity and all the other necessary qualities of a soldier, whether for hardship upon scanty fare, readiness in accoutring, or making forced marches, besides the exclusive advantage, when halted, of drenching his kilt in the next brook; . . . whilst the buffoon tartan pantaloon, with its fringed frippery (as some mongrel Highlanders would have it), sticking wet and dirty to the skin, is

not very easily pulled off, and less so to get on again in case of alarm or any other hurry." The argument for health and convenience, strong as it is, is not the only argument. Cameron has a yet stronger one in his wallet. "I feel no hesitation in saying," thus he goes on, "that the proposed alteration must have proceeded from a whimsical idea, more than from the real comfort of the Highland soldier, and a wish to lay aside that national martial garb, the very sight of which has, upon many occasions, struck the enemy with terror and confusion." And in a magnificent peroration he declares that rather than the Highlander should wear trews, he "would see him stuffed in breeches and abolish the distinction altogether."

This letter is characteristic both of Colonel Cameron and of his race. Scotland has always guarded its differences of garb and habit with a zeal which may appear irrelevant to a southern brain, and which is wholly justified. The spirit of nationality is as strong in North Britain to-day as ever it was, and it adds to an imperial loyalty a zest that is all its own. However, such being the man and such his purpose, it is not strange that the Cameron Highlanders have an unexampled record of service and success. It is not the language of flattery to say that their history since 1793 is the history of the British Army. They have fought on many fields against many foes, and all who have fought with them may take a pride in their achievement. No sooner was the regiment raised than it was sent abroad to the Low Countries to join the Duke of York. Thence, after a brief respite, it sailed for Martinique. Next the Cameron Highlanders were seen at the Helder; they took part in the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, their maiden field, and won the first of many distinctions. In 1801 they disembarked in Aboukir Bay, and helped Sir Ralph Abercromby to fight the French. During the action near Aboukir they behaved with great coolness. "Sir Sidney Smith came up to us," says Captain Wyvill, "though the balls were flying thickly about; he made us a low bow, and complimented us on the cool manner in which we were proceeding. He was well known to the French, and as he was very conspicuous, an additional number of shots saluted us on his account." Wherever there was fighting, there was the 79th. It took part in the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807. It made a dash at Sweden, and then joined Sir Harry Burrard in Portugal, where Colonel Alan Cameron was appointed Commandant of Lisbon, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and his son commanded the regiment in his stead. On the retreat to Corunna the 79th was conspicuous for preserving its order and discipline to the end, and for bearing the privations of the march with great gallantry and without loss. In 1809 the regiment returned home—for a few months only, and then was dis-

patched on the disastrous expedition to Walcheren. The next year saw it in Portugal again, fighting under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and winning fresh laurels. At Fuentes d'Onor it had the misfortune to lose its commanding officer, a gallant soldier, the worthy son of a gallant father. His death, ever memorable, was celebrated by Sir Walter Scott both in verse and prose. "And what avails thee," he wrote in his "Vision of Don Roderick,"—

> "And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
> Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
> Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
> And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
> Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven."

His death was splendidly avenged. The Frenchman who had stepped out of the ranks to take aim at him fell covered with wounds, and the Highlanders charged with so fierce a fury that the French Grenadiers, Bonaparte's own guard, were driven from the village.

At the siege of Burgos the 79th again took its share of the battle. Sergeant John M'Kenzie of the Cameron Highlanders was the first to scale the palisades and enter the horn-work, and he received a wound from a bayonet as he reached the ground. Nor must Bugler Charles Bogle be forgotten, who was "afterwards found dead in the gate alongside the body of a French soldier, the sword of the former and the bayonet of the latter thrust through each other's bodies." But it was at Toulouse that the 79th most gloriously and grievously distinguished itself. It helped to win the victory and lost many of its bravest men. A letter written by Lieut.-General Duncan Cameron to General Alan Cameron, the founder of the regiment, has all the soldierly quality of concision, as though it were written with a sword, not a pen. Thus it runs: "My dear General, I take the very first opportunity I could command since our coming to this place on the 10th to write you. We fought a heavy battle that day (Sunday) with Soult, which we fervently trust will finish this interminable contest. I am sorely grieved at the loss of so many dear relatives and comrades in this action—in which I know you will join. Your two nephews, John and Ewen, my cousin Duncan, and Captain Purvis were killed, and Lieutenant M'Barnet is not likely to outlive his wounds. Adjutant Kenneth Cameron is also severely wounded; indeed, I think Colonel Douglas and myself are the only two among the officers that escaped." Truly, the Camerons have given to the country of their best, and proved that there breathed in them the very spirit of battle. And their reward was adequate. "The regiment by royal authority was permitted to bear on its colours and appointments the word '*Toulouse*,' in addition to its other inscriptions. As a proof, likewise, of the

distinction earned by it during the successive campaigns in the Peninsula, and for its general services throughout the war, it was subsequently authorised to have the word '*Peninsula*' inscribed on its colours and appointments." It is for such honours as these that brave men die, and their successors of to-day proudly share their fame.

The Cameron Highlanders fought at Waterloo throughout the three glorious days of June, and they were "particularly mentioned" by Wellington in his famous despatch of June 19, addressed to Lord Bathurst. Fortunate in their opportunities, they have been fortunate also in winning the praise of poets. Byron, in "Childe Harold," has consecrated their immortality in a famous stanza:—

"And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

Here sounds the high note of romance, and bravely the Highlanders could echo it. But war does not always rest at the lofty plane of glory, and we can sometimes realise it most clearly in homelier touches. After the battle it is said that the 79th stripped the cuirasses off the dead Frenchmen and used them for cooking its rations. They were good enough frying-pans, though the bullet-holes let something escape. But some Belgian soldiers who passed by while the cooking was in progress, and seeing the cuirasses, went off with the legend that the Highlanders were cannibals, and no doubt the legend, which it is a pity to disturb, is repeated unto this day. One other piece of comedy is worth remembrance. When the allied armies were in Paris, Sergeant Campbell of the 79th was taken with others to the Elysée to be shown to the Emperor Alexander, and it is thus that he tells the tale himself. "The Emperor made a very minute inspection of us," he writes, "and his curiosity led him to call upon me, as being the most robust of the party, to step to the front. . . . As soon as I stepped to the front I was surrounded by the astonished nobility, and the Emperor commenced his inspection and questions as follows: First, he examined my appointments and drew my sword. . . . Second, he examined my hose, gaiters, legs, and pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my kilt, and had the curiosity to lift my kilt up to my navel, so that he might not be deceived. The questions were: If I was present at the actions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June? How many officers and men the regiment lost? . . . Whether I was in Egypt? If I wore the kilt

in winter, or if I did not feel cold in that season? If I was married? If my parents were alive?" Thus it was that the Highlanders seemed beyond the general experience of mankind. Thus it was that Alan Cameron was justified in fighting the battle of the kilt.

After Waterloo the 79th took a well-earned rest, the first for many years. Since 1793 the regiment had been in the field with scarce a break, and had made for itself such a record as few others could boast. When the trumpet of war sounded again, it was anew ready for the fray, and it was the fault of peace that until the Crimean War it had no proper occasion for its prowess. From the Crimea it travelled to India, was engaged in helping to suppress the Mutiny, and when it was suppressed remained fourteen years in the country. Then, for a second time, it was sent to Egypt in 1882, and sixteen years later witnessed the taking of Khartoum and accompanied Lord Kitchener to Fashoda. What it achieved in South Africa is still within the memory of all; and as we look back upon this long record of valiant service proudly given, we cannot but pay the highest honour to the memory of Alan Cameron, and recall the splendid work achieved in the world by the *esprit de corps* which he inspired. The army of the future, as we have said, may be differently composed; it may lack the romance of garb and nomenclature. But time will still spare the memory of the gallant regiments, who served the Empire in many a war and kept inviolate the traditions of their race and name.

THE DOMINATING ISSUE.

SUCH is the title bestowed by several leading members of the Government, including the Prime Minister, the President of the Council, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the conflict said to be impending between the two Houses of Parliament. The prominence they assign to it suggests some interesting reflections—some very serious, others more decidedly comic. Among Swift's "Reasons for not Abolishing Christianity," coarse as many of them are, there is one of very wide application and marked by a fine sense of humour, reminding one occasionally of Addison. What, asks the Dean, would become of all the fine gentlemen whose reputation for wit rests on their ridicule of Christianity: what would be the fate of the philosophers, the profound thinkers, if deprived of so fertile a theme for the display of their wisdom? It has occurred to us sometimes on reading the diatribes against the House of Lords, which appear almost daily in the newspapers, to ask a somewhat similar question: What would Mr Lloyd George or Mr Winston Churchill do without the House of Lords to gird at? It is a standing dish: cut and come again; as long as it lasts they can never be at a loss. When their wit gets a little stale or rusty they can always improve it on this well-worn grindstone. And this, perhaps, is one reason why they are in no hurry to destroy it. It is certainly very amusing to hear such speakers as these, breathing fire and slaughter against the House of Lords, and then to find all of them in turn content to shake their fists in its face and put off further action to a more convenient season.

As at present advised they propose to erect the gibbet after the next General Election. But why wait till then? As they all agree that none of their favourite ideas can be realised while the House of Lords bars the way, one would have thought the sooner they put the rope round its neck the better. Why keep the country out of all those blessings for which they are said to be thirsting by delaying a preliminary operation, which they would of course welcome with delight? Commonplace persons, shallow thinkers, might be apt to say that one of two conclusions must lurk somewhere in the ministerial mind — either that the people don't care for these blessings, or don't believe that the proposed remedy would bring them. But Mr Asquith has a reason of his own. To appeal to the people on this question would be to acknowledge the right of the House of Lords to force a dissolution. But that right, as he must know, cannot be separated from the power to reject. It is wrapped up in it—and think of depriving the nation of the promised millennium on such a flimsy pretext as this!

It is to be noted that all the Government speakers during the last two months represent the question of the House of Lords as "the dominating issue" before the country. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Council, the President of the Board of Trade, the Under-Secretary for the Home Department, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and last of all the chief Government Whip, all agree on this point. This one question in the opinion of the Government overshadows all others. Even Tariff Reform, though it may be the question on which the next General Election will be more immediately fought, they rightly think is subordinate in importance to a reconstruction of the British Constitution. This estimate of its comparative weight is quite consistent with their reluctance to take it up. A few short quotations from the speeches we have mentioned may be adduced in evidence.

On December 4, at the National Liberal Club, Mr Asquith began by saying: "I invite the Liberal Party to-night to treat the veto of the House of Lords as the dominating issue in politics; the dominating issue, because in the long-run it absorbs and overshadows every other." On December 18 Lord Crewe used the very same words to express the paramount importance of the question. It was, he said, the dominating issue. Unless the Lords were defeated and the veto abolished Liberalism would perish. A few days afterwards the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the same thing at Liverpool. Claiming that the policy of the Liberals is "steady and continuous progress along constitutional lines," he declared that "Liberalism cannot exist until you have settled the veto." But the veto is not settled, and Liberalism still exists. Mr Lloyd George answers himself when he points to all the great things which Liberalism has accomplished in the past notwithstanding the existence of this diabolical power. Does not the fact prove that it is only exercised against such measures as cannot honestly be called "steady continuous progress along constitutional lines." The House of Lords, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer admits, has never prevented measures which really merit this description. Nor will it in the future. Nevertheless, the Liberal Party must now come "to close grips" with that terrible tyrant. It is for Liberalism, he says, a life-and-death struggle; and certainly if the Liberal idea of "steady continuous progress on constitutional lines" is embodied in such measures as the Licensing Bill, the Old Age Pensions Bill, the Scottish Land Bill, Welsh Disestablishment, and other "far-reaching reforms," *alias* robberies, not obscurely shadowed forth, the House of Lords doubtless *will* interpose to prevent such reckless driving as this, and probably inflict some punishment on the driver; and the retention or abolition of the veto will

then indeed be for the Liberal Party what they call it—the dominating issue.

Speaking at Shields, January 27, the Attorney-General, Sir William Robson, in a forecast of the coming struggle between the Lords and Commons, said the game would be a long one, for the Lords held some good cards: "but as it neared the end the chances would be against them, and the stakes were bigger than they thought." We hope before we have done to show what the stakes are: though we don't suppose that either the Lords themselves or others who are interested in the question are quite so blind to its tendencies as Sir W. Robson seems to think. It is not Mr Winston Churchill's fault if they are. In his speech at Birmingham he said the abolition of the veto was the necessary issue at the next General Election. A fortnight afterwards, at Nottingham, he professed his belief that at the next General Election "the Liberals would win with a policy first of smashing the Lords and then of pressing forward the social programme of which Old Age Pensions was the beginning." Only on February 6, he raised the curtain a little higher: the Radical Party had still "got to win the land." Here, at last, speaks the Socialist, by whom that party is inspired; and we have now brought our argument down to the point at which we may proceed to ask what all this means?

From one point of view, it may mean little or nothing. From another it may mean a great deal. We may regard it merely as so much tall talk, the resource of orators who use the House of Lords as, according to Swift, the fine gentlemen of his day used Christianity—that is, as an excellent topic on which to whet their wits, with the view of impressing on the populace what fine fellows they are. It is a subject on which brass can be made to pass for gold more readily perhaps than any other public question. In short, it is what actors call very good business. Ignorant constituencies have heard of feudalism without in the least knowing what it means, and have been taught to regard it as a kind of political dragon which lived on the "blood and bones of the people." They are assured that in the Peers the appetite still survives, and that to guard against any future indulgence of it they must be reduced to impotence. By a dexterous appeal to these venerable prejudices, worthy of the enlightened Liberals who use them, nothing more may be meant at the moment than just to keep the flame alive and prevent the people from forgetting what a dangerous and mischievous monster lurks in the Upper Chamber, and how deeply they will be beholden to the heroes who, like Theseus or Hercules, go forth to slay it.

But though such language as we have just quoted can but raise a smile on the lips of those who regard it as only

a noisy bit of fourth-rate acting, it cannot be dismissed as harmless. We know very well at whose instigation this campaign against the Lords is carried on. The Ministerialists hope to purchase by it a longer lease of office. The Socialists are playing for higher stakes. The leaders of the Socialists know very well what in the long-run must be the sequel of any successful attack upon the second chamber. They make no secret of it; and when Mr Winston Churchill says "we have got to get the land," he is only repeating what the Socialists have said from the first.

If the existence of the House of Lords is "the dominating issue" which may come before us at any moment, it is surely wise to follow the maxim of the Duke of Wellington, who, when he saw a hill or a mountain in front of him, used always to consider what might be on the other side of it. The Socialists themselves scarcely ask for a reformed House of Lords. Nor is it easy to see how any of the reforms which have been suggested could satisfy the demands of even a more moderate party. Some of the complaints which come in from respectable quarters seem prompted rather by the necessity of finding something to say, no matter what, against the hereditary chamber than by even the slightest consideration of conditions which lie upon the surface. It is said, for instance, that so few Peers attend in their places. Would not the House of Commons often be all the better for a considerable reduction in its numbers. Scores of men who sit below the Gangway might just as well be away. They rather interrupt public business than assist it. Their presence does not prevent the action of the House from being determined by the party leaders. And no more would a larger attendance in the House of Lords have that effect. Moreover, it is more than doubtful whether any such reforms as have been indicated by various well-intentioned gentlemen would be either more popular with the country at large or more acceptable to advanced Radicals. The Peers are all well-known men: they live in the country and mix freely with all classes of society; the great majority are resident landlords, and bear names which the people have respected for centuries. They are early trained to affairs, and county business educates them for Parliament. They are not strangers in the land, as many of the philosophers, men of letters, and men of science, with whom it is proposed to leaven the House of Lords, in all probability would be. It is not likely that the quality of the debates would be raised by the infusion, nor would the Lords improve on the business-like brevity with which their proceedings are conducted at present by becoming more like the House of Commons.

Besides, is it likely that men of this stamp, conscious of their own intellectual superiority, would submit to be overruled by the Commons as

readily as the Lords do. The latter, as a general rule, defer to the decisions of the lower chamber out of regard to ancient traditional usage, which they only depart from in cases of the greatest emergency. But the reconstructed House of Lords would represent a new constitution not bound by the traditions of the old one, and in fact called into existence to supersede them, and to strengthen the very powers which the Radicals desire to destroy. The new men would have nothing to lose by a crisis. They need not shrink from a collision: and a hundred such men in the reformed House of Lords would, if we are not greatly deceived, soon let the Radicals understand that they had exchanged King Log for King Stork.

More tinkering would be demanded. Fresh terms of abuse would be invented. There would be no more "finality" in a reformed House of Lords than there was in a reformed House of Commons. A nice unsettled state of things we should then live under, in which the stream of legislation would not be likely to flow more freely than it does now. The people would at last get weary of it; and then would come the cry for either total abolition or complete prostration of that assembly.

If instead of reforming the House of Lords we leave it just as it is, with what is called a suspensory veto, we either make that veto a farce or we leave it practically where it is. If it is only to be in force till the end of the existing Parliament, when the measure so opposed must become law without further debate, it is needless to say there might just as well be none at all. Without this limitation it would be only what we now have. The veto even now is only suspensory till an appeal has been made to the people. But it is mere waste of time to discuss these compromises. The Socialists look farther ahead, they are playing a deep game, and calculate that if they lose at first they will win heavily in the end. The stakes, as the Attorney-General said, are bigger than is commonly suspected.

If the House of Lords were abolished the nobility could not be excluded from Parliament altogether. If deprived of their own chamber they would find seats in the Commons—or, if this is too great a concession, they would still be at liberty to vote at elections, to canvas, to convert, and to bring all their vast social influences to bear, not indirectly but directly, on the results. At present in the House of Lords they are restrained from proceeding to extremities by many considerations. They are restrained by a sense of responsibility—a consciousness that it rests with themselves to precipitate or avert a revolution: they are restrained by prudential considerations, and by that regard for public opinion which the Peers, from the very eminence on which they stand, can often appreciate more fully than those below them.

More than this, while the

nobility are represented in a separate chamber, — set on high, so to speak, — and concentrating in themselves all the objections to privilege which can flourish in a democratic age, they are bound to observe special caution and circumspection in every step they take. Now, suppose all these conditions reversed, and the Peers released from all those restrictions which confront them more or less at present, and free to use their whole wealth and influence in favour of the constitutional cause. With the whole combined weight of the Conservative aristocracy poured into one channel, and brought to bear upon a single chamber, the result must inevitably be a vast accession of strength to the Conservative Party in Parliament. If instead of being separated from the Commons they spoke through the mouth of the Commons; if instead of being brought to a head, as one may say, the aristocratic element were dispersed through and amalgamated with the popular chamber, clothed with the popular livery, and with as good a claim to represent the popular will as any other element in the House, is it not certain that it would exercise a more effective control over public affairs than it can possibly exercise at present; that its influence would become more powerful in proportion as it grew less palpable, and would double its present substance by throwing off its present form? And in that case would not a Conservative majority become almost as great a certainty in the Lower House as it is now in the Upper? Is it not absurd to suppose that this inevitable consummation can have been overlooked by the acute and thoughtful politicians who tell us that the House of Lords must perish? They cannot have failed to see that what the Lords lose directly by abolition of the one chamber they would more than gain indirectly by their increased influence in the other.

We will see to that, they would possibly reply. You don't suppose that we should be so stupid as to emancipate the Peers from all the checks, visible and invisible, which now act upon them, and at the same time leave them in full possession of the vast wealth and social influence which they now possess. We must not only disestablish the Lords: we must disendow them. We are constantly reminded, and with perfect truth, that the country would never consent to see the Church of England emancipated from State control and yet secured in the possession of all her property. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same is true of the Lords. Disestablishment and disendowment must go hand in hand.

And here it may be asked if we have not answered ourselves. For if the abolition of the House of Lords is the first step to be taken, how will the Socialists ever reach the second? A House of Commons in which the Conservative and aristocratic element is likely to be so

powerfully reinforced would defeat a policy of confiscation as surely as the Lords. The answer to this is, that the House of Commons, unlike the House of Lords, is at the mercy of accidents. "Give me the command of the Channel for so many hours," said Napoleon, "and England is mine." So a single Parliament, returned in a moment of great national excitement, and under the influence of some great delusion, might contain the Radical majority which would enable the Socialists "to get the land," as Mr Churchill says. They may wait for one of those opportunities which often occur quite unexpectedly in human affairs, and have more than once changed the fortunes of England. And such a revolution as is suggested, once begun, would have nothing to check its course. The Suspensory Chamber, our one security against precipitate violence, would be gone: and the work of the Socialists once done could never again be undone.

In January 1828, the Duke of Wellington was the head of a united party which appeared to be impregnable, pledged to maintain the existing Constitution, supported by both sections of the Tory Party, and enjoying the full "confidence of the country." There was a general impression that he was in for his life. Opposition was dormant, and the idea that the Radicals would ever succeed in their designs while the Duke lived would, if suggested, have been scouted as ridiculous. In January 1831 he was a discredited statesman, his party broken up, the forces of defence shattered, and a new Prime Minister was about to grant more than all that the wildest Radicals had ever asked. The Duke's Roman Catholic Relief Bill in 1829 caused a split in the Tory Party, and a section of his supporters combined with the Opposition to defeat him on the question of the Civil List. Here was one of those quarrels in which, to gratify some personal animosity, men are willing to risk the principles for which they have been fighting all their lives, and to sacrifice a Constitution in order to punish an individual.

Burke has a well-known passage on political gamblers, in which he says, "Do we not see how lightly people treat their fortunes when they are under the passion of gaming? The game of resentment or ambition will be played by many of the great and rich as desperately and with as much blindness to the consequences as any other game." And there is no saying to what length a Minister may be driven who sees that his sole chance of retaining power is to throw in his lot with the most violent of his supporters, and provoke a conflict, hoping that in the ensuing confusion he may come to the surface and again be required as a leader. We are told sometimes not to disquiet ourselves, for we are not "within measurable distance" of such an agrarian revolution as the Socialists contemplate. That we are not within measurable distance of its completion we should hope

is true. But that we are not within measurable distance of the attempt is far from certain. The forces on which we rely for its defeat are always liable to disunion, and a petty caprice or a personal quarrel has often led to changes which have overthrown the strongest citadels. "Damn the Reform Bill," said Lord Monmouth; "if the Duke had not quarrelled with Lord Grey on a coal committee we should never have had the Reform Bill, and Grey would have gone to Ireland." An ignoble end for our ancient Constitution to be smothered in a coal-cellar. But what has happened before may happen again. An accident like that might break up even such a Government as had a large contingent of Peers among its supporters in the Commons, and let in a Government which would soon place it beyond their power to offer any effective resistance to an organised revolutionary movement. Divest the peerage of all political duties; let neither the nobility nor the gentry have any share in either government or local administration; reduce them to a position in which they can be described as drones who have no right to property when they have ceased to discharge its duties: and then it will be easy to strip them of their estates, redistribute or nationalise the land, and destroy all that creates the power, prestige, and popularity of our British aristocracy. That such is the real object of the Socialist party we know from their own mouths. Both Renan and De Tocqueville have traced for us the steps by which a similar result was brought about in France. There the process was begun by the Crown. And what followed! The king swept away the local authority of the aristocracy, and the "people in turn swept away the authority of the Crown."[1]

De Tocqueville, also referring to the history of France, declares that the influence and power of an aristocracy depend on their possession of political powers and the exercise of administrative functions. They must take a visible and important part in the government of the country if they are to retain their hold on the respect and confidence of the nation. When the French noblesse, he continues, possessed power as well as privilege, their rights seemed a natural consequence of the Constitution of their country. They had corresponding duties to perform, and the one seemed to justify the other. They enforced public order, they administered justice, they executed the law: in fine, they carried on the business of the country. When the seigneur ceased to do this, he became in the eyes of the peasantry an anomaly. They could not understand him, and their services were rendered to strangers whom they never saw, and who did nothing in return for them. It is because we are convinced that the abolition of the House of Lords must be only the first step to a political agitation in this country more

[1] Vie Intellectuelle et Morale. Renan.

fierce in its character, more sweeping in its objects, and more deplorable in its consequences if successful, than anything which has ever been witnessed in Great Britain, that we heartily deprecate a change which might for a time appear to have the opposite effect.

It is remarkable that both writers and speakers belonging to both political parties, who agree that the veto of the House of Lords is essential to the satisfactory working of Parliamentary government, are caught nevertheless by the plausible pretext that it is unfair to the Liberals that the majority of the House of Lords should always be Conservative. Why, it would be useless were it anything else. The Parliamentary struggle is not a tournament or a prize fight—it is a battle in deadly earnest between the defenders and assailants of certain great principles which Conservatives hold to be essential both to national greatness and social prosperity. While a Radical majority in the House of Commons is bent upon destroying both, a Conservative majority must be kept in reserve somewhere to hold them in check. A Liberal majority in the House of Lords would not even exercise a suspensory veto. They would pass the Government measures at once without allowing any final appeal to the people. The present political situation shows the necessity of a second chamber in a peculiarly strong light. Here is a Government which has either lost the confidence of the country, or so much of it as to make it no longer representative, still in command of an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, with the power and the will to continue a course of revolutionary and destructive legislation for another two or three years. How is the country to be protected against representatives whom it does not trust and against measures which it does not want: against such atrocious misgovernment as reduces Ireland to barbarism, or such mischievous delays as foster disaffection in India? A stronger argument for the maintenance of the House of Lords, with all its powers intact, can hardly be imagined than that which is supplied by the Parliamentary conditions of to-day.

One word more and we have done. Is there any precedent on record for the Ministers of the Crown preaching a crusade against the integrity of the Constitution which the sovereign to whom they are responsible has sworn to uphold? Is it not, to say the least, a most indecent and most unwarrantable breach of all the customs, traditions, and prescriptions which have hitherto regulated the relations between the sovereign, the Ministers, and the people, that statesmen in the service of the State should endeavour to make political capital by railing at established institutions and keeping up an agitation which they have no immediate intention of satisfying? To keep so sweeping a change as the destruction of one branch of the Legislature

hanging over the heads of the nation for an indefinite period is an unprincipled and, on the part of the Government, an almost criminal manœuvre. That constitutional changes may from time to time become necessary we should be the last to deny. When such occasions arise let them be dealt with, not hastily or precipitately, but with such well-considered promptitude as shall attest the honesty and sincerity of the Government, shall ensure a permanent settlement of the questions at issue, and prevent them from being kept alive for purely factious purposes: a system which tends to the chronic unsettlement of the public mind, to the delay of all useful legislation, and to the lowering, we should fear, of the dignity and authority of the crown.

The prominence given to the finance question in the speech from the throne only confirms what public opinion had already divined — namely, that the Budget will be the most important measure of the present session, Welsh Disestablishment being probably held over to the next; and as it is not improbable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals may cause some friction between the two Houses of Parliament, the public may be interested in hearing what Sir Robert Peel once said of the treatment of Money Bills by the House of Lords. Peel enjoyed the confidence of the commercial world: all the banking and mercantile interests of the city of London looked up to him as a master of finance. It is needless to say that his reputation as a constitutional statesman was equally high. In a letter to the Duke of Wellington in June 1846, on the subject of an Annuity Bill in favour of Lord Hardinge, "I doubt," he says, "whether we could safely fight a battle against the Lords on the ground that alteration of a Money Bill by the Lords was *unconstitutional* [italics are Peel's]. I rather think the Commons, whenever a conference takes place with the Lords in consequence of an altered Money Bill, avoid denial of the power of the Lords, though they refuse to acquiesce in the alteration." Thus, according to this high authority, the House of Lords in amending the Budget would be within their constitutional rights, however rarely they may have been exercised.

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UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

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I.—THE ERROR OF THE MODERN ECONOMIST.

An economist who exercises considerable influence on the Free Trade side of the prevailing controversy began an article upon the effect of British imports on the country's industries and export trade, and the incidence of import duties, with the words: "There is a prevalent inability on the part of some controversialists to discern the proposition that imports are always paid for by exports of corresponding value."

Apparently he held, as other economists do, the view that imports and exports stand in a relationship to one another, practically as cause and effect. At all events, he proceeded to state the case for the supporters of the doctrine held generally by Free Traders, that the volume of a country's *exports* largely depends upon, and is determined by, the amount of its *imports*. Arguing from this standpoint, he met, as he believed successfully, the contention of the Tariff Reformer, and declared as his conviction that the Free Trade policy of the country should be maintained.

The elementary truth contained in the proposition that, in the settling of the reckoning between nations whose traders give and take commodities from one another, the price of the commodity bought is set off, as far as it will go, against that of the commodity sold, their difference alone being paid in money or the equivalent of money to square the account, has bewildered and misled many abstract econo-

mists, and has given rise to serious economic error and political wrong-doing.

The economist who quoted the proposition, and others of his way of thinking, do not themselves seem fully to apprehend the nature of the transaction between nations upon which they dilate.

To begin with, they do not perceive that the transactions are simply purchases and sales of commodities by individuals, and do not lose their character as such by being added together and called National. Further, they do not recognise that gold —the money of nations—is a commodity, the product of labour, and only differs from other commodities in the special position among them that has been assigned to it. The position is as follows: For convenience in exchanging commodities, an operation which is simply a process of barter, gold has by common consent, and by the Law of Nations, had the power conferred upon it, apart from that attaching to it as a metal, that all commodities bought or sold must have their values expressed in terms of the weight and fineness of gold; and the weight and fineness of gold corresponding to the value of any commodity bought or sold will lawfully discharge the debt contracted by such purchase or sale. Further, when gold is used to square the reckoning between debtor and creditor nations, it simply takes its place as a commodity on the side of the minus quantity of other commodities imported or exported, bringing the plus and minus quantities of these into equilibrium, *and does nothing more.*

If this were discerned as it ought to be, the conclusion to be drawn from it is, that the value of the imports and of the exports of nations that are solvent is equal the one to the other. In the language of trade, they square one another, just as on a smaller scale a shilling buys an imported shilling toy, *and stops there.*

The proposition does not go a step further, and those political economists who deduce from it and teach the doctrine of the interdependence of imports and exports of commodities, in the sense that the increase of the former will increase the latter, incur a grave responsibility, and do a serious injury to those of their countrymen who depend for their subsistence upon the wages of labour, which in turn depend upon the volume of the country's industries.

To these economists it is matter of rejoicing that imports exceed exports because of the supposed stimulating effect of the former upon the latter, although none of them can suggest how it works; but at the moment they are disquieted by the diminution in both that has taken place in the last year compared with the previous, and by the constantly increasing number of our unemployed. The faith of their followers, too, has been shaken in their "inter-

dependent law" by the fact that, while the value of *imports* for September 1908 *exceeded* those of 1907 by the sum of £2,692,756, the value of the *exports* of September 1908 was £3,585,114 *less* than those of September 1907. Such disparities do not harmonise with their doctrine.

II.—THE SUPPOSED INFLUENCE OF IMPORTS ON EXPORTS.

Many are at a loss to account for the extraordinary and varying difference between the value of imports and exports, and to explain how the excess value of imports over exports is paid for. The total value of goods imported during 1908 amounted to £593,140,723, and of exports £377,219,579—a difference of £215,921,144. The respective figures of 1907 were £645,807,942 and £426,035,083—a difference of £219,772,859.

If one looks at these figures, it is obvious that there can be no interdependence in the volumes of imports and exports. For if such dependence really existed, and the demand for the production of goods for export grew with an increase in the volume of imports, the imports would exercise this influence on the £215,921,144 which the value of the exports does not meet, and which the country has to provide otherwise to square the reckoning; and one has only to consider whence these £215,921,144 are derived to perceive the absurdity of the doctrine.

Those who have given attention to the subject know that this excess is not all met by direct money payment. They know broadly from what other sources it is provided, although unable to trace them in detail. They know that inward sea-carriage earned by the British shipowner forms part of them, and helps to swell the official valuation of commodities imported, and that corresponding earnings do not enter into the recorded value of exports, so that exports meet a greater amount of the cost of imports than is shown in statistical tables; but this goes only a small way to square the account. They also know that, in the processes of trade, other revenues earned abroad contribute along with the value of the country's exports to meet the cost of imports. Of these, there are trading profits belonging to British owners derived from foreign commercial undertakings, dividends from investments in foreign Government and foreign railway stocks, and interest from foreign loans—returns, in short, from British capital invested abroad, because it cannot be equally profitably invested at home. No one can believe that any of these sources of revenue can in any way be increased by an increase in the volume of the country's *imports* or can be affected one way or

another by what is spent on imports.

It is obvious that imports, large or small, can have nothing to do with these sources of payment, and, if this be so, increased imports can *per se* have nothing whatever to do with an increase in the demand for articles of export to which they are supposed to give rise.

Certain commodities are imported because they are a necessity, and many, although not necessities, are so useful to a country that cannot itself produce them as to be indispensable. Raw materials, ores, &c., used in the production of commodities which form part of the nation's industrial occupation, are of the former class, and must be imported, and other commodities that we cannot produce may, for this or kindred reasons, stand in a similar category; and luxuries are imported because we like them and can pay for them. But many others are not indispensable, and compete with home productions.

In these circumstances it is our bounden duty to inquire what articles of import come under the category of necessities and what do not, and to take care that the industrial occupations of our people are not curtailed by the *unrestricted* admission of articles, the embodiment of foreign labour, which might be produced at home and give employment to our people.

It must never be forgotten that every article imported is the embodiment of foreign labour, and to the extent that such commodities can be produced in our own country they deprive our people of employment. When imports reach nearly six hundred million pounds per annum, the labour they represent, and their possibilities as a source of employment, are enormous.

Whatever else may be said on the subject, it can be absolutely predicated, with respect to the relative value of imports and exports, that when *exports* come to be reduced from any cause, if no countervailing increase in the indebtedness of foreign nations to this country be found, the imports must be reduced if the country is to remain solvent. It is another way of saying that the individuals of which the nation consists must spend less when earnings decrease.

The nation that continues to import in excess of the value of its exports and of the foreign revenues required for their payment, must, like the spendthrift, part with its reserves of wealth to meet its debts, or become bankrupt.

It will doubtless occur to some one to say, the more the imports the more there will be for ships to carry, and the greater the carriage earnings. But he would be deemed out of his mind who gave a public carrier goods to convey one way in order to give him employment, and who added—"The more you carry that way the more you will get back," which is substantially the contention of economists.

III.—BRITAIN'S COMMERCE AND PROSPERITY NOT DUE TO FREE TRADE.

General prosperity must depend upon the full and profitable employment of the people, and the utilisation to the utmost of the country's own resources.

Under the changed conditions of home and foreign trade which a well-adjusted import tariff would produce, the channels of trade may somewhat change, but the volume passing through them, if associated with reciprocity, is bound to grow, possessed as Great Britain is of capital, of the best appliances, and of abounding skilled labour.

A nation of producers obviously cannot be producers of commodities made elsewhere.

If home employment in the production of commodities is to be fostered, measures must be taken to regulate imports so that the greatest possible amount of employment for the people at home may be secured.

If it be desired to encourage between nations an interchange of their manufactures, the principle of "give and take" as between the nations is the only sure method of doing justice to both.

It is, besides, a step towards universal Free Trade, which is above all else to be desired.

In view of what has been stated one wonders how the modern Free Trade doctrines have got such a hold on the minds of Ministers. They seem to believe that if one door is closed another is bound to open, that the closed door of the United States produced the open door of Argentina—*vide* Mr Asquith's late speech. It is difficult to understand how such nonsense is believed. But there is something to excuse it: the vastness of British trade has given a measure of plausibility to the economic teaching by which they have been guided, and a crumb of comfort is said by them to dwell in what is called the mystery of "three-cornered trade." Trade statistics show that British imports and exports surpass in volume those of other nations, and it is imagined that we owe this to the country's Free Trade policy. Holding this view as they do, it is not unnatural that his Majesty's Ministers should cling to Free Trade, and hesitate to disturb the flow of imports. But it is not by any means proven that, even in the past, Britain's commercial progress was due to Free Trade. Unquestionably other far more potent causes contributed to it.

The country's progress in the last sixty years, of which the writer can speak from personal experience, is traceable to many causes other than Free Trade. In his view, while Free Trade contributed something to it, it played a very subordinate part. Britain's insular position gave it a very great advantage over European nations, jealous of

one another, whose boundaries touched. Britain's young men, at the receptive age and onwards, were free to work, while Continental powers employed a vast number of theirs as soldiers. Britain had absolute peace within its borders all these years, and its industrial population were engaged in the arts of peace at times when those of other nations were engaged in war. The climate of Great Britain fostered a strong, capable race of men, who were educated in the earlier years above the average of nations. Most of the great centres of population were planted in the midst of mineral fields — coal and iron —which gave an immense advantage in the production of machinery; maritime enterprise, also, was stimulated, and colonising encouraged.

The discovery of gold in Australia gave a great impulse to Britain's trade. Crowds went thither, and ships were built to carry them and the supplies for all their wants, to our great dependencies. The supplying of these gave employment to our people; the country receiving in return gold and other produce.

Canada and the United States, in these early times, took most of their soft goods from Britain, their own manufacturing industries being then undeveloped.

The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, although they had a disturbing effect on the nation, had many compensations. They stimulated trade by the demands they made for army and navy supplies. The distribution of money among manufacturers engaged in the production of these was most helpful, although the money figured later as National Debt.

But the great stimulus to Britain's trade during the period named was given by the Civil War in America, which removed from the seas America's great merchant fleets, which were competitors with ours both in home and foreign trades. Britain became absolutely supreme in shipping, and this position it has ever since maintained. The Civil War delayed for years the development of manufacturing industries in the United States, and enabled us to serve the markets in which they before competed with us, including even their own. Following upon this came the Franco-German War, which removed France and Germany for a long time from active trade competition with us.

India and our Colonies were meantime expanding at a great pace, taking our produce freely, and supplying us in exchange with raw material. Then came the wonderful development of industries, due to the employment of iron where wood had formerly been used. No nation could vie with us in iron and its products. In iron shipbuilding we had a monopoly. Railways came to be formed at home and abroad in great number, and our prominence in engineering caused us to be the suppliers of these for home and foreign requirements.

It will be seen that Free

Trade played a very subordinate part alongside of these great causes of Britain's prosperity. One thing it did was to remove Government official restriction at points where it was oppressive, turning officials on to productive work and setting the people free from the trammels due to officialism. That advantage we have long ago greatly lost, for much of it in other forms has been restored.

IV.—OUR FREE TRADE NOT COBDEN'S, AND HURTFUL. THE LESSON TAUGHT US BY GERMANY.

Cobden's Free Trade was different from that which we presently have.

Cobden did not contemplate giving freedom to import manufactured goods from countries which erected a tariff wall against ours. His immediate aim was to secure reciprocity by means of a partial abolition of duty, hoping that absolute Free Trade between nations would follow. His last great achievement, the reciprocity treaty with France, was not a Free Trade treaty.

He never realised his universal Free Trade aspirations, nor have we.

It did not occur to Cobden that his hopes would not be fulfilled, or contrary to Adam Smith's belief that the cost of carriage of foodstuffs from countries which kept up their tariffs against us would not be a sufficient protection to ensure that our corn land would not, as it has done, go out of cultivation.

These things have been lost sight of, or are now unknown to our rulers and to our economic writers, otherwise they would awaken doubt of the wisdom of our present policy, even if there were no other grounds for it; but we have abounding cause to change our policy if we look around.

Germany, a nation distinguished in philosophy, science, and in technical skill even beyond our own, is pursuing a line for the advancement of its commerce which our teachers say would be ruinous to us if we took it, with the result to Germany that it is advancing in every direction. Its land is in full cultivation. In population it is growing at a pace that leaves us far in the rear; it is finding employment within its own bounds for its people; and, different from Britain, it no longer needs to send a redundant population to seek employment elsewhere. Having its own markets preserved to its own people, German manufactories are equipped on the grandest scale, and it can produce iron and other goods as cheap as we. Its wealth and power have so increased that it has become the foremost among European nations, and is even challenging Britain's supremacy on the seas. It cannot be denied that it owes its success to its well-ordered Protective duties, which are levied only in a way that tends

to promote the interests of their people. Some of Germany's success is unquestionably due to Britain's present Free Trade practice. Germany uses our markets and the Colonial markets which we have provided as freely as—nay, on better terms than — we ourselves. (It recently beat us in competition for water-pipes for Kinloch-Leven.)

Out of our trading profits we have to maintain the fleets and forces required to safeguard our home and other markets, while our great trade rival, although practising a Protective policy, sells her products as freely as we in these markets, without contributing a farthing to our national purse or to that of our Colonies from the profits of such trading.

Our rivals are also free from some of the trading responsibilities that are imposed by Government on our own traders. In short, they come and live at the tables which we provide without reciprocating in any way or giving us a welcome at theirs.

Britain does not stop at this abounding generosity, but, as if the interests of her rivals in trade were more to be considered than her own, she has lately deprived the National Exchequer of about two millions of money, that foreigners might get supplies of coal a shilling a ton cheaper, and the Free Trade conscience be appeased: coal, the life-blood of the nation, which, once parted with, can never be replaced.

Those who encouraged this abolition of duty can draw no comfort from the economist's favourite axiom, that duty must fall on the consumer, for in this case the two millions lost to Britain have to be provided from her own coal consumers, and the foreigner only is benefited.

V.—LESSONS TAUGHT BY OTHER NATIONS, BUT LOST ON OUR GOVERNMENT.

But the lesson which the fiscal systems of foreign nations teach is not confined to Germany's. The United States, Canada, and our other dominions generally, all of whom practise the fiscal system condemned by our economists, have the same experience and teach to us the same lessons —growing trade, increase in population and wealth, and more continuous and better employment to the working classes than we can give to ours, associated with the widest cultivation of their land and the use of the best appliances.

Surely a system of carefully adjusted, discriminating duties, which has proved so beneficial to all these countries, cannot possibly be for us the destructive system economists would have us believe.

Government is face to face with an unemployment crisis which may well awaken doubt as to the wisdom of their policy. They know that the provisions they have made to meet the prevailing crisis,

even with the assistance of a wide benevolence, is only a temporary expedient. Building warships, paying wages for unproductive work, and providing pensions, cannot be continued indefinitely. The money absorbed is taken from those who, either from their reserves or trading profits, have still something to contribute, but these are not lasting resources, and their bottom may be reached sooner than is commonly believed.

It is much to be deplored that this momentous question became a party one, and that politicians, with the best intention, took a side upon it without inquiring into its merits. What a power for good our present Government, with its commanding majority, would have been if, instead of declaring for free imports as they have done, they had retained an open mind upon the question. Knowledge drawn from men engaged in trade, as well as from the experience o other nations, was at their command, and if studied with unbiassed mind must have made for change in the present system, —a change which would first tend to increase employment in the production of things of the kind imported from abroad which could be made to advantage at home; next, would provide revenues out of such of the imported articles as could suitably bear a tax; and, lastly, would give us something to bargain with by way of remission in exchange for Colonial or other preference. The idea of retaliation, which certain Ministers favour, should not be thought of. It would be a blow which would destroy friendship and be returned with all the force that could be given to it. Declaring as the Government have done for the other view, it is natural that they should apply the arts of rhetoric to uphold it and to explain away their obvious error.

VI.—THE ECONOMIC ERROR FURTHER EXAMINED.

A country whose accumulated wealth and developed industries are such that it can not only export large portions of the products of its industries to less favoured parts, but has other means to buy things it does not produce, can afford to import largely from other nations not only raw materials, but luxuries as well.

The truth of this view will appear if the progress of a newly settled country be considered, such as Canada and the United States were, even within comparatively recent years. Such a country is peopled from the redundant population of an old one. The settler, having first cultivated the soil and made provision for his immediate personal wants, begins to export such things as he can send out to advantage — agricultural produce, minerals, &c.—receiving in exchange things necessary, which he cannot produce himself.

Settlers will import of these to the measure of their needs and their ability to pay for them. It would be ridiculous to say to such young nation — "Import freely; the more you import the more you will export." They would answer—"We must export more before we can import more; until we can, by reason of our prosperity, import more, we must confine our imports to things that are indispensable and cannot be made at home."

As such a nation advances in population it will begin to manufacture for itself many of the things it at first imported, for the double purpose of providing employment for all classes of its people, and of utilising its own raw material. In the process it may find that such articles of manufacture cannot be produced quite so cheaply as they might be imported at; but, inasmuch as in their manufacture they utilise its own population and its own raw material, both of which, if the country is to prosper, must be utilised, it imposes a tax on the corresponding articles when imported, which tax it employs to meet the expenses of its Government: the exclusion that this tax may cause fosters the industry to be developed with which the foreign import would compete. This is not only a wise policy, but is essential to the prosperity of the young country. The industries thus developed, and those in which it can excel by reason of its natural and other advantages, expand and prosper, and the country soon becomes possessed of the best machinery for producing commodities on a large scale, corresponding to the magnitude of its own home market, and soon equals the parent country, or even surpasses it, as the United States has done, exporting to other markets the very things in which the parent State excelled.

This is the stage now reached both by the United States and other countries, and, not contented with competing in foreign markets with Britain, they are competing with Britain in her own, — depriving her working classes of employment. While we leave open to them our market they keep their own shut to us.

VII.—THE EFFECT ON PRICES OF AN IMPORT DUTY.

It is commonly believed that the imposition of a duty on an imported article will raise the price of the corresponding article when produced at home by the amount of the duty, and this in turn will be paid wholly by the consumer. Neither of these results necessarily follows.

In the United States a very large duty is taken from manufactured iron when imported from foreign parts, but this did not so raise the cost of horse-shoes —to take the recent illustration—as to prevent the United States supplying our cavalry with horse-shoes at a cost lower

than we in our Free Trade country could produce them; nor do the import duties imposed by Germany on manufactured iron, on castings and machinery, and on woodwork, prevent Germany sending to our market, in competition with our own people's products, shafts for steamers, castings, machinery of various kinds, and woodwork, and toys at the Christmas time innumerable.

Obviously, in all these things our Free Trade policy operates against the employment of our own people, and deprives us of the opportunity of practising with other nations "giff-gaff," to use a homely phrase.

It is not contended that nothing should be admitted free of duty, nor is it a necessary result of import duties that the cost of living will be increased.

VIII.—IS AN IMPORT DUTY ALWAYS PAID BY CONSUMER?

It is not absolutely certain that a moderate import duty even upon wheat or flour would add to their cost to the consumer in this country, for there are commercial usages which will turn, within limits, an import duty upon the producer. But if it did slightly increase cost, it would have full compensations. The imposition of a duty on imported wheat, which is so much dreaded, may serve to illustrate the point.

Supposing that a duty were levied on imported wheat of 4s. a quarter, and the half of such duty were remitted upon wheat coming from Canada, as a return for Colonial Preference granted to us, while full 4s. were imposed upon United States wheat until that country gave us like preference, and that the same quantities came from each country, 2s. of the charge would certainly fall upon the United States, and not upon the British consumer, for the reason that the article coming from the United States, which has a common seaboard with Canada, must be laid down in this country at the same price as that from Canada, otherwise it will not come at all. Our home price might advance 2s., but less in that case would come in, and our compensation would lie in better employment for our people on the land, by putting more of it into cultivation, and in the production of exports to Canada.

If it be thought that the advance of 2s. will add to the cost of living, it does not follow. Equivalent duties can be remitted on articles forming part of the cost of living, of which there are many. So far as the cost of living is concerned, it matters not whether the tax which all pay is levied on bread, which we can to some extent produce, if it be taken off tea or tobacco, all of which go into the daily cost of living. Better levy it on an imported article of a kind which we can produce, reducing, it may be, the quantity imported, for it will increase

our wage fund and restore the produce of the land, than take it from an article that fulfils neither condition. We shall be able to pay the extra price, if need be, out of the increased earnings of a people fully employed. And in the event of war, it will be good for the country that we grow more food at home and are less dependent than we are at present upon the foreigner. Under existing conditions a few weeks' interruption of food imports would produce famine.

All nations save our own have surrounded themselves by tariff walls to keep out competing products of other nations, in order to preserve to themselves their home markets, and to foster such industries as they deem necessary for the employment of their people, and to raise revenue from such articles as are imported.[1]

IX.—THE REMEDY.

A well-considered scheme of duties to be imposed upon imported goods should be established, having for its objects—(1) The reduction in quantity of such foreign imports as are found to interfere with home employment and the cultivation of the land; (2) To enable us to remit the whole or a part of such duties as are levied on their imports to the Colonies or nations who will remit to us all or part of the duties they levy on our exports; (3) To provide a portion of the nation's revenues. The duties taken from such imports as still come into Britain will go in relief of the taxation imposed on the people for national purposes.

How such tariff is to be fixed presents some difficulty owing to the existing party feeling, and to the influences to which under our franchise parties on both sides of politics will be exposed if what is called a "protective policy" be introduced. Tariffs should, if possible, be outside of political influence. The propriety of imposing and of remitting duties on imports should be recognised by both parties in the State as an obligation resting upon Government in the common interests of the nation. If this were recognised, and the general lines of policy could be set forth for their guidance, the preparation in detail of the scheme of taxation might be entrusted to a council of men

[1] The United States are about to revise their tariff, and in his inaugural address Mr Taft, the new President, says: "This Act should secure an adequate revenue and adjust the duties in such a manner as to afford to labour and to all industries in the country, whether of the farm, mine, or factory, protection by tariff equal to the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here, and have a provision which should put into force, upon Executive determination of certain facts, a higher or maximum tariff against those countries whose trade policy toward them equitably required such discrimination."

—not too numerous—chosen, without regard to party, from the ranks of commerce and from other qualified sources. Such council might be permanent, to regulate the tariff and the remission of duties, but its members should not be long in power, but should be constantly refreshed by the introduction of new men to keep its knowledge up to date, and to guard against the dangers incident to their position.

The experience and the practice of foreign nations would be available for the guidance of the council. It would be the duty of the Government of the day to examine and decide upon the scheme the council might suggest before putting it in force, and of taking measures to guard against such abuses as the protective systems of foreign nations have been known to permit. Under such conditions a scheme of duties would be assured which would be of inestimable value to the nation.

Our Colonies, in exchange for some remission of the duty imposed on their products, would give to the Mother Country a larger preference on hers than is now granted. Our exports to the Colonies would be increased, as would also be employment in their production; and all the beneficent results that such preferences would bring would follow.

Foreign nations wishing to share in these advantages would be negotiated with, and concessions made by them in exchange for British remissions could be extended to the Colonies, who in turn might originate like mutual concessions in which we would participate. Good feeling would be engendered thereby, and Universal Free Trade may eventually be brought about. Home employment to our people would immediately be increased by the various agencies which the fiscal changes would bring into activity, and Imperial revenues would be raised without provoking bitter feeling in any quarter. With abundance of work, improved relations between employer and employed would be restored, bringing in their train unnumbered blessings.

TO THE HILLS OF SMOKE AND THE IMPERIAL PORPHYRY QUARRIES OF THE ROMANS.

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL.

THOSE who have travelled in Italy, and, in the museums and in the ruins there, have studied the sculpture and the architectural accessories of the Roman Imperial age, will be familiar with that magnificent purple stone known as Imperial Porphyry. It was one of the most highly prized of the ornamental stones employed by the great artists and architects of that age of luxury; and the great distance which it had to be brought, over parched deserts and perilous seas, must have sent its price up beyond the reach of all save the rulers of the earth.

The quarries from which this porphyry was obtained are situated in the region known as Gebel Dukhân, "the Hills of Smoke," in the eastern Egyptian Desert, some twenty-seven miles from the Red Sea, opposite the southern end of the Peninsula of Sinai. Two or three travellers during the last century have visited them, and recently the Survey Department of the Egyptian Government has published a technical report on the whole district; but with the exception of this and an article by the German explorer Schweinfurth, the literature on the subject, such as it is, seems to be more or less untraceable. In 1887 a gentleman of the name of Brindley obtained a concession there for the reworking of the quarries, but the project fell through owing to the difficulties of transporting the stone. In 1907 Mr John Wells, the Director of the now defunct Department of Mines, decided to make an expedition to Gebel Dukhân to report on the possibilities of reopening the old works; and it was with considerable pleasure that I received, and found myself able to accept, his invitation to accompany him, in order to see how far the Department of Antiquities could concur in the projects of modern engineers.

We set out from Keneh, a town on the Nile some 400 miles above Cairo, in the middle of March: a time of year when one cannot be sure of good weather in Egypt, for the winter and the summer together fight for the mastery, and the hot south winds vie with the cold north winds in ferocity. Sand-storms are frequent in the desert in this month, and these, though seldom dangerous, can be extremely disagreeable. We were, however, most fortunate in this respect; and, in spite of the fact that the winds were strong, I do not recall any particular discomfort experienced from them, though memory brings back the not rare vision of men struggling with flapping tents

and flying ropes. Our caravan consisted of some fifty camels, of which about thirty-five carried the baggage and water; a dozen were ridden by ourselves, Mr Wells' police, our native assistants, and others; and two or three belonged to the Shêkh and the guides.

The business of setting out is always trying to the patience. The camel-men attempt to load their beasts lightly in order that more may be employed; they dawdle over the packing that the day's journey may be short; the camels, unused to their burdens, perform such antics as may rid them the most quickly of the incubus; the untried ropes break as the last knot is tied, and the loads fall to the ground; the riding-camels are too fresh, and, groaning loudly, revolve in small circles, as though one's whistle of encouragement were a waltz. There are no people in the world so slovenly, so unpractical, or — if one may use a very slang word — so *footling*, as the inhabitants of the Eastern Desert. One has heard so often of the splendid desert tribes, of fine figures and flashing eyes, of dignity and distinction, of gracious manners and lofty words, that one has come to expect the members of one's caravan to be as princely as they are picturesque. It is with a shock that one finds them to be but ragged weaklings, of low intelligence and little dignity. Is this, one asks, the proud Bedui whose ears are now being boxed by one's servant? And are these the brave sons of the desert who are being kicked into shape by that smart negro policeman, the son of slaves? Look now, eight or ten of the Beduin have quarrelled over their camels, and are feeling for their knives in preparation for a fight: shall we not see some stirring action, redolent of the brave days of old? No; the black policeman seizes his camel-whip and administers to as many as he can catch of the flying wretches as sound a beating as any naughty boys might receive. Lean-faced, hungry-eyed, and rather upright in carriage, one may expect them to be quick-witted and endowed with common-sense. Yet of all stupid people these unwashed miseries are the stupidest; and as one sees them at the starting of a caravan, muddling the ropes, upsetting the loads, yawning, scratching themselves, squabbling in high, thin voices, and tripping over their antiquated swords and long guns, one's dream of the Beduin in this part of the desert fades and no more returns.

Perhaps, however, it is the point of view which is at fault. Did one live in the desert without a deed to do or a thought to think beyond those connected with the little necessities of life, and with so vague a knowledge of time and distance as such an existence requires, one's notion of the practical might be different, and one's idea of intelligence might be less lofty. Perhaps, too, one has not yet met with the genuine types of the race; for the camel-drivers employed by

an economical Shêkh, and the goat-herds who wander through the valleys, may be but the riff-raff cast off from the more remote tribes. Moreover, there are a few exceptions to the general rule which may be met with even amongst the camel-men, but these are hardly sufficiently notable to record.

At last a start was made; and riding north-eastwards over the hot, sandy plain, we trotted slowly towards the distant limestone hills which rose above a shifting mirage of lake-like vapour. For some miles our road led over the hard, flat desert; but opportunely at the lunching hour we passed a spur of rock which afforded welcome shade, and here we rested for an hour or so. At this point there is a well, known as Bir Arras, rather prettily situated amidst tamarisk-bushes and desert scrub; but as it is only ten miles distant from Keneh it is not much used by travellers. Riding on in the afternoon, we verged somewhat to the left, and passed along a valley much broken up by low mounds of sand collected round the decayed roots of bushes; and here several thriving tamarisks and other small trees lent colour to the scene. Soon we turned again to the left, and presently crossed two projecting spurs of the low hills, upon which beacons of stone had been erected in Roman days, on either side of the track, to mark the road. It is interesting to find that along the whole length of the route from Keneh to the quarries these piles of stone have been placed at irregular intervals in order that the traveller should have no difficulty in finding his way. Towards evening the tracks led us up the clearly marked bed of a dry river, bordered by tamarisks and other bushes; and, passing along this for a short distance, we called a halt, and pitched the tents amongst the sand hillocks to one side. The following morning we were on the road soon after sunrise; and, riding along the dry river-bed, we presently reached the Roman station of El Ghaiteh, which lies, in all, some seven and a half hours' trot from Keneh. This is the first of the Roman posts on the road from Keneh to Gebel Dukhân, and here the ancient express caravans halted for the night. At the foot of a low hill there is a fortified rectangular enclosure, in which several rooms with vaulted roofs are built. The walls are constructed of broken stones, and still stand some twelve feet or more in height. The entrance is flanked by round towers, and passing through it one sees on the left a large tank, built of burnt bricks and cement, in which the water, brought from the well in the plain, was stored. Just to the north of the station there are the ruins of the animal lines, where rough stone walls have been built on a well-ordered plan, forming a courtyard in which the stalls run in parallel rows. Above the enclosure, on the hilltop, there are some carefully constructed buildings of sun-dried brick, which may

have been the officers' quarters. Resting in the shade of the ruins, one's eye wandered over the sun-burnt desert to the hazy hills beyond, and thence back along the winding river-bed to the bushes at the foot of the hill, where the camels lazily cropped the dry twigs, and where green dragon-flies hovered against the intensely blue sky. Then again the ruins claimed one's attention, and presently one seemed to forget the things of the present time, and to drift back to the days when the blocks of Imperial Porphyry were heaved and hoisted, carried and dragged along this road to the Nile and to Rome.

A ride of somewhat over three hours across wide, undulating, gravel plains, brought us to the next Roman station, known as Es Sargieh, which lies between two low mounds just to the north of the main track. Here a large excavation has been made in order to obtain water, and at its edge there are the remains of troughs and tanks constructed of brick and cement. The sand and clay from the excavation has been thrown up in an embankment, so as to form a rectangular enclosure. At one end there are the ruins of a few chambers, and the animal lines near by are clearly marked. Es Sargieh marks the point where the road divides, one track leading to Gebel Dukhân, and the other to the white-granite quarries of Um Etgal; and it was thus an important watering-station.

From this point for the rest of the day our road lay across a hard flat plain, bounded in the distance ahead by the dim peaks of granite mountains. As we had stopped some considerable time at the two Roman ruins the baggage camels and men had pushed far in advance, and, with characteristic stupidity, continued to do so, though the sun went down and the stars came out. It was not till long past dinner-time that, riding furiously through the darkness, we managed to catch them up; and hungry, aching, and cross, we quickly devoured a cold meal and rolled into bed. During the night a gale of wind came near to overthrowing the tents, for we had bivouacked where we had overtaken the caravan, upon the exposed plain. The night air felt bitterly cold as, clad in pyjamas, one pulled at ropes and hammered at pegs; but it was a surprise to find the thermometer standing at 32° Fahrenheit at this time of year.

Having camped in the darkness, it was not till daybreak that we realised that we had now crossed the plain, and were already near the mouth of a valley which led into a region of dark rocks between two ranges of hills. Not long after sunrise we mounted our camels, and presently passed into this valley. Jagged cliffs towered above the road, and behind them the soft brown hills rose in an array of dimly seen peaks. A ride of two hours up this valley,—that is to say, altogether about five hours' trot from Es Sargieh,—brought

us to the Roman station of El Atrash. There is a fortified enclosure containing several regularly arranged buildings, a tank, and a deep, circular well constructed of brick. The gateway is flanked by brick towers up which the steps can still be traced. Outside the enclosure there are the usual animal lines; and near by there lies a large block of porphyry which must have been abandoned for some reason on its way to the river. The scenery here is wild and desolate. There was a feeling, as the eye passed from range to range of menacing hills and up to the grey clouded sky, that one was travelling in the moon. The day was cold and misty, and the sharp air already told of the altitude to which we had risen — now nearly 2000 feet.

From here the road led through valleys lying between hills of ever-increasing height. The colour of the rocks now changed from a deep brown to a kind of soft purple; while the ground over which we were moving, being composed of particles of red granite, turned to a curious rosy hue. It was as though one were looking through tinted glass; and these combinations of colour —the red valley, the purple hills, and the grey sky—gave to the scene a beauty indescribable.

We lunched in the shadow of the rocks, and sleeping on the ground thereafter one's dreams were in mauves and burnt-siennas.

Mounting again and riding along this wonderful valley, feeling more than ever like Mr H. G. Wells's men in the moon, early in the afternoon we reached the Roman station of Wady Gatâr, which lies in a hollow amidst lofty hills, some three and a half hours' ride from El Atrash. The station consists, as before, of an enclosure, chambers, disused well, and animal lines; but it is more ruined than the other posts which we had seen. There is a well not far from this point, to which the camels were sent to be watered; and we were thus able to spend a quiet afternoon in our camp amongst the hills.

Towards sunset I climbed to the top of a low mound of rocks which overlooked the fortress, and there the silence of the evening and the strangeness of the surrounding hues enhanced to a point almost of awe the sense of aloofness which this part of the desert imposes upon one. On the right the line of a valley drew the eyes over the dim, brown waves of gravel to the darkness of the rugged horizon. Behind, and sweeping upward, the sky was a golden red; and this presently turned to green, and the green to deep blue. On the left some reflected light tinged the eastern sky with a suggestion of purple, and against this the nearer mountains stood out darkly. In front the low hills met together, and knit themselves into shapes so strange that one might have thought them the distortions of a dream. There was not a sound to be

heard, except once when an unseen flight of migratory birds passed with a soft *whir* high overhead. The light was dim, — too dark to read the book which I carried. Nor was there much desire to read; for the mind was wandering, as the eyes were, in an undistinct region of unrealities, and was almost silent of thought.

Then in the warm, perfect stillness, with the whole wilderness laid prone in that listless haze which anticipates the dead sleep of night, there came —at first almost unnoticed— a small, black, moving mass, creeping over an indefinite hilltop. So silently it appeared, so slowly moved nearer, that one was inclined to think it a part of the dream, a vague sensation passing across the solemn, sleepy mind of the desert. Presently, very quietly, the mass resolved itself into a compact flock of goats. Now it was drawing nearer, and one could discern with some degree of detail the little procession— the procession of dream-ideas one might have said, for it was difficult to face facts in the twilight. Along the valley it moved, and, fluttering in the wind, there arose a plaintive bleating and the wail of the goatherd's pipe. He — one could see him now—was walking in advance of his flock, and his two hands held a reed from which he was pouring the ancient melodies of his race. From the hilltop I could soon look down on the flock as it passed below. It had become brown in colour; and as the pipe ceased awhile the shuffle and patter of a hundred little creatures could be heard. It was a gentle sound, more inclined to augment than to diminish the dreamy character of the procession. Behind the flock two figures moved, their white garments fluttering in the wind, changing grotesquely the form and shape of the wearers. Over the gravel they went, and at a distance followed the dogs of the herd, growling as they passed. Over the gravel and down the valley, and with them went the gentle patter and the wandering refrain of the reed pipe. Then a bend in the path, or may be the fading of the dream, and the flock was seen no more. But in the darkness which had gathered one was almost too listless to feel that aught had passed beyond one's pale.

We left Wady Gatâr the next day soon after lunch and entered another fine valley. On the right the granite cliffs sloped up to the misty sky in clean, sheer faces of rock. On the left range after range of dimly peaked hills carried one's thoughts into the clouds. The afternoon was sunless and the air bracing and keen. The camels, after their long drink, were ready for work, and we were soon swinging up the valley at a brisk trot. The road turned from side to side, now leading in a dozen clear tracks up the wide, gravelled bed of some forgotten torrent, and now passing in a single narrow path from one valley to the next. With every turn new groups of mountains be-

came visible and higher peaks slid into sight. The misty air lent a softness to these groups, blending their varied colours into almost celestial harmonies of tone. Gradually the ranges mounted, until at last, as the afternoon began to draw in, the towering purple mountains of Gebel Dukhân rose from behind the dark rocks to the left of our road.

It was almost sunset before we reached the foot of this range, and the cloudy sun was passing behind the more distant hills as a halt was called. We were now in a wide, undulating valley, which was hemmed in by the superb mountains on three sides and disclosed low, open country towards the north-east. The beams of the hidden sun shot up from behind the dark hills in a sudden glare of brightness, and presently the clouded sky turned to a deep crimson. The lofty peaks of the southern mountains now caught the disappearing sunshine and sprang out of the mist in a hundred points of vivid red. For only a few minutes the conflagration lasted, but before it had fully died out the vaporous outlines in the far distance towards the north-east took form and colour, and the last gleam of sunlight revealed, some twenty miles away, the thin line of the sea, and above it the stately mountains of Sinai. A moment later the vision had passed, the sun had set, and in the gathering darkness the baggage-camels, lumbering round a bend, came into sight, calling our attention to more material things.

In the semi-darkness, while our meal was being prepared, we visited a Roman station which stands in the Wady Bileh at the foot of the Gebel Dukhân mountains, about three and a quarter hours' trot from the fortress of Wady Gatâr. The porphyry quarries and the settlement lay in the valley at the other side of the range of hills at the foot of which we were now standing; and to reach them one might either climb by an ancient path over a pass in the range, or one might ride round by the tortuous valley — a journey said to be of nearly thirty miles. This station was thus the first night's halting-place for express caravans returning from the quarries. At one side of the wide, ancient road stands the usual small enclosure, having a doorway flanked with towers, and containing a few ruined chambers and a well. At the other side a cluster of granite rocks rising into a small mound had been surrounded by a stout wall, either in order that it should serve as a fortress, or because these rocks were for some reason sacred. There was nothing particularly noteworthy about the station, but, lying amidst such wild and magnificent scenery, it assumed in the half-light a charm which will not soon be forgotten.

At dawn next morning we set out on foot to climb over the pass to the quarries. The sun was struggling to penetrate the soft mists as we started the actual ascent, and the air was cold and invigorating. Here and there one

could detect the old Roman path passing up the hillside, but it was so much broken that a climb up the dry water-course, across which it zig-zagged, was preferable. At the immediate foot of the pass there is a small Roman fort containing three or four rooms, and at the highest point, which is 3150 feet above sea-level, there is a ruined rest-house, where the tired climber, no doubt, was able to obtain at least a pot of water. Here at the summit we had a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Behind us the mountains rose in a series of misty ranges, and before us lay the valley of Gebel Dukhân winding between the porphyry hills, while beyond them the northern mountains rose to some 6000 feet in the distance. The Roman road, descending on this side, was well preserved, and we were able to run down the 1200 feet or so, which brought us breathless to the level of the valley. The temple, town, and quarries lay about a mile down the Wady, at a point where there was a considerable breadth of flat gravel between the hills on either side.

The town ruins—a cluster of crowded houses enclosed by a fortified wall—stand on the slope of the hill. A fine terrace runs along the east side, and up to this a ramp ascends. Passing through the gateway one enters the main street, and the attention is first attracted by an imposing building on the right hand. Here there are several chambers leading into an eight-pillared hall, at the end of which a well-made and well-preserved plunge-bath eloquently tells of the small pleasures of expatriated Roman officers. A turning from the main street brings one into an open courtyard, where there are two ovens and some stone dishes to be seen, besides a large quantity of pottery fragments. Around this in every direction the little huts are huddled, narrow lanes dividing one set of chambers from the next. The town is, of course, very ruined; but it does not require much imagination to people it again with that noisy crowd of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian quarrymen. One sees them prising out the blocks of purple porphyry from the hill-side high above the valley, returning in the evening down the broad causeway to the town, or passing up the steps to the temple which stands on a knoll of granite rocks a couple of hundred yards to the north-east.

The steps lead one up to a platform which formed the fore-court of the temple. This court is now covered with the ruins of what was once a fine granite portico rising on the east side. Four columns supported an inscribed architrave and decorated cornice, above which was the pediment or pointed roof. Behind this portico stood the sanctuary, built of broken stones carefully mortared and plastered to the necessary smoothness. A granite doorway led from one side into the vestry. In the forecourt, amidst the ruins, stands the granite altar, in its original position; and near it lies the architrave with the

proud inscription: "For the safety and the eternal victory of our Lord Cæsar Trajan Hadrian, absolute, august, and all his house; to the Sun, the great Serapis, and to the co-enshrined gods, this temple, and all that is in it, is dedicated." Then follow the names of the Governor of Egypt, the Superintendent of the Mines, and other officials.

In the middle of the valley there is the well, which is now choked. A gallery, the roof of which was supported by five pillars, passes in a half-circle round one side of the well; and a shallow drain in the pavement seems to have carried a stream of water along it. Here the workmen could sit in the shade to ease the thirst which exercise on the hot hills so soon creates; and on our return journey up the pass we looked back more than once to this cool gallery and to the plunge-bath with a kind of envy of the past.

The quarries are cut here and there on the hillside without any regularity. The blocks of porphyry were prised out of the rock wherever the work could most easily be carried on, and the action of the years has so dulled the broken surfaces that they now look almost like those of the natural mountain. The blocks were carried down to the Nile, and in fact to Rome, in the rough, without even a preliminary dressing; for the work in this distant place had to be shortened as much as possible.

Looking, in the European museums, at the fine capitals, the polished basins, the statues, and the many other objects cut out of Imperial Porphyry, one has admired the work of the mason or the genius of the artist. But here in the Hills of Smoke one thinks of these antiquities with a feeling bordering on veneration. If the workmanship tells of an art that is dead, how much louder does the material cry out the praises of an energy that is also dead? Each block of stone is the witness of a history of organisation and activity almost beyond thought. This purple porphyry was not known to the Ancient Egyptians: a Roman prospector must have searched the desert to find it. One would have thought that the aloofness of the valley from which it is to be procured would have kept its existence the secret of the hills; for on the one side a winding pathway, thirty miles in length, separates the spot from the little-known main road, and on the other side a barrier of steep hills shuts it off from the Wady Bileh.

Although Gebel Dukhân is so near the Red Sea, it was not possible for the stone to be transported by ship to Suez. The barren coast here was harbourless, except for the port of Myos Hormos, which was too far away to be practicable; and the stone would have had to be unloaded at Suez, and dragged across the desert to the neighbourhood of the modern Port Said. Every block of porphyry had therefore to be carried across the desert to Keneh, the old Kainepolis, on the Nile, and thence shipped by river-barge

to the sea. Here it had to be transhipped to the great Mediterranean galleys, and thus conveyed across the treacherous sea to the port of Rome.

Probably the blocks were dragged by oxen or men upon rough waggons, for the roads are not bad, except at certain places. To ride from Keneh to Wady Bileh, at the quiet five-miles-an-hour trot of the camel, took us altogether twenty-two and a half hours; that is to say, the total distance is about 112 miles or so. The winding path from Wady Bileh up the valley to the quarries brings this total to about 140 miles; and the caravans could not have covered this in less than eight days. On the first night after leaving Keneh the camp was probably pitched in the open. On the second night the station of El Ghaiteh was reached, and here there were provisions, water, and a small garrison. The third night was spent at Es Sargieh, where water was to be obtained. On the fourth night the houses of El Atresh sheltered the travellers, water and provisions being here obtainable. On the fifth night Wady Gatâr was reached, where again there was a well. The sixth night was passed at Wady Bileh, from whence express messengers could pass over the hill to the quarries. The seventh night was spent in the open, and on the following day the settlement was reached.

The long road was rendered dangerous by the incursions of the desert peoples, and many of the hills between the fortified stations are crowned with ruined watch-towers. Roman troops must have patrolled the road from end to end, and the upkeep of these garrisons must have been a considerable expense. The numerous stone-cutters and quarrymen had to be fed and provided for; and for this purpose an endless train of supplies had to be brought from the Nile Valley. Oxen or donkeys for this purpose, and for the transporting of the porphyry, had to be kept constantly on the move. At Keneh a service of barges had to be organised, and at the seaport the galleys had to be in readiness to brave the seas with their heavy loads.

It is of all this — of the activity, the energy, the bravery, the power of organisation, the persistency, the determination—that an object executed in Imperial Porphyry tells the story.

The quarries were worked until about the fifth century A.D., for the Byzantine Emperors derived from their Roman predecessors an affection for this fine purple stone. There is a Greek inscription on the path leading up to one of the workings, which reads, "Katholeke Ekklesia," and which is perhaps the latest example of old-world activity in the Eastern Desert. There is no other place in the world where this porphyry is to be found, and when the quarries at last ceased to be worked, some time previous to the seventh century, the use of that stone had to cease also, nor has it ever again been procurable.

One wonders whether there will come a time when some millionaire, fresh from the museums of Italy, will express a wish to pave his bath-room with the purple stone of the Emperors; and whether the Hills of Smoke will again ring with the sound of the hammer and chisel, in response to the demands of a new fashion.

It may be that some day the tourist will awake to the advantages and attractions of the Eastern Desert as a motoring country, will rush through the wadys, will visit the ancient centres of activity, will see these quarries, and will desire the porphyry. With a little preparation the road from Keneh to Gebel Dukhân could be made practicable for automobiles; and when once the land ceases to be but the territory of the explorer and the prospector, one may expect its mineral products to be seen, to be talked of, and finally to be exploited.

In the late afternoon we left the valley, and climbed slowly up the Roman road to the summit of the pass, halting here to drink deeply from our water-bottles. The descent down the dry water-course was accomplished in a long series of jumps from boulder to boulder, at imminent peril of a sprained ankle. The grey rocks were smooth and slippery, and between them there grew a yellow-flowered weed which, when trodden upon, was as orange-peel. The rapid rush down the hillside, the setting sun, and the bracing wind, caused our return to camp to take its place amongst the most delightful memories of the whole expedition. Once we halted, and borrowing the carbines of the native police, we shot a match of half a dozen rounds apiece, with a spur of stone as target. The noise echoed amongst the rocks; and a thousand feet below we saw the ant-like figures of our retainers anxiously hurrying into the open to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

As we neared the bottom of the hill the sun set, and once more this wonderful valley was lit with the crimson afterglow, and once more the mountains of Sinai stood out for a moment from the gathering mists above the vivid line of the Red Sea. Darkness had fallen when at last, footsore and weary, we reached the camp; and one was almost too tired to enjoy the sponge-down in the half-basin of water which is all that can be allowed in this waterless region, and the meal of tinned-food which followed. As one fell to sleep that night, one's dreams were all of strenuous labours: of straining oxen and sweating men; of weary marches and unsuspected ambushes; of the sand-banks of the Nile and the tempests of the sea. But ever in the far distance one seemed to be conscious of thoughtless, implacable men, dipping their bejewelled fingers into the basins of purple porphyry as they reclined in the halls of Imperial Rome.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME,

1856-1885.

BY GENERAL
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

VI.

APPOINTED MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN PARIS—PRINCE NAPOLÉON—THE WADDINGTON FAMILY—GAMBETTA—DE BLOWITZ—FERDINAND DE LESSEPS—MARSHAL CANROBERT—SENT TO IRELAND—APPOINTED ASSISTANT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR POLICE AND CRIME—RESIGN—VACANT HOURS—VALENTINE BAKER PASHA—CAPTAIN SHAW—GIBRALTAR—A TRIP TO MOROCCO—STORM-BOUND AT TETUAN—A PERILOUS VOYAGE—ORDERED TO EGYPT—THE GORDON RELIEF CAMPAIGN—A STRANGE COINCIDENCE—SIR IAN HAMILTON—OUIDA—APPOINTED HEAD OF THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT—SUBSEQUENT APPOINTMENTS—FINAL REMARKS.

In October 1879 my friend Mr John Blackwood died, and after my return from India in 1880 I renewed pleasant relations with his nephew, Mr William Blackwood, who had succeeded to the editorial chair, and reviewed for him Shadwell's 'Life of Lord Clyde' in an article which appeared in 'Maga' in April 1881.

After a short spell of half-pay, being now a Brevet Colonel, I was offered, and accepted, the appointment of Military Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris. I had previously declined the offer of a similar post at Vienna, on the ground that I could not afford to accept it. But I was strongly advised to accept Paris, and determined to take the risk. I had many friends in the French Army, made in 1870, and thought I might be able to fill the post to advantage. Marshal Canrobert wrote to me—

"Paris *le* 16 *X^bre*, 1881.

"Je suis très heureux d'apprendre que vous allez venir à Paris en qualité d'attaché Militaire à l'ambassade anglaise. . . . Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire avec quel empressement je saisirai ici les occasions que vous voudriez m'offrir de vous être agréable. Si avant votre départ de Londres vous voyez S.A.R. le duc de Cambridge, je vous prie de lui offrir l'expression du respectueux et affectueux souvenir de son vieux compagnon de l'Alma et d'Inkermann.

"Je saisis cette occasion, mon cher Colonel, de vous assurer de ma haute estime et de mon plus affectueux devouement.

"Ml. Canrobert, G.C.B."

In spite of the comparatively favourable conditions under which, on 1st January 1881, I entered on this appointment, it was not altogether congenial to me. My friends amongst the officers were chiefly Imperialists by conviction, and as such were not greatly in favour under a Republican *régime*. I made some pleasant acquaintances, both in and outside the Em-

bassy. I joined the New Club, which was established in a house formerly belonging to General Galliffet in the Rue Matignon, close to the Rond Point of the Champs Elyseés, and became a temporary member of the Jockey Club, where I was like a fish out of water. I attended some of the delightful *soirées* of Princess Mathilde, most charming of hostesses. Lord Lytton, who came over on a visit to Lord Lyons, introduced me to Prince Napoléon (Plon-plon). When I called with Lord Lytton, we found him seated underneath a bust of the first Emperor, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Not long afterwards he invited me to dinner, when a curious and heated discussion as to the future of the Imperialist party took place at the dinner-table. The only other foreigner present at the party was Mr (afterwards Sir) Campbell Clarke, correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' We left together, and agreed that our lips should be sealed as to the details of the discussion.

Campbell Clarke had made for himself an exceptional position in Paris; and his apartment in the Place de l'Opéra was a centre to which many interesting men of letters were attracted. It was there that I met for the first time the late Émile Zola, who in later years was hounded and persecuted as the author of the famous manifesto in the Dreyfus case, "J'accuse," but has, after death, been removed to a resting-place in the Panthéon, the Westminster Abbey of France.

I saw a good deal of Monsieur Waddington, then a very prominent figure in French politics, and his charming American wife, subsequently so well known in this country as Ambassadress at the French Embassy, and later as authoress of the delightful 'Letters of a Diplomat's Wife.' My acquaintance with the Waddington family began at Woolwich in 1855, when Richard Waddington and I joined the Royal Military Academy together as cadets, and became friends. We were commissioned to the Royal Artillery on the same day, next to each other in the list. Some years later—in 1867—his parents invited me to stay with them at their country house, St Leger, near Rouen. They were most kind and hospitable to me, and during my visit to them I went over the cotton mills at Rouen, which had been founded by my host's father.

My friend Richard had two elder brothers. The eldest, who was educated at Rugby and Cambridge and rowed in the Cambridge eight, entered into politics, became Prime Minister in France, and later was for many years French Ambassador in London. The second entered the business at Rouen. After the youngest brother Richard had been some ten years in the British Royal Artillery (he was in the Royal Horse Artillery as a subaltern) the second brother died, and Richard retired from our army

and entered the business at Rouen. When the war with Germany was at its worst in 1870, he turned his English training to account, and raised a corps of artillery with which he served in the north of France. Subsequently he became Conseiller-Général for his Department, then a Député, and eventually a Sénateur.

In my frequent visits to Paris, between 1871 and 1881, I constantly met my old friend Richard, who introduced me to his elder brother. When I went to Paris as Military Attaché, both the brothers showed me great kindness. I particularly remember a *déjeuner* given by Richard Waddington, where I was not only the only foreigner present, but the only man who was not either a Député or a Sénateur. I sat next to M. Wilson, President Grévy's son-in-law, who afterwards attained an unenviable notoriety in connection with a charge of trafficking in decorations which greatly damaged President Grévy's position.

The elder Waddington was a staunch opponent of Gambetta on the question of "Scrutin de Liste," and I well remember his saying to me on the morning after the vote in its favour in the Chamber, "La France s'est donné un Mâitre."

The mention of Gambetta reminds me that I recently read in that interesting book, 'Le Cœur de Gambetta,' how Mlle. Léonie Laur tried to break him off some rather vulgar habits, especially spitting. And this carries my mind to a dinner at the Embassy at Paris in 1881, at which Gambetta and M. Spüller, his *fidus Achates*, were present, as well as Sir Charles Dilke. Lord Lyons was the host, and invited about six members of the Embassy, including myself. No outsider, other than the three above mentioned, was present. I remember that I thought Sir Charles Dilke by far the best talker of the party.

Lord Lyons disliked the smell of tobacco, but on this occasion made an exception to his general rule, by accompanying us all after dinner to the ground-floor rooms of Mr Sheffield, his private secretary, where the smokers of the party, including Gambetta, all lit cigars. Gambetta, who was then in office, was in excellent spirits, and Lord Lyons introduced me to him, telling him I had been doing Red Cross work during the War. While conversing with him I saw Gambetta looking about on the floor, and said, "Vous cherchez quelque chose, Excellence?" "Ce n'est rien," he said, got up, opened the door, and spat into the passage outside. He had been looking for a spittoon.

In the course of our conversation on military subjects, Gambetta said, "There are only two things that a soldier need know in these days, Marcher et tirer." I said, "Pardon, Excellence, il y a encore une chose; il faut qu'il sache obéir." "Ah, quant à cela, la discipline ne nous à jamais manquée." The length

of the soldier's term of service with the colours was then much in his mind: he thought it could be safely reduced, but the senior officers of the army were of a different opinion.

In this year, too, in Paris, I first made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was then Financial Secretary to the War Office in Mr Gladstone's Government. He called on me and asked me to obtain facilities for him to visit some French military establishments, which I was fortunately able to do. I afterwards served under him when he was Secretary of State for War in Mr Gladstone's Government in 1886, and we were both members of Lord Hartington's Royal Commission on Naval and Military Administration during the two following years. I dined with him from time to time at his house in Grosvenor Place. He was a good linguist and a man of culture, but at the War Office he obtained the sobriquet of Gallio, because it was said that "he cared for none of these things."

Lord Lyons was a kind chief, and most hospitable, but it was impossible for him at that time to entertain on any large scale, as French society was broken up into sections. The Faubourg St Germain and the Imperialist party did not care to meet each other; neither cared to meet the Ministers of the Republic. Mr (afterwards Sir Francis) Adams was First Secretary of Embassy on my arrival, and on his departure to become our Minister in Switzerland was succeeded by Mr (afterwards Sir Francis) Plunkett, later our ambassador at Vienna; both were very friendly, but they could not help me in my work. Amongst those in the Chancery were Mr (now Sir Gerald) Lowther, ambassador at Constantinople; Hon. (afterwards Sir) William Barrington, who later on became Minister at Buenos Ayres and Stockholm; Hon. Henry Edwardes, who died young; and Mr O'Conor, who, as Sir Nicholas O'Conor, was subsequently British ambassador at St Petersburg and Constantinople. I remember particularly a luncheon at Laurent's restaurant, at which O'Conor was the host and Lord Hartington,[1] M. de Blowitz the 'Times' correspondent, and myself the guests, when Blowitz gave us some extraordinarily interesting reminiscences. On a later occasion I dined one night with Blowitz at his apartment to meet M. de Lesseps. The only lady present was Madame de Blowitz. Lord Rowton and O'Conor were of the party. After dinner Blowitz made a very interesting speech, proposing Lesseps' health. Speaking of the great men he had

[1] I first met Lord Hartington, later 8th Duke of Devonshire, as Mr Cavendish, in the mess-room of the Derbyshire Militia, in which he was then a lieutenant, at Chesterfield in 1855. In the same summer I played for Chesterfield in a cricket match at Chatsworth, when he and his father, Lord Burlington, afterwards 7th Duke of Devonshire, played for Chatsworth, and the old 6th Duke of Devonshire was a spectator of the match.

known, among whom were Bismarck and Cavour, he gave the palm for grandeur to Lesseps. Then he told us, in really eloquent language, the following story. A Frenchman living in Réunion was compelled by the illness of his wife to take her to France. He sailed with his wife and two young daughters, but they encountered storms, provisions ran short, and when their voyage round the Cape ended, the wife had succumbed to the hardships that had been incurred; the husband was a sorrowing widower, his children were orphans. Some time afterwards he called on M. de Lesseps, told him of his misfortunes and of his sufferings on that long sea voyage, and expressed the wish to dedicate the remainder of his life to the furtherance of the construction of the Suez Canal. Lesseps gave him an appointment at Ismailia, and employment was found in one of the workshops there for his daughters. One day Lesseps was visiting the atelier, when his attention was attracted by these two girls, with whom he entered into conversation. He came again the next day, and gave to each of them a flower, saying that they should frame a wish last thing at night, and that if in the morning they found the flowers had opened their wishes would be granted. Next morning he came back to the atelier, and found one of the girls smiling, the other in tears. He asked the cause of her sadness. "My flower has not opened," she replied. "Tell me your wish, that, if possible, it may be granted." "Ah, to you least of all men can I tell it," was her answer. Lesseps married her, and so her wish was granted.

I was sitting next to Lesseps, and asked him in a whisper if the story was true. "Passablement," he said; and in his graceful little speech in reply he did not deny or even correct the story. He talked after dinner of his children, and the extraordinary devotion of one of his daughters for him. He told me how he had taken her out with him to Panama, and how one day on board ship he stepped backwards upon her foot, causing her to utter a cry of pain. He turned to console her, when she said, "Oh, papa, if you knew how I love to be hurt by you!"

Lesseps was a man of extraordinary vigour, but he was then old; he insisted on walking home, and Blowitz asked O'Conor and myself to see him safely to his door. We started together, but as we passed the stage-door of the Hippodrome he bade us good-night, and turned in there.

Amongst the English friends whom I remember in Paris in those days were Mr (now Sir Squire) Bancroft, who came over to arrange with M. Sardou for the production in England of his famous play "Dora," which Bancroft produced in English as "Diplomacy," with great success; and Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer. One night, when we were dining *tête-à-tête* at Bignon's, I drew Sullivan into talking about his light operas,

and comparing them with those of Offenbach and other French composers. He told me that he thought the septette in "Patience" his best composition in light operatic music.

I saw much of Marshal Canrobert. He told me many incidents of his campaigns, especially of the fighting before Metz. The subject of these is so purely military that they would only interest close students of war, except where occasionally they were told to illustrate some favourite theory. He was never tired of emphasising the absolute necessity of exactness and precision in orders, and of ensuring their correct delivery. He told me that at Novara, two days before the battle of Magenta, the Emperor told him he need not hold his corps in readiness to march,—"c'est inutile"; and again, on the morning of the battle, the same: so the Marshal made his dispositions accordingly. Presently one brigade was required, and he sent it. Then the Emperor, seeing the need for reinforcements, gave instructions to summon Canrobert's corps. The Emperor, he said, had with him fifty officers; but the order was sent verbally by a non-commissioned officer, who is told, "Allez, appelez le Maréchal Canrobert." The *brigadier* started, rode about for a long time at Novara, and at last returned and reported, "Sire, je n'ai pas pu trouver le Maréchal Canrobert." Luckily Canrobert had set his troops in motion on his own initiative. When he arrived the Emperor said, "Il y a longtemps que je vous attends." And he replied: "And if I had not started without orders, sire, vous m'auriez attendu plus longtemps encore."

Another illustration was taken from the fighting in Paris during the Commune. He told me that General Garnier, whose brigade had advanced more rapidly than the brigades on his flanks, was ordered to halt till the other brigades came up to the same alignment. As, owing to the nature of the opposition, this would apparently take some hours, and as his men were hungry, the General sent a staff officer to tell the colonel commanding one of his regiments to "Faire la soupe." A few minutes afterwards Garnier heard the drums beating and saw a column advancing in the street against a barricade. He rushed to meet them, and asked, "What are you doing here?" The colonel replied, "I was ordered to 'Faire l'assaut.'" "By whom?" "By this staff officer." And the staff officer insisted that that was the order he had received from the lips of the General.

From these instances and others Canrobert argued that orders sent on the field should be taken down in writing, and repeated aloud from the written text before being despatched. The time lost, he said, would be infinitesimal—especially if, as he advocated, every staff officer were compelled to learn to take down a message in shorthand.

But most important to his mind was the wording of the order itself, so that it could not be misinterpreted, and his favourite story was "Le Bourgeois de Falaise." In the town of Falaise an order was for some good reason issued that no one should go out at night without a lantern. The first night after the issue of the order an official ran up against a man in the dark and hauled him before the authorities. "Where is your lantern?" "It is here." "But there is no candle in it." "Your order said nothing about a candle." On the next night the same bourgeois is again run into, and again brought up. "What have you to say?" "Here is the lantern and the candle in it." "But the candle is not lighted." "Your order said nothing about its being lighted."

"Rappelez bien ceci," he said, "dans le commandement la première chose est la précision, l'exactitude même dans les ordres."

Once when he had been led to talk to me about the tremendous fire at one particular spot during the battle of Gravelotte, of which his staff had told me, I said, "It is wonderful that you were not killed." "No," he said, "Marshal Bugeaud was right when he said, 'Ils sont toujours les mêmes qui se font tuer.'" Then we went on to speak of what constitutes courage in the field, and he said—

"Les braves se divisent en quatre catégories. (1) Les braves par nature. Ils sont très rares. Le danger les attire, et ils se font tuer presque toujours. (2) Les braves par devoir. Ils sont assez nombreux. (3) Les braves par amour propre et ambition. Ils sont très nombreux. (4) Les braves par peur, assez nombreux. Il y a aussi les poltrons, qui sont rares."

Enlarging on this, he said that the second class, the brave from the sense of duty, were most numerous in the English army; and the third class, the brave from ambition, most numerous in the French army. When I asked what he meant by the brave through fear, he said the men who fear the jeers and contempt of their comrades if they hang back even more than they fear the bullets if they advance.

As soldier to soldier he spoke frankly enough: but he was never willing to discuss politics or politicians with me. Once he spoke of M. Thiers as "un homme calme, sensible, et parlant franchement." And once speaking of the misfortunes of his country, he said—

"Il y a quatre choses qui font le malheur de la France: la phrase—la pose—le scepticisme — l'égoïsme." As an instance of "la phrase," he gave Lebœuf's assertion before the war, that France was ready "jusqu'au dernier bouton de guêtre"; of "la pose," Jules Favre's assertion before the treaty of peace with Germany, "pas une pierre de nos forteresses, pas un pouce de nôtre territoire."

Marshal Canrobert never im-

pressed me as a great strategist, or as likely to have been a success in supreme independent command of an army. I am convinced that he knew his own limitations, and that it was that knowledge, as well as his strong sense of discipline, that caused him to serve willingly and loyally under his juniors both in the Crimea and in the war against Germany. But I am equally convinced, from all I saw and heard, that he was a first-rate commander of an army corps forming part of an army, and that he possessed two grand qualities of a soldier,—indomitable courage and contempt of danger, and the personal magnetism which caused him to be loved alike by officers and men.

In the summer of 1881 I made an interesting little tour on the Franco-Italian frontier, crossing over the Mont Cenis by the old road. It was at the time when feeling between France and Italy was strained by the French occupation of Tunis. On the whole road between Modane and Susa we met no vehicle except two hay carts, but on the side of the mountain just inside the Italian frontier we came upon a party of Italian sappers laying mines under the road, and on the plateau below an Italian brigade was encamped. We lunched at the inn near the lake, which supplied us with excellent trout for our meal. It was a lovely drive, which I can recommend to any one who can spare a day for it, and very preferable to the long dark railway tunnel.

It was at this time that, in answer to some remarks of mine on the political situation, I received from Lord Lytton a letter, dated May 31, 1881, from which I am permitted to quote the following extracts:—

"If Bismarck's scheme be, as I imagine it to be, to make Austria a great Oriental power, Russia a great Asiatic power, France a great Mediterranean and African power, Germany a great European power, and England only an Atlantic power, why should France forego the accession of importance she may easily acquire with the goodwill and co-operation of Germany from supremacy in Tunis? . . .

"Bismarck has made war on Austria and France, and thrashed them both severely. But I am persuaded that his object was—not to destroy either of them, but to change their centres of gravity and rotation,—forcing Austria to become a Slav instead of a German power, and France to seek expansion seaward rather than landward, thus rendering the future development of these two States not impossible but easier in certain directions than in others, and of a kind conducive instead of antagonistic to the tranquillity and free development of Germany, . . . whilst Russia, checked by Austria in her European line of advance, will find the natural and only possible outlet for her aggressive activities in Central Asia. . . ."

I venture to think that these remarkable passages afford the key to many events of the succeeding years, in which we have seen Russia press forward in Asia till checked by Japan in Manchuria; France consolidate her hold over her dependency of Tunis, and endeavour to establish her predominance in Morocco; and Austria annex Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany, so far, looking on, content to see these other Powers

playing her game, while she has steadily increased her predominant military strength and commenced the building up of that powerful navy which is destined, unless we are wise in time, to reduce England to the position of "only an Atlantic power."

In the autumn I attended the manœuvres. Foreign officers generally were not invited to attend until the grand manœuvres of corps against corps began; but the General commanding one of the corps asked me to come as his guest to the brigade and divisional manœuvres, which were far more interesting than the larger "set piece."

It is needless to say that in the winter my duties called me to the South and the sunshine. At Nice I stayed at the Cercle de la Méditerranée, where, strange to say, no high play was going on. At this time many French clubs lived chiefly by the profits of the *cagnotte*—the dues paid by the holder of the bank at baccarat. In contrast with public gambling-rooms, money was not staked on the table at baccarat, but counters representing different sums were purchased from the steward and staked instead of coin. It had always been understood that these counters would be cashed by the club on presentation; but shortly before my arrival a foreign member of the club had succeeded in obtaining from the steward counters to a considerable value on credit, had lost heavily, and then disappeared. The winners had presented the counters, the club had refused to cash them. An action was pending, which the club eventually gained, and meanwhile all play was suspended, and the club was practically deserted. On this visit I laid the foundation of a great friendship with Mr (afterwards Sir James) Harris, for many years H.M. Consul at Nice.

On a Sunday evening in May 1882 I arrived at Charing Cross Station, having obtained a few days' leave of absence on private affairs. On the platform the inspector told me of the murder on the previous day of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin. That evening I posted a note to the War Office, reporting my arrival, and saying that I had urgent business on Monday, but would call on the Adjutant-General on Tuesday morning, in case he or the Duke of Cambridge might wish to see me. Arriving at the Club on Monday evening, I heard that several messages had come during the day desiring me to call at the War Office, and there was a note for me from Mr Childers, the Secretary of State, saying he wished to see me early on Tuesday. I called as desired, and was shown into Mr Childers' room. He said, "The Government wish you to go to Ireland." I asked in what capacity, and was told it was to take charge of the police. I did not wish to go, and said so. I said that my one wish was to see active service. I thought there would be war in

Egypt, and hoped to be allowed to go. Mr Childers said, "It is war in Ireland, the Government have selected you, and I do not think you can refuse."

So much I have felt bound to say in connection with what happened afterwards. I went to Ireland with no official position, but after some time was appointed "Assistant Under-Secretary for Police and Crime." In a few weeks, while over for a day in London, I wrote asking leave to resign, hoping to be allowed to go with Sir Garnet Wolseley to Egypt. This gave great offence to Her Majesty's Government; I was refused permission to go to Egypt in any capacity, and was placed upon the half-pay of a major. I have only one word more to say in connection with this unfortunate episode in my career, and that is to express my grateful sense of the kindness and hospitality shown to me by Lord and Lady Spencer, whose guest I was at the Viceroy's Lodge for the first weeks of my stay in Ireland. Some years afterwards, when I was on the Governor-General's Council, we met again as friends in India, and they invited me to dinner on my return from India, in 1896. Trevelyan, who had been Irish Chief Secretary at the time, and I also met again as friends at Holmbury, the house of that delightful host, who is, alas! no longer with us, the late Hon. Frederick Leveson Gower.

The remainder of that year seems like a bad dream. I had lost my appointment in Paris, I was in disgrace at the War Office, and the future was black before me. But this was nothing compared with the misery of seeing my chief in four expeditions and my old comrades start for Egypt without me. All my time was spare time now, but I had not the heart to work.

Sometime during the summer I was sounded by the Hon. Edward Stanhope, of whom I afterwards saw much when he was Secretary of State for War, as to whether it would suit me to become the Chief Agent of the Conservative Party. Some correspondence took place between us. I do not think that I should have suited the Party, and they arrived at the same conclusion. I am glad to say I have never had anything to do with party politics, and, as a soldier on the active list, always held aloof even from voting, and never appeared on a political platform.

In the winter, Mr George Meredith, who was a friend of my brother Charles, kindly invited me to write a short life of Maurice de Saxe for a series of lives of great Military Commanders that he had undertaken to set going, and for which my brother wrote 'Frederick the Great,' Sir Edward Hamley 'Wellington,' Colonel Malleson 'Loudon,' and Colonel Henry Hozier 'Turenne.' I commenced my studies for the book at the British Museum, but my energies seemed paralysed, and I regret to say that I never wrote more than the first few pages, which dealt only with the remarkable par-

ents of that remarkable man. In November 1883 Mr Meredith wrote saying that he proposed to make a beginning in January, that he heard favourable opinions of the scheme and idea of the series, "but competent writers on military subjects are not numerous, and hard to collect. Do not let me hear that there is a chance of losing you." But I was then at Gibraltar, and the necessary material for the life was no longer at hand.

A gleam of hope had come to me in October when it was announced that my old friend Colonel Valentine Baker, now Baker Pasha, had been selected to command the new Egyptian army to be raised and organised, after the defeat of Arabi at Tel-el Kebir and his capture at Cairo. I telegraphed on the 4th to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was then at Cairo, "Kindly suggest my name to Baker." I received a most kind letter from Sir Garnet, saying that he had shown Baker my telegram, and that he thought he would be glad to have my services when he had matured his plans and obtained official sanction for them. This letter I received on the 19th, and on the 20th I wrote to Baker. On the 27th I received the following telegram from Baker: "Proposed Chief of Staff, Major-General, twelve hundred, see Wolseley, get consent War Office." Alas! when I went to the War Office, it was only to learn that the highest authority had decided that Baker should not have the command. My disappointment was great, but it sank to insignificance compared with the blow which had been mercilessly inflicted on my old friend. Recognised throughout the whole army as a brilliant soldier and cavalry leader, he had been guilty of an offence which had brought him under the arm of the law, had suffered the legal penalty, and had in addition been compelled to resign his commission. Subsequently he had taken service in the Turkish army, had won golden laurels in the field in the war against Russia, and had accepted a high appointment at Constantinople, which he had resigned in order to take the command in Egypt. If ever a man had purged his offence, it was he. But the spirit of Puritanism prevailed over the quality of mercy, and the uncompromising fiat went forth bidding him abandon all hope. And so my gleam of hope and his vanished together.

One evening, in the December of this year, I was leaving my club in Charles Street, St James's Square, when a great light attracted my attention. I ran towards Leicester Square and found that the Alhambra was on fire. I was so early on the scene that the police had not had time to form a cordon, and on the arrival of the first fire-engine from Southwark, with my friend Captain (afterwards Sir Eyre) Shaw, chief officer of the fire brigade, upon it, I asked him to show me what he could of their methods of work. I had been with him that afternoon at the headquarters of the brigade at Southwark, and he gave me his

lantern and said that it would pass me everywhere. I remained watching this appalling fire till, at an early hour in the morning, Shaw asked me to come with him, as he wished to show me something. He took me to the street which runs at the back of the Alhambra, into a small house there, and up on to its roof. There towering above us was the immense wall which formed the north side of the stage, entirely unsupported. On the roof on which we were standing three firemen were directing hose upon the adjoining buildings. In a quiet voice, quite audible to the men, Shaw said that he wished to show me one of the dangers to which his men were exposed, —that the wall might fall at any moment, but that it was absolutely necessary to keep the men there to prevent the fire from spreading. We remained a few minutes, said "good night" to the men, and then I went home. On the following morning I learnt that the wall had fallen, and that two of the men were mortally injured. Shaw wrote to me telling me when the funeral would take place, and saying that if I would let him know where I could be on the route, the band should play as it passed by.

That night of the fire Shaw had a very narrow escape of his life. He was one of the men who are brave by nature, and he was absolutely without the sense of fear. I saw a great deal of him for many years, and when I was leaving for India in 1891 he sent me a large signed photograph of himself saying, "Will you keep the accompanying photo to remind you of one of your many true friends." He, too, after much suffering has been called to a better world. His many friends will miss that familiar figure seated in a bath-chair at the corner of Rotten Row, his daily resort for many years towards the close of his life.

After a short spell of duty as a major at Portsmouth, I was promoted by seniority to a regimental lieutenant-colonelcy, and sent, in May 1883, to Gibraltar. A very kind friend, knowing the depression of spirits under which I was suffering, came to see me off, and presented me on board with a poodle puppy. In my work at Gibraltar there was much to interest me, and in my spare time I taught my poodle tricks, and studied Spanish, at which I worked three or four hours a-day for six months, attaining a fair conversational proficiency in the language. Then in November I started on a short tour in southern Spain, visiting Cadiz, where my uncle, Sir John Brackenbury, and afterwards his son, Mr J. M. Brackenbury, had for many years been consuls. Thence I went to Xeres, where I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Davis, a famous wine grower and exporter of sherry, and also a great pigeon shot. He told me how in a match, in which he and the then king of Spain, who was also a very good shot, were left in to shoot off the final tie, he had felt

himself in an awkward position, but the king had bidden him shoot his best: he did so, and won the match. After a visit to Cordova, I went to Seville, meeting here my cousin, Captain (now Admiral) John Brackenbury, and his sister, married to General Delgado of the Spanish army, now Captain-General at Seville, who introduced me at the Club. I returned to Gibraltar by way of Granada and Malaga.

A fortnight before Christmas I obtained a short leave of absence, and accompanied by a friend and his wife who were paying me a visit, crossed over to Tangier. There we decided to make a trip to Tetuan, our camping arrangements being entrusted to M. Bruzeaud, the son of the French proprietor of our hotel. The evening of the second day brought us to the outskirts of the walled city of Tetuan. In spite of heavy clouds and rising wind, we unwisely elected to camp outside the town, the only site available being a maize stubble field. As the sun went down the wind rose to a gale and torrents of rain fell. We dined as best we could, taking it in turn to hold on to the tent-pole and hammer in the pegs of our dining-tent; but before long it became evident that we could not pass the night in this way, and the soldier who had served as our escort from Tangier was sent to request the permission of the Governor for our admission to the town. By the time of his return we had packed most of our few belongings, but our tents had all collapsed, and our camping-ground was a sea of deep, sticky mud. Our soldier brought some men with him, who carried our hand-baggage; the lady was carried on the back of a Moorish soldier, and the rest of us walked. The gates of the town, which had been closed at sunset, were opened for us, as were the gates of the Jewish quarter. There had been no rain for a long time, and the accumulated garbage of the town was being carried through the narrow streets by rivers of rain-water, which were almost up to our knees. Finally, we reached the house of Mr Nahon, H.M. Vice-Consul, where we were put up. The storm, in which the *Euphrates* on her way to India with 1300 troops on board ran aground off Tarifa,[1] raged for two days and nights, and we then learnt that the road to Tangier had been washed away, and that there was no possibility of our returning by it. Our only chance was to proceed by a coast road to Ceuta, but we must wait till a river which we should have to cross, and which was still impassable, had partially subsided. And so we spent a week in Tetuan. We visited, by the kind permission of their owners, the houses of two of the leading Moors. At the first house we made the acquaintance of its owner, Khatib by name, and his two brothers. Khatib

[1] Tariff Reformers may be reminded that the word tariff is derived from Tarifa, where in former days the Moors levied a tax on all passing vessels.

was a Hadji, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He had visited Damascus and Suez on business. One of his brothers, a nephew of the Moorish Foreign Minister who had signed the treaty with Sir John Hay, had been to Marseilles and to Genoa. He told us that he had been thirty days on the voyage in a trading vessel from Gibraltar to Genoa, where he had had fifteen days' quarantine, followed by seven days' quarantine at Gibraltar on his return, so that foreign travel had not commended itself to him. He had also visited Seville, Cordova, and Granada, where an ancestor of his had been Grand Vizier in the days of Moorish supremacy in Spain; and he still possessed the key of his ancestor's house at Granada, which he said had been destroyed by the Spaniards. The third brother had been to Paris, Manchester, and London. The lady of our party visited the ladies of the family, who showed her their dresses and their jewels and were much interested in her clothes. We were waited upon by black slaves; violets and jasmine were picked for us by a little negro boy, dressed in a white garment from neck to knee, over which was a scarlet coat. Tea was served to us in china cups, with sugar and lemon, from a silver-plated samovar.

We visited the market, where we saw a procession of a holy man, preceded by pipes, drums, and flags, and followed by a collecting-box. We had expected to see a slave-market, but there were no slaves on sale. We were told that the price of a female slave ranged from £5 to £30, according to her age and looks, and that the price of a male slave averaged £15. We inspected the bazaars, where we saw various industries in progress. Amongst these the most noteworthy were the manufacture of carved brass trays, guns of an antiquated pattern, powder-horns, cartridge-belts, and bullet-bags, cords of hemp and silk, wood-carving, mat-making, and leather-work, especially shoes. The yellow leather slippers were dyed with pomegranate, and the red leather with Campeachy wood which was imported for the purpose. There were many beautiful silk embroideries for sale. We saw judgment given by the Cadi in Court, inspected the wretched prison where 200 prisoners were confined, the barracks, and an old Moorish palace which had fallen into decay, and where tailors were at work making clothes for the troops. 112 infantry soldiers and 20 gunners were quartered in Tetuan, but they lived at their own homes and not in the barracks.

We were free to go everywhere and never were subjected to the smallest annoyance, but were obliged to be back in the Jewish quarter before the gates of it were locked at sundown. I was taken by Mr Nahon to a small café, where a tiny room, not much larger than a modern bathroom, was used by some of the leading merchants and tradesmen as a club. Here I

have sat for two hours at a time, smoking and drinking excellent coffee, and conversing as best I could with the members of the club. One of these, a watchmaker, spoke Spanish, and through him we conducted our conversation. They were much interested in India and in the rule of the British over their Mussulman subjects, which formed a staple topic of conversation. At this time the population of Tetuan was about 20,000, and its exports and imports amounted to between £50,000 and £60,000 a-year. Smallpox was raging in the town, the deaths being about fifteen a-day. Khatib's wife had lost two of her four children from it, and a child died of it in the house next door to Nahon's, in the Jewish quarter, while we were there.

On Christmas Eve we started for Ceuta. Our way for a great part of the distance lay along the seashore, which was strewn with fragments of wreck, many beautiful shells, and numbers of sponges thrown up by the gale. We crossed the river with some difficulty, our ponies being at times swept off their legs. At last we arrived at our inn, the squalor and stench of which can never be forgotten. A room was found for my friend and his wife, and I slept on a bench in the dining-room. The following morning we were on the quay at the hour when the steamer for Algeciras was due to start; but there was no sign of any preparation for departure, and a number of Gibraltar Spaniards who wanted to cross made no secret of their opinion that the captain, whose wife and family lived in Ceuta, wished to spend his Christmas with them, and would find an excuse for not sailing. Presently the captain came down to the quay, and said that he considered the sea unfit for the voyage. My leave was up, and our Christmas dinner was awaiting us at Gibraltar, while on this side were the filth and stench of the inn. I told the captain who I was, and asked whether the question of departure rested entirely with him. He said that he was under the port captain, as he carried the mails. He went with me to the port captain, whom we found in bed, but who mounted to the roof of his house with us, and after looking at the sea with his telescope and holding some discussion with the captain, decided that we should start. My friends and I embarked; but of all the Spaniards who had been so loud in their remarks half an hour earlier, only one had the pluck to go with us. We steamed slowly out of the harbour, watched by all the population of the town, and when we had got clear of the headland we found ourselves in the trough of a tremendous sea, rolling from the eastward. After a few minutes of this the captain asked me to speak with him on the bridge, and there said to me quite calmly, "Señor Coronel, it is for you to say what we should do: in my opinion, if we go on, neither you nor I, nor any one on board this steamer, will ever see Algeciras or Ceuta again." Of

course I begged him to return; "that," he said, "is not so easy, the engines of this old steamer are not powerful enough to take her round with her head to the sea, we must go about the other way, and if we are pooped by one of these seas the water will put out our fires through the open hatch over the engine, and we shall be in a bad way." By the mercy of Providence we got round, and when we were once more under the lee of the shore the captain asked me to come into his cabin. There he opened a box and took out of many wrappings the Cross of the Legion of Honour, with a document saying it had been granted him by the French Government for his bravery in saving the life of French sailors at sea. Then out of more wrappings he took an English gold watch and a document saying that it had been presented to him by the Board of Trade for his bravery in saving the lives of English sailors. Putting them back into the box, he said, "I only wanted to show you that I am not a coward." I think I never felt so small in my life. With my landsman's ignorance, I had been dictating to this brave and skilful sailor as to what he ought to do, and causing imminent risk to all on board that vessel. I told him I was ashamed of myself, and begged his pardon. The next day the sea had gone down, and we crossed in safety. The captain had forgiven me, and he and I became friends.

Before I leave the subject of Morocco, a country now so prominently before the public, I may mention that I had been struck by some of the ancient ruins which we had passed; and in writing to Sir John Drummond Hay, our Minister at Tangier, who had been very kind to us, I mentioned them. He wrote to me—

"The ruins you passed near the road, about half-way between Tangier and Fondak, are Roman. I do not think there was any town, but that it was a Campus Æstivus. There are ruins of more importance on the hill Zemats, to the south of this site, but they are ancient Mauretanian. There are also in many parts of this country very curious Libyan remains of a rude character, and the traces of solar temples or of fire-worshippers are scattered over the country. Of the Phœnicians I have seen hardly any remains, though it would require more lore than I possess to distinguish between the Libyan and the Phœnician. There are tombs in this neighbourhood which are probably Phœnician, but they have been ransacked years ago. The description you give of the site near the caves of Tetuan, where you suppose there are tombs of Phœnicians similar to those found in Cyprus, is deeply interesting, and I shall bear it in mind when I pay a visit to that town."

From this letter it would appear that if Morocco ever becomes opened up to European enterprise, it will not be without interest to archæologists.

In the early summer of 1884 I received a very kind letter from Lord Wolseley, in which he said that there must be an expedition to Egypt soon, and advised me to apply for leave and come to England. The Governor of Gibraltar, Sir John Adye, gave me leave, and in August I was ordered out

to Cairo. On account of an urgent private matter which detained me, I had to follow, instead of accompanying Lord Wolseley and his staff. Egypt had placed France in quarantine, so I proceeded by way of Vienna and Trieste, travelling from Cologne with my old friend Baker Pasha and his daughter. On arrival at Cairo on 13th September I was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General at Headquarters, my friend and comrade of Ashanti days, Sir Redvers Buller, being Chief of the Staff. We soon went up the Nile to Wady Halfa, where Buller and his aide-de-camp (Lord Frederick Fitzgerald) and I lived together at very close quarters on a small dahabiyah from the 5th October to the 15th December, when we started for Korti, where we joined Lord Wolseley on the 24th. On the 29th I said good-bye to my dear friend Herbert Stewart, who was to march on the following day in command of the Desert Column, never to return, and I started up the river with the rank of Brigadier-General, as chief staff officer and second in command of the River Column, which was under General Earle's command.

General Earle having been killed in action at Kirbekan on the 10th February 1885, I succeeded to the command, and we had reached Huella, near Abu Hamed, when on 24th February we received an order of recall, and on 8th March arrived at Korti.

In an earlier part of these Memories I have spoken of Herbert Stewart when, in 1880, he was a captain, and I a lieutenant-colonel of nearly five years' standing. So brilliant was his after-career, that five years later, when he died of mortal wounds received at Abu Klea in the Sudan, he was a major-general and a K.C.B., while I was still a colonel. On Colley's staff at Majuba he was captured by the Boers; and on his return to England I dined with him and his wife in Hans Crescent, and we sat late into the night while he told me the whole story of that disastrous affair. I have now the sketch which he drew for me of the position, with a cross marking the spot where he saw poor Colley fall.[1] Stewart was a gallant soldier, and a born leader of men. In him I lost a dear and true friend. A tablet in St Paul's Cathedral records his services.

With him at Abu Klea was killed another friend of mine, St Leger Herbert, as handsome as a young Greek god. He was a civilian with all a soldier's instincts and love of adventure. He had joined Sir Garnet's staff as Private Secretary for the expedition to Cyprus; in the same capacity he served in South Africa with us in 1879-80, and as Special Correspondent of 'The Times' was killed in the Sudan.

[1] In March 1899 I expressed my appreciation of and admiration for this friend, in an article in 'Maga' entitled "Sir George Pomeroy-Colley: Some Personal Recollections."

Frank Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes the maker of Rhodesia, was on Herbert Stewart's staff at Abu Klea, and when we met at Korti gave me the details of Stewart's wound and death. He should have had a fine career in the service, but he went back to South Africa to help his brother; he became implicated in the Jameson raid, and was one of those sentenced to death. He was removed from the army; but later, after he had been present with Lord Kitchener at Omdurman, he was reinstated. He was shut up in Ladysmith during the siege, and afterwards acted as Intelligence Officer to the force which relieved Mafeking, for which services he was given the Companionship of the Bath. His early death was a cause of grief to many loving friends and comrades, who have kept his memory alive at Eton, his old school, by erecting a memorial brass in the chapel and founding a yearly prize for geography.

From Korti I was sent to command a brigade at Kurot on the Nile, where I remained till 1st June. One day, while in camp at Kurot, I and my small staff were expecting as guests at dinner General Dormer, Colonel (now Field-Marshal Sir George) White, and Frank Rhodes, who were living at Debbeh, some two miles distant. We were the possessors of two bottles of champagne, which we had been nursing for this special occasion. At luncheon my A.D.C., Captain J. St Aubyn,[1] told me that he had directed our mess servant to put the two bottles into a chatty to cool them. This meant that he was to fill a chatty with water, and put the bottles into the water, when the evaporation through the porous earthenware vessel would cool the water, and consequently the wine,—a method of cooling fluids pursued by all dwellers in hot climates when ice is not available. But the man opened the bottles, and St Aubyn found him in the act of pouring their contents into the chatty. St Aubyn, with ready decision, poured the wine back into the bottles, corked them up, and put them to cool: he said he knew there was some soda-water somewhere in the camp, he would get it, and we would give our guests champagne cup. They would not know what had happened, and the cup would go further than the wine alone. It came off all right, we enjoyed our cup, and to this day I believe our guests have never known how it was made.

This anecdote would scarcely have been worth telling were it not for a singular coincidence. No sooner had St Aubyn told his story than my mind leapt back to an illustra-

[1] Now Colonel Lord St Levan. He retired from the command of the Grenadier Guards on 7th November last. He had been A.D.C. to General Earle, and when the latter was killed, consented to remain in the same capacity with me.

tion in a book which I had read as a small boy and had never seen since. To verify my recollection I have now consulted the first edition (1842) of the book, 'Handy Andy' by Samuel Lover, with illustrations by the author, and have found at page 337 the illustration—a shock-headed Irish servant emptying a bottle of champagne into a tub of ice—and the passage to which the illustration refers:

"Dick gave Andy the necessary directions for icing the champagne. . . . Andy brought a large tub upstairs containing rough ice, which excited his wonder. . . . 'Well, this is the queerest thing ever I heard of,' said Andy. . . . 'They're not content with wine, but must have ice along with it, and in a tub too, just like pigs! Throth, it's a dirty trick, I think. Well, here goes,' said he, and Andy opened a bottle of champagne and poured it into the tub with the ice. 'How it fizzes,' said Andy, . . . and another bottle of champagne was emptied into the tub as he spoke. Thus . . . Andy poured half a dozen of champagne into the tub of ice, and remarked when he had finished his work that he thought it would be 'mighty cowld on their stomachs.'"

Now here was an absurd incident, invented in 1842 by a novelist as having taken place in Ireland, actually taking place on the banks of the Nile in the Nubian desert forty-three years after its invention. In this case truth is at least as strange as fiction.

In this rather desolate spot I found time to write an account of the operations in which I had been engaged, which was published in September by Messrs Blackwood & Sons as a post 8vo volume, under the title 'The River Column.' On leaving Kurot I proceeded to Dongola, where I found Sir Redvers Buller. He started for Cairo on June 17, and I was left in command of the rearguard, with orders to bring down all troops and stores as far as the head of the Third Cataract, and there to wait till the Nile had risen sufficiently for the steamers and pinnaces, which were in charge of Captain Boardman, R.N., to pass the Cataract and proceed down the river. While at Dongola I wrote an article for the 'Fortnightly Review,' called "Midsummer in the Soudan," which appeared in the August number of that periodical, then under the editorship of my old friend Escott.

Leaving Dongola on July 5, I proceeded to Hannek, at the head of the Third Cataract, and had a weary time there, living on board a native sailing boat (nuggar), with nothing to do but watch the bank to see how the river was rising. Some of those about me were impatient, and wanted me to put pressure on Captain Boardman to hasten the departure of the steamers; but I had learned my lesson between Ceuta and Algeciras, and nothing could have tempted me to interfere with a sailor, even by suggestion, in the conduct of his own business. As it was, when he reported all ready and commenced moving down his steamers, and, after consultation with him, I started myself, my nuggar was wrecked on a rock in the middle of the

Cataract, and I and my staff and belongings had to be brought off in whalers by Captain Boardman and his sailors.

At Abri I handed over command of the rearguard to Brigadier-General (now Field-Marshal Lord) Grenfell, and proceeded to England with the least possible delay, arriving early in August 1885.

This campaign brought me into touch with Captain Ian Hamilton of the Gordon Highlanders, now General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commanding-in-Chief the troops in the Southern District, and Adjutant-General designate of the Forces. His company formed General Earle's escort, and on the general's death, continued as my escort till the river column was broken up.

On the day when our retirement down the river commenced, I entered Hamilton's boat, and we shot those awful rapids of the Nile together. Friendship ripens fast under such conditions, and ours was continued after our return from Egypt. During the period following that campaign I have two interesting memories connecting me with him. On the first anniversary of the action of Kirbekan he dined with me, and the conversation turned on the different methods practised by men who had to work far beyond regulation hours. I told him how Lord Wolseley rose very early in the morning and worked for hours before breakfast, and how I pursued a different course, working through long hours of the night. Hamilton's objection to my system was that the brain would become so excited as to prevent sleep when tardy bedtime came. I said that my remedy was to read myself to sleep, but that it required a special sort of book, which must be sufficiently interesting to prevent the thoughts from straying back to one's work and yet not so absorbing as to keep one from getting sleepy. "At this moment," I said, "I have got just the right book; it came to me from the library, and is anonymous; it is called, 'A Jaunt in a Junk.'" I saw such an extraordinary expression on Hamilton's face that I was moved to exclaim, "I believe you wrote it." "Yes," he replied, "and I believe you knew it." And I am not sure that to this day he believes that my recommendation to a budding author of his cherished work as a first-class substitute for a sleeping-draught was as accidental as it really was; but I know he has forgiven me, and no one could speak of his latest work in such terms, for 'A Staff-officer's Scrapbook,' in which he relates his experiences as Military Attaché with the Japanese Army in Manchuria during the war with Russia, is far too interesting and exciting to be read last thing at night.

At this same dinner (he was then much interested in Indian Frontier problems) I asked him if he would like to make the acquaintance of Madame de Novikoff, who was then much

en évidence in London, and was credited with influencing Mr Gladstone in favour of Russia. He said that he would, and the next day being her "At home" day, we made an appointment and went together to call upon her at her hotel in Dover Street. The door of her sitting-room was thrown open for us, and there we found three persons seated together, evidently in such earnest consultation that I felt a certain awkwardness in entering. They were Madame de Novikoff, Mr Gladstone, and the Russian Ambassador, M. de Stael. Our hostess introduced us, and although Hamilton was not known to Mr Gladstone, he was greeted with great cordiality. Mr Gladstone asked me what appointment I was now holding, and on my saying I was Head of the Intelligence Department, he said, "That must be very interesting work, but," in a very pointed way, "it is not the first very interesting appointment you have held," and I felt that I was not forgiven for abandoning Ireland in the hope of seeing service in Egypt in 1882.

A month or so after my return I was calling upon Lady Dorothy Nevill, when she introduced me to Mademoiselle de la Ramée, the famous authoress "Ouida," who, as soon as she heard my name, asked me if I was the writer of the article on the Soudan in the 'Fortnightly,' and on finding it was so, said she was glad to meet me, as she was already on friendly terms with my mice and my toads and my snake, animals that had lived in my hut at Dongola, and whose habits I had described. At her invitation I called on her at the Langham Hotel, and went to one of her parties, where there was delightful music, Mrs Moncrieff singing to Isidore de Lara's accompaniment. Ouida was then living in what must have been an expensive way, and I was grieved to learn from the newspapers that she had died in poverty. Her last thought was for her dogs,—the ruling passion, love of animals, strong in death.

I was now promoted to the rank of major-general for distinguished service in the field, and was again on half-pay. I doubt if it is realised by the public generally how great are the difficulties of a military career to an officer who is not possessed of private means. It would have been impossible for me to take a major-general's command at home or in the Colonies, involving as it would have done furnishing a large house, buying horses and carriages, and setting up an expensive establishment for five years. My only chance was India. Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, who was in England and about to return to India as Commander-in-Chief, kindly interested himself in endeavouring to obtain for me a command in that country. But the vacancy was wanted for some one else, and his kind efforts were in vain. I therefore, with great regret, turned my energies towards obtaining employment in civil

life, which meant complete abandonment of my military career. Through the influence of a kind and powerful friend in the city I obtained the offer of a good appointment, and was within a few hours of accepting it, when I received intimation that I was to be appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General and Head of the Intelligence Branch at Headquarters.

This appointment I entered upon on the 1st January 1886, and held it under its new title of Director of Military Intelligence till April 1891. One of my first acts was to sign and call on every officer serving under me to sign a declaration that during our tenure of office in that department we would not hold any communication, direct or indirect, with the press. My only departure from that was to send, with the Duke of Cambridge's permission and approval, a short letter to 'Truth,' which had suggested that I was the author of an anonymous military article in 'Maga,' denying the authorship, and making public the declaration signed by all officers of the Intelligence Department. And so my literary work came to an end, and it was not until the summer of 1898 that I again put pen to paper to write that review of "Stonewall Jackson" which has been alluded to in an earlier part of these Memories.

There is only one memory of the year 1886 which I must relate, because of its connection with what has been told of my unfortunate Irish experience in an earlier part of this article. I was very happy in the Intelligence Department, loved the work, and believed I had found my true vocation. After seven months of study I had written a carefully prepared paper on "The Situation at Home and Abroad from a Military point of view." In August 1886, Mr Gladstone having resigned office after a General Election on the Home Rule question, Lord Salisbury's Government returned into power, and I sent a copy of my paper to every member of the Cabinet. On the Saturday following their assumption of office, Mr W. H. Smith, the new Secretary of State for War, sent for me. He asked me to sit down, and I took the same chair in which I had sat in my notable interview with Mr Childers. Mr Smith at once said, using the same words as Mr Childers, "The Government wish you to go to Ireland." I told Mr Smith that the proposal did not commend itself to me, and asked if I might have till Monday morning to consider it, and if I might consult Lord Lytton, with whom I was going to spend the Sunday at Knebworth. He consented. That evening I consulted Lord Lytton. I did not wait till Monday, but sent up a special messenger on Sunday morning with a letter, in which I asked permission to decline the offer, a decision which I have never regretted. The offer was then made to Sir Redvers Buller, who accepted.

At the close of my five years

in the Intelligence Department I went to India for five years as Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, and returned to take up the appointment of President of the Ordnance Committee, which I held for nearly three years, when I was appointed Director-General of Ordnance at the War Office (this post I held for five years), and finally closed my official career on 8th February 1904, at the expiration of the term of the appointment.

My experiences during these eighteen years—1886-1904—are of too recent date to be told without risk of indiscretion. Here, then, I end these "Memories of My Spare Time." They will have served their purpose if they show how much can be done in the spare time of a busy life.

To the employment of my spare time, which has been sketched in these papers, I attribute to a great extent whatever measure of success I had in my profession. It is not merely that to my pen I owed the means which enabled me to keep my head above water, to buy books, to travel, and to study theatres of campaigns and battlefields, and the administration of foreign armies. Writing for the press compelled constant observation and constant work, preventing the brain from rusting. It brought me into contact with superior minds. It was my studies for this outside work that enabled me to take up the Professorship of Military History. It was my work for the press that brought about that connection with the Red Cross Society which gave me my first insight into administration. It was this and my work as a lecturer, outside my professional duties, which brought me under the notice of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and so gave me my first employment as a staff officer in the field. My experience is, that the knowledge that through the press one could communicate thoughts and ideas to a wider circle than could be reached in any other way was the stimulus needed to turn toil into pleasure, and to give fresh strength to flagging energies. And there was the feeling that one was hourly accumulating knowledge that would be of value if ever opportunity should offer to turn it to account in war.

Amongst the soldiers of the latter half of the last century there is no figure more fascinating to me than Stonewall Jackson, in possessing whom, as leader of a detached force, Colonel Henderson rightly says that Lee was more fortunate than Napoleon. And it was Stonewall Jackson who said that "a man who had turned, with a good military reputation, to pursuits of a semi-military character, and had vigorously prosecuted his mental improvement, would have more chance of success in war than those who had remained in the treadmill of the garrison."

THE LITERARY SIDE OF THE LAW REPORTS.

It is generally agreed among the laity that law reports make dull reading. "Musty" and "dusty" are among the most complimentary epithets usually applied to them. The impression is not unnatural; yet there is a human side to this sort of literature which it would be a mistake to ignore. Judges are mortal men whose passions and predilections, whose point of view and philosophy of life sometimes insist on coming out. The smouldering fire in the judicial bosom must now and then burst into a blaze: as in Sir William Maule's famous address to the bigamist of humble means; or in Mr Justice Best's judgment in *Forbes* v. *Cochrane* (2 B. & C., 448, 467), in which he bids the man who wishes to preserve his slaves to

> "attach them to him by affection, or make fast the bars of their prison, or rivet well their chains, for the instant they get beyond the limit where slavery is recognised by the local law, they have broken their chains, they have escaped from their prison, and are free."

Man, moreover, is a literary animal, and the occupants of the Bench, having to express themselves in language, enjoy no immunity from this characteristic foible of their species. To which may be added that a large proportion of the successful members of the legal profession have been men of superior general education and diversified learning. We have indeed heard of an old "writer" whose boast it was that the only books he kept in his house were Erskine's Institutes and the Bible. No more admirable foundation for a library than those great works afford could well be imagined; but his friends were in the habit of observing that it was uncommonly little he knew of either.

The purpose, then, of the present paper is to draw attention in a desultory way to the lighter and more human side of the law reports; and the range of our observation in the meantime is confined to the first four series of the "Session Cases" (as the authorised reports of the supreme civil courts of Scotland are termed). These extend over a tract of nearly eighty years—in point of fact, from 1821 to 1898—and are known by the names of their respective editors, the first as S(haw), the second as D(unlop), the third as M(acpherson), and the fourth as R(ettie). At the beginning of the period we have named there was still one judge of the old school on the bench—Lord Hermand, and questions of feudal law in its various departments formed the staple of litigation. At its close, heritable rights supplied but an insignificant proportion of the cases dealt with in the Court of Session, the bulk of the important business being concerned with shipping and commercial law, and with the

interpretation of the modern statute-book.

We have referred to Lord Hermand,[1] a striking and picturesque survival of a generation of giants, better known to the world through malicious, though amusing, Whig caricatures than in their own true lineaments. No art has been spared to hold up Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, to odium, and David Rae, Lord Eskgrove, to ridicule and contempt. To their immediate successors they appeared in a very different light from the ruffian and the dotard who sprang from the heated imagination of political animosity. They are described by Lord Alloway in 1826 as "the two ablest conveyancers ever on the Bench" (4 S. 753); Lord Balgray obviously thought it sufficient warrant for a proposition in law that he had heard it repeatedly from their lips (12 S. 41); and the authority of Braxfield, at all events, has never since been questioned. Lord Hermand could not be compared with him as a lawyer, but he retained and practised all the old-fashioned vigour in enunciating his opinions. "This is as ugly a case as I ever saw," is his frank and outspoken commentary on an action in which the facts were that a young man had been induced to sell his legal rights to the extent of £10,000 for a sum of £400 (4 S. 381); and he roundly describes the defender's contention in another case as a doctrine "not only contrary to the law of Scotland, but contrary to every moral principle" (4 S. 528). He is seen at his best, perhaps, in the cause in which the monopoly of His Majesty's Printers for Scotland was at stake, and in which it was decided that the right of printing Bibles and of prohibiting their importation belongs exclusively to the King as part of the royal prerogative in Scotland (4 S. 567).

"There has been here, no doubt," says Lord Hermand, "a most unexpected and unfounded attack made on the prerogative of the Crown. It is admitted that the King has the sole right of printing proclamations and Acts of Parliament, and that the principle upon which he enjoys this prerogative is in order that they may be preserved and published in a pure and correct state. But although this be admitted, yet we are told that that which is our guide in this world and towards the next is to be under no protection whatever, and that such editions of it may be published as any one may think fit. This, however, is perfectly untenable; and, if the purity of the Bible is to be maintained, it must be by the King, who is the head both of our civil and religious establishments. It is not only his right, but it is his duty, to preserve the purity of the Scriptures. In this country the King has the same power as in England as to civil matters touching the religious establishment. His prerogative rests, not on an Act of Parliament, but on the radical nature of his office, and, accordingly, it has been recognised by the Confession of Faith. To the extent there specified he is the head of the Church."

We wonder what Lord Hermand would have said to 'The

[1] A vivid picture of this estimable man is presented in 'Peter's Letters,' 3rd ed., vol. ii. p. 117.

Literary Gent's Bible' and other similar publications which have been hailed with such applause in our own day. Lord Balgray takes up the cudgels on the same side, and announces that, as First Magistrate of the State, the King

"is protector of the laws in general, and is bound to publish them. But religion is part of the law of the country, and he is bound to protect everyone in the exercise of it, and to make all the subjects aware of what it is."

Lord President Hope concurs in that view.

"Every First Magistrate," he says "(if the power be not expressly placed in other hands), must, as a duty, furnish to the public the sources whence instruction is to be derived as to the religion of the State; and accordingly we see that among the Jews this was intrusted to the High Priest, among the Romans to the Pontifex Maximus; and indeed it must necessarily be intrusted to some responsible person, by whatever name he may be denominated, wherever there is a national religion."

The only voice raised against this view was that of Lord Gillies, who

"thought it had been admitted that in Scotland the King is in no sense the Head of the Church. He can give no form of worship, nor can he prescribe any course of ecclesiastical discipline."

Here we have in embryo the controversy which was to rage during the "ten years' conflict"; and in view of the sturdy opinions of the majority, we can scarcely be surprised at the decisions which in the following decade accelerated the approach of the great secession from the Establishment which took place in 1843.

"Can heavenly minds such high resentment shew?"

we are sometimes tempted to ask in reading the judgments of seventy years since. And the answer must be, Yes; at all events when ecclesiastical questions are at issue. In 1835 the First Division unanimously negatived the contention that the Magistrates of Paisley were entitled to ring the High Church bell to call a dissenting congregation to worship. The decision (13 S. 432) is probably unimpeachable in point of law; but the views of the Bench are expressed with what seems needless asperity.

"The Magistrates," said Lord Meadowbank, for example, "are bound to maintain the Established Church, and to protect it from disturbance, and they are not entitled to order the bells to be rung on the application of any other religious body. . . . A more flagrant piece of indecency on the part of Magistrates never fell within my notice. Their duty is to protect the Established Church and maintain its privileges; and I do differ from the Lord Ordinary, that no irremediable damage will be done by allowing the bell to be rung for such purposes pending the discussion of the question. I do think it an irremediable injury, that the inhabitants of this populous town should have the example of Magistrates set before them to countenance the pulling down of the Established Church."

In the same case, by the bye, Lord Medwyn prefaces a learned opinion by noting that he is "the only dissenter from the Established Church at present on the Bench." Readers of Dr Guthrie's Life will not need to be reminded that

his Lordship was a member neither of the Secession nor of the Relief.

The frame of mind in which questions connected with religion were formerly approached is as a rule strikingly different from the attitude of detachment which it would be thought proper at the present day to assume. In a case decided in the same year it was held that it was not contrary to law for a barber to practise his calling of a Sunday morning, and that consequently his apprentice might be compelled to work on that forenoon between the hours of seven and ten (13 S. 778). The main ground for the decision of the majority of the Court was the very sensible one, that unless a man can get his shave he cannot be expected to go to church. The difficulty was to adjust this principle to the current notions of "Sabbath observance." This is how it is done by the majority, Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle dissenting:—

"Everything," said Lord Meadowbank, "to enable people to go to the worship of God in a decent condition, is a work of necessity. Unless they could get their beards shaven, they would not go to church at all, and so it is a work of necessity, though handycraft and for hire."

"I have no doubt," echoed Lord Glenlee, "that the act of shaving is lawful. If it were an unlawful act, you could not have your servant do it for yourself. . . . Could the minister who is to preach, but who could not shave himself, not have a barber to shave him to enable him to preach?"

"When I recollect," says Lord Medwyn, "that, by a recent Act as to ale-houses, no fault could be found with sitting in ale-houses except during the hours of service, it would be a strange state of the law if we prevented this, which enables others to attend Divine service. I am not for giving people any apology for absenting themselves from church, particularly here from what I have seen of the character of the population of Dundee at a late circuit. . . . It is important that none should be kept from church for want of this, and none be obliged to go without that decency which this gives."

We abstain from presenting examples of the temper which was displayed by both the majority and the minority in the Auchterarder case and similar proceedings. Rarely have judicial pronouncements in this country been so prolific in acrimonious retort and bitter jibe. It is enough to repeat the familiar tag: *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

Of the trials which a legal reporter has to undergo, none is more exasperating than mumbling on the part of the judges. It would be idle to pretend that every sentence which they utter deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Lord Meadowbank's apophthegm, for example, that "a very considerable degree of forbearance is to be expected and assumed betwixt married persons" (10 S. 388), is, no question, remarkable rather for its truth than for its novelty. No great harm would have been done had it been confided to the desk in muffled tones, as the manner of some is, instead of being audibly promulgated. But, seeing that the duty of a reporter is to report, it is well that he should be able to hear what the judges say. There are abundant indi-

cations that at the time of which we speak he frequently experienced great difficulty in so doing. We read surprisingly often that "Lord Craigie was understood to dissent"; or that "Lord Craigie concurred, and was understood to observe"; nor was Lord Craigie by any means the only offender. In one case he was "understood to dissent" in the text (10 S. 177), and "concurred with the other judges" in the *errata* appended to the same volume. Once, too, it is recorded that "the Court appeared to be of opinion" (5 S. 192),—a less remarkable statement than would at first sight appear. For in the old days an "advising" was often little more than a public consultation or interchange of opinion, in which the several judges argued with one another and displayed a highly combative spirit.[1] So much is plain from the highly entertaining parody of an advising in 'The Court of Session Garland.' Such vague and indeterminate results, however, when baldly summarised, are disappointing. We like to hear the *ipsissima verba* of the Senators in all their native ingenuousness and vigour: Lord Glenlee's exordium, "This is the plainest of all the cases I ever saw" (12 S. 592); Lord Meadowbank's explosion, "I never knew a more preposterous application" (10 S. 377); Lord Cringletie's complaint, "This appears to me the simplest case possible, though the parties have managed to make it abominably complicated" (9 S. 109); Lord Gillies's protest in an age of innovation, "It is time that some point in the law of Scotland should be considered fixed" (10 S. 645), and "I suppose we shall be called on by-and-by to decide whether the eldest son is the heir of his father" (6 S. 1047); or Lord Pitmilly's frank confession in a whole-court case, "I was not present formerly, and I have not paid much attention to the case, as I saw the majority clear one way" (7 S. 542). We rejoice in the appearance of that venerable though singular formula — a great favourite with one of the judges in quite modern days — "it humbly appears to me"; and we take pleasure in the Lord President's remonstrance with the supreme appellate tribunal:

> "If the House of Lords were simply to tell us what it is they mean to find, and then remit to us to proceed according to our forms, this might be done; but if they make use of technical phrases which are not understood in the law of Scotland; as, for example, if they call an heritable debt a mortgage; we cannot execute such judgments" (6 S. 88).

Nor would we willingly let die Lord President Hope's racy colloquial account to a jury of his personal experiences of a lunatic at large (13 S. 714):—

> "I had an extraordinary instance of a similar nature occurring a considerable time ago to myself at my own chambers in Hill Street, where

[1] On this point there are some curious remarks in Mr Robert Bell's 8vo Cases, 1794, pp. xv, xvi.

a gentleman was announced as wishing to speak to me. He was a young man, and as I supposed was calling upon business. I accordingly saw him, and found him to be one of the genteelest-looking persons I ever saw in my life. I asked him to sit down. I supposed he had some letter or petition to present to me; but, finding that was not the case, I rose and said, 'I am just preparing to go to the Court, and may I beg to know what your demands are?' Upon this, he stared with astonishment, and said, 'What! Don't you know me?' 'No; I don't at present recollect you, sir,' after looking firmly and steadfastly at him. 'That is very odd,' says the gentleman. Then I observed, 'It may be odd to you; but as I have no recollection whatever of ever having seen you, it would be more odd if I did know you. Let me know who you are, and then I can ascertain how it is that I should not recollect you. Let me know who you are in the first place.' 'I am Jesus Christ,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'I really was not aware of that; but as I have not time to receive communications, I beg leave to postpone the interview, as I have to go to the Court immediately, and therefore you must allow me to withdraw at present.' He accordingly walked out of the room; and I soon afterwards found he was a person who had actually made his escape from his keepers who were in pursuit of him."

Of the judges of a later generation none provide more material for our purposes than Lord Deas, Lord Ardmillan, and Lord Neaves — a remarkable trio, each member of which differed widely from the others in character and temperament. Strength and ruggedness rather than elegance and refinement were the characteristics of Lord Deas; Lord Ardmillan was the most amiable and genuinely pious of men, with a strong turn for rhetoric; to Lord Neaves belonged, in exceptionally ample measure, the wit and polish appropriate to one who was at once a scholar and a man of the world.

Lord Deas seldom failed to go directly to the point. He sometimes did so with little regard for other people's feelings, and he contrived to impart to his utterances a sardonic flavour which adds considerably to their pungency. Thus in a case arising in 1864 out of the seizure by the Crown in Glasgow of a vessel fitting out for the purpose of assisting the Confederate forces in the American Civil War, he did not hesitate to begin his opinion with these words:—

"If I felt unusually impressed with the importance of this case, the first thing I should do would be to endeavour to free my mind from that disturbing element. Statutes are best construed and law is best decided, when the judge feels no greater anxiety than that which is inherent in every properly constituted judicial mind — to decide the law rightly, whatever the consequences may be, and whether the case be great or small. That is the spirit in which I desire to consider this case" (2 M. 1051).

We can almost hear the growl of the Doric in which these sentiments must have been uttered. There was no false idealism about Lord Deas.

"As judges, the question for us is, not what the law ought to be, but, what it is, and I do not think any one would wish us to decide on any other footing" (2 M. 1121). "I rather envy your Lordship," was his grim remark on another occasion, "the satisfaction with which you have come to the result at which you have arrived" (9 M. 909).

And it was he who, in the case which decided that the words "d—d puppy" were not actionable, spoke of the qualifying epithet as a profane word "to which no one assigns any meaning at all, and to which we cannot therefore attach any slanderous meaning" (11 M. 704).

Lord Deas's general observations are rarely other than shrewd and penetrating. Nothing, for example, could be sounder than his dictum that a rule of law

> "ought to proceed upon practical views only, such as guide men in the ordinary business affairs of life, and which will continue to guide them with reasonable safety, whatever abstract theories as to mind and matter, or even as to whether there is an external world at all, they may, for the time being, speculatively adopt or admit."

Assuredly a Court of Law is no place for the metaphysics of Berkeley or Hume, and it in no wise detracts from the force of his remarks that Lord Deas immediately goes on to announce his own "humble belief, that the mind is immaterial, and consequently one and indivisible" (9 M. 954). Again, his Lordship displays an unexpected turn for literary criticism in a case involving the question of copyright in a reprint of Sir Walter Scott's works with notes and illustrations prepared by Mr Lockhart: a case noteworthy for Lord President Inglis's opinion that a man may have copyright in notes which consist only of quotations (9 M. 341). The First Division obviously revelled in the discussion of the points there raised, and no one enjoyed it all more thoroughly than Lord Deas. He confined himself to the matter of alterations made by Scott himself on Elspeth Mucklebackit's immortal ballad of the Harlaw, and canvassed the significance of minute textual emendations with a gusto which even a Bentley or a Scaliger might have envied. He is greatly impressed with the importance that may attach even to a single word. He suggests that if the opening verse of the book of Genesis is altered so as to read "In the *end* God created the heaven and the earth," the whole book is affected by the change, though the alteration consists in a single word: a proposition which no one is likely to dispute. And he backs up his view by the following ingenious analogy:—

> "Mention was made a little ago of the song we are all familiar with, 'The Flowers of the Forest.' Now, suppose that the first line of that song as published had been 'The Fowls of the Forest,' or perhaps 'The Fools of the Forest.' The last for anything I know might have been defended, . . . for Shakespeare has made classical 'a fool i' the forest,' and Sir Walter was fond of introducing a sylvan character of that kind into his novels. But I think few people would doubt that the author who corrected the word 'Fowls' or 'Fools' in the only edition he found in circulation of his song into 'Flowers' would have had copyright in the new edition, although he had none in the old."

There can be little doubt, however, that the department in which Lord Deas excels is reminiscence. He is fond of recalling some scrap from Pro-

fessor Bell's lectures, which he had attended as a student, or of drawing attention to the changes which had come over Edinburgh and Edinburgh ways since the days of his youth. He points out how the original building-plans of the New Town have been departed from, in his opinion with great advantage.

"Your Lordships know how rapidly a series of lofty, varied, and palatial buildings have, in George Street and Princes Street, replaced the low, dull, monotonous uniformity which these streets previously presented" (9 M. 613).

Events have marched since 1871, when these words were uttered, and some may be disposed to think that low, dull, monotonous uniformity is not an unmixed evil compared with some edifices of the lofty, varied, and palatial order. In connection with the Edinburgh water-supply he dashes off a vignette which brings into high relief the advance in material civilisation achieved in the course of fifty years.

"I can myself remember, when I first attended college, some half a century ago, frequently seeing in crossing the High Street, a crowd of people who had stood there all night round a solitary well near the cross, waiting their turn to get a pitcherful of water" (10 M. 604).

He must indeed be an austere lawyer who would have such passages excised from the reports as savouring too little of the pure milk of the law, or who would grudge to the venerable Senator the complacent rhapsody on the conveniences afforded by his own house, — highly coloured and exaggerated as it is, — into which he presently bursts. The most striking passage, however, in the long range of Lord Deas's judgments occurs in the report of a once famous consistorial cause (21 D. 692).

"There is no love," he declares, "between the sexes so pure as that which sometimes arises in early youth, and which may last through life as a sentiment, although it has long ceased to be a passion—neither superseding nor interfering with the affections and duties of married life, and being more like the memory of the dead than an actuating passion for the living. I have known an individual whose first love commenced before all development of animal passion, and who although he had, while yet in boyhood, voluntarily relinquished the object on finding . . . that the chief attractions he had admired existed only in his own imagination, entertained, nevertheless, through all his future single and married life, the strongest desire to meet that object once again, and would have been disposed to gratify that desire even at the distance of more than thirty-five years after they had last met, had he not then found with regret that the death of the object rendered this no longer possible. I will undertake to say that no meeting could have been more free from guilty thoughts than that meeting would have been had it taken place, nor could its nature be better described than in the words of Dr [X's] letter when he says: 'My heart is my only priest, and it sanctifies to me the remembrance of my love, and makes Eliza holy.'"

In his chivalrous attitude to "the object" we are not ashamed to own that we decidedly prefer the gruff old Scots judge to the creator of Flora Finching.

In Lord Ardmillan we miss the autobiographical note. But many of his dicta are highly

characteristic. He held strong opinions as to the sanctity of the marriage vow, and believed that divorce was a remedy intended only for the innocent. He accordingly repudiated the idea that decree could be competently granted in mutual actions of divorce where both spouses had been proved guilty (9 M. 462, 1094; 10 M. 845). His views as to irregular marriages—which have baffled so many English novelists and playwrights—were equally uncompromising:—

"Marriage, though in one aspect a civil contract, is a Divine institute. The relation of marriage is a sacred relation. The contract of marriage is the most solemn, the most abiding contract into which a man or woman can enter, and the certainty of the matrimonial contract, the assurance of it to the parties contracting, and the unequivocal character of the relation formed and of the subsequent intercourse, is matter of the gravest interest, personal, social, and moral. Marriage is generally entered on in Scotland with the proprieties, the decencies, and the simple solemnity of a religious service. It is a mistake to suppose that irregular marriage, in any of its forms, is in Scottish estimation and feeling, even among the humblest classes, held to be as becoming, as desirable, or as respectable as marriage under the sanction of religion. It is not so" (1 R. 670).

This is sound and wholesome doctrine which ought not to be lost sight of at the present day. Lord Ardmillan was no less rigorous in the matter of Sunday observance. A lad who with several companions had climbed over a paling into a contractor's yard, amused himself there by hammering a tin can containing nitro-glycerine, with the not unnatural result that an explosion took place, and one of the party was injured. An action of damages was raised by the injured youth against the contractor, who was ultimately "assoilzied." Lord Ardmillan had no doubt as to the legal position of the trespassers.

"I think they had no business there, and especially they had no business to be going there and amusing themselves with hammers on the afternoon of the Sabbath day" (10 M. 793).

Yet was he no fanatic, as the fashion of modern fanatics is. He was in the habit of predicting the winner of the Derby every year with remarkable success, — Blair Athol, if we mistake not, was one of his greatest *coups*,—and his views on horse-racing are redolent of the man of the world rather than of the zealot.

"A competition of horses in swiftness," he opined, "is not more illegal or improper than a competition of other animals in symmetry or fatness, or of tulips in bloom and beauty" (3 M. 94).

The gambling attendant upon racing, he went on to point out, is illegal in the sense that no court of justice will give decree for the recovery of money so won. But he would probably have concurred in the sagacious observation of Lord Balgray (8 S. 581) that

"there seems to be a natural propensity in the human disposition to indulge in games of hazard. It is not *malum in se* to do so."

Not the least delightful of Lord Ardmillan's peculiarities is his fondness for illustrating a legal proposition by refer-

ences to and quotations from the poets. The importance of motive in conduct, for instance, is demonstrated by the analogy of "Shakespeare's wonderful delineations," such as those of Hamlet, Prospero, Hermione, Iago, and Shylock (10 M. 469). A dispute as to the right of property in a hearse (worth, apparently, upwards of £200) leads to an allusion to the celebrated controversy between the rival schools of the Proculeians and Sabinians—

"I shrink from even treading on the edge of

'. . . that Sirbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies old have sunk.'"

—(8 M. 561.)

And ever and anon he breaks into a strain of "eloquence," not seldom lofty, occasionally a little stilted—the sort of eloquence that was employed by Scots professors in their class-rooms and Scots advocates in the Parliament House in the eighteenth century, to show that they could write English. Some of the passages on divorce already referred to have the merit of earnestness and dignity. A more flowery and even fruity example is the peroration of his judgment in the cause which decided that after its "flitting" to Gilmorehill the University of Glasgow was no longer to enjoy the immunity from poor's rates and police assessment which appertained to it while yet in the High Street.

"The University of Glasgow, at once venerable and vigorous, with glorious traditions and unabated power and spirit, is planted in the midst of a great city and district peculiarly distinguished by the enlightened appreciation and generous support of her literary institutions, and can well afford to dispense with exemptions from local taxation. 'Non eget Mauris jaculis.' She requires no adventitious aid to sustain her in the prosperous and distinguished course pursued for ages within the venerable walls which she has quitted, and now sustained with undiminished honour in the noble structure reared at Gilmorehill" (10 M. 1013).

"Haud defensoribus istis," we might take the liberty of retorting. Fine words like these bring but cold comfort to the modest purse. What institution or individual nowadays can afford to dispense with the "adventitious aid" of exemptions from local taxation?

Such lofty flights as Lord Ardmillan's were never attempted by Lord Neaves. His methods were less ambitious, though not in their own way less effective. His was the still small voice which seeks to achieve its purpose by persuasiveness seasoned with humour. His sallies were of the quiet cast which do not take the ear by storm, but insinuate their sense and wit almost imperceptibly into the hearer's mind. Thus in a case in which one of his brethren had expressed an opinion on a point not immediately arising out of the matter in hand, he slily observed:

"It is always a consideration to sportsmen, and, I believe, also to lawyers, that some game should be preserved undestroyed for future occasions; and the question there involved certainly will receive every

attention when the time for deciding it arrives" (9 M. 1090).

In the same spirit, in holding that a minister is entitled to let his manse for summer quarters to "a select friend," he points out, in answer to the heritors' avowed apprehensions of the risk of serious dilapidation, that

"the worst of lodgers do not so much destroy the fabric: they destroy the furniture" (10 M. 226).

"I never heard it suggested," he remarks elsewhere, "that a woman could be a member of the College of Justice, though it has been alleged that the elderly part of the sex is not unrepresented in high quarters" (11 M. 834).

Similarly, in a case in which the High Court quashed a conviction for stealing a pheasant from a public road, he is reported to have said:

"However much protected by the game-laws, by preventing trespasses and otherwise, a pheasant is in the same position as a sparrow or other wild bird when viewed as the subject of property. A sparrow may be tamed and become the property of a lady, but I should hesitate before sustaining the relevancy of a libel in which the panel was stated to have theftuously away taken a sparrow from a hedgerow, even though it was said to be the property or in the lawful possession of Lady Lesbia. . . . But I may say that if an animal was said to have been domesticated, or to have been taken from a game bag or a poulterer's shop, that would probably be a sufficient indication of its history, and I should think it unreasonable to require the prosecutor to trace the progress of titles by which it was transferred to the poulterer's or sportsman's possession" (10 M. 448).

In allusion and quotation Lord Neaves was alike fertile and felicitous. After an adverse decision, a certain litigant attempted to "decline" the jurisdiction of the judge. It was held that he was not entitled to do so, on the ground that objections on the score of partiality or enmity must be stated at once, and if not so stated cannot afterwards be proponed,

"for the very obvious reason that no man is entitled to litigate in the hope of a favourable judgment, and then when he gets judgment against him repudiate the jurisdiction."

"This rule," says Lord Neaves, "has been received in all systems of law. By the canon law no exception could be taken after litiscontestation. The procedure in the canon law was peculiar: when a declinature of the judge was proponed, arbiters were appointed to try the question, as may be seen in Oughton's Ordo Judiciorum, or as may be learned in a more popular shape from the account in Henryson's Fables of a trial between the dog and the sheep, in which the wolf sits as judge. The sheep, when called on to plead, declines the judge, and adds—

'This is my cause, in motive and effect:
The law sayis it is richt perrilous
Til enter in pley befoir ane juge suspect;
And ye, Schir Wolf, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with your tuskis ravenous,
Hes slane full mony kinnismen of myne;
Thairfoir as juge suspect I yow declyne.'

The whole procedure that follows is an accurate picture of the forms of process then observed in Consistorial Courts" (8 M. 304).

A favourable specimen of Lord Neaves's style at its best will be found in his opinion in an action for slander raised in somewhat peculiar circumstances. The Principal of a

College in a well-known Scottish University had succeeded, by certain representations, in deterring the patron of one of the chairs from appointing to it an individual whom, in the interests of the College, he considered to be thoroughly unsuitable. An action of damages for slander was raised by the widow of the disappointed candidate against the Principal, and the pursuer sought to infer malice on the Principal's part from the fact that, not much more than twelve years before, he had given a testimonial to the candidate, couched in the most laudatory terms, with regard to the very qualifications whose existence he had subsequently come to doubt. Every giver of testimonials should ponder well Lord Neaves's words of wisdom:—

"I cannot conclude without making the observation that I hope some light has been thrown in this question upon the subject of testimonials which ought to produce serious thoughts in the minds of those who give and those who receive them. A testimonial ought to be strictly true, and not coloured. I do not say one should write a testimonial as he would write history, for there he must not be afraid of speaking of everything that is bad as well as of everything that is good. This would never do, and the testimonial would not be used if it were done. But it ought to be a strictly true testimonial, and, if we may borrow from a heathen author in regard to truth, we should not allow ourselves to be carried beyond the truth on any subject—testimonials or anything else—

"'Though Phalaris with his brazen bull be nigh,
And loudly dictate to our lips a lie.'

These gentlemen would not have done or said anything incorrect out of fear or compulsion. But favour, friendship, compassion, are sometimes as great seducers from the path of strict accuracy as fear or force, and it is acknowledged that to some extent the testimonials were modified by these amiable influences" (2 R. 951).

Lastly, we may cite Lord Neaves's prediction of what the state of matters would be in a "mixed" University. He begins by referring to the elementary schools,

"where not only both sexes but all ages are combined, as in the General Assembly's school in the Highlands, of which Principal Baird used to tell that a little boy, when complaining bitterly of the schoolmaster's unfairness, and being asked to state particulars, said: 'That he had trapsed grannie at her spelling, but that the master would not let him up.'"

"The period of life," he then goes on to say with regard to the University, "attained by the youth who are there educated, say from sixteen to twenty-two, is the most of all susceptible of the more tender feelings of our nature; and, without the slightest suggestion of anything in the least degree culpable, how is it possible to feel secure that, with a number of young men and women assembled together at a university, there shall not occur hasty attachments and premature entanglements that may exercise a blighting influence on their future life? What effect it might exercise upon their immediate studies it would be hazardous to conjecture. It might in some cases produce a strange emulation; it might in others lead to total idleness among these mixed schoolfellows. In any view he would be a bold man who would collect together at a college and send out some hundreds of young men and women

"'Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum,'

with whatever number of chaperons he might try to guard them" (11 M. 834).

Whether these prognostica-

tions have been verified in the Scots Universities since 1889 we do not pause to inquire. But it is tempting to refer for a moment to an instance in which an admirable scheme of one of the wisest and most far-seeing of judges unmistakably "went agley." In discussing the question, what allowance should be made by trustees for the education and maintenance of a boy, the heir to great wealth, and bereaved of his father at the age of eight, Lord President Inglis expressed himself as follows:—

"He [the boy in question] is to be a landed proprietor to a very considerable extent, and it is most desirable that he should be familiarised with the interests of his estate as he grows up. It is in the highest degree desirable that he should imbibe a taste for field-sports and other country pursuits, and it is not possible to expect that in his situation these tastes and habits should be acquired without a very liberal establishment both in stable and kennel, and that, as we know, is a very considerable expenditure. . . . It appears to me, however, to be still more desirable, and indeed of paramount importance, that this young man should be early associated with those whose influence and example will engender and cultivate manly and refined tastes and sentiments which will enable him when he enters into active life to take such part in society as his wealth and position will justify, and perhaps also to aid in advancing the civilisation of his country and the age in which he lives" (10 M. 487).

The whole of the Lord President's opinion is well worth perusal as a dignified and masterly disquisition on the topic under consideration. But how vain are the hopes of men! The young gentleman, whose welfare was the theme of such anxious solicitude, was indeed spared to "enter into active life." He played his part there, not in advancing the civilisation of his country and his age, but as the friend and patron of jockeys and prize-fighters,—the riff-raff of the racecourse and the ring. He was warned off the turf; and, finally, at a comparatively early age, he died in a foreign land, unwept, unhonoured, and, we believe, unsung.

We cannot refrain, in bringing this paper to a conclusion, from paying our humble but sincere tribute to the memory of two judicial dignitaries whose light has recently been quenched.

The late Lord Moncreiff was a thoroughly sound lawyer, whose professional attainments commanded the respect of all connected with the Scottish Courts. In private life he was a delightful companion, and indifferent health rarely seemed to check his flow of spirits. He took a keen interest in all manly sports, particularly in golf and cricket, and he approached them all in the spirit of the true sportsman, and not in that of the modern record-breaker. Moreover, he possessed literary gifts of no insignificant order, as the readers of 'Maga' are well aware, for his was the dexterous and graceful touch of the educated gentleman, which is becoming rarer every day. His humour was free from malice, and a turn for persiflage never betrayed him, as it is so apt to do, into

anything that could irritate or wound. Sensitive himself, he shrank instinctively from what might give pain to others, and vindictiveness was a total stranger to his composition. No one could have sustained more worthily than he the honourable traditions of his distinguished house.

Lord Robertson of Forteviot possessed the gift of pure, incisive, and appropriate English in larger measure, perhaps, than any man who ever sat on the Scottish bench, while in England his only possible competitors in the last fifty years have been Lord Cairns and Lord Bowen. That he inherited this peculiar talent from his father, a minister of the Church of Scotland, is as certain as any such matter well can be, and it is no less beyond doubt that he did all that diligent study and extensive reading could accomplish to improve it. His instinct in the use of the English tongue was in truth unerring; and apt epithet and illuminating phrase came as readily to his command upon the bench as in the study. Fastidious though he was in the selection of his vocabulary, there was no hint in him of the pedant, and perhaps his most memorable triumphs were obtained on political platforms before popular audiences. That he had a brilliant career before him in politics, had he seen his way to continue in the lists, can scarcely be questioned, and his decision to accept a judgeship was, from a party point of view, greatly to be regretted. Next to Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour, he was the most eloquent and convincing exponent in our generation of true Conservative principles,—of a confident and reasoned Conservative faith. His later alienation from the main body of the party was, we venture to think, merely temporary, and due to accidental causes. But be that as it may, the Scottish portion of a still United Kingdom can never, without the guilt of shameful ingratitude, forget his services as an administrator, as a statesman, as a champion of law and order, and as a defender of the Union.

THE COCKNEY BOUNDER.

I.

PICCADILLY on a fine afternoon in May or June: is there any strip of the earth's surface quite like it, with its carriages and motor-cars, its green lawns and white buildings, its endless flow of variegated humanity, its irresistible suggestion of life, opulence, restlessness, luxury? To a young man, if at least he happens to be good-looking, well-dressed, and in love, there are certainly worse places in the world. So thought Captain Richard Ascroft of the Queen's Own Loyal Loamshire Regiment, as he stepped lightly from the courtyard of the Junior Naval and Military Club and paused for an instant to cast a glance at the passing crowd and at the trees of the Park tossing their light arms in the summer wind. Then with a smile, the smile of health and happiness, he moved his long limbs swiftly over the pavement, and presently found himself before the neat maroon door and the gleaming brass knocker of Beatrice Avent's little house in Clarges Street.

The smile deepened as his hostess came forward to greet him. It died away as Ascroft recognised, with a very curt nod, the other occupant of Mrs Avent's pretty drawing-room. Yet he had hardly expected to be the only visitor; it was rare to find Beatrice Avent alone or without masculine company on these afternoons. She was a woman whom men sought eagerly, a woman who had many admirers and might, if she had so chosen, have had many lovers. But Beatrice, after seven years of matrimony, was enjoying her freedom far too well to be in any hurry to provide a successor to poor George Avent, who had broken his neck at polo, leaving no children to bear his name and a sufficient income for his widow.

Beatrice at eight-and-twenty felt that she had time to choose. She was one of those women whom few men can resist, and indeed a male person could seldom pass ten minutes in her society without finding himself a little in love with her; for to the charms of her face and figure she added that indefinable suggestion of emotional possibilities veiled by a virginal coldness which is more fatal to the better kind of masculine heart than beauty or brains or both. There was something magnetic in the chaste softness of Beatrice's glance and the mere touch of her thrilling little white hand, that brought the worshipper to her feet. For herself, she was hardly conscious of the passions she excited, being chiefly anxious to have a pleasant time in this gay London, of which George, with his bucolic and sporting

tastes, had seldom permitted her to see enough. She liked to be in the swim, to know the right people to talk to and the right things to do; she believed herself intellectual and artistic, and was at any rate much given to transient enthusiasms, absorbing herself easily in the passing fancies of the hour, so that her courtiers were apt to be selected according to the fashion or fad which happened to be in vogue.

Just then, in this summer of 1899, Beatrice was rather in the mood of cultivating ideas and seriously considering literature. That explained the presence of Jerome Weir, the man Captain Ascroft did not like, and Mrs Avent's indulgent glances when she lifted her eyes to his with a smile that brought a delicious dimple to the corner of her lips. The glance and the smile meant nothing to Beatrice, but they set Jerome Weir's blood dancing in his veins.

He was by no means so good to look upon as the tall young soldier. Jerome Weir was rather short and rather broad, too broad for his height, careless in dress and undistinguished in manner, with a complexion that spoke of laborious nights in town rather than breezy mornings in the country. But his eyes were keen and deep, and humour, intelligence, and vivacity spoke from his irregular features. He was a successful journalist, who had written a good book or two, and had a considerable reputation in Fleet Street and elsewhere as a man of varied knowledge and good critical faculty. A bachelor, with some social gifts and conversational power, he was in the thick of the movement with which Beatrice just then aspired to associate herself; he knew all the new playwrights, the new novelists, the new humourists, the actors, the young poets and essayists, the editors, the people who thought themselves clever and talked much about the old conventions and the larger synthesis. Consequently he stood high in the favour of his hostess; who gave Captain Ascroft his tea, and then plunged anew into the stream of chatter his entrance had interrupted. Jerome always talked well, and with the lady's eyes upon him he was more fluent than ever. Ascroft noted with gathering gloom how easily Weir seemed to interest Beatrice in the "rot" they were talking about. Tolstoy and Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw, about books and theatres, and the persons who wrote and played and painted. If he tried to interject a hesitating sentence he was at once swept off his feet by Jerome's flood of anecdote and epigram.

The two men felt an instinctive mutual hostility; both were up to the neck in love with Beatrice Avent, and each had a notion that the lady thought far too well of his rival. This afternoon, however, the civilian was basking in the sunshine. The soldier relapsed into a sulky silence, until his hostess turned to him with the cruel remark:

"I am afraid we are boring you, Captain Ascroft; you don't care much about literary topics, do you? But Mr Weir has been *so* interesting this afternoon."

This was too much for the patience of the contemned suitor, who murmured something about having to meet a man at the club, and left the field in possession of his adversary. "What the deuce can she see in the beast?" he muttered wrathfully as he went down the stairs; "a damned little Cockney Bounder."

II.

He had his revenge later in the year. In the early autumn of 1899 London society had swept all other interests into the background in its preoccupation with the coming war in South Africa. Nobody thought or talked of anything else. Imperialist sentiment was on every tongue, and a genuine patriotic fervour burnt in many hearts. It was one of those rare occasions when Britain had become conscious of her soldiers; the gentleman in khaki going South was the hero of the moment; in society indeed he was the only possible person, and all the young fellows of spirit, the hunting-men, the polo-players, the slaughterers of partridge and pheasant, were keen to get to the front with the Yeomanry. The women were as warlike as the men; Mars had resumed his sway over Venus, to whom just then the clash of arms seemed more fascinating than the lute of Apollo or the wit of Mercury; and there was always a welcome in some silken drawing-room for any young warrior who could spare a few minutes from the War Office and the drill-ground.

Beatrice Avent, with her easy responsiveness to the prevailing suggestion, was thrilling with these martial enthusiasms. The campaign, the glories to come, the insolence, so soon to be chastised, of the Boers, the valour and efficiency of our own men, were the subjects of her conversation; she knew which regiments were to go out, and who were to have the chief commands; she studied campaign maps, and took lessons in strategy, coached not unwillingly by professional experts; she had joined a committee which was organising a field-hospital.

Thus it fell that when Jerome Weir returned to town after a brief holiday he was aware of a considerable change in the atmosphere of the little house in Clarges Street. On the afternoon he called it happened that Ascroft was there again; but this time the Captain was the favoured guest, while Weir felt himself left out in the cold. For Ascroft, who was hard at work drilling recruits at Chelsea, had come along in his uniform; and Jerome recognised that the tall young soldier in his neat

khaki, with his belts and sword and shoulder-straps, made a painfully effective contrast to a stoutish black-coated civilian. And Beatrice had no attention to spare for the journalist. The Loamshires were ordered out to Natal in a fortnight, and Captain Ascroft and his hostess had many things to discuss. He could tell her of the latest gossip at the military clubs, of the probable duration and character of the campaign, of the Boer armaments and dispositions; he had a particular friend on Buller's staff, and he was able to explain the precise plan of operations which that commander would be quite certain to adopt. Jerome watched with jealousy Beatrice's fair head bent over the map, with the Captain's dark one very close to it. She looked up flushed and radiant, with her dimples dancing more destructively than ever. "Isn't it all interesting, Mr Weir?" she said. "Oh! how I wish I were a man! How I should love to be going out to South Africa now. Don't *you* want to go?"

"Some few of us have got a little work to do here," answered Weir; "you remember I was telling you last time we met about that new Stage Society: we are thinking of getting some of Ibsen's plays——"

"Oh, Mr Weir! How can you talk of Ibsen and things like that *now?* It's the country — the Empire — that should have all our thoughts, and the brave men who are going out to fight that wicked old Krüger and his abominable Boers. How perfectly delightful it is to be a soldier! Don't you think you are to be envied, Captain Ascroft?"

The Captain glanced at the dimples and thought perhaps he was, or might be; but all he said was: "Well, you know, Mrs Avent, there are drawbacks. I might come back with a wooden leg, or not come back at all: Mauser bullets, I believe, sometimes fly pretty straight."

"Oh no!" said Beatrice, who, like most people in London at the time, conceived of war as a rather agreeable picnic; "you will soon be with us again, covered with glory and medals. How nice they will look on your uniform! Wouldn't you like a war medal, Mr Weir? I should, if we poor women could only be allowed to have them. Ah, if I were a man!"

She spoke without a thought of the tempest that her words were stirring under Jerome Weir's rather ill-chosen waistcoat. Indeed she hardly thought of him at all, so absorbed was she, not so much in her other visitor as in what that visitor represented. But it was Jerome's turn now to quit the field in disorder. He took his leave with a word and a casual handshake from his hostess, who was again involved with Ascroft in the map of Natal.

The Captain observed his enemy's retreat with a satisfied chuckle. "Glad the little Cockney Bounder's gone," he said under his breath. But

Beatrice's ears were so near his own lips that she caught the words, and only rebuked them with a smile of such subtle sweetness that Ascroft was minded to put his fate to the test there and then. Unluckily at that moment there entered no less a personage than Lieutenant-General Sir Anthony Breckinbridge, K.C.B., who was one of the chiefs of the Intelligence Department, and the most popular of all the gallant veterans just then engaged in imparting the art of war to the feminine population of Mayfair. To this important warrior Beatrice turned with eagerness, and Ascroft retired. He hoped for another opportunity to see her alone, but it did not come. The crisis was moving so fast that the Loamshires received orders that very night to embark by the next transport leaving Southampton. The few days that remained were filled with ceaseless work for all the officers; and a hasty interview of five minutes, with other people present, was all the farewell that Ascroft was able to take of the woman he loved.

. . . . . .

Jerome Weir had left her house in bitterness and anger. The triumph in Ascroft's glance, the slighting indifference of Beatrice's tone, made his heart sore within him. Humiliation as well as jealousy racked him. He was rather a vain little man, who had always cherished a fair conceit of himself; now he simmered with rage when he thought that the only being in the world whose opinion really mattered regarded him with something like contempt. "She despises me!" he said to himself; "thinks me a sort of coward, I suppose, and that long-legged oaf a hero, because he swaggers about with a sword and a fancy dress. Every brainless young ass in uniform is a hero just now. Wants him to come back with a medal? Well, I daresay, medals will be cheap enough soon. And if he does — confound him." And again he thought of the dimples and the smile, and was more wrathful than ever.

Then an idea occurred to him. "Hang it! Why shouldn't *I* get a medal too? War correspondents are to have them this time, it seems. Why not go out? The 'Incubus' people haven't got a man yet, I know, and I daresay I can have the job if I ask for it. In these days the special correspondent of a big paper counts for rather more than a company officer in a twopenny line regiment. I may get better opportunities than you, Captain Ascroft, after all. Hansom here! The 'Daily Incubus' Office, Fleet Street."

Three-quarters of an hour later Jerome Weir was walking up the Strand towards his chambers. He had had his interview with the editor of the 'Incubus' and arranged matters. He had received his commission as the special correspondent of the paper, and in three days he was to sail for South Africa.

III.

The October sky was lowering darkly over the wind-swept hills of Elandslaagte as the Loamshires struggled up the billowing slopes to the final assault on the Boer position. The British infantry were nearing the end of a long day of marching and fighting. For hours they had slipped and stumbled among the rocks and rain-washed turf, under the incessant buzz and patter of the Mauser bullets and the sibilant scream of the Nordenfeldt guns. Now the thin lines were gathered in for the closing dash up the heights which were still held grimly by the shaken but stubborn Boers.

The special correspondent of the 'Daily Incubus,' who had ridden out from Ladysmith with French's advance column in the early morning, and had crawled and crept along with the firing-lines, looked round from the shelter of the great boulder behind which he had stationed himself to watch the last act of the day's drama. It did not need the soldier's eye to see that the crisis had come, and must soon be determined one way or the other. Away on his right he heard the pipes of the Gordons and the fierce yells of the Highlanders as they raced the Manchesters up the hill. Here, where he lay at the centre of the battle, the Loamshires were going past him in short rushes, small knots of men or single units taking cover, lying down to fire, and advancing a few yards to repeat the process.

The onward movement here was not very rapid, for the Boer fire at this short range was bad to face. The long flat top of the hill was fringed with sputtering flame as the hidden rifles snapped; and the bullets were kicking the brown earth into jets of smoking dust. Jerome Weir heard the missiles singing close over his head and splashing on the face of his stone shield, and he felt distinctly uncomfortable. The excitement that had carried him through the earlier part of the day was waning; now, lying chilled on the moist sod, he was conscious of a curious sinking in the abdominal region, and a marked disinclination to move from his rampart into that open *glacis* where the myriad tiny messengers of death were dancing so merrily. Not many yards from him a dead soldier lay curled up in a horrible contortion; a little farther off a wounded lad, shot through the intestines, was screaming his life out in agony. Jerome shuddered; he had only to move a few feet and that might be his condition the next minute. "What a fool I am to be here," he thought; "after all, it was no affair of mine; I am not a soldier." And it came to him with a sort of pang that he might be sitting warm, safe, and comfortable in London, instead of lying, as perhaps before the evening was over he might be, a wreck of

torn and bleeding flesh on the trampled soil.

He looked about him with head still carefully lowered. Some of the Loamshires, it appeared, were no more in love with the business than he was. They were a highly respectable, steady-going regiment, noted for good drill and good conduct; but this was their baptism of fire, and not a few of these quiet English lads fresh out from home found it disconcerting. Men who had got behind a convenient rock showed a disposition to stay there; others were even faltering, and evidently more inclined to drop back than to move on. Officers ran about urging the laggards forward. Captain Ascroft, angry and excited, rushed past Jerome's resting-place calling furiously to his men. "Come on, B Company! Do you want to be the last up? Follow me, if you are not cowards!" he cried to a group huddling down behind a ruined fragment of wall; and, waving his sword (officers still had swords and rank-badges at that period of the campaign), he dashed up the particularly exposed bit of hillside immediately in front. The action drew a perfect fusilade to the spot from above. Two or three of the men who leaped the wall and followed the Captain were shot down instantly; Ascroft himself managed to run a short distance upwards before he fell. Weir, peeping round the side of the boulder, saw his rival lying prone before him, with only some fifty yards of patchy turf between them. Dead? No; Ascroft struggled to his knees, and then with a groan fell back on the crimsoned sward, with clutching hands and one quivering foot. Would he be left there to bleed to death or be finished by another flying pellet? "Well, it's none of my business," said Weir to himself; and then again, "What am I here for?" But even as he murmured the words he remembered how it was he came to be there. A shell from one of the British batteries boomed through the air far above his head; and the sound, by a caprice of association, brought a woman's face before him and some hackneyed lines to his lips:—

"Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands."

"What a literary tradesman you are, Jerry Weir," he thought; "come, let us see if you cannot *do* something." Then he pulled himself together, crept from his shelter, and crawled up on hands and knees to where the young officer lay with the blood welling over his boots and putties.

Ascroft had been struck through the tendon of the leg. He tried to rise but collapsed in agony, half swooning with pain. Sick and dizzy, with a dark mist swimming before his eyes, he could not make another effort. He could hear the Mauser rain pelting over him, and was just conscious enough to remember that any moment might be his last. "It's all up with me," he said; and he shut

his eyes and waited for the stroke to come, feeling indeed as if his life were already ebbing away.

Then of a sudden he heard a voice close to his ear. "Ascroft! can you move?"

"No; I am afraid I cannot."

"Put your arms about my neck then, and I will take you on my back."

Mustering his strength, Ascroft managed to get his hands across the tweed-covered shoulders on the ground beside him. It was all he could do, and he hung like a sack while Weir, grasping the hands firmly, hoisted the dragging figure on his back, and crouching low under the burden, began to move down the slope. His progress was very slow, for Ascroft was big and heavy; and as Weir tottered on he was expecting each instant to hear the thud of a bullet in the hanging weight above him, or to feel the blow in his own flesh. The two were a good mark for the sharpshooters above. So thought a young Johannesburg Boer in a shabby frock-coat and a bowler hat. "Kill the verdommde offizier," he said, as he pointed his rifle at the swaying pair. But a grey old field-cornet growled at him under his beard. "Hold thy hand, Piet! We are not shooting the wounded." And Piet turned his weapon elsewhere; for the war as yet was young. So Weir staggered on untouched, and at length, with pain and tribulation, he got behind the sheltering boulder, and plumped his burden on the ground. The shock revived the wounded man's fast-fading consciousness. He opened his eyes and stared wildly into the face bending over him. "By Jove! It's the Cockney Bounder," he said; and then he fainted away.

IV.

It was in the field hospital at Ladysmith the next morning that he awakened to full consciousness, with Jerome Weir again beside him.

"Hullo!" he said; "what's happened? Have we won the battle? And where the deuce are we?"

"We gave them a first-class beating," said Weir; "you were wounded, you know, as your fellows were going up, and you were brought back by the bearer company here to Ladysmith."

"Ah! I remember being downed. By Jove! This foot of mine does sting. It was you who took me out of the fire, Mr Weir. I owe you my life, and I—well, I shan't forget it."

To this Weir could only reply with the Englishman's formula in emotional moments: "Oh, that's all right."

But the young soldier persisted. "You did, you know! I recollect now it was you who hauled me back to the rocks. I didn't know who you were when you were carrying me, but I recognised you just be-

fore I went off. You risked your life for mine; we ought to have been both shot. It was a devilish fine thing to do, especially for a civilian."

Weir winced at the last words, and murmured, "Not at all."

"Civilian or not," continued Ascroft, "nobody could have shown more pluck. If there's a braver man in this army, I don't know him, and don't expect to find him. And to do that for me, too, for me who——" He raised himself feebly on his pillow and looked at Weir a moment. "Am I knocked out?" he added. "What do they say about me?"

"You are very weak, and have lost a lot of blood. But the doctor says that you are not much hurt. The bullet didn't touch the bone, and made a clean cut through the flesh. They think you may be about again in a few days if the wound heals well."

"Praise be! It would have been hard lines to be bowled in the first over, wouldn't it? I've had a lucky escape—thanks to you, Weir. I haven't always behaved too decent to you, I am afraid. But we must be pals now. I should like it if you would. And I want to have a chance of doing something for you when the time comes. Let us see as much as we can of one another through this business."

"With all my heart," replied Weir; and he added with a laugh, "You know I believe I always had rather a liking for you, in spite——"

The sentence remained unfinished, and there was a silence of more than a minute. Then Ascroft spoke suddenly—

"I say, you know, we are both thinking of the same thing—the same person, I mean."

"What person?" said Weir.

"Oh, you know, of course. We are both thinking of Her."

"Yes; I suppose we are."

"Of course," Ascroft went on. "Well, now, look here, I ought to give her up to you,—after what you have done."

"Not a bit of it," said the journalist. "We'll play fair, and take our chance. Let us agree that neither of us will write to her while we are out here; and then if we both get home we'll toss up to decide which of us is to go and see her and—ask her first. How's that?"

"Right!" replied the soldier; "and you deserve to win the toss."

V.

They did see a good deal of one another during the next few weeks, those anxious weeks while White's army lay helpless within the Boer leaguer, waiting for that "relief" from Buller which did not come. Ascroft's wound healed rapidly, and the Captain in the Loamshires and the correspondent of the 'Incubus' became very close friends; for friendship

ripens quickly in such circumstances. Weir, the older man of the two by some years, found himself taking an elder-brotherly interest in the young officer. He appreciated his good looks, his courage and keenness, his care for his men, his professional ambition: and the soldier, on his part, having overcome his first prejudice against the journalist, became quite ardent in his regard for him. Gratitude apart, he found much to like in Weir and a good deal to admire. With his fluent tongue, his ready humour, and his stores of information derived both from books and men, Jerome seemed to his friend a quite remarkable person. Like many people of limited culture, Ascroft was easily impressed by intellectual acquirements, even of a superficial kind. Weir's knowledge, as well as his observation, did not go very deep; but other people besides the Captain had thought him "clever." When he discoursed on Wellington's or Napoleon's campaigns, or on the history of South Africa, or the ethnology and religion of the natives (which he had "got up" on the voyage out), Ascroft listened with reverence, and wished that he had himself found time to open a book occasionally since he had left Winchester.

There was no doubt either as to Weir's pluck. Ascroft had plenty of other evidence of it besides the Elandslaagte exploit. When there were bullets flying Weir was always well to the front; when the sudden gleam shot up from the Boer lines on Bulwana, and everyone knew that in thirty seconds a hundred-pound shell would crash down upon the town, Weir took cover as leisurely as any veteran warrant-officer of the Naval Brigade. In the great day of Waggon Hill, when the Boers made their crowning effort, and every available rifle in Ladysmith was needed at the front, Weir was in an exposed corner of the trenches fighting valiantly. Ascroft leading up his company came upon him as he lay upon the ground with a Lee-Metford in the firing-line. "Hullo, Jerry!" said the Captain, "you have no right to be amusing yourself in this fashion. What would the Chief say? You are a non-combatant, you know: if the Boers catch you with that bandolier on they will shoot you."

"They seem very likely to shoot me in any case," replied Weir, as the bullets flew whizzing over them. "But don't you tell of me, Dick. The pace is too hot for precise inquiries this evening. Get your head down, man. A shorter fellow than you had his helmet shot through just here a moment ago."

In point of fact, Weir's courage was much more self-conscious than it seemed: it had frequently to be kept up to the mark by a determined effort. Like Charles XII. on his first battlefield when taunted with being afraid, he might have said: "Yes; and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away." Jerome

had determined to prove to the soldiers about him, Ascroft and the rest, that civilian, cockney, man of the desk and study as he was, he could show quite as much indifference to danger as any of them. Besides, he was vain and he had the histrionic temperament; he was playing the part of the dashing man of action for the first time, and he was resolved to do so with sufficient conviction to impress the spectators.

One of his poses was to assume a great familiarity and expertness in all things relating to the horse. Like many men bred in towns he had a romantic affection for that quadruped, and would have liked nothing better than to be esteemed an accomplished cavalier. But though he was fond of riding he rode very badly, with an inadequate grip and imperfect balance. His knowledge of equitation had been developed mainly by practice on livery-stable hacks at south-coast watering-places; and between these sedate animals and the half-broken remounts available in South Africa there was as much difference as between the smooth turf of the Brighton Downs and the rock-strewn fissured veldt. Weir was constantly meeting with misadventures in the saddle. Sometimes he was run away with, and on one occasion was very nearly carried into the enemy's lines; sometimes his horse reared or stumbled and his loose seat brought him to instant grief; occasionally he was kicked off.

Ascroft, who was now able to recognise his friend's weaknesses without laughing at them, exhorted him to be more careful, to abstain from endeavouring to jump anything, and to mount no steed which the Captain had not himself examined and tested. But Weir resented the caution and neglected it. He continued to ride and to fall, with unfortunate results for himself. The better of his two horses was a showy but very awkward-tempered broncho, with a mouth of iron and a selection of vices. Ridden on the curb he would take to bucking or rearing; while to hold him with the snaffle alone was like trying to stop a locomotive with a tennis-net. But his owner obstinately refused to part with this animal in spite of his friend's remonstrances; he even insisted on riding the beast in the race for special correspondents which figured on the card at some sports held in the artillery camp. The broncho, after an unavailing attempt to savage one of his rivals, bolted clean off the course and made a bee-line for the river. Weir clung on desperately and bathed himself in perspiration in his ineffectual efforts to stop the runaway. Eventually the horse made one jump of it from the steep bank into the stream, jerked his rider off into the cold waters of the Tugela, and pursued his course to the other bank with an empty saddle. Weir scrambled out chilled and dripping. The walk back to the town in his wet clothes told heavily upon him; he had already been much weakened

by his frequent falls, after one of which he had been carried back to his quarters unconscious. He passed a very bad night, and the next day he was in bed with a high fever and a temperature mounting steadily. He had not enough stamina to shake off the attack, and the doctors regarded the case as a bad one from the beginning.

It was now Ascroft's turn to act as nurse. Every minute that he could spare from duty was spent by Weir's bedside. He bought and begged and borrowed such little luxuries in the way of food and drink as were still to be had in the straitened town, and gave a sovereign for a small box of cigarettes when Weir expressed a desire to smoke. He humbled himself before a wealthy trooper of the Imperial Light Horse, who had brought a case of champagne with him from Johannesburg, and obtained a bottle of this beverage to revive the failing strength of his patient. He got books and magazines from the portable library of the sailors for Weir to read, and sat up with him all night to give him his medicine and moisten his parched throat with lime-juice and water. It was of no use: Weir fought hard for his life, but his strength dwindled gradually, and in the early days of February the end came.

"He will not live through the night," the doctor had said to Ascroft as he paid his last visit in the small hours. The soldier sat by the truckle-bed, and watched the shadows from the kerosene lamp flickering over the grey face lying in the stillness of utter exhaustion on the bolster. Suddenly the lips opened and made an effort to form some words. Ascroft stooped to listen.

"Good-bye, Dick," whispered the dying man. "Take my hand, old boy; I am going."

Ascroft took the thin hand in his own. "Jerry!" he said, with a sob in his voice; "you —you mustn't die. You must let us pull you through."

"No, no, Dick! It's no good, I know. *You* will get through and go home—and see Her. And when you do, tell her that the Cockney Bounder"—and the ghost of a wan smile flickered over the drawn face—"tell her he didn't do so badly out here. He didn't, did he, old man?"

Ascroft could not speak. The tears were in his eyes as well as in his throat now as he knelt by the bedside.

"Tell her," went on Jerome very slowly and painfully—"tell her that if I did anything it was for Her; tell her that I was always thinking of Her; tell Her that I am thinking of Her now. You must go home —and marry her—we haven't had to toss for it after all—and tell Her that."

Ascroft broke down utterly at this, and buried his face in the coverlet. Then he looked up with sudden energy. "Yes; you are right, Jerry, I must get through if I can. I will go home, if I have the luck, and she shall know how you loved her, and all that you have been, all that you have done, for her sake."

The dying man smiled the faintest of smiles again. But he spoke no more, and presently the eyes closed, and the hand that Ascroft held grew stiff and cold.

. . . . . .

In the mess of the Loamshires the next evening the Major looked up from his scanty meal of sardines and jam and questioned the room at large. "They buried somebody in the Press Camp to-day, I hear. Which of them was it?"

"It was Jerome Weir, of the 'Incubus,'" replied the Adjutant. "He went off before sunrise."

"Weir!" said the Major. "What! that queer little cockney chap who thought he could ride?"

Captain Ascroft, sitting solitary and brooding in a corner of the tent, rose to his feet in sudden wrath.

"Jerome Weir was the best and bravest man in all this beastly place; and anybody who says a word against him has got to reckon with me."

"I am sorry, Dick," said the Major; "I forgot he was a pal of yours."

"He saved my life at Elandslaagte. He was the best friend I ever had; a better fellow never stepped, and there isn't a braver man — no, nor a finer soldier—in the army. I could tell you—but I can't talk about him now."

And for a space a silence fell upon the clattering mess-tent, as the young man turned upon his heel and strode into the starlit night.

VI.

Ascroft did not write to Beatrice Avent to tell her of Weir's death. "She will know about it from the papers, of course," he thought; and somehow he felt that what he had to say to her could not be put in writing. "I shall wait till I see her—if I get through." He did get through; but it was many long months before he saw a prospect of delivering Jerome's dying message. He went up with Buller's army after the relief of Ladysmith, and came unscathed through the fighting in the Eastern Transvaal. Then his battalion entered Pretoria, and Ascroft, a Major by this time, was put on temporary police duty and acquitted himself creditably. It was not till the late spring of 1901 that the Loamshires had their orders for Home. Before they went Ascroft was sent for to headquarters for an interview with the Chief.

"If you care to stay, Major Ascroft," said the great man, "I can find something for you. You did very well in that police work, and I can give you a good post of the same kind, if you would prefer to stop on here just now."

"Thank you, sir, I am very much obliged. But if you will allow me I should like to go back with the regiment. I have some — some important

private business to attend to at home."

"As you please, of course. I thought you might like to have your chance. But we may find room for you later, if you want to get out again. There will be some fair police and civil billets going before long, I expect. You can write to my military secretary when you have settled those private affairs of yours. Good-bye. Wants to get married, I expect," he growled to himself as the Major retired. "That's what they generally mean by their urgent private affairs; and it's the way I lose half my best young men."

. . . . . .

It was on the afternoon of his arrival in London that Ascroft called on Beatrice Avent. He had come up to town in the morning by an early train from Southampton, seen his parents, and transacted some absolutely necessary business. Then he thought he would go to Beatrice. He ought to write to her and fix an appointment, he knew; but he could not control his impatience. He felt he must see her immediately. It was not so much on his own account—he hardly thought of the proposal he intended to make—but he wanted to tell her about Weir. He would go and call and take his chance. He hoped he might find her in and by herself.

Beatrice Avent was at home, but she was not alone. There was somebody with her—a man with whom she seemed to be on very friendly terms indeed. Ascroft, catching a glimpse of his own face, sharpened and weather-stained, thought this person offensively young-looking, sleek, and comfortable. And Beatrice seemed as radiantly youthful as ever, as she greeted him with her entrancing smile. "How do you do, Captain Ascroft? I haven't seen you for ages. Where have you dropped from?"

"I only landed with my regiment yesterday. I ventured to come and see you at once. There are some things I want to tell you."

"I shall love to listen to them. You must tell me all about yourself. I am so glad you have got back safely from that silly old war. You know we are all *so* tired of it."

"Some of us found it rather tiring too," said the Major grimly. "But I understand the British public has ceased to take much interest in us, though the war doesn't happen to be quite over yet."

"All the interesting part is," replied Beatrice. "We see something in the papers about De Wet now and then; but there are such a lot of other things to think of, are there not? You know the *real* question is the Condition of the Masses. I have taken to working in the East End lately; you have no idea how absorbing it is. We must get Captain Ascroft to help with our Factory Boys' Club, mustn't we, Arthur?" and she turned on her visitor. "Oh, I forgot. You don't know one another. Mr Arthur Warrender—Captain Ascroft. But I expect

you are more than Captain by this time."

"They call me Major now."

"Let me congratulate you. How delightful! I knew you would distinguish yourself. But I am quite opposed to all militarism, you know. We cannot afford the cost of great armaments when there is so much poverty."

"Our recent experience seems to show that we cannot very well do without them."

"It is not an economic necessity. Isn't that what Professor Scratchley told us in the lecture yesterday, Arthur? Do you know, I have become a Fabian; we have the most interesting discussions. You ought to come to our meetings. Arthur, you should tell Major Ascroft what our views are on militarism and imperialism."

Mr Warrender began to explain; but the explanation soon became an animated conversation between him and his hostess in which Ascroft took no share. He sat glum and silent, waiting till the other visitor should think fit to depart. But Mr Warrender made no sign of moving. He seemed very agreeably settled, and Ascroft felt himself rather an unwelcome intruder on the intimacy of this couple who evidently had a most excellent mutual understanding. They were "Arthur" and "Beatrice" to one another, they had numerous common topics of interest to which confidential allusion was made, and once in the warmth of an expostulatory argument the man called the woman "dear," and the woman scarcely seemed to notice it. Ascroft came to the conclusion that they were engaged or on the point of entering upon that relation. The discovery left him almost unmoved; he hardly thought that he wanted to marry Beatrice now. But he did not like to go without making some allusion to the main object of his visit, the purpose which had brought him home from Africa.

"Mrs Avent," he said, "there is one person about whom I particularly wish to talk to you some time. I daresay you can guess whom I mean."

But Beatrice could not guess; and he had to tell her.

"It is Jerome Weir!" he said.

"Mr Weir? Of course, I remember him. That talkative little person! He went out to your war, didn't he? Has he come back, too?"

"He will not come back. He died at Ladysmith."

"Dear me! How sad! I recollect now seeing it in the newspapers. You must tell me all about him——"

But Warrender interrupted with an air of proprietorship and a glance at the clock, "You must not forget, dear lady, that you are coming to the Institute this evening, and that you have promised to let me take you to an early dinner first."

"Yes," said Beatrice; "and you mean, I suppose, you tyrannically punctual person, that I am to go and get myself into a garb suitable for the occasion. We are to dine at seven, or some such outrageous hour, I believe."

Ascroft could not refuse the hint and rose. "Must you go, Major Ascroft?" said Beatrice. "Well, in view of this early festivity I won't keep you; but do come and see me again, and tell me all about yourself and—your friend. It is so sweet of you to have called on me on your very first day in town. Come soon, remember. *Au revoir.*"

. . . . . .

Ascroft found himself moodily pacing the Piccadilly pavement again. After all, he had not delivered his message; was it worth while now? Evidently she had cared nothing about Weir, and nothing about him. He laughed bitterly as he recalled their sporting compact. Poor old Jerry! They would not have had to toss even if both had come back. So this was the end of it all: Beatrice engaged, Jerome dead and forgotten! And the war in which he died—that apparently was forgotten too! All that had meant so much to them when they were going out to Africa eighteen months ago, all that so many good men had fought for and fallen for—what was it to these people here? He looked about him in the sunlight of the London spring, as he had looked two years before. Nothing was changed. So many things had happened to him, and here everything was the same: the same trees tossing in the light breeze, the same women in gay dresses, the same dapper smart young men, the cabs, the omnibuses, the loafers. But surely there were more people: the pavements seemed black with the endless procession. His thoughts went back to great bare spaces of wind-scourged veldt, to gaunt, ragged hills, to the dim solitary distances of the karroo, to long lonely night rides; and then to a rough wooden cross in a bit of waste ground outside Ladysmith. A deep yearning came over him; he was tired already of this little crowded England, of all these hurrying townsfolk busied with their trivial affairs, untouched by the great realities of life.

He passed his club, and mechanically turned to enter the courtyard. A man he knew was coming out, and stopped to greet him.

"Hullo, Ascroft, how are you? Glad to see you home again. I congratulate you on your step; they say you did capitally. You are not looking extra fit, though. I expect you have had about enough of South Africa and are going to settle down in good old England?"

"No," said Ascroft; "I am going back."

SIDNEY LOW.

THE SEAMAN.

"THE seamen are a nation by themselves, a humorous and fantastic people, fierce and rude and resolute in whatsoever they resolve or are inclined to, but unsteady and inconstant in pursuing it, and jealous of those to-morrow by whom they are governed to-day." This is the deliberate estimate of the sailorman made by Clarendon, the greatest master of moral portraiture in English literature. He recorded it in the eleventh book of his 'History of the Rebellion,' where he was called on to describe the "unsteady and inconstant" part played by the fleet in the Second Civil War. Perhaps he was influenced too much by what he saw, and therefore overrated the unsteadiness and inconstancy of the class. But he was not wrong when he called the seafaring men a nation by themselves. Sir Richard Hawkins, who was bred to the sea and sailed far and wide, held that the land is proper to men, but the sea to fishes. "Those who live on the proper element of the fish are not as other men. There has been an old and universal type of the seaman. Aristophanes, by the mouth of Æschylus, and as paraphrased by Mr Murray, sang the praises of—

> "the old sailor of yore
> With no thought in his head but to guzzle his brose,
> And sing as he bent to the oar."

And Dionysus comes in with the comic counterpart—

> "And spit on the heads of the rowers below and garrote
> Stray lubbers on shore."

We all know the passage—particularly those of us who have looked into the controversy, so delightful to the regular-bred controversialist because it seems to be incapable of solution, touching the arrangement of the oars of the trireme. It matters nothing to the present purpose how the rowers were seated. The point is that the old sailor of Æschylus, whom we see only in a flash, was yet manifestly just such another as Smollett's Jack Rattlin, or that model of all prime seamen Marryat's Tom Saunders, who "could do his work from stem to stern,—mouse a stay, pudding an anchor, and pass a gammoning, as well as he could work a Turk's head, cover a manrope, or point a lashing for the cabin table." Pipes would have bent to the oar at Naupactus with a whole heart, and would have played the same unclean jokes as the Athenian, who for his part would have guzzled his brose in the service of Commodore Trunnion and Lieutenant Hatchway happily enough. Chaucer's shipman could have kept them company, and so would the seamen of Santander whom the reader of Spanish may meet in the 'Sotileza' of Don José Maria

Pareda. There is, in short, a universal type of the seaman, with excellent differences, according to time and race, but essentially the same. "Much learned trifling," says Gibbon, "might he spared if our antiquarians would condescend to reflect that similar manners will naturally be produced by similar situations."

Yet if it is easy to recognise that the type exists and always has existed, to define it so as to show the seaman as he is in himself is by no means so easy. We are under a considerable obligation to Captain Robinson, who has just provided the evidence on which a judgment may be based, in his affectionate and well-documented study of the type of all bold mariners,—the 'British Tar.'[1] Captain Robinson pours out treasures collected during years of diligent search — fact and fiction, pictures, plays, and songs. Here it would seem we have all that we need. The type being universal and the British tar the perfection thereof, what more can we ask for than the evidence for him? Nothing truly — save intelligence on our part in making use of the evidence he has accumulated in such full measure. Captain Robinson, working after the manner of the English, provides facts in ample measure. Let us, with his welcome help, approach the subject after the manner of the French, and their pupils the Scots, with definitions and classifications.

What exactly qualifies a man to belong to the nation of seamen? The question is not superfluous, for at all times, and in merchant-ships as well as warships, there have been multitudes of so-called seamen who were not "sailormen." In 1778, when Mr Temple Luttrell introduced his Bill for the registration of seamen, which was to have removed the necessity for the use of impressment, he was told by Lord Mulgrave that his scheme was idle. There were but 60,000 seamen in the country, while more than 80,000 men had been rated by that name in the navy in the Seven Years' War. The Admiralty, for which Lord Mulgrave spoke, had the returns of the Sixpenny Office to tell it how many seamen there were. As that old iniquity is now fairly forgotten, the reader may not object to be told that the office received from the shipowners the deduction of sixpence per pound per month made from the wages of the men for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital. The Commission which in later times inquired into the working of the office came to the conclusion that the shipowners did not make their returns honestly. They might, and we may be sure did, deduct a sixpence in the pound from

[1] The British Tar in Fact and Fiction. By Charles Napier Robinson, R.N., with introductory chapters by John Leyland. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.

the wages of every hand they employed, but they underestimated the numbers when they handed over the money, for business is business. Still, when due allowance is made for certain natural inclinations of fallen mankind, the returns can be trusted to some extent. There is no doubt that many were taken in to make up the crews who were not "prime seamen," "regular-bred seamen," "sailormen." These, who were the flower and cream of all crews, who could be trusted aloft in a storm and in the dark, who could rig, were the men who had been bred to the sea as boys. "Nunca lo bueno fué mucho," says the Spanish proverb — the good was never much. If a ship had a third of regular-bred seamen in her crew she was well manned.

The law enforced that proportion on the privateer. Read Woodes Roger's account of the cruise of the *Duke* and *Duchess* of Bristol, which took Alexander Selkirk off Juan Fernandez, and you will see how they were manned. Necessity imposed it on the man-of-war. Captain Robinson quotes the indignant protest of the Earl of Essex, who complained in 1597 that his ships "were furnished with men of all occupations, that never knew any rope, many of them, nor ever were at sea." More than two centuries after Essex had written his statement to the Privy Council, Captain Ambrose Griffiths, writing in 1823 of "Impressment Fully Considered," had the same tale to tell in stronger words. The complements must be filled up, and in its need for men the State could not be particular. The 2nd and 3rd Annæ, cap. 6, tells in the savoury style of old Acts of Parliament where the State looked. This is how the Act entitled "An Act for the Increase of Seamen and better encouragement of Navigation and security of the Coal Trade" goes in its XVIth clause :—

"And forasmuch as divers dissolute and idle Persons, Rogues, Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars, notwithstanding many good and wholesome laws to the contrary, do continue to wander up and down, pilfering and begging through all Parts of this Kingdom to the great Disturbance of the Peace and Tranquillity of the Realm, for the more effectually suppressing such Disorderly Persons, and to the end that they may be made serviceable and beneficial to their country : be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid That all lewd and disorderly Men Servants, and every such Person and Persons, both Men and Boys, that are deemed and adjudged Rogues, Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars (not being felons) by an Act of Parliament made in the nine and thirtieth year of the Reign of the said late Queen Elizabeth, for punishing of Rogues, Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars, shall be and are hereby directed to be, taken up, sent, conducted, and conveyed into her Majesty's Service at Sea, or the Service at Sea of Her Majesty's Heirs or Successors, by such Ways, Methods, and Means, and in such Manner and Form, as is directed for vagrants by the said beforementioned Act of Parliament, made in the said Eleventh and Twelfth years of the reign of the said late King William the Third for the more effectual punishment of Vagrants, and sending them whither by Law they ought to be sent."

The Act of Queen Anne was no ancient curiosity when Captain Griffiths commanded the *Topaze*. It was in the Digest of the Acts relating to the Admiralty carried by every Captain and Admiral—the book which Jervis caused to be read to him when he could not sleep at nights,—and wisely, for the roll of the prose is soothing, and the repetition of "later" and "aforesaids" makes a lullaby. When men destined to be rated seamen were sought in such quarters, and by such ways, Captain Griffiths might well ask—

> "What was the mass of discontent and impatience generated by a forced association with the refuse of our gaols, convicts, vagabonds, thieves, not brought to justice from lenity, smugglers, White Boys, suspected Irish during the Rebellion, all who from want of character could not procure employment—the idle and worthless—all was fish that came to the net? There is scarce a doubt but that the murderers of Mr Steel on Hounslow Heath served in ships we commanded. Holloway in the *Constance* and Haggarty in the *Topaze*, and we can vouch for the difficulty of managing the former unprincipled villain."

All the fish which came to the net were not as Holloway and Haggarty. There were many honest men. The marines, who when they had served one commission were counted as useful as the prime seamen in a man-of-war, were of excellent character. The "quota men," who were tempted into the Navy by bounties, the unemployed who came forward to meet the ever-growing calls of the merchant service, were certainly not all worthless. But neither the marine nor the best of the grown men who came to sea belonged properly to the nation of seamen. They were landsmen who came to sea, and when they were fit to be there, modelled themselves on the sailorman. He it was who was bred from boyhood to the sea, and like Tom Saunders served his time out as an apprentice from South Shields, and who leavened the mass. His morality, and if the pedantry may be pardoned, mentality, we desire to know; but who is to tell us? He cannot, for he has no skill, and he cannot realise that the things we wish to learn are just those daily thoughts and to him common incidents which are not worth telling—or are the painful passages he does not love to talk of. It was once my mixed good fortune to spend a good deal of time in the company of a sea fisherman on the Channel. He was friendly and confidential, a regular-bred seaman if ever there was one, and of a race of seamen. "All my family," he said, "have been pilots or fishermen—we never kept a shop," and he said so in the tone of a man of another class who tells you that his family were county people. One day he gave me a long story which he told with all the air of a man who thought it a good one. It began with a shipwreck and ended in a dispute with a stationmaster. The wreck was dismissed with a mere mention that it had happened. Then, with enormous prolixity, he told how the stupid station-

master did not know that the possession of a fisherman's medal entitled a shipwrecked man to a free ticket; how they wrangled with many "he saids" and "I saids"; how he finally bested the obtuse official by craftily taking cover in a coal-shed and jumping into the train as it was starting, on the off-side. Some years afterwards, when my friend was dead, a fellow-fisherman told me how in that wreck he had strained himself for life by trying to force his way through the in-rushing water to save his brother who was lying hurt in the cabin. My friend was of the same stamp as the sailor who escaped from the *Centaur* with Captain Inglefield. A boatful of survivors got away from the sinking ship. They drifted on the Atlantic for days, and only a timely shower saved them from death by thirst. At last they sighted land. They had been so often deceived by mere clouds on the horizon that they were slow to be persuaded; but the waves carried them on, and finally the land stood up clear before them. Then one of the sailors, who had behaved admirably through all the struggle, was so overcome that he rested on his oar and broke into an "immoderate swearing-fit of joy." It was not vice. It was only that he knew no other language for the expression of strong emotion. Captain Inglefield records the incident as odd and passes on. We may be thankful to him for doing so much. As a rule, the sailor who writes of his experiences passes over those very deliveries of a man's self which we want to know and he does not think worth recording.

We are not to blame him for that. The man of action never does dwell on those very details which the man of literature strives to understand, so that he may realise a life unlike his own. It was a good, shrewd remark of Mr Augustus, that the author of 'Waverley' knew something of soldiering but was no regular-bred soldier, for he insisted on details which the professional man does not think of naming. Did any soldier ever tell of his battles as Mulvany spoke "At the Main Guard"? Take Marbot, with all Gascon *faconde*, and his literary dexterities. He does not talk about the sound of cleavers on blocks, and the stare of men drunk with excitement, when he has to describe the street-fighting in Saragossa or the battlefield of Eylau. Take our own substantial Sir Harry Smith. He tells how he and his Spanish wife sat on the bank of earth by the camp-fire, she leaning asleep against his shoulder; how fatigue overcame him and he slipped down; how the cold air struck on her warm side and she woke crying, the only complaint she ever made. But Sir Harry is laconic about the battle and the march. Why should he talk at length of his daily bread? Yet we are sufficiently well supplied with the means of knowing the soldier in himself—not only

the soldier officer, but the simple soldier of the ranks. Sergeant Bourgogne and Captain Coignet, Quartermaster Surtees, Rifleman Harris, Costello, and many others, are close at hand to tell us. But where are the seamen who are their equivalents?

If they were to be found, Captain Robinson would have found them. He has sought patiently, and has discovered much, but in how many cases has he met with the words of a real sailorman? Captain Boteler of the 'Dialogues,' published in 1685 but written long before, was no doubt a sailor in the fullest sense, but then he wrote of discipline, of organisation, of the necessity that the captain of a man-of-war should himself be a seaman, which to-day is a self-evident proposition but was an arguable point in the seventeenth century. It was not his business to tell us of the seaman's life and his thoughts. To learn how the navy was managed, how prize money and half pay and whole pay were divided, is comparatively easy. But it is really not what we want. We would spare the greater part of it for an autobiography of Captain Cook—a true autobiography, recording not only what he did, but what he believed and thought; and that is precisely what it was impossible for Captain Cook to give. He and Anson and Hawke and the rest were silent men on every topic which was not one of business or duty. Admiral Byron, whose 'Narrative' is known of because it is casually mentioned in 'Don Juan,' but is actually known to few, has something to tell. Take it for all in all, the narrative of the loss of the *Wager* in the Golfo de Peñas, during Anson's voyage, has no superior, I do not indeed know of any equal it has, as a document. Byron tells us of the extraordinary ignorance of the men who did not know that their pay would cease with the loss of the ship, and with their pay the obligation to obey their officers, till they were told the facts by one of themselves who had learnt by experience. He shows clearly that the natural respect the men had for the gentleman and the officer would have kept them in obedience if Captain David Cheap had had any right to either qualification. A more repulsive brute than this man, dull-witted, selfish, essentially timid and therefore prone to spasmodic violence, has rarely been drawn. He murdered one of his midshipmen, and the men refused to follow him farther. The story how they patched up the boats of the *Wager*, and made their way through the Straits of Magellan to the Spanish possessions in Buenos Ayres, is told in a jejune narrative which is the complement of Byron. It is a truly astonishing story of courage and resource, with a dash or more of brutality. They took with them a marine officer who would not remain with Captain Cheap,—but he was no use, and he had no authority, and they treated him like a dog—or, indeed, as

no seaman would have treated either dog or cat. Byron and the few who remained loyal to Cheap dragged him through starvation and fatigue to the island of Chiloe, where he washed his hands of them so soon as he had a roof over his head and enough to eat. Byron, who was not only a thorough seaman but the worthy grandfather of Lord Byron, gives us to understand that he aroused the jealousy of at least one husband among the degraded savages of the Golfo de Peñas. He dwells with complacency on the easy manners and attractive costumes of the ladies of Chili. He might have became lord and master of one of them, and of her "hacienda" of many thousand head of cattle. A Spanish officer lent him £200, and he reached home. The remains of his money bought him a horse at Dover. He rode to London, bilking the toll-bars on his way, and descended on his married sister's house in the West end. He lived to be the shy, silent, and kindly gentleman whom we know in the Diary of Madame D'Arblay.

With the ladies of Chili we come naturally to just that aspect of the seaman which is best known. Captain Robinson's collection of stories and pictures give various views of Jack, but by far the most conspicuous is Jack on shore. It is idle to complain of what was inevitable. Where could the world which wrote and drew see the sailor if they did not see him on shore? Therefore the print-shops have abounded in such things as Carrington Bowles's "Man-of-War towing a Frigate into Harbour," reproduced by Captain Robinson, and the plate from 'Ben Buntline and Tom Tackle,' which he also gives. There is no end to Jack carousing, and Jack with his lovely Nan. All this stuff is not false. It has a foundation, and a deep one. A mob of harpies and of liquor-sellers waits for the paid-off sailor at the dock gates. Only a few years ago a seaman who wished to take his money home had literally to fight his way through a crowd of unlovely Nans and ruffians, in the strict original sense of the word. If he would not play Jack on shore he ran no small hazard of being cudgelled. It is true that he was too often willing to conform to tradition. Few figures are more vivid to my memory than a certain broad-chested, brown faced man, whom I saw paid-off in a British Consulate in Spain. He received sixty pounds, two years' money due to him as ship's carpenter. The Consul tried hard to persuade him to take a Board of Trade money order and send it to his family. He said he would forward part of his money in a few days, but that he had to renew his kit. All he would do was to leave fifty pounds, and go off "to renew his kit" with the ten. On the third day he turned up, rather dirty and very flushed, to take another ten. Three days later he came again, very dirty, with bloodshot eyes and

puffy face, reeking of bad Hamburg spirits, and he did not come alone. A Spanish woman, a strapping, tall harpy, not ill-looking, with a brazen face and insolent black eyes, came with him. She was his landlady, he said, and he owed her money. Of course he drew his balance, and within a week was shipped to England as a distressed British seaman, soaked in vile spirits, carrying the clothes he had on his back, and an empty pocket. Some woman and her children at home suffered for his debauch; but to him it was probably a glorious recollection. The late R. A. M. Stevenson, who could tell a story as well as his famous cousin Louis, used to describe a boatman whom he knew in the west of Scotland. He was old, he was poor, and had no prospect before him but poverty. But he had a consoling memory. Once, when he was young and a sailor, in Australia, he had spent eight hundred pounds in a week. He had made them at the diggings, and he had exchanged them for perhaps as much as twenty pounds' worth of sophisticated liquor. But he never regretted them. Poor he was, but he had once lived, regardless of expense, in a blaze of glory for seven whole days. That is certainly one aspect of the seaman who earned his money like a horse —and spent it like an ass.

Yet if all these representations of Jack on shore are based on truth they are too commonly falsified by exaggeration and by sentiment. It would be hard to say which of two sets among drawings Captain Robinson gives — both typical of large classes — is most essentially false. There is a Cruikshank drawing of "The Sailor's description of a chase and capture," a revolting collection of gross limbs, bulbous noses, blubber lips, and leering eyes. A few pages farther on we find two studies of barber's blocks drawn after no conceivable human original, but only on a ridiculous drawing-school classic model—straight line of brow and nose, short upper lip, full under lip and rounded chin, the complexion, as indicated, being fit to serve as advertisement to somebody's toilette soap. They are called "The Fortunate Tar" and "The Shipwrecked Sailor." These things tell much of certain conventions in drawing which have prevailed at times among us, but they tell us nothing of the real sailor. A few water-colour heads of large miniature size by Loutherbourg, which were lately exhibited in the King's Library in the British Museum, are worth a wilderness of such things. They are portraits of men who fought under Jervis and Duncan. Needless to say, they are no more like the infra-human figures of Cruikshank than the pseudo-classic barber's blocks. They are the heads of good-looking, weather-beaten British seamen, human, frank, serious, and a little stern as is the way of that type when it is good. When did Englishmen love to see their sailors traduced by bloated and paunchy horrors? Why did they enjoy the

bestial John Bull figure of Gillray? Why is there (as alas there is) a vein of blatant vulgarity in the English character?

The writer was less closely limited to Jack ashore than the draftsman. We have many histories of voyages, and not a few of them are excellent, written by seafaring men. It is unnecessary to praise Dampier, and Wafer is far from contemptible, but they and their predecessors or followers are concerned to tell of the things they saw, not of the men with whom they saw them. The man of letters, prose story-writer and poet, has not been much at sea. And yet he has been there more than most of us remember. Lodge had been in the South Seas, and Donne went on an island voyage. Neither of them has anything notable to say of the seaman. It is true that a vast deal has been written about him and ballads have been written for him. Captain Robinson has examined and extracted a list of writers about the sailor which is respectable in length. It is of real interest as a chapter in the history of play-making and story-making—one grudges to say literature. His account of the fortunes of the younger Shadwell's "Fair Quaker of Deal" is instructive as to the taste of the theatre-going public, and the play-wrights who served it. The public loved a sailor, and were supplied with nautical plays. But did they get a real study of the sailor or only a perpetual rehashing of certain stock types which never existed off the boards. "The Fair Quaker of Deal" is certainly a merry play, and Shadwell's contrasted sea-captains, Flip and Mizen, the Wappineer Tar and the dandy captain, continued to reappear on the stage and in novels. Thompson, himself a naval officer, adapted them for Garrick, Smollett made use of them, and we meet one of them in the "Adventures of a Guinea." None the less, when we strip Shadwell's play to its essential plot, it is found to belong to a stock model. Flip and Mizen are not to be reconciled with the historical Admiral Fairfax, whose life has been written by Sir Clements Markham, or those average English gentlemen with whom Teonge sailed. Smollett never departed altogether from life, but he overcoloured for comic effect. His followers, with the exception of Marryat, whose sailors are perfectly human, followed the example and exaggerated the lights and shades.

The British Tar of tradition, brave and soft-hearted, loud and too convivial, is assuredly not a mere invention of story-writers, play-wrights, and balladmongers. Buried away in the long minutes of the court-martial held on some of Pocock's captains after his first action with d'Aché in the Bay of Bengal, are two documents which go far to justify the stage sailor. One is the testimony of a boatswain, and the other is the petition of the crew of one of the ships on behalf of their "gallant captain." Both might have

been worded by the hero of "Black-Eyed Susan." Walpole's friend, Sir Horace Mann, was no doubt a prig. But he cannot have invented the melancholy scene in which those "genteel porpoises," the captains of Mathew's fleet, degraded the majesty of the British fleet and nation by riding donkey races at Florence before sitting down to copious bowls of punch. The misfortune is that we have too much of this side, which lent itself so easily to picture and story. After looking at all Captain Robinson has quoted, one ends with the wish that Fielding had seen as much of the sea life as Smollett. He had but one chance; but he used it like a man of genius, who saw human nature, and saw it whole. He said the truest thing which has ever been said of the seamen:—

"To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and in comparing with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element there are no persons near the level of their degree who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are for much the greater part perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert and ready in executing it without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined nor more obedient to orders than these while aboard; they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with cheerfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives."

DAVID HANNAY.

A FIGHT IN THE BUSH.

DAWN in the forest. A wan uncertain light breaks slowly through the mist and one by one loom into view, ghostly and dim, the trunks of the mighty trees amongst which the soldiers have bivouacked.

Over all the wild land, ever with setting of the sun, thin wisps of vapour rise from marsh and stream, from rotting vegetation and fœtid swamp, and spread around till all the world is hid in one grey canopy; and though the day be come, morning will wear towards noon ere the mist, lifting slowly, clears the summit of the trees and, dissipating in the air, lets in the sunlight onto the fever-laden earth.

With the first sign of day the column wakes to life, and the silent forest echoes with the hum of the soldiers preparing for the day's march and the babel of a score of different tongues, for here, amongst 1500 fighting men and carriers, are gathered in England's service men of many races and from many lands. Sikhs from the Punjab, Hausas and Yorubas from the Niger, Yaos and Atongas from Nyassaland, Mendis and Timanis from Sierra Leone, West Indians from Barbados and Jamaica, Swahilis from Zanzibar and Mombasa, with a score or so of British officers and sergeants.

It was late when the column reached the little stream beside which it has bivouacked. To halt far from water was impossible, so there was nothing to be done but to march on until it was found, for guide we have none and our rough skeleton map is of but little use. Night had closed in before a halting-place was reached, and it was many hours later before the rear-guard came in with the last of the carriers. In the forest Indian file is the only order of march possible, and even by day the length of the column is more than a mile and a half, whilst in the darkness it becomes much greater.

All through the night a soft persistent rain has fallen, making the bivouac unutterably cheerless. It was too late to pitch the officers' tents and they have fain been content with such shelters as could be improvised with waterproof sheet and mackintosh, whilst the men have rigged up rough tents for themselves with their blankets. With the dawn, however, the rain ceases, though from soaking leaf and bough the moisture still drips steadily.

Before the troops fall in, the commander calls his officers together to explain his plan of action and the part each will have to play should the enemy be met with, and, as they disperse, the troops stand to their arms, whilst the carriers squat, each beside his load, ready to take his appointed place in the line of march.

Nobody knows the way. Less than a week ago a flying column under the same leader

had been sent out in this direction to search for the enemy, and, surprising them, had carried their position with swift impetuous rush before it could be manned. The fight had been brief but decisive and had ended in the headlong flight of the enemy, whose most famous war-chief lay amongst the dead; but the column had not proceeded beyond the captured villages, in which it halted for the night. Before it returned, however, the paths leading onward had been carefully noted and it was along one of these that it has now advanced to complete the task of clearing this part of the country of the enemy. By the map the path should lead to the town of an Amazon queen, where, if our spies speak truly, is gathered a great force of warriors; for it is this queen who is the heart and soul of the present desperate attempt to throw off the hated British power.

Road there is none. In all the land there is only one road, cut inland years ago from the coast. Our way is but a roughly cleared track, five or six feet in width, down which countless feet have worn a narrow winding pathway.

When all is ready the commander gives the word for the advanced guard to move off. Frontiersmen these from Sierra Leone, nursed in the lore of the forest and skilled to clear a way through thickest undergrowth with sharp machête, which every soldier in the force carries for work in the bush. To them is entrusted the all-important duty of searching for the enemy and of protecting the column against surprise.

From the main body of the advanced guard, moving at snail's pace down the track, two men detach themselves and enter the forest on either side. They will work their way forward through the tangle of undergrowth, keeping in line with their comrades, and if sign there be of any lurking foeman will surely mark it and bring in word. It is arduous work, for the bush is thick, and from time to time their comrades halt to allow them to keep up, and when they tire other men take their places. Fortunately there is no need for wide reconnaissance. The forest is too dense for free movement and a stockade to be of any use must be thrown across the path, or, if built to flank it, must be within twenty yards, else its defenders would be unable to see, whilst the "Dane" guns, with which most are armed, are only effective at close range. Were it otherwise our advance would be intolerably slow, and it is slow enough as it is. We may count ourselves lucky if we can maintain an average pace of a mile an hour.

Dane guns. Strange that in this name should be preserved the memory of a people now unknown upon the coast. The factories and forts the Danes built still remain but years ago they passed into other hands and with them went the last traces of Danish trade; but still the name clings

to the long flint-locks imported for sale to the natives, though when and why it was first given is all uncertain.

Fifty yards in rear of the advanced guard marches the commander of the column with his staff and behind him follow in single file the companies, Central and West African alternately, each with carriers bearing on head the boxes which contain its reserve of ammunition. Between the first and second companies are the guns, two 12½-pounder quick-firers and an old muzzle-loading 7-pounder, borne on bamboo-hurdles by sturdy Hausas. After the fighting troops come the hammocks and panniers of the field hospital, and last of all the carriers with rations and baggage, escorted by a company told off to act as rear-guard, the soldiers being distributed in small parties down the long line of unarmed men to prevent straggling and to beat off any attack upon them, such as the enemy has more than once delivered.

Hour after hour the long column moves slowly forward. The sodden ground is churned into slippery mud on which the heavy-laden gun-carriers find it hard to keep a footing, whilst unseen roots, sprawling across the path, trip up the unwary. Obstacles, too, there are which cause serious delay. The banks of the many streams are steep and slippery and over the swollen rivers trees form the only bridges, to be crossed with precarious foot by booted European, and a serious difficulty for the guns. Once the great trunk of an uprooted tree lying prone across the track bars the advance like a wall and a path has to be cut round it.

The air is hot and damp. The mighty forest which, like a never-ending defile, walls us in on either side, is quiet as death. Even the very leaves are still. Sometimes with loud report like sudden pistol-shot a branch snaps off, or maybe a tree will fall with long reverberating crash, and then once again—silence. Save for a flight of parrots that passes high overhead with harsh discordant scream and the butterflies, yellow and scarlet and emerald-green, fluttering over every patch of marsh, there is no cry of bird, no rustle of insect, scurry of frightened beast, nor any sign of life. Trace of the enemy there is none. The few small clearings passed have been long abandoned and of the huts only the crumbling walls are left, whilst millet and pumpkin struggle for life against the forest which is fast taking back its own.

It is now ten o'clock and full time to halt. We have been marching since daybreak and officers and men need a rest and a chance to breakfast. Our goal, too, cannot be far ahead and the column must be closed up before going any farther. So the order is given and the men turn outwards to face the forest and, squatting down, are soon busy with the contents of their havresacks. The boxes containing the officers' rations, "chop-boxes" in the quaint, unlovely language of

the Coast, are brought up and, for the first time since we started, tongues wag merrily, for in Indian file conversation is difficult and disjointed, and moreover the hope of effecting a surprise has imposed silence upon everyone.

An hour to rest and then the command to advance is passed down the ranks, for no bugle must sound to warn the hostile scouts of our approach with strident blare, and again the column moves forward. Here at its head the silence is almost unbroken and even the tramp of marching men is hardly audible, for the bare feet make no sound on the soft earth and, but for the infrequent rattle of a scabbard, we might be an army of ghosts in Limbo. Now that the enemy must be near a strange restlessness steals over the spirit bringing an eerie feeling of oppression. The senses seem to grow preternaturally acute and eye and ear are strained to catch sight and sound of the foe, until the forest seems filled with dim forms which flit hither and thither amongst the trees, pausing ever and again to watch us gravely as we pass, whilst memories of other lands and of scenes, half-forgotten and strangely incongruous, come thronging unbidden to the brain. Deeper and more and more oppressive grows the silence until one can almost hear the beating of one's heart as one listens, listens for the signal guns with which the enemy's scouts will warn their comrades of our coming. Fear it is not, and if anxiety there be, it is only that when we come upon the foe he may put up a good fight and that we may be able to hold him to his position long enough to make his defeat a crushing one. For of his defeat there is no question: against troops such as ours the enemy has no chance. Of the price that must be paid no one thinks. That some of us will be wounded is inevitable, some perhaps may be killed, but that he himself will be amongst the number is a possibility that occurs to hardly any one. It is but nerves highly strung, and over-charged with pent-up excitement and expectancy, excitement sternly repressed and hidden, English fashion, by outward calm lest some one should suspect the tumult of emotion in the breast and, suspecting, hold to be fear what is but a great yearning for the long suspense to be ended and the moment for action to be come. Do my British comrades feel as I feel? I wonder. Save that, perhaps, they are more grave than is their wont they make no sign, whilst in the cheery brown faces of the soldiers there is no trace of excitement as they trudge steadily forward, whither they neither know nor care, if only fighting be toward.

At last! From somewhere in front two signal shots roar out their warning with startling suddenness, and at the welcome sound the heart, freed from the tension of the long suspense, bounds like a spring released. Gone all the brooding sense of oppression, gone doubt

and anxiety. Like an electric shock a thrill of relief and joy runs through the column, made audible in the deep "ah" of the soldiers, and every eye grows bright with the glad light of battle. For the message of those warning shots is borne alike to friend and foe, and hardly have their echoes died away when they are answered by the dull sonorous throb of the war-drum telling, in no uncertain voice, that the enemy are before us, awaiting our onslaught behind their defences.

Not far ahead the path bears sharply to the right and as the leading men of the advanced guard turn the corner they are met by a rain of slugs and instantly take cover in the bushes, whilst the flankers run in to report a stockade across the track with wings extending deep into the forest on either side. The word is given to halt and close up, and, whilst the soldiers open their ammunition-pouches and unsling their machêtes, the commander goes forward to examine the enemy's position.

A hundred yards beyond the corner a lofty silk-cotton tree stands close to the path. The widespread buttresses that support its trunk have been loopholed and to right and left stout timbers have been driven deep into the ground in two rows, four or five feet apart, the space between them being filled with logs and earth. Not a man can be seen, for the enemy lie close and all the crest of the stockade is wreathed with heavy clouds of smoke, but from loophole and bough white puffs show where the hidden marksmen are lurking.

The orders are soon given. Indeed they are hardly needed for the course of action, should the enemy be found in position across the road, has already been detailed. The men of the advanced guard extending along the front open fire on the stockade from such shelter as they can find, and as each of the four leading companies comes up it wheels into the bush, Central Africans to the left and West Africans to the right, to cut its way through and turn the flanks of the position. The remaining companies halt under cover and sit down to await further orders. Their time for action is not yet.

All the companies have had trouble with their ammunition carriers, every one of whom at the first sound of the firing dropped his load and threw himself flat on the ground behind it, refusing to move a yard farther. Never was exhibition more astonishing or more ludicrous, astonishing in that it was wholly unexpected and almost instantaneous, and ludicrous from the desperate writhing and strange contortions of men, chosen for these loads on account of their size and strength, to obtain shelter behind boxes that would hardly protect a child. But the soldiers have shown scant sympathy and, jerking them to their feet, have hustled them forward.

Meanwhile the guns have been mounted and, as soon as ready, the 12½-pounders are

run forward. There is only just room for them on the path and none for the 7-pounder, which is therefore kept back in reserve. Its puny shell would be quite ineffective against the stout timbers of the enemy's work and to use shrapnel is impossible. There is space now for the dressing station, and the medical officers bring up their panniers, the soldiers clearing away the scrub to give them more room.

As the guns come into view the crash of the musketry doubles in intensity for, at closest interval on the open path, they offer a fine target, and shelter there is none. With the deep boom of the Dane guns mingles the sharp crack of rifles captured from our dead soldiers in past engagements, but the marksmanship is bad, and few men are hit. Nor does our fire appear to have any result, for the men can only aim at the smoke and never catch a glimpse at their foe.

Now the guns open fire. A roar that for a second drowns the rattle of the musketry, a long-drawn scream, and the first shell flies high over the stockade to burst far behind amongst the trees. A moment's pause to alter the sighting and the second shell just grazes the top. Still too high! Another alteration and the stockade is struck fair in the centre. The air is full of fragments of shattered timber, for these are double shell and burst with tremendous effect. Correct now the sighting, and shell after shell speeds forward on its errand of death and destruction. It is good to watch the Hausa gunners fighting the weapons which are their glory and their pride. Though the interval between them is so small that the axles are almost touching, there is no flurry, no hustling, no confusion. Regardless of the bullets that fall thick and fast around, each man performs his appointed task as calmly as if he were oblivious of the enemy, so intent upon its due performance is he.

In a few minutes the fire to our immediate front slackens and then ceases. No one could live in such an inferno and, bravely as they have fought, the enemy here are forced to give way, but from the trees and from the wings of the stockade, deep in the forest where the shells cannot reach, their fire never ceases. Louder and louder swells the uproar till away on the left a sudden heavy outburst of firing announces that the Central Africans have reached the flank of the line and a minute later word is brought that it has been turned. The bugles sound the "charge," and as the call rings out, the soldiers held in reserve for this supreme moment spring to their feet with a shout and dash forward, like hounds unleashed, whilst at the dressing station the wounded seize their rifles and, breaking from the doctors' hands, join in the headlong rush.

In the middle of the path, spurned by the flying feet, lies a fetish sacrifice, placed there to stay our advance. It is

but a slaughtered goat, pegged down with limbs outstretched and set about with rude charms, and few, if any, of the soldiers even notice it. Alas! for the childish faith, or if you will, for the savage superstition that has trusted in the day of battle to so poor a spell. In a minute all is over. Without sword or axe or any weapon but his firearm at close quarters the foe can make no resistance, and when once his line of defence is broken there is nothing for him but flight. Almost before the exultant soldiers pour through the breach the enemy is gone, flying for life along the many paths cut in rear of the stockade. A few dropping shots, with now and again a short spurt of heavier firing, and then it ceases. Swift of foot though they be, our soldiers cannot hope to overtake a people whose home is the forest, and to whom imminent fear of death lends wings and, though they follow far and fast, pursuit is almost useless.

Half a mile behind the position she has held so bravely is the town of the Amazon queen. It is of considerable size, and looks prosperous enough, for the steep-roofed houses are numerous and well-built; but, save for the loathsome swine which haunt the outskirts of every village in the land and a few lank hounds that slink away snarling viciously, it is absolutely deserted. On all sides is evidence to show how hasty has been the flight of the inhabitants. The broad central street is strewn with gay cloths, with baskets of provisions and household goods, dragged hurriedly from the houses and abandoned in wild confusion by their owners. Under the big tree where chiefs and elders have been wont to gather are the war-drums which but an hour ago sent forth their deep message of alarm to summon the warriors of the queen to the fight which for so many was to prove their last. Near by, amongst elaborately carved stools, lies overturned the state chair of some chieftain, thickly covered with cunningly-worked plates and nails of brass. In the houses fires are still burning on the hearths and at many a door stands the mortar, in which women were pounding flour when the pestle fell from their panic-stricken hands.

Have the enemy been caught by surprise yet once again? or can it be that they have trusted too fondly to the strength of their defences, never thinking possible the grim disaster that has befallen them?

This, too, was a famous Fetish town, and the many houses dedicated to the cult are crowded with a strange medley of *bizarre* objects which provoke at once a shudder and a smile. Beside human skulls and bones, amid strings of teeth and rows of jaw-bones, lie bowls of putrid eggs, plates and vases of rude china, coloured beads and ornaments of brass, empty bottles, and a score of other articles treasured up for what reason no one can guess, save that they be votive

offerings to the dread unknown power that holds the land in thrall.

From the market-square the bugles sound once more to recall the soldiers, now scattered far and wide in vain pursuit, and on their return a woman, the only prisoner, who was found cowering in the bush, is brought up to the commandant. She is but a girl and fear has made her dumb. For such as she African warfare has had but little mercy, and in this land of blood, where human life is held so cheap, death has ever been the usual fate of captives, men and women, old and young alike. The wild staring eyes proclaim her terror, and vain are all attempts to reassure her, so when presently appears a Yao soldier tenderly carrying a tiny child, it is placed in her arms with a bundle of food and she is escorted out of the town and sent to join her own people.

When the troops have reassembled we are able to reckon our losses. One young English life has paid the price of empire and one soldier will return no more to his far-distant home on Lake Nyassa, whilst the wounded number little over a score; losses light enough considering the closeness of the fighting and the determined stand made by the enemy. They must have been far heavier had the stockade been attacked from the front as the enemy had anticipated, but that its flanks could be turned had not been thought of, and in the dense bush the movements of the soldiers had been screened from view until too late.

. . . . . .

At stroke of nine three shells from the 7-pounder soar up into the darkness of the night and, bursting high in the air, carry to anxious watchers at headquarters the news that our task is accomplished and that all is well.

LADY LOUISA STUART.

In the correspondence of Madame de Villars, a contemporary of Madame de Sévigné, a sentence describes the stupendous ennui of the Royal Palace of Madrid: "L'ennui est affreux; il me semble qu'on le sent, qu'on le voit, qu'on le touche tant il est répandu, épais." "Apply this where you please," writes Lady Louisa Stuart—"half in the vapours"—to her sister Lady Caroline Dawson, in the year of our Lord 1781, and of her age twenty-three, dating from the family seat of Luton, in the fat, loamy county of Northamptonshire. "Our magnificent barns," she writes again, with a sort of shiver, of the classical mansion which the brothers Adam had built for Lord Bute—a patron of Scottish architects, as he was of Scottish poets and painters.

The details of the life at Luton make the eighteenth century distaste for a country life not wholly incomprehensible. In summer,—the dusty summer of the flat midlands,—"we spend the day," writes Lady Louisa, "trailing to the farm and dawdling to the flower-garden." When winter and the early hour of dinner made the evenings interminable, Lady Bute would retire with my lord to the library, and Lady Louisa prepared tea in her room for two brothers, who yawned in her face, and spoke perhaps six sentences during the evening.

Such was the poisoned atmosphere that Lord Bute carried with him into retirement after his brief and unmerited day of power. His moods, his hypochondria, his suppressed rage where politics were concerned, his sensitiveness to attack, made variable weather in the stately home. At the same time, Lady Bute's shyness and ill-health and Lord Bute's pride of birth prevented free intercourse with neighbours or easy hospitality to guests. In her old age Lady Louisa declared that "pride of birth makes dull people duller." She certainly did not formulate such a thought in her silent youth, but she could not remember the time when she did not reflect, and the Bute household invited such criticism.

On the few guests who were invited the place had the same chilling effect as on Lord Bute's family, but the host himself could affect a more cheerful demeanour, while his genuine interest in his library and garden supplied him with conversation.

Miss Eleanor Elliot—herself a delightful member of the affectionate, quickwitted family of Minto—writes in 1775 of a visit to Luton: "This is the finest and most expensive palace I have ever seen; it has a melancholy grandeur that is inexpressible." Lord Bute's fall from power had given him a horror of society and, at this date, the Elliots were the only people, except his own family,

who had seen the costly fabric. He himself had a touch of melancholy romance, much to Miss Elliot's taste, but she admits that "disgust with the ingratitude of the world has made him savage, and the family when with him in the country take the colour of their minds from his." Naturally the object of all the family was to escape from home as quickly as they might. Lady Mary, marrying in the heyday of her father's power, had her soul satiated with wealth and self-importance as the wife of the notorious Sir James Lowther, later Lord Londsdale; Lady Jane married Sir James (afterwards Lord) Macartney; the dull, self-important brothers were out in the world in the fashionable services, diplomacy and the army.

The happiest friendship any woman can enjoy is one with "the sister next to herself in age." Fortunately Lady Louisa's "next sister" was a gifted and beautiful creature. Mrs Delany's Letters give a pleasant picture of Lady Bute bringing her two youngest daughters to wait upon her old friend. It is natural that shy Lady Louisa passed unnoticed, but Lady Caroline's "genius" for painting and music are praised, and her sweet voice, only spoilt by her little trick of unnecessary laughter. In 1779 she had made a love-match with Mr Dawson, the eldest son of an Irish peer, Lord Carlow, and had gone to the sister island to win Irish hearts and to struggle with Irish poverty.

In long intimate letters to Lady Caroline,[1] Lady Louisa poured out her discontent with home, her weariness of the conventional gaieties of London, her heartache, and the mismanagement that wrecked her young years. But even from this sympathetic sister she kept secret one large part of her experience, her eager, thwarted intellectual life, the books she read, the poetry she wrote, the dreams of a vivid imagination, the judgments of an acute critical mind.

One romantic enthusiasm indeed Lady Louisa shared with this artistic sister, the love of wild and beautiful scenery. Writing from Buxton, at the age of eighty, of her delight in mountain scenery, she says: "Though I was certainly a grown woman before I ever saw rock or moor, yet they seem native to me, and I felt at home as soon as I got to Buxton." It was when she was twenty-two that she and her mother escaped for a week or two from Luton to Lady Bute's own inheritance at Wharncliffe, and lived blissfully in the plain little lodge among rocks and trees. Perhaps Rousseau's influence told for something in Lady Louisa's delight in the small bare rooms and the freedom of taking long walks in a short skirt,—she read 'La Nouvelle Héloïse' that winter with eager

[1] Mr Dawson succeeded to his father as Lord Carlow in 1779. In 1785 he was created Earl of Portarlington.

admiration,—but the cult of "romantic prospects" and picturesque ruins was in full swing a generation before Wordsworth and Scott put spiritual interpretation or romantic associations into them.

The children of Lord Bute had the misfortune to call Lady Mary Wortley Montagu grandmother. That lady's vanity, eccentricity, and self-will had made the name of "wit" a terror and a mockery to all the young Stuarts. The male portion of the family lost no opportunity of inveighing brutally or jocosely against "blue-stockings." Louisa, a good deal the youngest of the family, was the only one with brains. When she was only eight years old her cousin Lady Mary Coke records that "Lady Bute's youngest daughter is a wonderful child, already engaged on writing a play on the Roman subject of Jugurtha." (Unfortunately Lady Mary Coke's own egotism and conceit and absurdity were beacons to scare any young woman from the pursuit of letters.) Louisa early learnt to conceal the sufferings that a sensitive, gifted child endures in the rough-and-tumble of a large, healthy, stupid family. She reconciled herself to her detested sewing—in the sorrows of later life she was, like many a simpler woman, to find comfort in her "seam,"—and managed to carry herself, her Plutarch and Clarendon, her romantic dreams of her unvisited native land, and her habit of scribbling, to a little sanctum four feet by eight.

Perhaps no one has such vivid experiences as a gifted child growing up in a repressive, formal home; chance kindnesses, rare amusements, are so eagerly enjoyed, and there are so many vacant hours in which to dream them over afterwards.

When Lady Louisa was a little girl of nine she fell in love at first sight with an older girl who came in one evening to drink tea with her sisters, a girl of sixteen, but dressed in a womanly suit of mourning,—a girl with a short, round figure and kind merry face, who said something to set her a-laughing, and flirted a black crape fan in her face. "I thought I had never seen so agreeable a person, and longed to have her come again; but I do not recollect that she did, nor that I saw her again till I too was an adolescent." This was her cousin, Lady Frances Scott, the dear intimate friend of her later years. When she was quite old, Lady Louisa could shut her eyes and see the whole scene—"where she sat, how she looked, how she spoke." Such impressions were vivid in proportion to their rarity.

The little girl had indeed a friend in Lady Bute, as far as a child in so formal a household could reach her mother through ten brothers and sisters, not to speak of governesses and waiting-women. Lady Bute was a Wortley, with a pious dread of seeing the Montagu wits and foibles reappearing in any of her own daughters. She was an affectionate woman, with sound

judgment, and though shy and rather forbidding in manner she could be excellent company with her intimates, having a quiet, observant woman's gift of telling circumstantial stories. Of all her children little Louisa alone had any taste for her mother's old tales and old friends.

When accounting to Sir Walter Scott for her intimate knowledge of things and people passed away before she was born, Lady Louisa explained, "I was so much the youngest of a numerous family that I had no play-fellow, and for that reason listened with all my ears to the grown people's conversation, most especially when my mother and the friends of her youth got upon old stories." The rest of the family yawned at the stories, and found in their mother's friends—poor, witty Mrs Anne Pitt, deaf old Lady Suffolk, and Mrs Delany — only food for their dull quizzing.

May we not make it a gloss on the fifth commandment that they who live with the old in their youth and with the young in their age, do indeed prolong their days in the land? By the tale of her years Lady Louisa lived from 1757 to 1851, but her memory stretched without a break from the Court of Queen Anne to the eve of the Great Exhibition!

But old age, with its serene activities, lay far off in the depths of a following century, when Lady Louisa walked, in 1781, a disconsolate, slender little figure, through the great galleries and frigid rooms of Luton. As we see her in the miniature by Mrs Mee, she wears the loose powdered hair with curls on the neck and the feathered hat which made an artist's labour light in those days. The face is small and fine, without being pretty; it is a shy, sensitive face, with a smile only waiting for response to shine out from lips and eyes.

Alas! there were few smiles, and a sufficient cause for "the vapours" in the years when she was writing to Lady Caroline Dawson. "My mother," she writes once, "attributes my melancholy to fancying that *he* is neglecting me and fretting about it, and perhaps there is some truth in this."

He was William Medows, a cousin of Lady Bute's, a brother officer of one of the Stuart brothers. A younger son and a cousin—of course Lord Bute would not hear of such a thing. There was some fatal misunderstanding. Lady Louisa's efforts to conceal her feelings were only too successful; the lover adopted an air at once "cold and easy," and a year or two later married another. One winter stood out painfully in Lady Louisa's memory, in which Lady Caroline received many melancholy letters from her.

The cousins who should have been lovers met again at Tunbridge in 1792, Lady Louisa, a confirmed old maid of thirty-five, living with her mother; William Medows, a general in command of a large camp, the husband of an adored wife, the father of a charming little daughter. Lady Louisa describes an afternoon spent in

the camp. The good understanding between these cheerful married people, the General's solicitude to make his wife the centre of all attention, brought forcibly home to Lady Louisa the contrast of her own lonely lot. A thunderstorm broke over the camp, and in the tent a young officer began singing an affecting song. A deep dejection fell upon her spirits, though she hastens to add, "There was no envy nor malignity in my feelings; the lady is one of the sweetest and most engaging women I ever saw." Anne Elliot, in 'Persuasion,' claimed for her sex "the privilege—it is not a very enviable one—of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone." Lady Louisa was a wise and cheerful woman of fifty-six when the news of General Medows' death fell heavily on her heart, already saddened by the loss of her favourite sister, Caroline. "I did not attempt to read 'Rokeby,'" she writes to Sir Walter, "till a fortnight ago, my mind being thoroughly untuned to pleasure and needlework, my chief resource and occupation."

Year after year Lady Louisa did the round of London gaieties with little enjoyment. She set great store on good conversation, but was too shy to be a brilliant talker, except indeed behind a mask, when her shrewd wit and the gathered results of quiet observation gave her every advantage over her victim.

At one time she had apparently made a distinguished conquest in the person of Mr Henry Dundas, "the bonnie Dundas," the friend of Pitt and the favourite of Fortune, but also, unfortunately, the husband of a divorced wife and the father of five children. Lymphatic Lady Macartney was quite excited by the admiration Mr Dundas expressed for her sister; by-and-by, when the gentleman's attentions were discontinued, she remembered that his admiration had been expressed when he had just come from a great dinner, a time when any woman would have been looked at with a favourable eye. Lady Louisa's vanity had been flattered by the great man's attentions, but she laughed whole-heartedly when the matter ended in nothing.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Lady Louisa was an old maid of forty-three, at a period and in a society where such a position implied a certain mortification. But the best of her life was still in store. In her later life she was to reap the harvest of her intellectual activity, her sound reading, her habit of quiet, sympathetic observation. How many women are able after fifty to enter into a new school of poetry and romance? To how many is it given to be the intimate friend, literary confidante, and trusted critic of the first genius of his time?

Once an independent old maid, Lady Louisa, there is no denying it, breathed more freely. Her house in Gloucester Place was full of books, French and English (besides her special collection of Spanish and Portuguese), of sketches and prints

and objects of what was then called virtù. She was happy in the devotion of a maid to whom she pays this fine tribute: "I have lived, when I could, with my superiors in intellect and character. God knows, I do it in my own house, in the person of my own humble maid; I feel every day that she has far better sense than I."

Lady Louisa's management of a household is too characteristic to be passed over in silence. When she was between eighty and ninety she writes, "I have never heard any complaints, and my *newest* servant, the housemaid, has lived with me twenty years. We all go to sleep together, as I daresay a good housewife would think; but I am too old to wake up."

Nature, to compensate for the lack of nearer ties, often bestows on single women the special grace of friendship. Lady Louisa's horror of exaggeration and sentiment prevented her forming any exclusive tie with another unattached woman, such as that which moved her derision in the Ladies of Llangollen. Her friendships lay among her kinsfolk and certain companions of her youth. These were all married, and Lady Louisa included their husbands, and especially their daughters, in her friendship, thus unconsciously laying up provision for the years when she was to outlive even the friends of her later life. Her younger kinsmen — especially the Scottish ones — she regarded with a critical eye, regretting the dancing and fencing lessons that had formed the gallants of her youth, and the powder that had given distinction to red or scanty hair. "I am tired of plough-boys and postilions," she adds in the character of "Aunt Tabitha," her synonym for a maiden aunt.

Of all her friends the most intimate was her cousin, Lady Douglas — the Lady Frances Scott of the black crape fan.

Every autumn saw Lady Louisa a guest at Bothwell Castle. Visits were really visits then, guests stayed for weeks, were, or became, intimate with fellow-guests, read aloud in the evening, contributed to the household book of poetry, enjoyed the conversation of "Girsy" at the Lodge and "Peggy MacGowan in the village," and, in a word, shared the household life. Of the talk at the Bothwell breakfast-table Lady Louisa gives a lively account:—

"The murmured wisdom, heard by none,
Of 'Bothwell's bonnie Jane';[1]
Too audible, alack! the pun
My Lady strings amain.

Louisa's lectures read on gloves
And muslins for long hours;
My Lord's on good Scotch hay that loves
To soak six weeks in showers."

Old friends and kinsfolk made up the party for the most part; occasionally a queer creature like little "Monk" Lewis strayed in amongst

[1] Lord Douglas's daughter by his first wife, afterwards Lady Montagu.

them. (At Lady Louisa's age she could "enjoy an odd animal without scruple.") After the chance meeting at the Lakes in 1800 Mr Morritt was often of the party, and read Elizabethan plays aloud in the evening. From what Lockhart says, we gather that Lady Louisa was at Bothwell when Scott paid his first visit there. What would one not give for any letter of hers describing the impression made by the tall young advocate, whose rather heavy-looking face would light up so wondrously as he crooned out his ballads or told his tales of Border chivalry. There were ghostly tales for the twilight in the hall, and the reciting of ballads, with the accompaniment of the murmuring Clyde, to the party sitting in the flecked sunshine of the lawn. Sometimes there was the excitement of an MS. poem.

"O, if with rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear,

Then all beneath the spreading beech
Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic Muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three."

Could young poet have sought more flattering audience than those two quick-witted, sympathetic women, whose intercourse with the world had never dulled the fervour of imagination?

On one occasion Lady Louisa departed so far from her habitual reticence as to produce a humorous poem of her own on Scott's favourite story, "Muckle-mou'd Meg": afterwards she had a characteristic panic lest the verses should somehow get abroad in this way.

By 1807, when 'Marmion' was published, Lady Louisa was regularly corresponding with Walter Scott. She was one of the party who at Buchanan (the Duke of Montrose's) heard Sir Walter read 'The Lady of the Lake.' Nothing escaped her quick perception. When Scott paused at the famous "dreaming" passage she was struck by "the thrill" in his voice when he spoke of "the renewal, in a dream, of feelings long hushed."

Lady Louisa was the only woman admitted in her own right to the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels—Mrs Skene, of course, shared her husband's knowledge. Of all Sir Walter's critics she was the soundest. Reading the letters in which she discusses each of the novels as it came out, a later age endorses all her judgments. "This applause is worth having," Sir Walter wrote on the back of one of her letters. Her previous training had fitted her to be a critic. She had, for one thing, belonged to no literary clique, and had committed herself to no critical oracles; she started quite unprejudiced. She had felt too genuinely to have any leaning towards sentimentality; her habit of quiet, humorous observation had given her knowledge of manners and insight into motive. Her early reading had been in English

history from the original sources, so that she brought expert knowledge to her judgment of many of the novels. Her wide reading in the best literature had made her sensitive to style. She swoops like a bird of prey on the word "sentimental," which Sir Walter by an anachronism had put into the mouth of Claverhouse. Above all, her memory could endorse or supplement many things in the novels. Apropos of 'Redgauntlet,' she gives a racy description of Catherine Walkinshaw, sister to Charles Edward's mistress, and the Princess Dowager's bed-chamber woman—

"In my young days the most eminent managing gossip in London, always busy about somebody's affairs, the adviser of every Scottish family, the protectress of every raw young Scotsman, the confidante and assistant of all match-making mamas, Scotch and English. I have the portly figure before me with her long lace ruffles, gold snuff-box, and her double chin. Surely there are varieties of the human species that die away and are lost like golden pippins and clove gilly-flowers. The Catherine Walkinshaw class seems extinct."

When 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' appeared Lady Louisa felt almost as if she were reading a page of her own early life.

"My old family prejudices were secretly gratified by the light in which you place Uncle John of Argyle. . . . You have drawn him to the very life. I heard so much of him in my youth that I really believe I am as good a judge as if I had seen and lived with him."

She herself wrote a short Memoir of this great uncle, one of the most vivid historical portraitures in the language. Had she only consented to turn her powers to such a purpose, Lady Louisa might have been the best memoir writer in English. Here is a little picture of the gambling Miss Pelham that might, for its grimness, hang in Bunyan's 'Vanity Fair,' for its touch of pathos in Thackeray's:—

"Miss Pelham was an original character; a contemporary of hers, who did not love her, applied to her those lines of Pope—

'Strange flights and stranger graces still she had:
Was just not ugly and was just not mad.'

So an enemy might say. Yet there was something wonderfully attractive, even when I knew her as an elderly woman. She had dressed better than anybody, been better bred,—more the fashion. . . . But poor Miss P.'s misfortune was that, with good and noble qualities and the power of being extremely agreeable, she had strong passions, a warm temper, and no self-control. . . . As she grew older all passions merged in that of gambling, carried to a height equal to what it ever was in any man. She ruined herself, and would have ruined her sister if the mild and excellent Miss Mary's friends had not risen in a body and almost forced the latter to leave the house where they lived together, and withdraw to one of her own, which the other never forgave. Poor, poor Miss Pelham, she was a person one could not help pitying with all her faults. I have seen her at that villainous faro-table, putting the guineas she had perhaps borrowed on a card with the tears running down her face—the wreck of what had been high-minded and generous."

How lifelike, how tremulous, how young and how awkward are these little pictures of George III. and the beautiful Lady Sarah!

"My mother, who *knew* with certainty whatever was then passing, has often assured me that no thought of marrying her ever once entered into his head, but in love with her he assuredly was, and if she had played her cards well there is no saying what influence she might have gained over him. Too young to be ambitious, she did not play them at all. On one memorable day he accosted her with great empressement at the Drawing-Room; she turned away, scarcely giving him an answer. He then recollected that he was a king, turned on his heel, and left her in manifest displeasure. . . . [Lady Louisa here quotes from Lord Holland's Memoir.] 'Now to tell what had put the young lady out of humour. There was a very foolish idle boy, Lord Newbottle.' . . . In short, Lady Sarah had had a quarrel with the lover she liked, cried all night, and avenged his offences upon the king, to her brother-in-law's (Lord Holland's) extreme vexation. . . .

"Another scene passed in public which I have often heard Lady Macartney describe. At the Court-ball on His Majesty's first birthday (June 4th, 1761) Lady Sarah's place was of course at the head of the dancers' bench nearest his seat. Lo! the royal chair, heavy as it was, moved by degrees more and more to the left, and he who sat thereon edged and edged farther the same way, and the conversation went on till all dancing was over and every one sat in suspense and it approached one in the morning ere he recollected himself and rose to dismiss the assembly."

No one who can write like this can fail to find pleasure in her pen, and all through her long life Lady Louisa scribbled, scribbled and burnt! The poetry written in her youth had nearly all been destroyed in that black winter when the romance of her life had ended. Her later verses were didactic or narrative, and far inferior to her prose. She had an eighteenth century gentlewoman's horror of appearing in print. It was only at the instance of a nephew and to please her kinsman, Lord Wharncliffe, that she consented to allow her lively anecdotes prefatory to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters to be published,—anecdotes so vividly realised that they read like personal recollections. It was a tribute to her powers of writing and her historical knowledge that she was Sir Walter's collaborator in a series of 'Letters of the Time of James I.,'[1] with which at one time he had thought of hoaxing the public. Referring to this abortive scheme, Sir Walter speaks of "Lady Louisa putting in her oar, and admirably she handled it." It is doubtful if Lady Louisa had ever contemplated her work being published.

Her thwarted instinct for literary expression probably accounts for the touch of spleen which she is apt to discover in writing of blue-stockings and authoresses. Mary Berry invading Bothwell Castle as an intimate bored the privileged kinswoman; Mary Berry patronising her betters in society offended the patrician; Mary Berry slighting 'The Spectator' irritated the woman of taste.

In expressing her irritated contempt for the high-flown language of the authoress of 'Corinne,' Lady Louisa gratefully adopts a colloquialism

[1] These were never published, but supplied some of the material for the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'

from a masculine correspondent —though at other times she apologises for such mild phrases as "quiz" or "bore." "Madame de Staël," she writes, "defied any one to express 'le sentiment' in English. We may have no word corresponding, but we have a phrase '*All my eye and Betty Martin*,' was the answer."

Lady Louisa, like the rest of her generation, admired Miss Edgeworth's writings, and found her personally "a very pleasant conversable woman, with Irish freedom of manner." But she repeats a foolish story of some little social solecism, and adds this comment—"This from Miss Edgeworth, as good a gentlewoman as any of us had she not drowned her gentility in her inkpot!"

Such feline touches are so rare in Lady Louisa's letters that one can only enjoy the little touch of wickedness when she writes to Sophia Lockhart of Scott's "good bustling friend Mrs Hughes" as "Mother Hughes," and alluded to her habit of going "à la chasse des lions!"

Of all the letters addressed to Scott, Lady Louisa's are the most nearly on a level with his own. The fundamental understanding between them instructed her wit what to say and what to leave unsaid at the time of Scott's financial disaster. There was something of a man in Lady Louisa,—respect for her friend controlled her impulse of sympathy. The warmth and frankness of Scott's reply were the reward of her restraint. It is to her he wrote this beautiful sentence summing up the wealth remaining to him. "I have everything else — my walks, my plantations, my dogs great and small, my favourite squire, my Highland pony, my plans, my hopes, *my quiet thoughts*." Another sentence in the same letter must have touched the heart of his correspondent: "God bless you, my dear Lady Louisa; you have been since I knew you the ready and active comforter of much distress."

A strong bond of union between these old friends in the last years of Scott's life was Lady Louisa's affection for Sophia Lockhart when she came to London. The first time Scott stayed with his daughter in November 1826 Lady Louisa dined to meet him. She could still love the sight of love, this brave and gifted woman whose own heart was never too old to lose the ache of loneliness. "I do like people who can love with all their hearts. His daughter Sophia sat gazing at him with such pleasure, and said so often, 'Now, don't you think my father is remarkably well?' so she is quite content." Lady Louisa took her friends "for better for worse"; their fame lay very near her heart.

'St Ronan's Well' made her anxious. "I apprehend a tumble downstairs," she wrote, "and shall be as sorry as if I had written the rest myself." She read the doom of 'Count Robert of Paris' three months before it was published, "in Mrs Lockhart's face, and heard it in Mr Lockhart's short

words." "Alas! alas!" she wrote, "I have got 'Count Robert,' and could cry over it."

When the news of Sir Walter's death reached her she was mourning the last of her early friends, Lady Emily MacLeod. She had expected to feel it a relief to know that Sir Walter's sufferings were over. "But yet, but yet," she writes, "one cannot bear to think that it is all over and he quite gone."

To Morritt she writes: "Now he is gone it seems as if one had not valued him enough nor been proud enough of knowing him. I shall always thank you for having prompted me to go up and meet him last year and so catch the last faint rays of the setting sun."

Scott died in 1832; Lady Louisa (who had always claimed to belong to an earlier generation than he) died in 1851, living on into a new world, and looking back to old days at Bothwell till they must have seemed as remote as the dear sorrows and loves of her youth. But no mist dimmed her retrospect nor softened her regret. She must have been about eighty when she wrote these pathetic words to Lady Montagu ("Bothwell's bonnie Jane"): "I can understand the gulp it takes to give up all prospects and memories at once—but so it betides us all to do in one shape or another in our human life. As the Scottish peer said in signing the Union, 'And so there is an end to an auld sang,' I have seen the end of most of my auld sangs."

She never saw Bothwell again after Lady Douglas's death in 1817; she heard of it as being surrounded "by the villainous, smoking temples of Mammon," but adds, "but the Clyde still runs by." She sent Lady Montagu as a precious gift the beautifully bound MS. book containing the Bothwell poetry, "the collected nonsense of the year 1800." She had tried to read it, but it only awakened pain. "*It will not do yet*, and there is not time before me as before you, nor have I young things as you have who will take delight in hearing of what passed in your youth."

Lady Louisa read to the end that noblest of "auld sangs," the record of Sir Walter's life. Sophia Lockhart kept her informed of the progress of the 'Life' in the days when Lockhart shut himself up in an upper room to work undisturbed: when the first four volumes appeared Lady Louisa collected kind criticisms of old friends, to be repeated to Sophia on her death-bed. They "made her eyes brighten," and were the only things that roused her from the languor of death. When the blow fell darkening for ever Lockhart's heart and hearth, Lady Louisa wrote anxiously to Mr Morritt concerning him and his children. She had with silent, indignant sorrow to hear it questioned "whether his wife's death was any affliction to him," so far had Lockhart's manner misled

the rash and shallow judgment of society.

The words she wrote in 1837, when she read the fifth volume of the 'Life,' are too poignant and characteristic to allow of shortening:—

"I have not read much of it, though I opened it eagerly. The description of a very gay scene at Abbotsford, when they were all going out to hunt and fish, and the pig would go too, brought him and them so directly before my eyes that it surprised me into a fit of crying, and I shut the book, to be resumed at leisure. Yet perhaps this very passage may be criticised by strangers and enemies—for enemies there are—as trifling and tedious."

A little later she has finished the fifth volume, and writes again—

"I have now got through my fifth volume of Lockhart, and come once more to the odious money matters, which always make me writhe. Till then it seems to me admirable, and the short but thrilling passage in which he mentions his own misfortunes,[1] breaking off in order to resume his history, goes more to one's heart than twenty pages of lamentation."

It is pleasant to find Lady Louisa recording later a visit from "the little Lockhart"—Sophia's only daughter. "She is growing very pretty and tall enough for her age, her face and her features small, her countenance like her mother's." Lady Louisa lived to hear with pleasure that the Duke of Buccleuch had lent one of his houses for the Lockhart-Hope honeymoon. In all the houses of her friends and kindred it was now the third and fourth generation that claimed her attention. She could remind Lady Montagu of the day when she, a baby of four, had roared at the old Duke of Montagu, and now it was Lady Montagu's grandchildren "whose merry faces it did me good to see." For children she had the wistful respect of a single woman, an attitude far less trying to baby shyness than the confident advances of mothers. "Little Miss Mouse" must not come down to the carriage to see her wonderful old kinswoman for fear of cold. When the late Lord Bute, "Butino, the (pin's-) head of our house," is brought to see her, she writes of his sturdy limbs to Lady Montagu, a little deprecatingly, as if a great-grand-aunt was no authority on such a subject.

Keeping her judgment clear and her mind alert, Lady Louisa had the almost unique experience of hearing the judgment of posterity on her contemporaries and of seeing the events of her early life in the perspective of history. The last decade of her life (1841-51) was rich in published memoirs. She read Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors,' and wished that she might put the author right on various points; she read Horace Walpole's 'Memoirs of the Court of George III.,' and agreed with Lady Charlotte Lindsay (Lord

[1] The allusion to Mrs Lockhart's death is on page 125 of the fifth volume of the original edition.

North's daughter) to sit still and hear their respective fathers abused; she read Sir Robert Keith's 'Memoirs,' and recalled meeting Miss Anne Keith at Lady Douglas's house in Bruton Street and her clever talk and letters; she read Madame d'Arblay's 'Letters,' and recalled the fact that the little novelist was as unskilled in lacing Queen Charlotte's stays and tying her petticoat as any lady of quality. On reading Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs' she makes this spirited comment. Some one had spoken of the book as "indelicate, forsooth! I have not found it so,—nothing has shocked me of that sort. Wickedness for wickedness, I should be less disturbed by all Charles the Second's intrigues, or even Louis Quinze's, than by the fiend-like hatred raging in the house of Brunswick, not only between father and son, but between mother and son."

Talking of her love of old stories, Lady Louisa once wrote to Sir Walter Scott: "Now that I am an ancient Tabby myself, I should be a treasure of anecdote to anybody who had the same humour, but I meet with few who have." In her extreme old age she was an authority on all bygone matters, from the hang of a hoop to the character of a king. "And people come to me for information up to Noah's flood," she writes with all the old humour.

FLORENCE MACCUNN.

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

BY GRANGATLI.

THE afternoon was red-hot. We had become almost fire-proof by this time, however, for the long summer was nearly over, and a week or a fortnight would see the return of winter to the Punjab. The punkah swung monotonously overhead, and, as I sat beneath it waiting for the cup of afternoon tea to cool, my orderly entered and announced that Subadar Sher Dil Khan would like to see me. Wondering what brought the old native officer, an Afridi, and no lover of the heat, across the fiery *maidan* (common) which lay between my bungalow and the regiment's lines at such an hour, I bade the orderly show him in. Sher Dil, trying to look cool and comfortable, but without much success, entered, and, having saluted, took a chair beneath the punkah.

He was a short, wiry man, with a face seamed and scarred till it resembled a piece of crumpled parchment. Bushy eyebrows shaded a pair of keen grey eyes, and a close-cropped bristle of beard accentuated the prominence of a chin which bespoke a character not to be trifled with.

He had served for over thirty years in the regiment, but, save for the crumpled face, time had dealt lightly with him. He carried a straight back, and his movements betrayed no stiffness of the joints; whilst his hair could tell no tales, as his head was clean shaven and his beard dyed an intense blue-black.

Thinking something unusual must have occurred in the lines, or that he had some more than ordinarily urgent request to make to bring him out in the heat, I hastened to ask his errand. When he replied that he had only come to pay his respects and that he wanted nothing, thanks to the enduring kindness of the sahibs, who were more than parents to all who served them, I knew instinctively that I was to be asked for an indulgence which, if not directly contrary to regulations, would at any rate call for a very liberal interpretation of them!

However, experience had taught me that it was bootless to attempt a departure from the beaten track of Oriental diplomacy; so, accepting the old familiar formula as a statement of fact, I resigned myself to a conversation on ordinary topics, both of us at the same time being fully conscious of the fact that the real purpose of our interview would not be disclosed until the time came for saying good-bye.

Thus, then, my gallant old friend and I carried on our little comedy until, the interval required by good manners having elapsed, I gave him the formal "leave to depart."

He rose, saluted, and turned towards the door. The psychological moment had arrived, and the murder was out!

"Sahib, I have a petition."

With the conventional look of surprise which such occasions demand, I asked him what I could do for him. His request was twofold. Firstly, would I use that influence which everyone knew I possessed and invariably exercised in the cause of justice and humanity, and obtain for him two months' leave on urgent private affairs; and, secondly, would I ask no questions? As my friend had already had his turn of furlough during the year, I confessed to foreseeing considerable difficulty in obtaining the leave, especially as the training season was about to recommence. But on his assuring me that it was a matter of life and death, and that the situation was such that if he could not go to his home forthwith he would have no choice but to resign his commission, I consented to do what I could. The Colonel, ever watchful of the interests of all his flock, proved a difficult subject, for invidious distinctions as well as departures from the strict letter of the law were abhorrent to him. However, the past record of the old Subadar and the trust we all placed in him eventually triumphed and, to his great delight, I was able to tell him next day that his prayer had been granted.

That evening, as I was returning from mess, he met me on the road and bade me goodbye with renewed protestations of gratitude.

. . . . . .

Two months had passed. The keen Punjab winter made life a pleasure once more. The band was playing the old-time melody, "My Arab Steed, Farewell," whilst the Adjutant inspected the staff parade. The men were waiting about in groups for the "fall in." Sher Dil, his face wreathed in smiles, came up to me and reported his return from leave. He added that, with my permission, he would call upon me in the afternoon to present me with a little gift he had brought from Tirah. I told him I would be delighted to see him, and we took our places on parade, ready to receive the Colonel.

In the afternoon he duly presented himself at my bungalow and begged my acceptance of a truly beautiful and formidable specimen of an Afghan *chura* (dagger), as a memento, he said, of a memorable event. I of course inquired what the auspicious occasion was which called for so splendid a gift. It was evident that my friend was brimming over with news which could only be withheld with difficulty, and my question opened the flood-gates of his pent-up emotions.

His story flowed forth in an uninterrupted stream. Freely translated, it ran as follows:—

Sahib, when, with that kindness of heart which is proverbial and has endeared you to all of us your servants, you gave me your gracious permis-

sion to visit my home, you conferred upon me a boon which it will be impossible for me ever to repay. But my prayers are and ever shall be offered up for blessings upon your head. May you become a lord!

I left cantonments immediately after you graciously dismissed me on the road near the mess-house, and took the train to Peshawar. But before I relate the history of my adventures, Sahib, I must explain the reasons which led me to ask for leave to revisit my home so soon after quitting it at the expiration of my furlough; for it is only right and proper that I should lay open my whole heart to the sahib who placed his trust in his servant.

At his death, my father, who was killed in an unfortunate little affair regarding some irrigation water, bequeathed to me, in addition to the position of head of the house, the balance of a blood-feud which had given him much occupation during the greater part of his life. Since assuming my duties as his heir I have been assiduous in maintaining the honour of the family and, by the help of Providence and the expenditure of many cartridges, I managed to reduce the males of the family with which we were at feud to one. But such an one! A regular devil! He had been in the Sirkar's service, and in addition to being a marksman he was a man of many devilish resources. He left his regiment suddenly. He was on sentry-go at the time, and a good Government rifle and a bag full of cartridges went with him. His name was Gul Jan. His family tower stands within rifle-range of mine, and though our persevering efforts to obtain decisive results made the time pass whenever I happened to be at home on leave or furlough, the occupation was not only profitless, but expensive; for, as you know, Sahib, the Sirkar's cartridges fetch their weight in silver across the border. During my last furlough I practically exhausted my cash and credit, but still with no result, as no artifice would draw the jackal from the shelter of his tower, and even my unceasing vigilance and unerring marksmanship could not contrive to send a bullet through his loophole whilst he was at it. So I returned to the regiment with an unsatisfied longing gnawing at my heart. My sleep left me, my appetite failed. I could not do my work. At last, one day, the cup of my suffering was filled to the brim when you yourself, Sahib, were, doubtless with justice, constrained to call me a fool on parade. (But you were merciful even in your anger, for you swore at me in English, and did not bring shame upon me by using the black man's abuse.)

Well, such a condition of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and I felt that, unless I could get back to Tirah for a final effort, India would claim my clay and Gul Jan would save his cartridges and his skin. But now all is changed! By your kindness I can once more hold up my

head. True, my leave in future will perhaps be a trifle dull, and the days may hang somewhat heavily on my hands; but I am growing old, and it is time I made my peace with the world and turned my thoughts to serious things. You who have listened thus far to my prating will, perhaps, wish to hear the end of the tale also? It is soon told. Sahib, you remember how, before I went on leave, you once lectured to us Sirdars upon the tricks of war? Amongst the many wise artifices of which you told us, there was one which seemed to me most admirable, and it set my brain thinking. You told us how, once upon a time, a certain great general, who had been besieging a town for ten years in vain, hit upon the device of concealing a party of his young men in a big wooden horse and getting the enemy to drag the image within the walls of the town. Once within the ramparts, the young men leapt from the belly of the horse and, under cover of darkness, opened the gates of the place to their friends outside, and thus brought about its capture.

I revolved this history in my mind for many days, and then the idea came to me that I might encompass the downfall of that jackal Gul Jan by a similar artifice. As I have already related, after taking leave of you, I first made for Peshawar. Arrived there, I went to one Hussain, a maker of camel-hide butter-vats. These, as you know, sahib, are made in two sizes—those which are meant to be slung on a mule and those which are for camel transport. The latter are large and roomy, each being capable of containing over a hundred and fifty pounds of butter. It seemed to me that, once the difficulty of entering one of these larger vats, which have but small mouths, were surmounted, a man of my stature with a cavalry carbine as companion could comfortably travel within it. Without disclosing my object I therefore consulted Hussain regarding the matter, and suggested that he should make me a special vat, with one side of it capable of opening on a hinge like the lid of a box. Hussain, consumed with that curiosity which is as the very breath of their nostrils to all bazaar gossips, sought to worm my secret from me by refusing to take my order, and described the idea as that of a lunatic.

But I pretended that the design was the invention of a sahib who doubtless had some particular use for this peculiar pattern of vat, and at the same time I hinted that the sahib in question was a *Police-Kaptan.*

These explanations, more especially the last, seemed to remove all his objections, for he said that he had long given up trying to fathom the vagaries of the *sahib-log*, who were mostly mad, though they were, on the whole, satisfactory customers. He therefore undertook the manufacture of the vat without further questionings. In due course it was completed. The next step was to procure a mule to carry the vat, for, as you doubtless re-

member, Sahib, we are not fond of good roads in Tirah, so that a camel would have been useless. It was no easy task, however, to procure a suitable animal, as none of the mule owners whom I interviewed appeared anxious for a trip to the hills. Eventually, however, a Hindoo with a good strong mule was tempted by the high price I offered. All being ready, I set off with my butter-vat loaded on the mule which the Hindoo led. My brother with a few trusty friends met us at Jamrud. They complimented me upon my butter-vat and considered the plan which I unfolded to them a triumph of military skill. Without further delay we crossed the frontier into Yaghistan. We had now to proceed with the utmost caution, as the success of my plan depended upon my presence in Tirah being kept absolutely secret; for although we have no telegraphs and post-offices, news travels fast amongst the hills, and if Gul Jan got wind of my return the whole scheme would in all probability have been ruined. We therefore travelled by night and during the day hid ourselves in caves, of which, as you know, there are many along the steep *nala* banks. Of course it was impossible to go to my own tower,—the women-folk, whom Allah has gifted with a baneful curiosity and tongues wherewith to feed it, would very soon have lifted the curtain on my secret; so we halted early one morning in a cave about an hour's journey from the tower of Gul Jan. All was in readiness for the final stroke by the afternoon, and shortly before dusk I packed myself into my vat with my carbine, a packet of ammunition, and a coil of rope. My brother then placed a few pounds of butter in the mouth of the vat, in a small compartment which had been made for the purpose, and sealed it up. The vat was then securely roped on to the back of the mule, and the miserable Hindoo, whose extraordinary want of enthusiasm in the adventure wellnigh cost him dear, having been made to rehearse the part he was to play, my brother and his companions set us upon the path to Gul Jan's tower. To travel folded up in a butter-vat upon the back of a mule could hardly at the best of times be recommended as a comfortable method of covering the ground, but to do so when the mule is scrambling along a rough hill-side in the dark was an experience I never wish to repeat! However, my mind was so occupied with the dread lest at the last moment the Hindoo's heart would fail him, that I had no thoughts for the discomforts of the journey; but it took days to get rid of the effects of the bumping and jolting to which I was subjected. It was dark when at last we arrived at the gate of the tower. We were promptly challenged by Gul Jan himself. How my fingers itched to unfasten the side of the vat as I heard that voice! The Hindoo, in accordance with his instructions, described himself as the

servant of a dealer who kept a store in a village higher up the valley, and said he was taking a load of butter to his master. Having been overtaken by night and fearing robbery, he begged the protection of the lord of the tower. After some uncomplimentary remarks, in the course of which Hindoo usurers and pigs were mentioned indiscriminately, Gul Jan gave orders to someone within to open the gate. Presently we were admitted, and I felt that the enterprise was succeeding beyond all expectation.

The mule was, as I afterwards discovered, led across a courtyard and tethered to a peg at the foot of the tower which formed one of the angles of the square enclosure within which stood the dwellings of Gul Jan and his belongings.

The vat was lifted off in no very ceremonious manner, and I had difficulty in restraining my feelings as it came to the ground with a jerk. However, I consoled myself with the thought that I would shortly be able to pay off all debts, including this last insult.

The clatter of women's voices then rose around me, and I smiled to myself as I thought of the shock the owners would have experienced had they realised what an interested listener they had! As I had expected, the Hindoo was ordered to pay for his lodging by handing over some of his butter. After much argument, in which his hereditary aptitude for haggling stood him (and me) in good stead, the mouth of the vat was opened and the women helped themselves. The moment was the most critical of the whole adventure, and I prayed that the greed of these chattering females would not lead to the necessity of my presenting myself to their unveiled eyes.

The Hindoo did not matter, of course, for, as you know, Sahib, in Tirah we regard the Hindoos whom we permit to live in the country (they are useful in supplying our wants and casting accounts) as women, and make them wear rose-pink trousers to remind them that they are not men. No Pathani would trouble to veil herself in the presence of a Hindoo!

Fortune once more favoured me, however, and afforded additional proof—if indeed proof were necessary—of the righteousness of my cause. The women went away satisfied without discovering the shallowness of the butter in the vat, and my driver sealed up the mouth as before.

There was now nothing left for me to do but to wait with what patience I could muster until the household had finished their evening meal and retired to rest. The time dragged heavily, and my limbs ached from the cramped position in which I sat. Gradually, however, the sounds of movement died away, and I began to think of taking action. Allowing a long interval of absolute silence to pass before making a move, I at last unfastened the side

of the vat and crept noiselessly forth. There was no moon in the heavens, but, compared with the blackness of the interior of the butter-vat, the night was like noonday, and I experienced no difficulty in finding my bearings. Taking my loaded carbine in my hand, I thrust the coil of rope into my girdle and made straight for the ladder which led to the summit of the tower where I knew Gul Jan was to be found. I mounted quickly, and as my eyes came level with the top of the parapet I saw him whom I sought. With one shot the long feud was ended. I lost no time in fixing my rope to one of the projecting beams of the tower and in descending to the ground. A short run brought me to my own gates, where my brother and his companions, who had been in concealment hard by, met me.

As we entered, a wail went to the sky from the tower of Gul Jan, and we knew that his women-folk had discovered the meaning of that one rifle-shot which had broken the stillness of the night.

Sahib, that is all. But I sometimes wonder what became of the Hindoo. As you know, Sahib, I am no lover of these Kaffars; yet I confess to a feeling not far removed from pity when I think of that mule-driver trying to explain the situation to the womenfolk of the dead man!

. . . . . .

The scene is again the parade-ground, with the band, as of yore, bidding a fond farewell to its Arab steed. As we waited for the men to form up I caught sight of Sher Dil; *sed quantum mutatus ab illo!* The man looked ill, old, and forlorn. I called him to me and asked what ailed him. "Sahib," he said in a voice which sounded like the croak of a hill crow, "last night I heard the news. That fool Jullundur, my nephew, has just killed a man of the Kuki Khel. The dead man's male relations would form a double company! I shall want more leave on urgent private affairs!"

ACTÆON.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

I.

Light of beauty, O, "perfect in whiteness,"
Softly suffused thro' the world's dark shrouds,
Kindling them all as they pass by thy brightness,—
Hills, men, cities,—a pageant of clouds,
Those to whom Life and Time surrender
All earth's forms as to heaven's deep care,
Who shall pierce to thy naked splendour,
Bind his brows with thy hair?

II.

Swift thro' the sprays when Spring grew bolder
Flashed the fire of Actæon's face!
Golden the fawn-skin, back from the shoulder
Flowing, set free the limbs' lithe grace,
Muscles of satin that rippled like sunny
Streams,—a Greek and a young athlete,
Scattering dews and crushing out honey
Under his sandalled feet.

III.

Sunset softened the crags of the mountain,
Silence melted the hunter's heart,
Only the sob of a falling fountain
Pulsed in a deep ravine apart:
All the forest seemed waiting breathless,
Eager to whisper the dying day
Some rich word that should utter the deathless
Secret of youth and May.

IV.

Softlier now and on tiptoe lightly
Down the ravine that his keen eye scanned,
Fair as the sun-god, brandishing brightly
One sharp spear of the moon in his hand,
Stole he! Ah, did the oak-wood ponder
Youth's glad dream in its heart of gloom?
Was it a fawn that started yonder?
Ah, what whisper of doom?

V.

Gold, thro' the fringe of the ferns that listened,
Shone the soul of the wood's deep dream,
One bright glade and a pool that glistened
Full in the face of the sun's last gleam,—
Gold in the heart of a violet dingle!
Young Actæon, beware! beware!
Who shall track, while the pulses tingle,
Spring to her woodland lair?

VI.

See, at his feet, what mystical quiver,
Maiden's girdle and robe of snow,
Tossed aside by the green glen-river
Ere she bathed in the pool below?
All the fragrance of April meets him
Full in the face with its young sweet breath;
Yet, as he steals to the glade, there greets him—
Hush, what whisper of death?

VII.

Lo, in the violets, lazily dreaming,
Young Diana, the huntress, lies:
One white side thro' the violets gleaming
Heaves and sinks with her golden sighs,
One white breast like a diamond crownet
Couched in a velvet casket glows,
One white arm, tho' the violets drown it,
Thrills their purple with rose.

VIII.

Buried in fragrance, the half-moon flashes,
Beautiful, clouded, from head to heel:
One white foot in the warm wave plashes,
Violets tremble and half reveal,
Half conceal, as they kiss, the slender
Slope and curve of her sleeping limbs:
Violets bury one half the splendour;
Still, as thro' heaven, she swims.

IX.

Cold as the white rose waking at daybreak
  Lifts the light of her lovely face,
Poised on an arm she watches the spray break
  Over the slim white ankle's grace,
Watches the wave that sleeplessly tosses
  Kissing the pure foot's pink sea-shells,
Watches the long-leaved heaven-dark mosses
  Drowning their star-bright bells.

X.

Swift as the Spring where the South has brightened
  Earth with bloom in one passionate night,
Swift as the violet heavens had lightened,
  Swift to perfection, blinding, white,
Dian arose: and Actæon saw her,
  Only he since the world began!
Only in dreams could Endymion draw her
  Down to the heart of man.

XI.

Fair as the dawn upon Himalaya
  Anger flashed from her cheek's pure rose:
Alpine peaks at the passage of Maia
  Flushed not fair as her breasts' white snows:
Ah, fair form of the heaven's completeness,
  Who shall sing thee or who shall say
Whence that "high perfection of sweetness,"
  Perfect to save or slay?

XII.

Perfect in beauty, beauty the portal
  Here on earth to the world's deep shrine,
Beauty hidden in all things mortal,
  Who shall mingle his eyes with thine?
Thou, to whom Life and Death surrender
  All earth's forms as to heaven's deep care,
Who shall pierce to thy naked splendour,
  Bind his brows with thy hair?

XIII.

Beauty, perfect in blinding whiteness,
Softly suffused thro' the world's dark shrouds,
Kindling them all as they pass by her brightness,—
Hills, men, cities,—a pageant of clouds,
She, the unchanging, shepherds their changes,
Bids them mingle and form and flow,
Flowers and flocks and the great hill-ranges
Follow her cry and go.

XIV.

Swift as the sweet June lightning flashes,
Down she stoops to the purpling pool,
Sudden and swift her white hand dashes
Rainbow mists in his eyes! "Ah, fool!
Hunter," she cries to the young Actæon,
"Change to the hunted, rise and fly,
Swift ere the wild pack utter its pæan,
Swift for thy hounds draw nigh!"

XV.

Lo, as he trembles, the greenwood branches
Dusk his brows with their antlered pride!
Lo, as a stag thrown back on its haunches
Quivers, with velvet nostrils wide,
Lo, he changes! The soft fur darkens
Down to the fetlock's lifted fear!—
Hounds are baying!—he snuffs and hearkens,
"Fly, for the stag is here!"

XVI.

Swift he leapt thro' the ferns, Actæon,
Young Actæon, the lordly stag:
Full and mellow the deep-mouthed pæan
Swelled behind him from crag to crag:
Well he remembered that sweet throat leading,
Wild with terror he raced and strained,
Swept thro' the thorns with soft flanks bleeding;
Ever they gained and gained!

XVII.

Death, like a darkling huntsman holloed—
Swift, Actæon!—desire and shame
Leading the pack of the passions followed,
Red jaws frothing with white-hot flame,
Volleying out of the glen, they leapt up
Snapping, fell short of the foam-flecked thighs,
Inch by terrible inch they crept up,
Shadows with blood-shot eyes.

XVIII.

Still with his great heart bursting asunder,
Still thro' the night he struggled and bled;
Suddenly round him the pack's low thunder
Surged, the hounds that his own hand fed
Fast in his throat, with red jaws drinking
Deep!—for a moment his antlered pride
Soared o'er their passionate seas, then, sinking,
Fell for the fangs to divide.

XIX.

Light of beauty, O, perfect in whiteness,
Softly suffused thro' the years' dark veils,
Kindling them all as they pass by her brightness,
Filling our hearts with her old-world tales,
She, the unchanging, shepherds their changes,
Bids them mingle and form and flow,
Flowers and flocks and the great hill-ranges
Follow her cry and go.

XX.

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One white breast like a diamond crownet
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Thrills their purple with rose.

BLUFF IN THE BALKANS.

BELGRADE, *March* 1909.

THE SERVIANS.

SERVIA'S main trouble is geographical. A small pastoral people, numbering a little over two millions, has the misfortune to be bound in by a geographical combination which renders her, and must always render her, dependent upon her neighbours. In 1878 these considerations did not impress the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin. They were concerned with affairs of more immediate importance to themselves than the unformed aspirations of a tiny state. Thus, when Servia started to work out her own destiny, she was weighted on every side. A great Power overshadowed her northern and western frontiers; the considerable power of Turkey handicapped her on the southern line; while to the east the more virile state of Bulgaria, thirty years ago, presented what was then a policy identical with Russia's will. From the very first it was obvious that Servia could not escape from the influence of one of these three Powers. It was impossible for her to assimilate herself with all three. As long as these neighbouring Powers were at variance in their politics she must be the pawn of one. Turkey, during the past thirty years, had steadily degenerated; therefore, as a direct influence upon Servian policy, she passed out of the game. Thus, for Servia, it has always been a choice between Austria or Russia. She has tested the sincerity of both and has found neither steadfast. One cannot but feel a sympathy for this little state which, torn between its pure Serb interests in the Dual Monarchy and the more resonant Slav attractions of Russia, has always fallen between these stools. Added to this, she has not possessed within her narrow frontiers that cohesion of thought and purpose which might have enabled her to have clung to one or the other of the two inexorable influences which have dominated her politics. So surely as she has inclined to the one Power, she has been flung into the balance against the other. In the interim she has been engaged in the everlasting quarrel of her dynasties.

But although, since the days of the semi-mythical Dushan, Servia has never produced a great man, yet she has in the last thirty years advanced wonderfully in the development of a national mental activity. As in so many countries where civilisation and education first touch a virgin soil, the growth has been almost phenomenal. The development has also been abnormal. You find in the educated Serb many of the characteristics of the educated

native in India. Education without a sense of proportion; advancement in knowledge without the faculty of comparative reason, and an appreciation of self that obliterates all other considerations. The *literati* of Belgrade, which is Servia, while being quick to realise the reason of their national disadvantages, have not had sufficient solid quality to determine a means by which they could reasonably extricate themselves from the fetters which the Treaty of Berlin forged upon them. Even though the example was at their very gate, they would, and will, have nothing of it. They saw Bulgaria steadily set herself to the task of regeneration. They saw this sister Slav state slowly but surely slipping the Russian yoke. Here, then, was an open door. Bulgaria would have admitted a friend and ally in a small Slav state. Turkey was crumbling. Together they might have entertained the hope of moving into Macedonia and Old Servia and thus to the Mediterranean. But no, that racial jealousy, which is the canker-worm in every Serb brain, forbade such a course. The hothouse perception of the Serb had perceived another solution to their hope. Rather than deserve their fortune by the merit of their labours, they would still cling to the "Great Serb idea."

THE GREAT SERB IDEA.

The best of their new-found intellect and much of their spare cash was thrown into a propaganda for the maintenance of the "Great Serb idea." This "idea" is a national sentiment. It has existed for generations. Its fundamental object is to unite the Serb races of Hungary, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Old Servia, and Servia proper into one great homogeneous kingdom. It is a sentimental phantasy, nothing more. We have a very complete historical record of the Serb races, and it is impossible to find in it any evidence of that unity of purpose, amicable fidelity, and common inspiration that would weld the Serbs into a great, united people. Incapable of governing themselves, the Serbs resent being governed by others. This is a peculiarity which they share with many other races in the world.

Although there was nothing concrete in the "Serb idea," yet, when the Powers handed Bosnia and Herzegovina over to the Dual Monarchy, this action practically dissipated all rational possibility that the "idea" possessed. The result upon Servia, however, was not one of cheerful acceptance of the inevitable. The passing of the Bosnian Serbs to the Austrian yoke practically reduced all her then half-formed aspirations to the category of "castles in the air." Yet the suggestion of tyranny was so enticing to the popular demand for a national grievance, that

Bosnia and Herzegovina produced the most fertile field for propaganda. The tighter the Austrian hold became over the two Turkish *vilayets* the stronger became the Servian intrigue. In this manner Servia, in pursuing the shadow, altogether missed the substance of her future, though she could see Bulgaria doggedly engaged in development beside her.

Russia was not slow to take advantage of Servia's sentimentality. She could not fail to view with apprehension the strengthening of the German influences in central Europe, and their undoubted trend towards the Mediterranean. Nor could she afford to overlook the rapid advance of Bulgaria to a position of national independence. Thus, playing the Slav sentiment for its full value, Russia finally hypnotised Servia into becoming her own particular creature. Then came Russia's break with the Dual Monarchy. For ten years these two Powers had furnished "the dark alliance" which kept the situation in the Near East always near boiling-point. But the time came when the conspirators fell out, and with the breakage came the Turkish revolution to change the whole policy of Europe with regard to the Ottoman Empire.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S PROGRAMME.

In this sudden change of political perspective Austria was confronted with the responsibilities which her foreign policy of the past five years had laid upon her. Her designs were no secret. She had permitted Europe to peep into her hand over the affair of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar. If she had not struck immediately, the whole of her policy might have been upset by this new shuffling on the card-table. She therefore annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina without worrying about the treaty obligations which were violated by such a step.

The result was instantaneous. Europe, with the exception of Germany, who had doubtless been consulted, was up in arms. The indignation was not so much on account of the broken treaty as because sensitive Europe thought that the Dual Monarchy had not "played the game" with Young Turkey, who, at the moment, was in no position to resent the act. But although the world was quick enough with objurgations against the Dual Monarchy, not one Power was prepared to move either man or ship to defend its treaty rights. Here, putting aside the moral standpoint, the statesmanship of Baron von Aehrenthal was supreme. He judged to a hair's-breadth the right moment to strike. As Europe was not prepared to go to war over Aehrenthal's questionable *coup*, it was perhaps just as well that Servia, most of all, was in no position to strike. She, at least, had claimed a

grievance against the Dual Monarchy concerning the occupation of the two *vilayets*, and, if she had struck, she must have brought all Europe into the stew-pot.

SERVIA'S ASPIRATIONS.

But Servia's sole weapon was her tongue. She was, in a military sense, even more contemptible than she is to-day, which is saying a very great deal. She was without arms and ammunition, and had not more than fifteen thousand men with the colours. She asked counsel of Russia, who talked to her of "compensations." Russia could not do more. Though she was posing as one of the great Powers of Europe, yet she was really in no better position to back her pretensions with force than was Servia. This is how the unfortunate word "compensations" came into the imbroglio. Sir Edward Grey, in his annoyance at the broken treaty, admitted Servia's right to consideration, an admission which it is possible he regrets to-day.

Then the "Great Serb idea" was again pushed to the front. Austria, by the violation of the Treaty of Berlin, had made a bad impression in Europe. Therefore, the preface of her case being bad, it was not to be expected that she would force hostilities unless extensively provoked. Russia whispered in Servia's ear that if she only made enough noise she would get at least something. Winter prevailed in the Balkans, and there is a saying in these regions that "in the winter people talk, they do not fight." The truth of this adage has been well demonstrated. Servia has talked herself purple in the face. Nothing would satisfy her but that the Dual Monarchy should give her a strip of the annexed provinces in order to allow her to join up with her sister state of Montenegro and build a railway to the Adriatic. She would hear of nothing less. In default — and here Servia rattled her very blunt sabre — the war of the Serb nation would humble the Dual Monarchy to the dust. Servia was not only fighting for her own destiny, but was also fighting the battle of Turkey and all Europe as well.

AEHRENTHAL'S DIPLOMACY.

Baron von Aehrenthal must have sat in his bureau and smiled. He knew to an inch the length to which Russia was prepared to go, and the rest did not matter. He had a momentary difficulty with the Turkish boycott of his country's products. But, cunning general that he proved himself to be, he was even able to turn his enemy's successes to his own advantage. He compromised with Turkey for cash for the annexation of her two *vilayets* and, in consequence, put noisy

little Servia and her backers out of court. There only remained the treaty violation. Well, time and opportunism would heal that sore—as long as this "conference," behind which Europe in its irresolution has entrenched itself, was only a registering committee, it did not matter to Aehrenthal whether it took place or not. His little deal with Turkey has modified the *raison d'être* of the conference. He could therefore settle with Servia when the weather became warmer.

We do not for a moment wish to defend Aehrenthal. We think that Austrian diplomacy, as exploited by him, has been brutal and uncompromising in the extreme. Neither has it been straightforward. But there is not much evidence in the history of diplomacy upon which to base hope for straightforward dealing. We must not blind ourselves to the fact that, brutal as it is, Austria, from her point of view, has a case. She has a settled policy with regard to the Serb races, which, in a word, is, "come to us, or take the consequences." Austria cannot afford to have this sore of Serb sentimental prejudices always irritating, and, in her brutal manner, she intends to cut it out for ever and a day. She has, as she thinks, found the golden opportunity to effect this end, and it must be admitted that Aehrenthal, though he has used a sledge-hammer, has hewn out his policy with great skill. And all said and done, in whatever light Austrian policy is viewed, it must be admitted that the Powers signatory to the Berlin Treaty made it possible. Austria cannot justly be blamed that the representatives of these Powers could not see thirty years ahead of their time.

EUROPE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Now we come to the more delicate question of Europe's considerable responsibilities in the present crisis. Those of Russia are very great. All through this affair Servia has responded to advice from Russia. Russia is presumed to be working with reciprocal intention with England. Russia has deliberately, and England has indirectly, encouraged Servia to make this show of armed resistance to the Dual Monarchy. Yet neither Power, nor the other two Powers associated with Russia and England, have made any attempt to put that pressure upon the Dual Monarchy which alone will deter her from forcing Servia to her knees.

Nothing will be gained by wrapping up a statement of the present situation in diplomatic language. Austria has seen through the feebleness of Russia and the supineness of British diplomacy. Unless Servia, by the time almost that the printing-ink on these lines is dry, has opened direct negotiations with Vienna, the Dual Monarchy will insist, under threat of arms, that

Servia renounces all her pretensions and comes in, penitent and submissive, to Aehrenthal's fold. Servia will have "to eat dirt," as the Eastern saying has it, or take the consequences. Not a soldier will move in Russia, not a white ensign in the Mediterranean, to save Servia from this indignity. Baron von Aehrenthal knows this, and he has known it all the time. We see, therefore, the pathetic picture of a weak European state forced into capitulation to a greater, in spite of the fact that it was encouraged in its claims by the might of Europe to hold out. We see the edifying consummation of von Aehrenthal's brutal policy, simply because he had realised from the first that, now that Russia was feeble, no one would make it his business to fight about Servia. Servia has traded on the bombast of Europe, Aehrenthal on the weakness. Aehrenthal has consequently won.

THE PASSING OF SERVIA.

There is little more to be said. It is just possible that such a situation may arise that Servia can bear to eat no more dirt, and in sheer desperation may throw herself against her mammoth neighbour. But this is not likely. The great step was the issue of the note to the great Powers, in which Servia renounced all the claims she had been advertising for the past three months. Now she has brought herself to do this, the rest may be found easy. But the honour of the great Powers is not a whit enhanced by the attitude they have shown towards Servia. It is said in the Belgrade papers, with more truth than the editors realise, that "for Servia the great Powers do not exist." The Servians would have done well to have recognised this before the present crisis. Bulgaria realised it years ago. It was upon this very assumption that she shaped her internal policy, when Servia was wasting her energy in the struggle to find a dynasty suited to her peculiar temperament. Unless we are very much mistaken, Servia will shortly bow to the inevitable. She will never forgive Russia the part she has played during the past few months. She will end her short hysterical independence as a tolerated dependant of the Dual Monarchy. Everything has been against her. The Treaty of Berlin gave her a geographical position that was impossible. Heredity has not brought to her people those characteristics which go to make a solid nation. Her sentimental belief in Russia and pan-Slavism has not saved her from the influence of the German magnet. The subtle forces of gravity cannot be combated by sentiment alone. The echo of the Treaty of Portsmouth is heard in the Balkans to-day.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE VICTORIAN ERA — THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL — THE ART OF GOVERNMENT — A MINISTRY OF AMATEURS — TRAINING *v.* GOOD INTENTIONS — THE STATE OF THE NAVY — THE INSTINCTS OF ENGLISHMEN — A PATRIOTIC MINISTER.

THE scholars whose fortune it will be fifty or a hundred years hence to write the history of the Victorian era will not be hampered by lack of material. They will not be driven, like many historians of to-day, to conjecture and a vague surmise. The springs of public action, the motives of kings and statesmen, will be laid bare before them. They will not be hampered at every step by gaps in the argument; they will not be compelled to reconstruct important events from a chance hint given here and there. Contrast for a moment what we know of Queen Elizabeth with what is already discovered of Queen Victoria. The records of the earlier reign are scanty and scattered. No faithful hand kept and garnered them, and despite our modern methods of research the portrait of our first great Queen is traced by the hand of tradition. In far other guise does Victoria slip from the past upon the canvas of all time. Letters and Journals confirm the judgment of memory, and give life and colour to the official records. The Correspondence, published more than a year ago, revealed something of the debt which England and the Empire owe to their Queen, and the impression is deepened by every addition to our knowledge. Lord Esher, in a lecture given not long since at the Royal Institution, drew aside still farther the veil of secrecy. He told us that there were treasured among the archives at Windsor, not merely a thousand volumes of Correspondence, but the Journal which the Queen kept vigilantly throughout her long and busy life. When, therefore, the moment of publication, which is not yet, has arrived, there will be found the material of a complete record, such as we have not of any period in the world's history.

Meanwhile Lord Esher is permitted to print some extracts from the Queen's Journal, and every line of these extracts intensifies what we already know of her service and character. No monarch ever cherished a loftier sense of duty. Even from her childhood, the Queen determined to learn only such lessons as would help her in the task of government. Three weeks before her accession to the throne she confided these reflections to her note-book: "To-day is my eighteenth birthday! How old! and yet how far I am in being what I should be. I shall from this day take the firm resolution to study with renewed assiduity, to keep my attention well fixed upon what I am about, and to strive

to become every day less trifling and more fit for what, if Heaven wills it, I'm sometime to be." The words are simple enough in their sincerity, and the Queen kept the promise thus devoutly made to herself with an unfailing loyalty. She was always striving to be fit for her high office, and doubtless in her own wise modesty she seemed always to fall short. But from beginning to end her sense of responsibility never dwindled. It was in no idle vanity that she spoke of "my Ministers" and "my country." She believed with all the ardour of an ardent temperament that she was called by some divine power to rule the destinies of England, and this belief strengthened her purpose in youth as in age. At the same time, she did not disdain the advice of her Ministers. If two courses of action presented themselves she never chose one without trying and testing both, and she gladly went to her friends and advisers for counsel and sympathy. Not long after her accession she conferred an order upon Lord Durham, and this is how in her Journal she describes the ceremony. "I knighted him with the sword of state," she writes, "which is so enormously heavy that Lord Melbourne was obliged to hold it for me, and I only inclined it." That might be taken for a symbol of the earlier years of her reign. The support was Melbourne's, it is true, but it was the Queen who gave the inclination to the sword of state.

The more we are told of Queen Victoria, the more we admire the intense concentration of her nature. She did not use the Throne as a stepping-stone to pleasure, to art, or to science. She was no dilettante, professing an interest in subjects which she did not understand. If she liked and appreciated many things which lay beyond her sphere, she clearly saw their relative unimportance to her, and passed them by for the daily toil of governance. As a ruler, indeed, she surpassed all her contemporaries. She attained with the years a habit of authority to which none other could aspire. Her natural gift for statesmanship was marvellously increased by the duties that were thrust upon her. At home and abroad she held a unique position. Her mastery of foreign affairs persuaded the reluctant Bismarck to call her the greatest statesman in Europe; and Gladstone, never a favoured Minister, confessed, after a long experience of her policy, that "the aggregate of direct influence nominally exercised by the Sovereign upon the councils and proceedings of her Ministers" was very great. How was it that she reached so lofty a pinnacle of influence? How was it that she controlled even the most fiercely democratic of her advisers?

Much she owed, as has been said, to her natural gifts of perception and industry. As the goal of sovereignty was always clear before her, so she toiled after it with tireless zeal. There was nothing that happened within the borders of

her kingdom of which she was not cognisant. She read every despatch; she discussed every appointment; and thus the last detail of administration was revealed to her. Lord Esher is certainly right in describing that which she exercised as influence, not power. She did not often initiate a policy in the course of her long reign. Never did she dismiss a Ministry, as William IV. dismissed Lord Melbourne's in 1834, for no better reason than that she was tired of it. On the other hand, no policy was framed, no Ministry was formed, without her influence. That influence, in truth, was felt in every corner of her government, and always for good. And her courage was as great as her discretion. If she did not love war, she did not fear it, and she had a perfect trust that the cause of her country would be triumphant. Nor was her trust merely instinctive. It was based upon an unbroken experience. Her Ministers came and went, in accordance with the popular vote. She remained, the fixed head of our Empire, gathering the accumulated wisdom of men and Ministries.

In other words, she was a great governor, not because she possessed discursive talents or read the newest books from the circulating library, but because she studied without rest and without fatigue the arts of government. This may seem a commonplace. Unhappily it is nearer a paradox. Though our kings are chosen on the sound principle of heredity, our Ministers win their position by all kinds of irrelevant advertising. A trick of Demagogy, a successful book, a triumph in the law-courts—any one of these appears a fair equipment for an English Minister. In the scramble for preferment, notoriety counts for more than a real and purposed fitness for office. Government, it is assumed, is a work which the talented amateur can perform without training and without dismay. Ministers are too often like those sanguine persons who think that through the medium of the daily press they can add a hundred a-year (or more) to their income without detriment to their previous employment. Patriotism might suggest a finer humility, but it is not in the House of Commons, where one man is as good as another, that we must seek humility or patriotism. The present Government, for instance, does not lack talent. If its members had pursued each his own profession with the same zest he has given to politics, they would certainly have achieved success. They prefer to practise in simple ignorance the arts of government. They are pleased that the glamour of office should cling about them. They delight in the pomp and circumstance of high-sounding names. They give one another their titles as though they were seriously performing a national duty. And all the while it is their object not to govern but to please. With feverish anxiety they cling to their posts, and care not what

disaster overtakes the nation so long as they reserve the faculty of collecting votes. Here, for instance, is Mr Birrell, entirely unfit by inclination and temperament to control the wayward people of Ireland. When he is charged with permitting lawlessness, he has no other reply than a deplorable *non-possumus*. If the Irish choose to drive cattle, how can he or the police prevent it? If they cultivate the lively habit of firing revolvers into the houses of their neighbours, what power on earth is there which can catch the offenders? The Arms Act has been dropped, very wisely Mr Birrell thinks, and there is an end of it. The only way by which an effectual check can be put upon crime is to revive Coercion. But Mr Birrell would rather that rapine and murder should stalk through the land than that any single Nationalist should feel annoyance. Accordingly he is indignant that he should be held responsible for the bad feeling which prevails in the disturbed districts of Ireland. But, as Sir Robert Anderson has pointed out, he is asked to meet a very different charge. "It is that, while he has all along possessed ample powers to afford adequate protection to the law-abiding classes in such districts, he has deliberately refused to use those powers. Nothing that his opponents have ever said of him is more damning to his reputation than is his bold avowal that it is with full knowledge of the condition of the country that he has persisted in his policy of inaction." In other words, Mr Birrell has no desire to make the law respected; he is content that the loyal inhabitants should fare as best they may; and he will not annoy the conspirators against the British rule, still believing, with the optimism of his class, that an ineffective union of hearts is far better than respect for order and deference to the law.

The sacrifice which Mr Birrell makes in his desire to say and do the pleasant thing affects only the peace of Ireland. Not that we would underrate for one moment the evil effects of his benignity. But there are other Ministers whose too amiable policy may easily involve the whole kingdom in ruin. Mr Haldane is the typical optimist who would preserve the hopeful opinion of his office even if he were prisoner of war. The very thought of his Territorials provokes him to a broad smile. They are his only joy, his favourite hobby. The satisfaction with which he catches sight of them, or awards to them the easily won prize, is too near to tragedy for laughter. When they do not come in as quickly as he would wish he does not scruple to use the advertisement of the daily press or to rely upon the latest sensation of the theatre. The author of "The Englishman's Home" appeared for the moment to be the noblest of patriots. This patriotism is a trifle blown on since he has sent his play on tour to

Germany and the United States to expose to populations none too friendly the weakness of England. But while it lasted the play appeared to stir England like a trumpet call. Of course if our modern system of advertising were useful to the Empire, we should be forced to adopt it. But there is this quality in advertisement which unfits it for the purposes of patriotism: its reaction is equal and opposite to its influence, and if it is to be permanently useful it must never cease. For the moment Mr Haldane can boast of an accession to his force of more than 33,000, an accession made in rather more than seven weeks. But how long will the enthusiasm last, thus artificially stimulated? It is difficult to accept the sanguine prophecies of Mr Haldane.

However, nothing can daunt this Minister's courage. He never rises to his feet without speaking of "magnificent meetings" and "great enthusiasm." Indeed so lively a satisfaction does he find in his own boastings, that not long since he promised a sympathetic audience the ultimate possession of twenty-three army corps, or an aggregate equal to the German Army. Nothing more wicked has been said by a Minister of State since a certain Frenchman spoke ominously of the last gaiter button. Mr Haldane knows, or should know, that by his method the British Empire will never be in possession of twenty-three army corps. He knows, or he should know, that if, achieving the impossible, he got his twenty-three army corps of untrained men they would be useless. For it is at this point that Mr Haldane's scheme inevitably breaks down. His Territorial Forces will always be untrained, and the experience of history teaches us that untrained troops can never hold their ground in the presence of a trained army. It is idle to speak of good intentions and high moralities. A bad soldier is not converted into a good soldier because he is fighting for his native land, or because he believes that his cause is just. Those who indulge in this loose talk are as foolish as was Ruskin, when he said that all that was necessary for the painting of a great picture was a good heart, and far more dangerous. When Wellington led his victorious troops through the Peninsula, he had no illusions concerning their character. But he knew that though they might have been the scum of London, they were trained to fight, and his faith was justified by the bravery and skilled discipline with which they drove the French beyond the boundaries of Spain.

So long as the Navy was deemed the sole safeguard of England Mr Haldane's optimism might have appeared unimportant. It was easy to say that the composition of an army which will never be called upon to take the field is immaterial. Even if it did not profit the country one whit for an ardent citizen

to go through his fifteen days' training, it did not do much harm. It was almost as healthy as a jaunt to Margate, and a good deal cheaper for the citizen. But since Mr Haldane made his last demonstration, the whole aspect of affairs has been changed. Rather more than a year ago Sir John Fisher, infamously tempting Providence, told England that she was impregnable. His words cannot be too often or too definitely recalled. "I turn to all of you," said he, determined to flatter his hearers, "and I turn to my countrymen and I say, Sleep quiet in your beds and do not be disturbed by those bogies, of invasion or otherwise, which are being periodically resuscitated by all sorts of leagues." Sir John spoke with the authority which belongs to the First Sea Lord, and we know to-day that he spoke not the words of truth. We cannot sleep quiet in our beds; we are in the very presence of a disturbing bogey; and the Navy and the Maritime Leagues, which have done their best to counteract the influence of Sir John Fisher, are abundantly justified of their action. Mr M'Kenna, indeed,—to his honour, be it said,—has not attempted to rival the bland optimism of Sir John Fisher and Mr Haldane. He has come forward with a confession of failure which no responsible Minister should ever be forced to make. He admits that our naval supremacy is endangered. So far as Dreadnoughts are concerned, we must surrender a two-power standard and count ourselves lucky if in two years we are not forced to admit the superiority of Germany. Such is the price which we are asked to pay for the privilege of living under a Radical Government. And though, as we have said, Mr M'Kenna's confession does him credit, it is a confession which he should not have been asked to make. Once upon a time a Minister who betrayed the vital interests of his country was subject to impeachment. Nowadays we take a less stalwart sense of our duties. But at least we may see to it that no consideration of a false economy, no hankering after a spurious reputation which comes of distributing other people's money to those who have no claim to it, shall put in peril the defences of the country or expose our coasts to the risk of invasion.

But the failure of the Admiralty to discharge its proper duties emphasises at once the weakness of Mr Haldane's Territorial Forces. If Sir John Fisher forbids us to sleep quiet in our beds, it becomes an imperative duty to strengthen the Army of Defence. We can no longer trust to the accidents of advertisement and melodrama. We can no longer rely upon the loyalty of employers, whom Mr Haldane alternately flatters and deprecates, or on the uncertain energy of the man in the street. Two things only will serve our need: compul-

sion, and an adequate period of training. The objections to compulsion are neither serious nor reasonable. Mr Haldane has declared, without the slightest warrant, that a compulsory service would "gravely imperil the stream of life of the regular army," which is as much as to say that if you teach all men to read and write there will be no need of printed books. The encouragement which compulsory service would give the profession of arms would far more probably be the best aid of the recruiting sergeant. Still more foolish is the objection commonly heard, that compulsory service was "a state of things to which the instincts and ways of living of Englishmen were opposed." This statement and others like it have been made so often, that they appear to be beyond the reach of controversy. What has been said thrice seems as true to our Radicals as to the gentleman in Lewis Carroll's poems. But a little consideration will easily prove its falsity. There is no man so patient, so easy to control, so willing to obey the law, as the Englishman. For centuries he has been trained in the habits of endurance and discipline, and these habits have appeared far more pleasant than irksome to him. The man who accepted the yoke of William the Conqueror with a wise acquiescence showed how highly he prized the order which comes of good government. Nor did the autocracy of the Tudors have any terrors for the Englishman. He endured the exactions of Empson and Dudley in the same spirit with which, in the reign of Henry VIII., he obeyed the commands of that far-seeing tyrant. Lastly, the nation which tolerated without complaint the hardship of the press-gang, a very real infliction, which no one would like to see revived, cannot justly be charged with preferring an illusory freedom to quietude and security. This objection, then, that compulsion is incompatible with the British character, cannot for one moment be sustained; nor does the other argument, that England possesses no machinery by which men can be compelled to serve, carry any heavier weight. If the machinery do not exist, it can forthwith be invented. It is no more difficult to find a conscript than to summon a juryman, and the penalty for evasion of service could easily be inflicted. As little need we be appalled at the expense. A compulsory army is not in the nature of things so costly as an army of volunteers, and there is no reason why we should not accept Mr Amery's wise suggestion, that while service should be made compulsory, only those who engage to serve abroad in time of war should receive pay.

The truth is, there is no scheme to which ingenuity may not find objection. But it is the business of the Minister of War to brush aside all obstacles which lie in the way of our obtaining the army which the country needs. Mr Haldane has not brushed these

obstacles away,—he has cheerfully and even proudly succumbed to them; and he has left us with no more sure defence of our shores than an artillery which knows as much as it has been able to learn in a brief fortnight's holiday. As we have said before, when our faith in the Navy was invincible, the streams of Mr Haldane's untired and monotonous eloquence flowed on without doing harm or good. But now that the Admiralty has made confession of failure we demand of Mr Haldane and his colleagues something more than words. They must prove to us that they understand those arts of government which they are called upon to practise. They must think no expense too great to insure the country against aggression, and if in achieving this end they are unable to waste as much of the taxpayers' money as they would like in bribing the electorate, they must deny themselves the pleasure of this interested philanthropy. For England, far better-minded than its rulers, feels shame that it is not permitted to defend itself against invasion, and knows well that "this jewel set in a silver sea" is worth all the sacrifice of life and freedom that can be given it.

It will be not without interest to note the effect which the speeches of Messrs Asquith and M'Kenna will have upon those who believe that England is incapable of invasion. Will the old optimism vanish before the plain truth that in three years Germany may outstrip us on the sea? Will Mr Haldane's platonic love of home-defence be converted into a warmer passion? And as we read the debates we cannot but ask ourselves, What would have been the opinion of Mr Arnold-Forster, whose death all patriots will deplore? None believed more devoutly than he that England's Empire was upon the sea, and his watchful criticism of Mr Haldane's scheme was based not upon his own theories but upon the theories of his opponents. Mr Haldane believes in the possibility of invasion, said he, or he would not have attempted to organise his Territorial Force. And how, thus believing, can he leave our dockyards and military storehouses unfortified for a single day? It is possible that in the new circumstances he would have changed his view. It is certain that he would have been persuaded only by what he believed to be the good of the Empire.

Truly our generation has known no more ardently patriotic statesman than Arnold-Forster. A grandson of Dr Arnold, he was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and devoted himself, as soon as he had taken his degree, to the zealous pursuit of politics. He accompanied the late W. E. Forster, who had adopted him as his son, to Ireland in 1880, and what he saw and learned there made him the staunch champion that he was of the Union. It was Ireland, indeed, that shaped his career and gave a proper direction to his

opinions. The oppression of the Land League and the disloyalty of W. E. Forster's colleagues in the Cabinet made it impossible that Arnold-Forster should cling to the Liberalism of his youth. In these early days two passions dominated him: the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Federation of our Colonies. The Union is, we believe, assured, and the sense of Imperialism has become so acute that no responsible Minister would dare to-day to put a slight upon the Colonies. These admirable results owe not a little to the tireless energy and implacable spirit of Arnold-Forster, than whom our Colonies, especially, had never a more loyal and eloquent champion.

Above all, Arnold-Forster loved the battle and turmoil of politics. The love of combat was in his blood, and when in 1892 he became member for West Belfast, he represented a constituency perfectly suited to his militant temper. In fighting the battle of the Union he asked and gave no quarter. He detested the spirit of compromise, and he was resolved to fight for his side to the bitter end. Meanwhile, as the cause of Home Rule declined, Arnold-Forster found leisure for a profound study of the Navy and Army. The fighting services had always attracted him, and he spared nothing in extending and deepening his knowledge. He watched with unceasing care the military manœuvres of foreign governments. He had a mechanician's familiarity with the working and construction of modern battleships, and his little book, 'In a Conning-Tower,' proved that his foresight was equal to his knowledge. A little story, lately told in 'The Times,' is the best indication of Arnold-Forster's method that we know. "During one of the flying visits of the Emperor William"—thus runs the story—"when Arnold-Forster had just become Secretary to the Admiralty, the two met on board the Royal yacht in the Solent, and at once began to talk ships and guns. The Kaiser asked many questions, and expressed, after his fashion, many frank opinions about the vessels lying at anchor before them; till presently Arnold-Forster turned the tables by some shrewd remarks about the machinery and armaments of various German battleships. The Kaiser listened with astonishment, and asked, 'How do you come to know so much about the German fleet?' 'Oh,' replied Arnold-Forster, 'I have been down the stoke-hold of every battleship in your Majesty's navy.'" That is eminently characteristic of Arnold-Forster and his thoroughness. He was always his own intelligence department, and knew the importance of checking by observation the reports of his staff.

It was at the Admiralty as Parliamentary Secretary that he did his best work. He carried thither something more than habits of industry and a zeal for the public service. In dealing with Naval affairs he was strengthened by the

knowledge of a lifetime. The speeches which he made in the House of Commons during his tenure of this office remain his best contribution to the statesmanship of his day. The years which he spent at the War Office were less fruitful, and this through no fault of Arnold-Forster's. The War Office is almost as fierce a destroyer of reputations as Ireland herself, and though Arnold-Forster left it with his reputation unimpaired, he left it also with his schemes unachieved, and his was the mortification to see a plan which he despised and utterly condemned carried on the tide of his successor's suave eloquence to something which looked like accomplishment. That Arnold-Forster's own plan, in which its author had so devout a faith, is the best plan for our country, we cannot believe in the face of our Government's latest confession. It was too rigid, too sternly inflexible. It took for granted that in no circumstances could England be invaded; and leaving the Navy to guard our shores, it provided for an efficient force which could strike outside the shores of England wherever a blow was necessary. Once having adopted his plan, he fought for it with all his vigour and all his conviction. With the same vigour and the same conviction he fought against the scheme of his successor, which he rightly thought left England without the power of offence. A brief week before his death he delivered one of his liveliest, most persuasive speeches, and he died with an unfinished letter lying upon his desk. If ever a patriot died upon the field of battle it was Arnold-Forster. His policy was not successful. Perhaps it did not deserve to succeed. But it had no other end than the service of the country, and it was conceived without thought of self, without any other hope than the welfare of England. The future may hold in store for us Ministers more prudent than Arnold-Forster. It will never give us one more patiently zealous, more unselfishly patriotic, more highly honourable.

BREACHING THE BUREAUCRACY.

BY SIR CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, K.C.S.I.

SINCE this subject was brought before the readers of 'Maga' in February, we have come to closer quarters with the proposals of the Secretary of State. He has introduced a Bill, and it has passed through the House of Lords, not without scathing criticism, and with the loss of a clause (clause 3) by which Lord Morley sets great store. The Bill may be described as a purely enabling Bill, a Bill for empowering the Government of India, with the sanction of the Secretary of State, to do as they like. A "blank cheque," as it was termed, which will allow elective and (so-called) popular institutions to be pushed to the extreme, right up to the line in fact of representative government.

On the 24th February Lord Morley moved the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill. On the 25th the debate was resumed. On the 3rd of March the House went into Committee on the Bill. Lord MacDonnell led a vigorous attack on clause 3, which gave the Governor-General in Council, with the approval of the Secretary of State, power by proclamation to create a Council in any province under a Lieutenant-Governor for the purpose of assisting the Lieutenant-Governor in the Executive Government of the province. The clause was omitted by a majority of forty-one to eighteen votes.

On the 10th of March, on the order for the report stage being read, Lord Morley moved an amendment to restore this clause. To excuse this unusual proceeding he read a remarkable telegram from the Government of India. This incident will be dealt with further on. The House, however, did not divide on the motion, and the Bill passed the third reading.

In India the scheme has been received with a great display of enthusiasm by the Hindu politicians. It is as well not to take this display too seriously. Naturally they regard the concessions as a triumph for themselves and for the Congress especially. They are to have majorities in the Provincial Councils, they are almost certain to gain a seat in the Executive Council of the Governor-General, and in all the other councils which may be extended or established. They had never dreamt in their wildest moments of getting all these concessions along with the institution of a system of popular election, which is only "popular" in so far as it hands over the interests of the peoples of India to the keeping of a small clique of "Nationalist" politicians. What more could have been done for them at present? or what could have been done to lead more surely to further concessions in the future? Already they are

girding their loins for fresh action. It is idle to speak of these demonstrations as if they were the outcome of gratitude for a great national benefit, or to plume ourselves on a wonderful coup of brilliant and unselfish statesmanship. A cabman who expects a shilling may touch his hat if you give him half-a-crown. If he shall exhibit effusive joy, you will not proceed to thank God that you have a generous heart and an open hand.

There has been no such rejoicing amongst the Muhammedans. The leaders and the educated portion of their community have been much alarmed at the prospect of being subordinated to the majority. On this point, however, Lord Morley has been compelled to give way. An assurance has been given to them that they shall be allowed to form separate Muhammedan constituencies and to elect their own representatives—the number of whom is not to be based on merely numerical proportion. Next to the question of the methods of election, they attach importance to having a Muhammedan in the Governor-General's Council, if a Hindu is appointed. On this point the Secretary of State is firm. So also it is believed are the Muhammedan leaders. They place great, perhaps too much, value on it. They will not be satisfied and will not think themselves fairly dealt with unless they get it. We venture to think that in this matter Lord Morley has committed a grave mistake. The question has been raised gratuitously, for no one can allege that there are Indian gentlemen manifestly fitted to take a leading part in the Government of India standing about idle in the market-place. If an eminent Indian has risen, like his English confrères, through the ranks of the Civil Service and has shown himself fitted for this promotion, he ought undoubtedly to get it. But to appoint him mainly because of his birth and race is a perversion of the intention of the proclamation which the Government desire to fulfil. Everything possible has been said by Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, and MacDonnell to warn the Secretary of State of the danger awaiting him. Even Mr Gokhale, who does not labour under the disadvantage of being on the opposite side in home politics, and whose advice therefore may be looked upon with less suspicion, advocates the appointment of "two Indians to the Executive Council of the Viceroy." It would be wrong, for many reasons, to appoint two. But why has Lord Morley created this dilemma?

POPULAR ELECTION IN INDIA.

The Secretary of State has no reason to complain of the general reception of his proposals by the House of Lords. Nearly every one connected, or who has been connected, with Indian administration admits that as the country progresses

and grows the Government must grow to meet it. It is only a question of degree. Because the child has grown out of the garb of babyhood we do not wish to make him ridiculous in a tail-coat and top hat. The critics in Parliament and out say, "Do not go too fast and too far." And chief amongst the matters in which it is thought that the present proposals go too fast and too far, is the scheme of popular election.

To those who know India as it is away from the influences of the Presidency towns, the notion of establishing popular elections in a large degree appears wildly utopian. Hitherto certain constituencies, more or less artificial, perhaps, have been allowed to recommend candidates for the Legislative Councils subject to nomination by the head of the Government. The present idea is to frame, in a manner as yet undefined, constituencies for different races, religions, and classes — such as landholders, Muhammedans, merchants and traders, and so on. These constituencies are to be free to elect whomsoever they choose, subject, it is presumed, to some rules of qualification or disqualification yet to be laid down.

It is urged that no form of popular election is suited to Indian conditions. Take the opinion of Lord Cromer, who is certainly not imbued with anti-democratic prejudices. On the second reading of the Bill (February 25) he said: "If they considered the immense diversity of race, religion, and language in India, and also the fact that they would be endeavouring to transplant to India a plant entirely of exotic growth and placing it in very uncongenial soil, he must confess, for his own part, that he should be very much surprised if the legislative experiment did succeed." That is the view of a foremost Liberal statesman, intimately acquainted with Oriental populations and sympathetic with Lord Morley's designs.

Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon, and others of comparatively recent Indian experience, spoke in the same sense. Most men who know the conditions existing feel sure that any scheme of popular election that can be devised will place the power in the hands of a Hindu majority, a Brahmin majority, and in all likelihood a majority of aspiring lawyers. That is why the Muhammedans have been so active and strenuous, beyond their wont in political matters, in resisting the scheme propounded in the Secretary of State's dispatch. Hitherto they have believed in the impartiality and strict justice of the British Government in India to protect the minorities, and they have abstained from embarrassing that Government by joining the agitators. When they realised that an autocratic Radical Secretary of State was forcing a scheme of popular election on India, they found it necessary to move. There are other minorities who have not the same power of cohesion who will be left to the mercy of the majority. Some will make themselves heard.

Let it be remembered that the move about to be made goes much beyond anything hitherto ventured, in that it promises to give real power to the elected representatives. The prize offered is worth striving for. A clever, well-trained lawyer with an unofficial majority behind him, with power to obstruct the administration and worry its officers by questions and supplementary questions without limit, will be a man to be feared and conciliated. An Indian gentleman's dignity and self-respect depend much on the way he is treated by others. Lord Crewe sneers at the Lieutenant-Governor or Governor who may fail to manage his unofficial majority. Governors and Lieutenant-Governors may take care of themselves. But it is their subordinates, and especially their Indian subordinates, who will suffer as well as the Indian gentry. It may be anticipated, therefore, that seats in the Legislative Councils will be sought and fought for with far greater keenness than heretofore, and that those best fitted for the struggle will win them. Unfortunately they are not the men whose success is likely to strengthen the British Government or to benefit the great bulk of the peoples of India. They, as Lord Curzon said in his forceful speech on February 24th, want "not representative government but good government, and look to the British officers for protection from the rapacious money-lender and landlord, from the local *vakeel* (attorney), and all the other sharks in human disguise which prey upon these unhappy people."

There are numerous and important classes which look upon the British Government, if not with affection, yet with a feeling of loyalty arising from a knowledge that under it they enjoy liberty, justice, and protection in a measure which no other Power existing, or likely to exist, in India could ensure to them. The greater and less landowners, the substantial bankers and traders, and the peasant proprietors and tenants of land, come under this category. If the leaders of these classes will not come forward as candidates for seats under a system of popular election, the wisdom of introducing such a scheme may fairly be doubted. Men who have passed their lives, as the present writer has, in the service of India, in close touch with the people, have learnt that the best men will not expose themselves to the indignity, as it seems to them, of canvassing their inferiors for votes.

"A man desirous of entering the Council has now but to make a few speeches before a debating club of schoolboys denouncing the foreign rule as a curse, painting every official European as a scoundrel, and every supporter of the British rule as a vagabond. Thus he paves his way to election to a municipal or local board; as a member of which he decries every measure originating with the Government as inhuman and unjust. He is honoured with the appellation of the champion of liberty, and has not to wait long for a seat in the legislative councils, local or supreme. When he reaches his goal, he has only to ask a few impertinent questions in order to remain in touch with his comrades; but what mischief will come out of this system time alone will show. The election

of a few men of position by the power-seeking party is only a blind."

We are quoting from an article in 'The Nineteenth Century' for April 1894, written by the Rajah of Bhinga, a Rajput noble and a Talukdar of Oudh. The same gentleman, speaking of the desire of the Congress party, by simultaneous examinations and other means, to fill the administrative services with Indians, wrote—

"Disinterested Indians tremble at the idea of their future magistrates having as much concern with their caste elevation as with the increase of their salary. . . . It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose 'flesh creeps on their bones' when they hear of a war."

But it will be said this was written fifteen years ago. Things have changed: there is a new spirit in India. It cannot be denied that things are changing, and, owing to the rapidity of communication and the effects of what is called education, more rapidly than might have been anticipated. The spirit, however, is not so new as it has been represented, and, in the matter we are speaking of, it has not changed much. The time may come when Rajas and Nawabs may enter the field of politics, and may fly round the villages in motors, aided by an appropriate selection from their Ranis and Begums, working their constituencies and reporting their prospects to 'The Daily Mail.' It has not come yet. Let the reader look at 'The Empire Review' for March. He will find a paper by Sir Andrew Fraser, lately Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, an able and candid paper, in support of Lord Morley's policy. He affirms that the principal cause of "the partial want of success" of Lord Ripon's measures to introduce popular election and local self-government is that "India does not understand and cannot work the principles of election as understood and worked in England." The constituencies were too large, the electors without knowledge of affairs or interest in them, and "*were of such a position in society as to preclude the true leaders of the people from appealing to them for their votes.*" (The italics are ours.) "The Zamindar," he adds, "says I cannot go with hands joined in entreaty to thousands of my own tenants and dependents and ask them for their votes." What is the result? The professional candidate, and let it be impressed upon the English reader that this means, in nine cases out of ten, a Hindu lawyer, a Brahmin probably, "goes down unopposed and asks a few score out of thousands to come and vote for him, and his election is secured." "The majority of the natural leaders of the people have stood aloof from it wherever the principle of election was really applied;" and even in Bengal, supposed to be the most advanced of all provinces, "the elective sections of the Local Self-Government Act have not been introduced at all" in the greater part of the province. The Government has been com-

pelled, in order to avert catastrophe, to resort to nomination as a substitute for election. By that means only has a certain measure of success been attained. The failure of Lord Ripon's measures is attributed by some to the interference of the officials. The control has not been from without. Their powers and responsibilities were not real. (Secretary of State to the Government of India, No. 193, dated 27th November 1908.) The plain truth is that if the Government, through the District Officers, had not exercised close supervision and considerable control, local self-government would have proved, not a comparative failure, but a disastrous fiasco. Any one who wishes to find other testimony of the unfitness of Indian provinces for popular election and local self-government should, if he can spare time and can risk his intellect, read the blue-books on East India Advisory and Legislative Councils, especially the letters from the Punjab Government and its officers.

It will be said that new systems may be devised which will induce the best men to offer themselves for election, and will lessen the chances of their exclusion by professional politicians. No such system, it may be feared, has yet been invented. The Secretary of State favours electoral colleges. In the case of the Muhammedans this plan has been rejected. Most men of experience, including Sir Andrew Fraser, doubt its success in securing the due representation of any class. The Government of India hope to succeed by forming class constituencies, and leaving them to choose one of themselves. But no detailed plan for carrying out this scheme has been formed. It would, so far as can be judged, involve enormous labour in forming the constituencies, making up the registers, checking the returns, which would occupy the already over-worked district staff. And if it succeeded, it is plain from the evidence quoted above that it would only succeed because it was not election by the people.

In the end, probably, the ingenuity of the Hindu politicians would bring about much the same result as at present. They are almost the only men who eagerly desire to secure seats in the councils.

It will be a serious blow to the stability of British rule and to the welfare of the multitudes in India who depend on it if these hybrid parliaments about to be established are filled with aspiring lawyers who know English indeed, but know little or nothing of the people or their wants, and are out of sympathy with all except their own class.

HYBRID PARLIAMENTS.

I have spoken of hybrid parliaments, and the term is deserved. The maximum number in each council is to be fixed by law, varying from sixty in the Legislative Council of the

Governor-General to thirty in the minor provinces. The majority in each council, Lord Morley tells us, but this we think is not laid down in the Bill, is to be composed of persons not in the service of the Crown, who will be either chosen by popular election or nominated. The proportion to be elected is not fixed in the Bill, but is left to regulations to be made by the Government of India. We may be sure the proportion of elected members will be large. Mr Gokhale, in his suggestive note, says they should be in a considerable majority, three-fourths in fact of the whole council. The councils are to have power to pass or reject legislative measures subject only to the veto of the President in the one case and to legislation by the Supreme Legislative Council in the other. They are to have power to move and carry resolutions as the House of Parliament has in this kingdom. They may discuss and move and resolute on the budget, although they cannot enforce their views on the Government. They are to have — but all details are left to rules—almost as much power in the matter of questions and supplementary questions as the British Parliament enjoys. Their term of office is to be fixed by statute. No provision for dissolving them if they abuse their powers is provided. The unlucky Governor may find himself with a council of which the majority may be animated by a spirit not only adverse to him but disloyal to the King-Emperor. His time and that of his most important subordinates may be wasted. His best and most necessary projects obstructed: his most active and earnest officers harassed and insulted by questions inspired by animosity or pure mischief. All sorts of ridiculous, perhaps, but also dangerous resolutions and bills may be moved and put forward. Nothing can be done. No change can be hoped for until the lapse of time shall have brought the term of office of the obstructionists to an end. The Government cannot resign and throw the responsibility on their opponents. The Governor may release himself by offering his resignation and ruining his career. If he holds on he may be told by a superior under-secretary that he has only his own incompetence to thank. Eight of these egregious institutions, endowed with great power but responsible only to their own consciences, are to be started immediately on their career.

It will be said that all this is mere assumption. It is not to be imagined that all the non-official members, Hindus and Muhammedans, elected and nominated, will join hands to make the administration impossible. Certainly not at first. The leaders at the Madras Meeting of Congress a few months ago warned their followers to be reasonable and well-behaved. Then they said we shall be given a majority in the Imperial Council also in a few years. It must be remembered that many of the prominent men desire to bring British rule in India to an end. It is certain that when it comes to a question of election, the Nationalists, of whose mind we

have lately seen some glimpses, will win as they do in Ireland. The Government are seemingly unwilling to make the most open disloyalty a disqualification. It is evident that the influential Mr Gokhale regards the Legislative Councils as a means of continually harassing the Government. In his note he provides for monthly sittings of not less than three days.

Reference has been made in the beginning of this paper to the amendment carried by a majority of the Lords for the omission of the third clause of the Bill, which allowed the creation by proclamation of executive councils in provinces now governed by Lieutenant-Governors. There is no doubt that Lord Morley means to restore this clause in the other House — a proceeding both unfortunate and unnecessary. Whatever may be thought of the comparative merits of government with a council and a purely personal government, it cannot be said with any decent show of truth that the creation of councils, where they do not exist, is of any urgent importance. On the other hand all the best authorities are of opinion that the introduction of councils into the northern provinces of India or into Burma would be most disadvantageous to the administration.[1] The Government of India, moreover, in their dispatch of the 1st October 1908, did not ask for power to create new councils. They only hinted that they might be required to assist Lieutenant-Governors to discharge the additional duties which the new constitution of the Legislative Councils might impose on them. They declared "it would be premature even to discuss the question until experience had been gained of the working of the new legislative bodies."

Under these circumstances the Lords were bound in prudence to cut out the clause, as it is premature, to say the least, to empower the Government to make a great change which had not been fully considered or even discussed. When the amendment was carried, Lord Morley telegraphed to the Government of India. He has not disclosed what he said to them. The substance of their reply he read to the House of Lords. It is an evasive and inconsistent answer. The question raised by Lord Lansdowne and others was this: What has occurred to cause the Government of India to press for or to desire powers to carry out a measure which six months ago they thought it premature to discuss? Their reply evades the point by referring back to 1905, when their opinion was adverse to the creation of councils, and by saying that the constitutional changes now proposed have caused them to alter their views. But these changes were in view when they wrote in October 1908, and the question is, Why have they changed their opinions

[1] It is a significant fact that the Secretary of State will not allow the opinions of the present Lieutenant-Governors to be disclosed. He has himself made known the opinion of the one man who is not against the proposal.

since that date? Even now they do not say more than this: "We are in favour of having the power proposed by clause 3 in the Bill, and we should regret if the opportunity which presents itself of obtaining that power for us were to be lost;" and they add, "We are altogether opposed to the proposal which we understand has been put forward to create forthwith councils in all the larger provinces, and we desire to make that point clear. We see no present necessity for a general change of this character, and it should be made, if it is to be made, only in the light of experience."

GOVERNMENT BY SUGGESTION.

This being so, the House of Lords were not inclined to go back from their decision, and Lord Morley did not press his motion to a division. If the power were given, it might be used next day by the Secretary of State. The Government of India cannot be trusted to stick to their guns. They have no stable opinions or convictions. They have eagerly accepted reforms which are very much the opposite of their own proposals. The general tenor of their scheme was cautious and conservative. They have embraced alterations which have made it radical and democratic. The Secretary of State says he has not pressed his views upon them. He has only "suggested." The power of suggestion on susceptible subjects is now an established fact; and it is preferable to believe that we have in this case an example of a well-known psychological phenomenon, than to suspect the Government of India of playing Polonius to the Secretary of State's Hamlet.

LORD MORLEY AND MR GOKHALE.

It will be remarked that the Government of India refer to the proposal which they believe has been put forward to create councils forthwith. It is pertinent to ask from what quarter this proposal has been made. It is to be found in two documents. One is Mr Gokhale's note which he says he laid in September last before the Secretary of State. The other is the report of the Royal Commission upon decentralisation which was published last month. Both these authorities, as they may be called for shortness, agree in recommending the substitution of Governors appointed from England for Lieutenant-Governors and the creation of Councils, Mr Gokhale says, of three or four members, of whom one or two are to be Indians; the Hobhouse Commission say of not less than four members, "which they add will permit of the strengthening of the administration by the inclusion of specially qualified natives of India." The ultimate object

and the probable result of clause 3 of the Bill are, it seems to us, indicated by these quotations.

Mr Gokhale's note has been mentioned once or twice in this paper. It is connected with an amusing episode in the debate. Mr Gokhale, it appears, wrote a note on the reform question and submitted it to the Secretary of State in September last. In it he embodied his latest ideas on reforms. When the Blue-books were published he found that a former memorandum of his written three years ago with much less advanced ideas was included, whereas his latest utterance was omitted. On the 12th January he asked the Government of India to include the latter note in any further papers they might issue. Meanwhile, however, to secure publication he gave the paper to 'The Friend of India,' who published it on January 21.

The matter has been brought before the British public by two correspondents of 'The Times,' one of whom—"Suum Cuique," in a very able letter—presses strongly for the publication of the note by the Secretary of State. Lord Morley deemed it necessary to make a personal explanation of the matter to the House of Lords. But he has not thought fit as yet to publish Mr Gokhale's note.

Lord Morley had of course a perfect right to consult Mr Gokhale, and to adopt his proposals if he thought them good. It is quite natural that, to two men of intellect seeking out a solution of the same problem, similar and even identical methods should occur. Such instances are known to have happened even in the case of very remarkable inventions. But when the problems before the two thinkers are not only not the same in substance, but absolutely inconsistent, then the case becomes almost miraculous. Mr Gokhale's aim, it is believed, is to attain to complete representative government, at least on the Colonial model. Lord Morley, we know, considers that personal and absolute rule must be maintained in India, and he would have no hand in introducing even the beginnings of parliamentary government. That the same means should be advocated by Mr Gokhale and by Lord Morley, under these circumstances, is somewhat puzzling. Lord Morley wants to breach the Bureaucracy; the Dakkani Brahmin wants to breach the British Dominion. Will the one lead to the other? There is some reason for asking the Secretary of State, "Quo Vadis?"

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A MAN'S MAN.

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF.'

Partner (*after several collisions*). I should think you were more at home in a boat than a ballroom, Mr Rudderford!

Little Bobby Rudderford (*the famous Oxbridge coxswain*). Yes; and by Jove, I'd sooner steer eight men than one woman, any day!—*Punch*.

BOOK ONE.—DEALS WITH A STUFF THAT WILL NOT ENDURE

CHAPTER ONE.—NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

A University college varies its facial expression about as frequently as The Sphinx and about as violently as a treacle-well.

This remark specially applies between the hours of breakfast and luncheon. The courts, with their monastic cloisters and inviolable grass-plots, lie basking in a sunny obliviousness to the world outside. Their stately exclusiveness is accentuated rather than diminished by the glimpse of an occasional flying figure in a cap and gown, or the spectacle of a middle-aged female of a discreet and chastened appearance, who glides respectfully from one archway to another carrying a broom and a tin pail or—alas for the goings-on that a cloistered cell may conceal behind its art-muslin curtains!—a tankard containing some gentleman's morning ale.

In one corner, close to the Buttery door, you may behold one of the college cats, which appears to be combining a searching morning toilet with a course of practical calisthenics; and inside the massive arch of the gateway stands a majestic figure in a tall hat,

whom appreciative Americans usually mistake for the Master, but who in reality occupies the far more onerous and responsible post of Head Porter.

Perhaps the greatest variation from the normal is on a Saturday morning. Then the scene is brightened by the vision of an occasional washerwoman, who totters bravely at one end of a heavy basket what time her lord and master (who has temporarily abandoned his favourite street-corner and donned Sabbath attire for this, his weekly contribution to the work of the world) sulkily supports the other.

Undergraduates, too, are more in evidence than on other days. On most mornings they either stay indoors, to work or sleep, or else go outside the college altogether. "Loitering" in the courts is not encouraged by the authorities. Not that the undergraduate minds that, but it will probably cost him half-a-crown every time he does so, not because he loiters but because he smokes.

The Old Court of St Benedict's College — it is hardly necessary to say that we are in Cambridge and not in Oxford: otherwise we should have said "Quad"—presents to us on the present occasion a very fair sample of a Saturday morning crowd. The observant eye of the Dean, looking down (like Jezebel) from an upper chamber, can discern—

1. Three washerwomen, with the appurtenances thereof.

2. One small boy delivering *The Granta.*

3. A solitary spectacled gentleman, of the type described by the University Calendar in stately periphrasis as "A Native of Asia, not of European Parentage" (but more tersely classified by the rest of the community as "a nigger"), hurrying in cap and gown to secure a good place at the feet of some out-of-college Gamaliel.

4. A kitchen-man in white jacket and apron, bearing upon his head a tray containing a salmon mayonnaise, cutlets in aspic, and a special Cambridge dainty known as "Grassy Corner Pudding"—a fearsome compound of whipped cream and pistachio nuts.

5. A Buttery boy, walking close behind, with a basket containing bottles. Evidently some young gentleman is about to entertain angels—unawares so far as his bill-paying papa is concerned.

6. Four young men converging to a group in the centre of the court. Of these, two are attired in the undergraduate mode of the moment—tweed jackets with leather buttons, waistcoats of the Urim and Thummim variety, grey flannel trousers well turned up, clamorous silk socks, and heavy Highland shooting brogues. The third wears what the College Regulations describe rather ingenuously as "Athletic Dress." Pheidippides himself would have found it difficult to perform feats of prowess in a costume composed of split pumps, white duck trousers, and a blazer admirably qualified to serve as a model of the Solar Spectrum.

It may be mentioned in passing that, to the College Regulations, "Athletic Dress" is not in itself a costume in which it is possible to perform athletic feats, but one whose colour-scheme clashes with the *sub-fusc* standard which obtains in all college courts until 1 P.M.; such, in fact, as would tend to distract the eye and sap the diligence of those who traverse the courts on their way to lectures. In consequence, he who would be matutinally athletic must either keep his war-paint somewhere out of college or drape himself in a conspirator's cloak and a sombrero as he flits from his rooms to the river or Fenner's.

The fourth gentleman of the party was dressed, if not gorgeously, sufficiently respectably to warrant the assumption that he was not a member of the University.

All four were smoking.

The Dean, glancing in the direction of the gateway, and observing with sardonic satisfaction that the watchful Cerberus there was taking a note of the delinquency, returned to his work. Regardless of the prospective loss of half-a-crown apiece, the undergraduates exchanged cheerful greetings.

"Hallo, Dishy-Washy!"

"Hallo, Gussie!"

"Hallo, Towzer!"

There ensued an awkward pause, while Messrs Gussie and Towzer, nervously conscious of the presence of a stranger to whom they were about to be presented, looked intently at their boots and waited for the introduction to take place.

The gentleman previously addressed as Dishy-Washy, a diminutive youth with wizened features,—his name was Dishart-Watson,—cleared his throat.

"Introduce my brother," he said huskily. "Mr Poltimore—Mr Angus!"

The gentlemen indicated shook hands with the visitor, and Mr Angus, after a mental effort, inquired—

"Come to see us go Head?" He giggled deprecatingly, to show that he did not really mean this.

"Hope so," said Dishy-Washy's brother politely. "I hear you've got a pretty hot crew," he added.

"First chop," said Mr Poltimore. "You just arrived?"

"Yes; down from town this morning."

"Oh! live there?"

"Er—yes."

"Oxford man," interpolated Dishy-Washy swiftly. "Sent down," he added in extenuation.

The other two nodded sympathetically, and the conversation proceeded more briskly.

"*Are* you going to catch those chaps to-night, Dishy?" inquired Mr Angus earnestly.

"Don't know," replied Dishy-Washy, who as coxswain of the St Benedict's boat enjoyed a position of authority and esteem in inverse ratio to his inches. "Duncombe's a good enough little oar, but you can't expect a man who weighs nine stone ten to stroke the boat and pull it along too. Of

course, if we had anything we could call a Six! As for old Puffin——"

"Fourteen stone of tripe!" interpolated Mr Angus, the gentleman in Athletic Dress. "Lord help the boat!" he added bitterly.

It may be mentioned in passing that Mr Angus' athletic achievements were rather overstated by his costume. His blazer was that of a college club of twelve members, admission to which was strictly limited to gentlemen who could absorb a gallon of beer at a draught, and whose first rule stated that any member who committed the *bêtise* of taking a degree, however humble, should pay to the club a fine of five pounds.

"Still," said Towzer hopefully, "there's always Marrable."

Everybody—even the gentleman who had been sent down from Oxford—cheered up at this reflection.

"By gum!" said the coxswain with sudden enthusiasm, "he's a wonder! You should have seen him in the boat yesterday. He was rowing a blade that simply lifted the whole of bow side along by itself, and besides that he was coaching Stroke all the time—telling him when to swing out and when to quicken, and bucking him up generally; and on the top of all that he found time every now and then to turn round and curse old Six. I tell you, he's a wonder. Did you hear about him last night?"

"I did hear some yarn," said Angus. "Went and smashed up The Owls, didn't he?"

"Smashed up?" Dishy's saturnine features expanded into a smile that was almost benevolent. "My lad, *have* you seen Muggeridge's alabaster brow this morning?"

Mr Muggeridge was the president of "The Owls" Wine Club.

"No."

"Well, last night I was going round about half-past ten to see that all the crew were in their beds. When I came to H, New Court, I found a devil of a row going on in Muggeridge's rooms—directly under Duncombe's, you know."

"Yes. Go on," said everybody, much interested.

"There was a meeting of The Owls on," continued Dishy, "and they'd had the nerve to hold it on a staircase where there were actually two men of the crew—Duncombe and Eversley—trying to get to sleep."

"What did you do?" inquired Poltimore.

"Went in and reminded them. I thought they might have forgotten."

"What did they say?"

"They told me to go to——"

"Good Lord!" said the audience, genuinely horrified at the employment of such language by a non-athletic to an athletic man. The Owls were a collection of rather dissipated young nobodies, while Dishy wore a Leander tie, which in

a rowing college entitles a man to something like reverence.

"I soon found it was a put-up job," continued the coxswain. "They had some grudge against Duncombe, and wanted to score him off. I could hear him hammering on his bedroom floor above to make them dry up."

"What did you do then?"

"I explained to them exactly what I thought of them," replied the coxswain simply.

"What did you say, exactly?"

Dishy told them. The audience smacked their lips appreciatively, and the next question followed pat.

"And what did *they* do?"

"Well, they were a bit far gone——"

"Drunken sweeps!" remarked the virtuous Gussie, who belonged to a rival institution.

"Yes. They were a bit far gone," repeated the coxswain, with the air of one endeavouring to explain an otherwise unaccountable circumstance, "and they — well, they hove me out, in fact. There were nine of them," he added, in the manner of one who is not quite sure if his excuse will be accepted.

"And then?"

"Then I went straight off to old Hughie's rooms" — there was a respectful intaking of breath by the company: most of the College were wont to refer to the gentleman in question as Marrable — "and knocked him up. He had just gone to bed."

"What did he do?" came the question, in lively anticipation of the recital to come.

"Put on a few things over his pyjamas, and came along with me."

The audience sighed ecstatically.

"What happened?" said Poltimore.

"Well, things were getting a bit lively by the time we arrived. Just as we got to the foot of the stair we were greeted by Muggeridge's oak, which some playful fellow had taken off its hinges and thrown over the banisters. However, we dodged that and raced up to the first floor.

"You could have heard a pin drop when we walked into the room. One or two of them looked a bit green, though, when they saw what a towering passion Hughie was in. Still, Muggeridge was sober enough, and tried to talk it off. He stood up, and said, 'Hallo, Marrable! This is splendid! You are just in time to drink to the success of the crew to-morrow. We're all sportsmen here. Come on, you chaps—no heeltaps!'

"He stood waving his glass, but anybody could see that he was in a putrid funk.

"Hughie shut the door behind him and leaned against it, and said—

"'Muggeridge, I don't know you very intimately, but I know this, that you always were a sod and a bounder. You can't altogether help that, and personally I don't particularly mind, although you give the College away a bit. Still, I

think the College can bear that. You are quite at liberty to get full and amuse yourself in any way you please, so long as you and your pals don't interfere with other people. But when it comes to disturbing my crew, who have to fight the battles of the College on behalf of warriors like you and these gentlemen here, whose favourite field-sport is probably billiards—well, that's just what I call a bit *too* thick!'

"All this time Muggeridge was looking pretty averagely uncomfortable. The other chaps were gazing at him, evidently waiting for a lead. But you could see he was pretty well up a stump as to what to do next. However, next time old Hughie paused for breath, he said—

"'Oh, get out!'

"It was a rotten thing to say. Hughie smiled at him.

"'All right,' he said, 'but I must put you to bed before I go.'

"Before anybody could do anything he was across the room and had a grip of Muggeridge by the back of the neck and one wrist, which he twisted round behind somehow. Then he turned him round, and kicked him all the way across the room into his bedroom. He used Muggeridge's head as a sort of battering-ram to open the door with. Oh, it was the most gorgeous spectacle!"

There was a little sigh of rapture all round the group. Muggeridge was a prominent member of that class of society which undergraduates and other healthy and outspoken Philistines designate simply and comprehensively as "Tishbites" or "Tishes."

"He shut him in and locked the door," continued the coxswain, "and then he turned on the other eight. They were a pretty average lot of worms—you know them?"

There was a murmur of assent, and Mr Poltimore, with rather belated presence of mind, hurriedly explained to the Oxford gentleman that the band of heroes under discussion were not in any sense representative of the rank and file of the College.

"—and they just sat round the table looking perfectly paralytic. (As a matter of fact most of them were.) Hughie laid hold of the biggest of them — Skeffington — and said—

"'This meeting is adjourned, gentlemen. Just to show you that I'm speaking the truth, I'll heave the senior member present downstairs!'"

"Did he?" asked everybody.

"No. He'd have killed him if he had. He picked Skeff up by the collar and the seat of his bags and said to me, 'Watch 'em, Dishy!' Then he carried Skeff downstairs, and slugged him into the middle of the grass plot outside."

"Good egg!" murmured Mr Angus.

"Didn't the others try to bolt?" inquired Towzer.

"The idea *was* mooted," replied the coxswain loftily, "but I told them to sit still or they'd

get their silly heads knocked together."

"Did he cart them all downstairs?"

"No; it would have been too tame a job with such a set of mangy squirts. He simply came back and said—

"'Now, you miserable little snipes, I give you fifteen seconds to quit these premises. The last man out will be personally assisted downstairs by me. I'm sorry I've only got slippers on.' Still, he landed the Honourable Hopton-Hattersley a very healthy root for all that," concluded Dishy, with a seraphic smile. "After that the porter arrived with the Dean's compliments, and it was past the hour for music, gentlemen; but Hughie slapped him on the back and told him that he had arrived too late for the fair. Then he went home to bed as cool as a cucumber. Oh, he's—Hallo, there he is! I must catch him. So long, you men! See you at lunch, Reggie."

And Mr Dishart-Watson, swelling with importance, hurried off to overtake a figure which had swung out of a distant staircase in the south-west corner of the court and was striding towards the gateway.

There was no undergraduate slouchiness discernible either in the dress or appearance of the Captain of the St Benedict's boat. He was a strong-limbed clean-run young man of about twenty-one; perhaps a trifle too muscular to be a quick mover, but, with his broad back and sinewy loins, an ideally built rowing-man. He was a youth of rather grave countenance, with shrewd blue eyes which had a habit of disappearing into his head when he laughed, and a mouth in which, during these same periods of exhilaration, his friends confidently asserted that you could post a letter. He was a born leader of men, and, as the discerning reader will have gathered from Mr Dishart-Watson's narrative, was still strongly imbued with what may be called public-school principles of justice. He entirely refused to suffer fools gladly or even resignedly, but had a kindly nod for timorous freshmen, a friendly salute for those Dons who regarded undergraduates as an integral part of the scheme of college life and not merely as a necessary evil, and a courtly good-day for fluttered and appreciative bedmakers. He never forgot the faces or names of any of those over him or under him—Dons and college servants, that is; and further, in his own walk of life (a society in which you may recognise the existence of no man, even though he daily passes you the salt or gathers you under his arm in the familiarity of a Rugby scrummage, until you have been formally introduced to him) he never pretended to do so.

While Mr Dishy-Washy's short legs are endeavouring to bring him alongside the strid-

ing Olympian in front, it will perhaps be well to explain why it was so absolutely essential to the welfare of St Benedict's College that eight young men should enjoy a night's rest untrammelled by revels on the floors below.

For the benefit of those who have never made a study of that refinement of torture known as a "bumping" race, it may be mentioned that at Oxford and Cambridge the various College crews, owing to the narrowness of their rivers, race not abreast but in a long string, each boat being separated from its pursuer and pursued by an equal space. Every crew which succeeds in rowing over the course without being caught (or "bumped") by the boat behind it is said to have "kept its place," and starts in the same position for the next day's racing. But if it contrives to touch the boat in front, it is said to have made a "bump," and both bumper and bumped get under the bank with all speed and allow the rest of the procession to race past. Next day bumper and bumped change places, and the victors of the day before endeavour to repeat their performance at the expense of the next boat in front of them. The crew at "the head of the river" have, of course, nothing to catch, and can accordingly devote their attention to keeping away from Number Two, which is usually in close attendance owing to the pressing attention of Number Three. And so on.

The racing takes place during four successive evenings in the May Week, so called for the somewhat inadequate reason that it occurs in June. It was now Saturday, the last day of the races, and the men of St Benedict's knew that an enormous effort must be made that evening. So far they had made two bumps, comparatively easily. Starting from fourth place they were now second on the river, and only the All Saints boat stood between them and the haven where they would be. They had tried last night to bring their foe down, but had failed; they were going to try again to-night, but All Saints were a terribly strong crew. They had been Head for five years, and there were four Blues in the boat. Public opinion admitted that St Benedict's were about the fastest crew on the river that year, but considered that a seasoned lot like All Saints could keep on spurting away long enough to last out the course.

"Unless, of course," people said—"unless Marrable does something extra special."

It was wonderful what a lot the world in general seemed to expect of Marrable. Character counts for something even among the very young; and there is no more youthful member of society than the undergraduate. The sixth-form boy is a Nestor compared with him.

Meanwhile our diminutive friend Dishy, the coxswain, had succeeded in overtaking

his Captain, just as that great man stepped into a hansom in Trinity Street.

"Where are you off to, Hughie?" he panted.

"Station."

"People?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm coming with you. I'll cut away before you meet her." Dishy was one of the few who dared to address Marrable in this strain.

The two installed themselves in the hansom, and while the experienced animal between the shafts proceeded down Trinity Street, butting its way through sauntering pedestrians, pushing past country-parsonical governess carts, taking dogs in its stride, and shrinking apprehensively from motor-bicycles ridden by hatless youths in bedroom slippers, they discussed affairs of state.

"There's only one way to do it, Dishy," said Marrable. "I'm going stroke."

Dishy nodded approvingly.

"It's the only thing to do," he said. "But who is going to row seven—Stroke?"

"Yes."

"Bow side will go to pieces," said Dishy with conviction.

"Perhaps. But as things are at present stroke side will."

"That's true," admitted the coxswain. "Let's see now: there'll be you stroke, Duncombe seven, Puffin six—it's worth trying anyhow. We're bound to keep away from the James' people, so we might as well have a shot."

"Clear out now," said Marrable, "and go round and tell the men to be at the boat-house by four, and we'll have a ten minutes' outing in the new order. Then, when you've done that, cut down to the boathouse and tell Jerry to alter my stretcher and Duncombe's."

These commands involved a full hour's excessive activity in a hot sun on the part of Mr Dishart-Watson, but Marrable was not the man to spare himself or his subordinates when occasion demanded. The coxswain descended on to the step of the hansom and clung to the splash-board as he received his last instructions.

"And tell Jerry," added Marrable, "to get down a new stroke-side oar, with a good six-inch blade. Duncombe's has been shaved down to a toothpick."

Dishy nodded cheerfully and dropped off into the traffic.

"The old man means business. We shall go Head now," he murmured to himself with simple confidence. "All right, sir, my fault entirely. Don't apologise!"

And leaving an inverted motor-cyclist, who had run into him from behind, to congest the traffic and endure laceration from his own still faithfully revolving pedals, the coxswain of the St Benedict's boat proceeded at a brisk pace back to his College, there to inform a sorely tried troupe of seven that owing to an eleventh-hour change in the cast a full-dress rehearsal of their evening's performance had been called for four o'clock sharp.

CHAPTER TWO.—INTRODUCES THE HEROINE OF THIS NARRATIVE.

It has been said by those who ought to know that if the most painful quarter of an hour in a man's life comes when he is screwing himself up to proposing-point, the corresponding period in a woman's is that immediately preceding her first dinner-party in her own house.

Granting the unpleasantness of both these chastening but necessary experiences, a mere male may be excused for inquiring why the second should be ear-marked as the exclusive prerogative of the opposite sex. There is no more morbidly apprehensive creature under the sun than the undergraduate about to give a state luncheon-party which is to be graced by the presence of his beloved.

Hughie Marrable sat back in his hansom with knitted brow, and checked some hieroglyphics on the back of an envelope.

"Let's see," he murmured to himself—"*Dressed Crab.* Can't go wrong there. Told the cook to be sure to send it up in the silver scallops with the College crest on. After all, it's the trimmings that really appeal to a woman. Not the food, but the way you serve it up. Rum creatures!" he added parenthetically. "*Prawns in Aspic.* That always looks nice, anyway, though not very filling at the price. I remember last year Kitty Devenish said it looked simply——"

Hughie checked his soliloquy rather suddenly, and, if any one else had been present in the hansom, would probably have blushed a little. Miss Kitty Devenish was what cycle-dealers term "a last year's model," and at the present moment Hughie was driving to meet some one else. He continued—

"*Cutlets à la Reform.* Quite the best thing the kitchens turn out, but not so showy as they might be. Still, with old Huish's Crown Derby plates—it was decent of the old man to lend them; I hope to goodness Mrs Gunn won't do anything rash with them—they ought to do. . . . *Grassy Corner Pudding.* That always creates excitement, though it tastes rotten. . . . *Fruit Salad; Crême Brûlée.* That's safe enough. . . . *Macaroni au gratin.* She won't touch it, but it'll please Uncle Jimmy and Jack Ames. Wish I could have some myself! Never mind; only about six hours more!"

Hughie smacked his lips. It is hard to sit among the flesh-pots and not partake thereof. His fare at this feast would be cold beef and dry toast.

He turned over the envelope.

"H'm — drink. Don't suppose she'll have anything, but I can't take that for granted. There's a bottle of Berncastler Doctor and some Beaune. I wonder if it would be best to have them open before I ask her what she'll drink or ask her what she'll drink before I

open them. I'll have 'em open, I think. She might refuse if she saw the corks weren't drawn. Anyhow Mrs Ames will probably take some. But Great Scott! I must ask Mrs Ames first, mustn't I? That's settled anyway. *She*'ll probably take whatever Mrs Ames takes.

"Then there are the table decorations. I wish to goodness I could remember whether it *was* wall-flower she said. I think it must have been, because I remember making some putrid joke to her once about like attracting unlike. Anyhow, it's too late to change it now. I've plumped for wall-flower, and the room simply stinks of it.

"Then the seats. Me at the head, with Mrs Ames on one hand and her on the other. Uncle Jimmy at the end, with Ames on his left and Dicky Lunn between Mrs Ames and Uncle Jimmy. Yes, Ames *must* sit next her. Lord knows, Dicky Lunn should be safe enough, but you never know what sort of man a girl won't take a fancy too. And after all, Ames is married," added the infatuated youth.

"Then Mrs Gunn. I think I've told her everything." He feverishly ticked off his admonitions on his fingers. "Let me see—

"*One.* Not to put used plates on the floor.

"*Two.* Not to join in the conversation.

"*Three.* Not to let that wobbly affair in her bonnet dip into the food.

"*Four.* Not to breathe on things or polish them with her apron, except out of sight.

"*Five.* Not to attempt on any account to hand round the drink.

"*Six.* To go away directly after lunch and not trot in and out of the gyp-room munching remains.

"The tea-hamper should be all right. Trust the kitchens for that! I must remember to stick in a box of chocolates, though. And I don't think I need bother about dinner, as they are going to send in Richards to wait. Anyhow, I shall have the boat off my chest by that time. That will be something, especially *if*——"

Hughie lapsed into silence, and for a moment a vision of love requited gave place in his imagination to the spectacle of the Benedictine crew going Head of the river.

His reflections were interrupted by the arrival of his equipage at that combined masterpiece of imposing architecture and convenient arrangement, Cambridge railway station. The platform was crowded with young men, most of them in "athletic dress," waiting for the London train. The brows of all were seamed with care, partaking in all probability of the domestic and amorous variety which obsessed poor Hughie.

The train as usual dashed into the station with a haughty can't - stop - at - a - hole - like - this expression, only to clank across some points and grind itself to an ignominious and

asthmatic standstill at a distant point beside the solitary and interminable platform which, together with a ticket-office and a bookstall, prevents Cambridge railway station from being mistaken for a rather out-of-date dock-shed.

Presently Hughie, running rapidly, observed his guests descending from a carriage.

First came a pleasant-faced lady of between thirty and forty, followed by a stout and easy-going husband. Next an oldish gentleman with a white moustache and a choleric blue eye. And finally—pretty, fresh, and disturbing—appeared the *fons et origo* of the entire expedition, on whose account the disposition and incidents of Hughie's luncheon-party had been so cunningly planned and so laboriously rehearsed—Miss Mildred Freshwater.

The party greeted their host characteristically. His uncle, even as he shook hands, let drop a few fervent anticipatory remarks on the subject of lunch; Mr Ames, who was an old college boat captain, coupled his greeting with an anxious inquiry as to the club's prospects of success that evening; Mrs Ames' eyes plainly said—"Well, I've *brought* her, my boy; now wire in!" and Miss Freshwater, when it came to her turn, shook hands with an unaffected pleasure and *camaraderie* which would have suited Hughie better if there had been discernible upon her face what Yum-Yum once pithily summed up as "a trace of diffidence or shyness."

Still, Hughie was so enraptured with the vision before him that he failed to observe a small and shrinking figure which had shyly emerged from the train, and was hanging back, as if doubtful about its reception, behind Mrs Ames' skirts. Presently it detached itself and stood before Hughie in the form of a small girl with brown hair and wide grey eyes.

"Joey!" shouted Hughie.

"She would come!" explained his uncle, in the resigned tones of a strong man who knows his limits.

The lady indicated advanced to Hughie's side, and, taking his hand, rubbed herself ingratiatingly against him in the inarticulate but eloquent manner peculiar to dumb animals and young children.

CHAPTER THREE.—JIMMY MARRABLE.

Luncheon on the whole was a success, though Mrs Gunn's behaviour exceeded anything that Hughie had feared.

She began by keeping the ladies adjusting their hair in Hughie's bedroom for something like ten minutes, while she recited to them a detailed and revolting description of her most recent complaint. Later, she initiated an impromptu and unseemly campaign—beginning with a skirmish of whispers in the doorway, swelling uproariously to what sounded like a

duet between a cockatoo and a bloodhound on the landing outside, and dying away to an irregular fire of personal innuendoes, which dropped over the banisters one by one, like the gentle dew of heaven, on to the head of the retreating foe beneath—with a kitchenman over a thumb-mark on a pudding-plate.

But fortunately for Hughie the company tacitly agreed to regard her as a form of comic relief; and when she kept back the salad-dressing for the express purpose—frustrated at the very last moment—of pouring it over the sweets; yea, even when she suddenly plucked a hairpin from her head with which to spear a wasp in the Grassy Corner Pudding, the ladies agreed that she was "an old pet." When Mrs Ames went so far as to follow her into the gyp-room after lunch and thank her for her trouble in waiting upon them, Mrs Gunn, divided between extreme gratification and a desire to lose no time, unlimbered her batteries at once; and Hughie's tingling ears, as he handed round the coffee, overheard the portentous and mysterious fragment—"Well, mum, I put 'im straight to bed, and laid a hot flannel on his——" just as the door of the gyp-room swung to with a merciful bang.

It was now after two, and Hughie, in response to a generally expressed desire, laid before his guests a detailed programme for the afternoon. He proposed, first of all, to show them round the College. After that the party would proceed to Ditton Paddock in charge of Mr Richard Lunn—who, it will be remembered, had been selected by Hughie as cavalier on account of his exceptional qualifications for the post—in company with a substantial tea-basket, the contents of which he hoped would keep them fortified in body and spirit until the races began with the Second Division, about five-thirty.

"How are you going to get us down to Ditton, Hughie?" inquired his uncle.

"Well, there's a fly which will hold five of you, and I thought"—Hughie cleared his throat—"I could take the other one down in a canoe."

There was a brief pause, while the company, glancing at one another with varying expressions of solemnity, worked out mental problems in Permutations and Combinations. Presently the tactless Ames inquired—

"Which one are you going to take in the canoe?"

"Oh, anybody," said Hughie, in a voice which said as plainly as possible: "Silly old ass!" However, realising that it is no use to continue skirmishing after your cover has been destroyed, he directed a gaze of invitation upon Miss Freshwater, who was sitting beside him on the seat.

She turned to him before he could speak.

"Hughie," she said softly, "take that child. Just look at her!"

Hughie obediently swallowed

something, and turned to the wide-eyed and wistful picture on the sofa.

"Will you come, Joey?" he inquired.

The lady addressed signified, by a shudder of ecstasy, that the answer to the invitation was in the affirmative.

"Meanwhile," said Mr Marrable, "I am going to smoke a cigar before I stir out of this room. And if you people will spare Hughie for ten minutes, I'll keep him here and have a short talk with him. I must go back to-night."

The accommodating Mr Lunn suggested that this interval should be bridged by a personally conducted expedition to his rooms downstairs, where he would have great pleasure in exhibiting to the company a "rather decent" collection of door-knockers and bell-handles, the acquisition of which articles of *vertu* (he being a youth of strong wrist and fleet foot) was a special hobby of his.

Hughie was left alone with his uncle—the only relation he possessed in the world, and the man who had been to him both father and mother for nearly eighteen years.

Hughie had been born in India. His recollections of his parents were vague in the extreme, but if he shut both eyes and pressed hard upon them with his hands he could summon up various pictures of a beautiful lady, whose arms were decked with glittering playthings that jingled musically when she carved the chicken for Hughie's nursery dinner. He particularly remembered these arms, for their owner had a pleasant habit of coming up to kiss him goodnight after his ayah had put him to bed. On these occasions they were always bare; and Hughie remembered quite distinctly how much more comfortable they were then than next morning at tiffin, when they were enclosed in sleeves which sometimes scratched.

Of his father he remembered less, except that he was a very large person who wore gorgeous raiment of scarlet. Also things on his heels which clicked. He had a big voice, too, this man, and he used to amuse himself by training Hughie to stand stiffly erect whenever he cried "'Shun!"

Hughie also remembered a voyage in a big ship, where the passengers made much of him, and a fascinating person in a blue jersey (which unfortunately scratched) presented him with numerous string balls, which smelt most gloriously of tar but always fell into the Indian Ocean or some other inaccessible place.

Then he remembered arriving with his parents at a big bungalow in a compound full of grass plots and flower-beds, where a person whom he afterwards learned to call Uncle Jimmy greeted him gravely and asked him to accept his hospitality for a time. After that—quite soon—he remembered saying good-bye to his parents, or rather, his parents saying good-bye to him. The

big man shook him long and solemnly by the hand, which hurt a good deal but impressed Hughie deeply, and the beautiful lady's arms—with thick sleeves on, too!—clung round Hughie's neck till he thought he would choke. But he stood stiffly at "'shun" all the time, because his parents seemed thoroughly unhappy about something, and he desired to please them. He had never had a woman's arms round his neck since.

After his parents had gone he settled down happily enough in the big compound, which he soon learned to call "the garding." The name of the bungalow he gathered from most of the people with whom he came in contact was "The 'All," and uncle Jimmy, who apparently possessed more than one name, was invariably referred to by Hughie's friends in the village as "Ole Peppery."

Very shortly after his parents' departure Hughie overheard a conversation between his uncle and Mrs Capper, the lady who managed the household, which puzzled him a good deal.

"Understand, Capper, I won't have it," said his uncle.

"Think what people will say, sir," urged Mrs Capper respectfully but insistently.

"I don't care a"—Capper coughed discreetly here—"what people say. The boy is not going to be decked out in crape and hearse-plumes to please you or any other old woman."

"Hearse-plumes would not be essential, sir," said the literal Capper. "But I think the child should have a little black suit."

"The child will run about in his usual rags," replied Old Peppery, in a voice of thunder; "and if I catch you or any one else stuffing him up with yarns about canker-worms or hell-fire, or any trimmings of that description, I tell you straight that there will be the father and mother of a row."

"Yes, sir," said Capper meekly. "And I desire, sir," she added in the same even tone, "to give warning."

Thereupon Uncle Jimmy had stamped his way downstairs to the hall, and Hughie was left wondering what the warning could have been which Mrs Capper desired to utter. It must have been a weighty one, for she continued to deliver it at intervals during the next ten years, long indeed after Hughie's growing intelligence had discovered its meaning. But her utterances received about as much attention from her employer as Cassandra's from hers.

However, the immediate result of the conversation recorded above was that Mrs Capper made no attempt to deck Hughie in crape or hearse-plumes; and later on, when he was old enough to understand the meaning of death, his uncle told him how his parents had gone to their God together—"the happiest fate, old man, that can fall on husband and wife"—one stormy night in the Bay of

Biscay, in company with every other soul on board the troop-ship *Helianthus*, and that henceforth Hughie must be prepared to regard the broken-down old buffer before him as his father and mother.

Hughie had gravely accepted this arrangement, and for more than seventeen years he and his uncle had treated one another as father and son.

Jimmy Marrable was a little eccentric—but so are most old bachelors — and like a good many eccentric men he rather prided himself on his peculiarities. If anything, he rather cultivated them. One of his most startling characteristics was a habit of thinking aloud. He would emerge unexpectedly from a brown study, to comment to himself with stunning suddenness and absolute candour on the appearance and manners of those around him. It was credibly reported that he had once taken a rather intense and voluble lady in to dinner, and after regarding her for some time with a fixity of attention which had deluded the good soul into the belief that he was hanging on her lips, had remarked to himself, with appalling distinctness, during a lull in the conversation: "Guinea set—misfit at the top—gutta-percha fixings —wonder they don't drop into her soup!" and continued his meal without any apparent consciousness of having said anything unusual.

He was eccentric, too, about other matters. Once Hughie, returning from school for his holidays, discovered that there had been an addition to the family in his absence.

Mrs Capper's very face in the hall told him that something was wrong. Its owner informed Hughie that though one should be prepared to take life as one found it, and live and let live had been her motto from infancy, her equilibrium ever since the thing had happened had lain at the mercy of the first aggressively-disposed feather that came along, and what people in the neighbourhood would say she dared not think.

She ran on. Hughie waited patiently, and presently unearthed the facts.

A few weeks ago the master had returned from a protracted visit to London, bringing with him two children. He had announced that the pair were henceforth to be regarded as permanent inmates of the establishment. Beyond the fact that one brat was fair and a boy and the other darkish and a girl, and that Mrs Capper had given warning on sight, Hughie could elicit nothing, and waited composedly for his uncle to come home from shooting.

Jimmy Marrable, when he arrived, was not communicative. He merely stated that the little devils were the children of an old friend of his, called Gaymer, who had died suddenly and left them to be brought up by him as guardian.

"And Hughie, my son," he concluded, "if you don't want your head bitten off you will

refrain in this case from indulging in your propensity for asking why and getting to the bottom of things. I'm not best pleased at finding them on my hands, but here they are and there's an end of it. The girl is five—ten years younger than you—and the boy's eight. She is called Joan, and his idiotic name is Lancelot Wellesley. I wonder they didn't christen him Galahad Napoleon! Come upstairs and see them."

All this had occurred seven years ago. During that time Lancelot Wellesley Gaymer had grown up sufficiently to go to a public school, and consequently Miss Joan Gaymer had been left very much in the company of the curious old gentleman whom she had soon learned to call Unker Zimmy. Of their relations it will be sufficient at present to mention that a more curiously assorted and more thoroughly devoted couple it would be difficult to find.

Jimmy Marrable reclined on the window seat and smoked his cigar. His nephew, enviously eyeing the blue smoke, sprawled in an armchair.

"Hughie," said the elder man suddenly, "how old are you? Twenty-one, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And are you going down for good next week?"

"Yes." Hughie sighed.

"Got a degree?"

"Tell you on Tuesday."

"Tell me now."

"Well—yes, I should think."

"What in?"

"Mechanical Stinks—Engineering. Second Class, if I'm lucky."

"Um. Got any vices?"

"Not specially."

"Drink?"

"No."

"Not a teetotaller?" said Jimmy Marrable in some concern.

"No."

"That's good. Ever been drunk?"

"Yes."

"Badly, I mean. I'm not talking about bump-supper exhilaration."

"Only once."

"When?"

"My first term."

"What for?"

"To see what it was like."

"Perfectly sound proceeding," commented Jimmy Marrable. "What were your impressions of the experiment?"

"I haven't got any," said Hughie frankly. "I only woke up next morning in bed with my boots on."

"Who put you there?"

"Seven other devils."

"And you have not repeated the experiment?"

"No. There's no need. I know my capacity to a glass now."

"Then you know something really worth knowing," remarked Jimmy Marrable with sincerity. "Now, what are you going to do with yourself? Why not go and see the world a bit? You have always wanted to. And do it thoroughly while you are about it. Take five years over it; ten if you like. You *will* like, you

know. It's in the blood. That's why I think you are wise not to want to enter the Service. You can always scrape in somewhere if there *is* a war, and barrack-life in time of peace would corrode your very heart out. It nearly killed your dad at five-and-twenty. That was why he exchanged and took to the Frontier, and ended his days in command of a Goorkha regiment. Life at first hand; that's what we Marrables thrive on! I never set foot in this country myself between the ages of twenty and thirty-three. I would come with you again if it wasn't for Anno Domini—and the nippers. But you'll find a good many old friends of mine dotted about the world. They're not all folk I could give you letters of introduction to—some of 'em don't speak English and others can't read and write; but they'll show you the ropes better than any courier. You take my advice, and go. England is no place for a young man with money and no particular profession, until he's over thirty and ready to marry. Will you go, Hughie?"

Hughie's expression showed that he was considering the point rather reluctantly. His uncle continued—

"Money all right, I suppose? You have eight hundred a-year now you are of age. Got any debts, eh? I'll help you."

"None to speak of. Thanks all the same."

"Well; why not go?"

"I should like to go more than anything," said Hughie slowly, "but——"

"Well?"

"I don't know—that is——"

"I *do*," said Jimmy Marrable with characteristic frankness. "You are struggling between an instinct which tells you to do the sensible thing and an overpowering desire to do a dashed silly one."

Hughie grew very red.

His uncle continued—

"You want to marry that girl."

Hughie blazed up.

"I do," he said rather defiantly.

The cigar glowed undisturbedly.

"You think that life has no greater happiness to offer you?"

"I am sure of it," said Hughie with the air of one stating a simple truth.

"And you are twenty-one?"

"Ye—es," with less fire.

Jimmy Marrable smoked reflectively for a few minutes.

"I am an old bachelor," he said at last, "and old bachelors are supposed to know nothing about love-affairs. The truth of course is that they know far more than any one else."

Hughie was accustomed to these *obiter dicta*.

"Why?" he asked dutifully.

"Well, for the same reason that a broken swashbuckler knows a deal more about soldiering than a duly enrolled private of the line. He has had a more varied experience. The longer a man remains a bachelor the more he learns

about women; and the more he learns about women the better able he will be to make his way in the world. Therefore, if he marries young he reduces his chances of success in life to a minimum. The sad part about it all is that, provided he gets the girl he wants, he doesn't care. That, by the way, is the reason why nearly all the most famous men in history have either been unhappily married or not married at all. Happiness has no history. Happily married men are never ambitious. They don't go toiling and panting after——"

"They have no need to," said Hughie. "A man doesn't go on running after a tram-car after he has caught it."

"That begs the question, Hughie. It presumes that all the available happiness in the world is contained in one particular tram-car. Besides, the tram-cars you mean are intended for men over thirty. The young ought to walk."

Hughie realised that the conversation was growing rather too subtle for him, and reverted to plain cut and thrust.

"Then you think no man should marry before thirty?" he said.

"Nothing of the kind! It depends on the man. If he is a steady, decent, average sort of fellow, who regards a ledger as a Bible and an office-stool as a stepping-stone to the summit of the universe, and possesses no particular aptitude for the rough-and-tumble of life, the sooner he marries and settles down as a contented old pram-pusher the better for him and the nation. Do you fancy yourself in that line, Hughie?"

"No-o-o," said Hughie reluctantly. "But I might learn," he added hopefully. "I'm a pretty adaptable bloke."

Jimmy Marrable threw his cigar-end out of the window, and sat up.

"Listen, Hughie," he said, "and I'll tell you what you *really* are. You are the son of a mother who climbed out of her bedroom window (and let herself down a rain-pipe that I wouldn't have trusted a monkey on) in order to elope with the man she loved. Your father was the commander of as tough a native regiment as I have ever known. Your grandfather was an explorer. I've been a bit of a rolling-stone myself. About one relation of yours in three dies in his bed. You come of a stock which prefers to go and see things for itself rather than read about them in the newspaper, and which has acquired a considerable knowledge of the art of handling men in the process. Those are rather rare assets. If you take a woman in tow at the tender age of twenty-one, there will be a disaster. Either you will sit at home and eat your heart out, or you will go abroad and leave her to eat out hers. Am I talking sense?"

Hughie sighed like a furnace.

"Yes, confound you!" he said.

"Will you promise not to rush into matrimony, then?"

"Perhaps she'll wait for me," mused Hughie.

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-one, like me."

"H'm," remarked Jimmy Marrable drily. "That means that she is for all practical purposes ten years your senior. However, perhaps she will. Pigs might fly. But will you promise me to think the matter over very carefully before deciding not to go abroad?"

"Yes," said Hughie.

"That being the case," continued his uncle briskly, "I want to tell you one or two things. If you do go, I may never see you again."

"I say," said Hughie in alarm, "there's nothing wrong with your health, is there, old man?"

"Bless you, no! But once a Marrable takes to the wilds, Methuselah himself couldn't reckon on living long enough to see him again. So I am going to talk to you while I've got you. I am taking this opportunity of being near town to see my solicitor and make my will. I am fit enough, but I am fifty this year; and at that age a man ought to make some disposition of his property. I may as well tell you that I have left you nothing. Annoyed?"

"Not in the least."

"And I have left nothing to Master Lance."

Hughie looked a little surprised at this.

"I mean to start him on his own legs before my demise," explained Jimmy Marrable. "Immediately, in fact. That is partly what I am going up to town for. I am investing a sum for him which ought to bring him in about two hundred a-year for the rest of his life. He's nearly sixteen now, and he'll have to administer his income himself — pay his own schoolbills and everything. Just as I made you do. Nothing like accustoming a boy to handling money when he's young. Then he doesn't go a mucker when he suddenly comes into a lot of it. I shan't give him more, because it would prevent him from working. Two hundred won't. A slug would perhaps live contentedly enough on it, but Lancelot Wellesley Gaymer is a pretentious young sweep, and he'll work in order to gain the means for making a splash. The two hundred will keep him going till he finds his feet."

Jimmy Marrable paused, and surveyed his nephew rather irritably.

"Well," he inquired at length, "haven't you any contribution to make to this conversation?"

"Can't say I have had much chance so far," replied the disrespectful Hughie.

"Don't you want to know what I'm going to do with the rest of my money? That's a question that a good many people are worrying themselves about. Don't you want to join in the inquisition?"

"Can't say I do. No business of mine."

His uncle surveyed him curiously.

"You're infernally like your father, Hughie," he said. "Well, I'm going to leave it to Joey."

"Good scheme," said Hughie.

"You think so?"

"Rather!"

"There's a lot of it," continued his uncle reflectively. "Some of it is tied up rather queerly, too. My executors will have a bit of a job."

He surveyed the impassive Hughie again.

"Don't you want to know who my executors are?" he inquired quite angrily.

"No," said Hughie, who was deep in other thoughts at the moment. "Not my business," he repeated.

"Hughie," said Jimmy Marrable, "you are poor Arthur over again. He was a cursedly irritating chap at times," he added explosively.

A babble of cheerful voices on the staircase announced the return of the safe-looking Mr Lunn and party. They flowed in, entranced with that gentleman's door-knockers (the countenances of which, by the way, were usually compared by undergraduate critics, not at all unfavourably, with that of their owner), and declared themselves quite ready now to be properly impressed by whatever features of the College Hughie should be pleased to exhibit to them.

One tour round a college is very like another; and we need not therefore follow our friends up and down winding staircases, or in and out of chapels and libraries, while they gaze down upon the resting-places of the illustrious dead or gape up at the ephemeral abodes of the undistinguished living.

The expedition was chiefly remarkable (to the observant eye of Mrs Ames) for the efforts made by its conductor to get lost in suitable company—an enterprise which was invariably frustrated by the resolute conduct of that small but determined hero-worshipper, Miss Joan Gaymer. On one occasion, however, Hughie and Miss Freshwater were left together for a moment. The party had finished surveying the prospect from the roof of the College Chapel, and were painfully groping their way in single file down a spiral staircase. Only Hughie, Miss Freshwater, and the ubiquitous Miss Gaymer were left at the top.

"You go next, Joey," said Hughie; "then Miss Freshwater, then me."

The lady addressed plunged obediently into the gloomy chasm at her feet. She observed with frank jealousy that the other two did not immediately follow her, and accordingly waited for them in the belfry half-way down.

Presently she heard their footsteps descending; and Miss Freshwater's voice said—

"I wanted to tell you about it first of anybody, Hughie, because you and I have always been such friends. Nobody else knows yet."

There was a silence, broken only by Hughie's footsteps,

evidently negotiating a difficult turn. Then Miss Freshwater's voice continued, a little wistfully—

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

And Hughie's voice, sounding strangely sepulchral in the echoing darkness, replied—

"Rather! I—I—hope you'll be very happy. Mind that step."

Miss Gaymer wondered what it was all about.

Hughie found an opportunity before the day was over of holding another brief conversation with his uncle, in the course of which he expressed an opinion on the advantages of immediate and extensive foreign travel which sent that opponent of early marriages back to town in a thoroughly satisfied frame of mind.

"There ought to be a statue," said Jimmy Marrable to his cigar, as he leaned back reflectively in his railway-carriage, "set up in the capital of every British Colony, representing a female figure in an attitude of aloofness, and inscribed: *Erected by a grateful Colony to its Principal Emigration Agent—The Girl at Home Who Married Somebody Else.*"

Then he sighed to himself—rather forlornly, a woman would have said.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR JOHN ARDAGH.

BY GENERAL
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

LADY MALMESBURY opens her book[1] with a good story. Ardagh's father, an Irish squarson of the old sporting type who hunted a pack of hounds in friendly conjunction with the Roman Catholic priest of his parish, and a practical farmer, received from his son, a cadet at Woolwich, a dissertation upon farming, in reply to which, "with gentle irony," he offered to send the cadet a paper on military engineering.

This story, taken by itself, might convey the impression that Ardagh was lacking in modesty and apt to thrust his advice upon others. Such an impression would be entirely false, for one of his most remarkable characteristics was his unaffected modesty, which, in the opinion of the writer of this notice, who knew him for more than forty years, is largely responsible for his having been less known to the general public than his great services entitled him to be.

Of the wide range of his gifts we glean some knowledge from the opening pages of the Life. As a boy of seventeen he took a prize in Hebrew at Trinity College, Dublin. He passed first out of Woolwich, where he was the favourite pupil of that eminent mathematician, Professor Sylvester; and it is needless to say that such a place could not have been obtained without high proficiency as a military draughtsman.

As a boy, Lady Malmesbury tells us, he was particularly contradictious and argumentative, and had a fiery temper only moderately under control; but to those who knew him well after he had attained to manhood, he always appeared exceptionally cool, calm, and patient, so that his early faults of character must have been conquered by an indomitable will.

Ardagh made his first mark outside his purely military duties at the age of twenty, as a passenger on board the auxiliary screw-steamship *Victoria*, on an Atlantic voyage, when, with rudder-chains broken and pumps choked, she sprung a leak and had six feet of water in her engine-room. Ardagh found the cause of the choking of the pumps, had temporary additional pumps made out of his men's mess-tables, and later, with his men's aid, tinkered up the engines. "Had it not been for Ardagh and his engineers," writes a fellow-passenger, "we must have gone down." Al-

[1] Life of Sir John Ardagh. By Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. John Murray.

though Ardagh in his report attributed to others all the credit of saving the ship, he was publicly thanked on parade, by order of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, for his conduct on this occasion.

Before we pass to the later practical life of the man, two extracts from the chapter dealing with the days of his youth may be quoted as illustrative of his love of poetry and art.

"He was," writes one who saw much of him in his earlier days, "much struck by Shelley's opinions, and greatly admired Tennyson and Kingsley, reading aloud and reciting to us "Œnone," "Tithonus," "Maud," "Queen Mab," &c.

And he himself, describing the view from the top of a mountain in Skye, thus writes:

"The Ross-shire mountains are principally composed of pearl and sapphire; the Minch, which some may believe to be made of sea-water, is in reality emerald strewn with diamond dust; while the islands are rocks of turquoise and rubies set in agate."

He was a prolific painter, with an intense love of colour, and the rubies and emeralds, the diamonds and the sapphires which he saw with his mind's eye, are to be found in his vast number of sketches made in all lands.

His boating experiences at Chatham as a young officer, his three months' voyage on board the *Victoria*, and many yachting expeditions made him an expert sailor, and no less an authority than Lord Charles Beresford writes: "Ardagh had a thorough knowledge of both services which I have never known equalled."

To this equipment of natural endowments, and of knowledge of many subjects gained by study and from practical experience, Ardagh added the great qualities of patience and perseverance. Only those who have tried to keep a complete journal, which must be written at the close of a long and exhausting day's work, under unfavourable conditions of climate and the discomfort of travel or rough camp life, can appreciate the qualities required to write such a diary as that from which Lady Malmesbury derives her main sources of information, a journal not confined to a mere record of the day's proceedings, but full of reflections pregnant with thought, and with graphic descriptions of men and events.

After serving as Secretary to the Committee on Fortifications, Ardagh was appointed Secretary to the Committee on Coast Defences, which was formed during the Franco-German War to examine into the condition and efficiency of the various works erected for the defence of the coast of Great Britain. In February 1871 he obtained leave to visit Paris, where he witnessed the entry of the German troops. On March 2 he called on Baron von Holstein at Versailles, and thus describes the interview—

"He conducted me into a room and said: 'You have arrived at an important moment; there on the table are the preliminaries of Peace.' It was then about 2.30 P.M. The

document had several large red seals and signatures upon it, and the room, which I presume was Prince Bismarck's, seemed to have been just used for a conference."

On 3d March he witnessed the return by the pontoon bridge at Suresnes of the German Emperor and the troops whom he had just reviewed at Longchamp.

"Presently a cry was passed along from the other bank. 'Der Kaiser!' and after a minute or two the Headquarters Staff appeared and began to cross the bridge—a heterogeneous mixture of brilliant uniforms. . . .

"The Emperor-King and the Crown Prince were in an open carriage, both looking remarkably well; Bismarck was in a carriage, looking much older than his photographs represent him, having an abstracted and thoughtful expression and deep wrinkles on his face. Moltke looked impassible and imperturbable and in very good condition. I think Von Roon was with him, but am not sure. The Crown Prince of Saxony, the King of Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and a whole tribe of minor princes formed part of the cortège.

"A cloudless sky, a sun as hot as an English May, a view of great natural beauty, enlivened by the variegated uniforms of the German sovereigns and their officers and aides, added to the importance of the occasion and rendered the spectacle one of surpassing interest. Yet the few French present were more intent on selling their little wares than on any thought of the German exodus, and the only expression of feeling on the part of the Prussian soldiers who stood about was one mild, ill-sustained, and, indeed, half-hearted shout when the Emperor passed by. No other individual, not even Bismarck or Moltke, was taken the least notice of. Meanwhile the cavalry and artillery marched off on the opposite bank towards Neuilly, the White Cuirassiers and the light blue Saxon cavalry being particularly conspicuous. Eight or ten more battalions crossed and then all was quiet. The men were in admirable condition, large, broad-shouldered, healthy, bearing their knapsacks, cloaks, canteens, and water-bottles without the least apparent exertion, and had an intelligent and gentle appearance."

From Paris where he had examined the state of the fortifications he travelled, with the same object in view, to Belfort and Strasburg, and, the Commune having broken out, returned by Cologne and Belgium to England. After a spell of service at Malta, where that insidious disease known as Malta fever attacked him, he was compelled to take six months' sick leave, which he spent in visiting the battle-fields of the late war, and in Germany. In 1872 he entered the Staff College. Few men have ever joined that institution with so good a record of work already done, and with so wide an experience. When he left it in 1874 he obtained special mention in Geology, German, and Experimental Sciences, which he had taken up as voluntary subjects, and in Italian and Landscape as extra subjects. Thus, by his constant application and study, he added to that equipment we have already described, and no better selection could have been made for the Intelligence Branch, to which he was appointed early in 1875, on the recommendation of its first Chief Major-General Sir Patrick MacDougall, and in which some of the best work of his life was to be done.

In May 1876 Servia and Montenegro declared war against the Porte, but met

with no success, and in September appealed for the intervention of the Powers. Ardagh was sent out on special service to the seat of war, and arrived at Nisch on 24th September, when the Turkish army was encamped opposite Alexinatz, and fresh hostilities were imminent. He was with Sir Arnold Kemball, the British military attaché, in the Turkish camp, when he was suddenly summoned to Constantinople under circumstances which he thus relates—

"During the Turco-Servian War of 1876 Russia presented an ultimatum to the Porte. I was then at Nisch with the Turkish army, which had gained some successes over the Servians; and apprehending a *coup-de-main* on Constantinople, I hurried thither and was instructed by the Government, through Sir Henry Elliot, to survey and prepare a project for the defence of the city.

"Accompanied by General Baker Pasha, I selected what is known as the Buyuk-Tchekmedjé-Derkos position across the Thracian Khersonese, and surveyed it alone at an unusually rapid rate of fifteen square miles a-day, with a view to the construction on it of a line of fortifications for the protection of Constantinople."

Later on works were actually constructed on the site thus selected. In December Ardagh was ordered by Lord Salisbury to proceed to Tirnova, north of the Balkans, to report upon certain alleged acts of violence, and had hardly reached his destination when fever laid him by the heels for nearly three weeks; but he completed his investigations, and made a valuable report, illustrated by maps, on the condition of Bulgaria, and then returned to Constantinople, whence, having obtained two months' leave, he proceeded to Egypt, travelling up the Nile, and making notes. He returned by way of Greece. In December of this year (1877) he was sent to Italy on special service. Our Intelligence Branch was at this time a new creation, and we had no military attaché in Italy, but facilities were given to Ardagh to collect information relating to the Italian army, and to visit the fortifications round Rome, the Franco-Italian frontier works, and the coast defences of the Riviera.

Shortly after his return to England he was, in June 1878, selected to accompany Sir Lintorn Simmons to Berlin as technical military delegate attached to the special Embassy to the Congress of the Powers, which assembled after the war between Russia and Turkey had ended with the Treaty of San Stefano. Here he was employed in drafting and examining the various boundary proposals that were laid before the Congress, and in the preparation of maps. This appointment brought him into touch with Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield, and on his return to England he was thanked together with Sir Lintorn Simmons both by Lord Salisbury and the Commander-in-Chief for the "great services they had rendered to H.M. Plenipotentiaries, more especially in regard to questions of military topography and the delimitation of boundaries." He was granted the Civil Companionship of the Bath, and Lord Beaconsfield wrote to him, "I have brought

before the Queen your able and valuable services during the Congress of Berlin, and previously in the scene of war." And there is no doubt that those services had materially contributed to enable Lord Beaconsfield to declare on his return that he brought back "peace with honour."

As the necessary corollary to the Berlin Treaty came the actual delimitation of the boundaries upon the spot, and in October 1878 we find Ardagh at Constantinople, as assistant to Colonel Home, R.E., the British Member of the International Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of the new Principality of Bulgaria. Writing on 1st October, he dwells on the delays caused by the fast of Ramadan and the feast of Bairam, gives a graphic description of Constantinople, its streets and its dogs, tells an amusing story of the unfinished "New Bridge" over the Golden Horn, and says—

"I should like to tell you of several other swindles, but time would fail me to relate all these iniquities. I was in hopes that the Government would have been a little purified and purged of corruption by war and trial, but I hear of no improvement. Financial embarrassment and internal disorder have increased; injustice and corruption have not diminished. The only bright spots in so dark a picture are the Moslem peasant and soldier."

Later he visited the lines which had been constructed on the site surveyed by him in 1876, and writes—

"The principal impression which the lines as they now stand leave on the mind is that of scandalous and criminal neglect on the part of the Government and the officers, who for a year or more omitted to avail themselves of this excellent position, and finally gave it up without a struggle. If crucifixion and impalement were still in vogue (as Mr MacColl thinks), Suleiman, Mahmoud Damat, Redif, and a host of others, merit these punishments for their infamous mismanagement. For a General there are but two alternative judgments. His motives have either been loyal or treasonable. In the former case, his acts may have been imprudent and ill-judged, but those who appointed him must bear the responsibility. In the latter case, his life should be forfeit. My impression is that Suleiman merited death, if anything."

Then he was sent by Sir Henry Layard, our Ambassador to the Porte, to inquire into cases of brigandage in the mountains north of Rodosto, and to report upon the withdrawal of the Russians, and in the beginning of November we find him with the assembled Commission at Silistria, working hard with his colleague Lieutenant (now Lieut.-General Sir Herbert) Chermside, surveying the boundary to Kadikeui. "As for the boundary," he writes, "it has gone as smoothly as a solid majority of six to one could make it. Colonel Bogoliubow forms a standing minority by himself." This same colonel had been the Russian technical delegate to the Berlin Congress, where he had equally occupied a watertight compartment by himself, and had left without signing the maps of the other Powers, or consenting to his own being corrected, though it differed from all the others. Finally, at Pera, where the maps were all completed and the Commission met to sign them, Bogoliubow refused to

sign, and recorded on the proceedings that he could not even name a day when he might have further instructions from his Government.

Winter suspended the work of the Commission, and Colonel Home having died of fever at Constantinople, General Hamley took his place, leaving England with Ardagh, in March 1879, for Constantinople, where it was arranged that Ardagh should proceed in charge of a surveying party to delimitate that part of the frontier from Ichtiman to the summit of the Rhodope, which had been left unfinished by the Russians in the autumn. His companions were Captain (now Lieut.-General Sir Edmond) Elles, Captain (afterwards Colonel Sir William) Everett, Lieutenant Hare, R.E., a doctor, and an interpreter. His diary during the time when he was working under great discomfort at high altitudes is full of amusing incidents; stories of Skobeloff, related by Russian officers; a fête with a regiment of Russian hussars where the officers danced with each other, and "a very fat major displayed a proficiency in the *cancan* which would have made Mabille turn green with envy"; the Russian lieutenant who dined with the English officers and was afterwards lifted on to his horse, and "if he got home safely, it is to the horse that all the credit belongs"; the preparations for a banquet by the same hussar regiment, when outposts on all the roads seized the fowls and vegetables coming in to market; the stout major instructing a tinker in the art of making blancmange moulds; the eight dozen of champagne and two hundred bottles of other liquor laid in for the eighty expected guests, and the "real ladies" who were to come from Sofia for the occasion. When he enters the district of rose culture he describes the distillation of the scent, and winds up by adding, "To-night we settled the frontier as far as the Rabanitza Pass, 5300 feet high."

The journal during the progress of the Commission is excellent reading. Nothing escaped observation. There are clever comments on the Schipka Pass and the Han-Keui Pass by which Gourko penetrated the Balkans. The Russians were still in occupation; they were drilling the population of Eastern Roumelia, and Ardagh estimates that fifty million ball-cartridges had been brought up to arm the people against their Suzerain. "And this," he writes, "is what the Russians call carrying out the Treaty of Berlin." The roads were infested by brigands, who fired even upon the Russian soldiers. Bogoliubow made no secret of the fact that preparation for insurrection was part of the Russian programme. Here is a significant sentence, "It is as clear as noonday that the Bulgarians oppress the Turks infinitely more than ever the Turks did the Bulgarians. Witness the deliberately ruined mosques, demolished houses, and desecrated graveyards." And again, "Two-thirds of the Turkish houses at Samekov have been destroyed and the remaining Moslems would willingly leave if they could sell their things. In-

famous oppression prevails. Would that Gladstone and his followers could share the misery for which they are responsible."

Djuma was found occupied, in flagrant defiance of the Treaty of Berlin, by the Bulgarians, who were burning the Turkish houses. The Commission visited nine different centres of conflagration, and it was long before Ardagh's strong remonstrances, backed in a half-hearted way by the Austrian Commissioner, induced Bogoliubow to order the Bulgarians to withdraw. A delay caused by a dispute as to the line of position, sent Ardagh to Constantinople; but in August he was at work on the frontier again, and back at Therapia in September, where the Commission was still sitting. He thus describes the work done in the interval—

"Of forty-six days' absence three were lost from various causes, twenty were devoted to travelling, and twenty-three to surveying. Sixty-one miles of frontier covering 218 square miles of country were surveyed: 107 by me, 69 by Jones, 29 by Everett, and 13 by de Wolski, who did all the triangulation. Our maximum rate was, therefore, five square miles a-day, which, considering the enormous features of the country, is very rapid. At Buyuk-Tchekmedjé, three years ago, I did 150 miles in fifteen days, but the country was flat in comparison to the Rhodopé."

His work for the Commission completed, Ardagh visited Batoum and Poti, whence he went by rail to Tiflis; thence he visited Kertch, Sebastopol, and the battle-fields of the Crimea, returning home by Odessa, Moscow, St Petersburg, Helsingfors and Stockholm. On board a steamer on the Black Sea he wrote a memorandum of the deepest interest on the condition of the Ottoman Empire. He deals with the peasantry, replete with virtues, and contrasts them with the ruling classes, "the scoundrels who misgovern them." He speaks of the effect of polygamy, and shows how it is practically confined to the very rich. He says that "the antipathy existing between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland is far stronger than that between Mohammedans and Christians in Turkey. I have seen numbers of mosques burnt, but not one church." He speaks of the pure, clean life of the soldier and of the peasant, who "says his prayers honestly in the sight of all men, wherever he may be, while your pasha probably never says any prayers at all, or if he does it is only to keep up appearances." The peasant he has always found a hard worker, faithful, generous, and hospitable. "Every Mohammedan peasant is born a soldier," and his courage is beyond praise. The only good quality which he allows to the ruling classes is bravery. "Even the fat old pasha, corrupt and sensual, will not dream of holding back from the thick of the fight."

At the present time, when the affairs of Turkey and of the Balkans are so much before the world, and we are all hoping that the rule of the corrupt and sensual pasha is at end, everyone should read this remarkable memorandum, written by a highly educated thoughtful man fresh from

living among Turks of all classes, and not only this memorandum, but the many other passages in the diary which throw side-lights upon the people of the Balkans.

In 1880, in consequence of events which are admirably sketched by Lady Malmesbury, a Conference was held at Berlin to decide upon a line of frontier between Greece and Turkey; and at this Conference Ardagh was again a military technical delegate. While the award was under consideration by the Porte, Ardagh, who for the past two years had had this question much in mind, was sent to Constantinople, whence, after a Convention embodying the Berlin award had been signed in May and ratified in June 1881, he started for the new frontier as Chief of the English Section of the International Delimitation Commission, which was accompanied by an International Evacuation Commission, whose English section was under Sir Edward Hamley. Here the work was, if anything, more difficult than that of the Bulgarian frontier delimitation. The mountain tracks were execrable and dangerous; the Turks employed the same obstructive tactics as the Russians had displayed on the Bulgarian frontier. There were even more brigands about. One Greek brigand chief, Daveli, had made up his mind to capture Ardagh and his Commission, but neither he nor the Turkish brigand Roustan Bey, a *ci-devant* chief of police, who had sworn to cut all their throats, ever dared to face the escort without which the Commission never ventured to move. But the two brigands fought a serious combat against each other, in which Daveli routed Roustan, and killed many of his band, whose unburied corpses were seen by Ardagh a week after the fight. This fight, which took place within hearing of the Commission (other than the English section), accelerated their movements, but their work was scamped, and Ardagh's assistants actually had to erect the stone cairns necessary as signals, which their foreign colleagues had neglected to erect. In October, the work accomplished, Ardagh returned to Constantinople. During these four months of arduous and often dangerous work, he steadily kept up his journal, which is full of amusing stories and delightful word pictures. Though specially recommended by Lord Dufferin, our Ambassador to the Porte, for his "eminent services" on this Commission, Ardagh, who had been made a brevet-major for his services on the Bulgarian Commission, received no reward, and was not allowed to accept the Order of the Saviour offered by the King of the Hellenes. But it was not long before other services gave him his next brevet.

On his return to England, Ardagh was offered and accepted the post of Instructor in Military Law and History at the Chatham School of Military Engineering, but a few months later, in July 1882, he was hastily summoned and sent to Egypt. On arrival at Cyprus

with General Sir Archibald Alison on board H.M.S. *Salamis*, they found there two other men-of-war, with two battalions of infantry and a company of Engineers on board, took in such Engineer stores as could be obtained, and sailed for Alexandria. On the way they learnt from a despatch vessel of the bombardment of Alexandria, of the landing of sailors from the fleet, and of the need for reinforcements. On the 17th they landed at Alexandria, and Ardagh, who had been appointed Commanding Royal Engineer, at once proceeded to see to the water-supply, and to repair and strengthen the defences. On the 19th, accompanied by Ardagh, Sir Archibald reconnoitred in the direction of Arábi's entrenched position at Kafr-ed-Dawar, seventeen miles from Alexandria, on the Cairo Railway. The journal up to the middle of August is a record of hard practical work, strengthening the defences of Ramleh, and securing a sufficient water-supply for Alexandria, and of further reconnaissance of Arábi's position. On the 15th August Sir Garnet Wolseley landed at Alexandria; on the 18th a feint of an attack was made by the fleet at the bay of Abukir, and forty-eight hours later Port Said, Ismailia, and Kantara were in the hands of the British troops, and the Suez Canal in the occupation of the British Navy.

Ardagh was now ordered to join Sir Garnet Wolseley, by whom he was, after his arrival at Ismailia on 29th August, employed in the Intelligence Department and for railway work. The action of Kassassin had been fought, the dam made by Arábi on the Fresh Water Canal had been taken and destroyed, and the preparations were going on for the attack of Arábi's entrenched position at Tel-el-Kebir. The night march, the attack at earliest dawn of the 13th September, the capture of the position, Arábi's flight and surrender to Herbert Stewart at Cairo, are too well known to need description. Ardagh accompanied the Headquarter Staff.

He remained at Tel-el-Kebir as senior officer for railways until 21st September, working under immense difficulties, driving trains himself when no other help could be found. Major Wallace, the Chief Railway Engineer, in a paper contributed to the 'Professional Papers of the Royal Engineers,' speaks of "his sound judgment, good advice, readiness of resource in difficulties, and above all his indomitable energy and good example." He was cheerfully and willingly serving under a junior officer, knowing that everything depended at this time on the efficient working of the train service.

He now joined the Headquarter Staff at the Abdin Palace at Cairo, and having been appointed D.A.A.G., served under Sir Archibald Alison, and later under Sir Frederick Stephenson, holding this appointment till September 1884.

One day in September 1882 a fire broke out at the railway station at Cairo, which was full of trucks laden with ammunition, and where it was

believed there was a large quantity of powder stored in an adjoining warehouse. Ardagh and Colonel (now General Sir Coleridge) Grove worked all through the night, removing the trucks and extinguishing the fire. He remained at Cairo till the spring, passing much of his time in surveying. Lord Grenfell thus writes of him at that time—

"His was a charming character. He was a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge, and was always ready to impart his information. His kindness of heart and quiet modest manner, combined with the most soldier-like qualities, made him a useful, pleasant, and lovable associate."

In November he was made a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. On January 1, 1883, he writes—

"We cannot tell how long we may stay here. My own idea is that the link which now exists between England and Egypt should never be broken. I advocated taking Egypt in 1870, in 1876, and 1878, and at last my wish is realised; but with a Government in power which can always give fifty good reasons for doing nothing I have no great hope for the future."

In April he paid a second visit to Jerusalem, where he met his old friend General Charles Gordon.

In July he had gone on leave to England: where he learnt that cholera had broken out in Cairo, and hastened back to his post, where he devoted himself to combating the disease.

In November the Egyptian troops sent to the relief of Tokar were defeated, and Hicks Pasha and his army annihilated in the Sudán. Gordon left Cairo for Khartúm on 26th January 1884; Baker Pasha's Egyptian force met with disaster at El-Teb in February, and Tewfik Bey, Governor of Suakin, was cut to pieces with his whole force in attempting to fight his way from Sinkat to the coast.

Then followed the expedition under General Sir Gerald Graham for the relief of Tokar, to which Ardagh was appointed to combine the duties of Chief of the Intelligence Department and commanding Royal Engineer, in which latter post the construction of landing-stages, arrangements for condensing, storing, and transporting water, improvement of defences of the base and construction of a road across the marsh fell to his share.

On the 29th was fought the action of El-Teb, in which the British force lost 189 killed and wounded, and upwards of 2000 Arabs were buried after the fight. An incident of this fight is worth recording, as illustrative of the courage of that fine soldier Valentine Baker Pasha.

Major Wood, R.E., writes—

"We were talking together about the operations when Baker Pasha suddenly clapped his hand to his face and, as he had involuntarily twitched the bridle, his horse spun completely round; yet Baker never moved in his saddle, and in an instant was sitting erect, facing the enemy's guns. I thought he had been struck by a pebble from the ground as the shot were falling short; so, when he quietly rode to the ambulance in the middle of the square I did not go with him. In a few moments Baker came back with his cheek strapped up and we continued our discussion. It is marvellous that he was not

knocked out of his saddle, for the shot, which had lodged in his palate, weighed 2¼ oz."

And Ardagh in his journal says: "It was a horrid wound. The cheek was so torn that the doctor strapped it over without perceiving that the shot was still there, and it was not extracted till the following day."

In the first days of March Ardagh was entrusted with the evacuation of the Egyptians found at Tokar, and describes the march back to Trinkitat through the piled-up mutilated bodies of Baker's Egyptians slain a month earlier, and on the 12th was in command of a reconnaissance of the Arab position at Tamai, which resulted in Graham's advance with his whole force, and that action in which the Arabs broke into the square formed by General Davis' brigade, but were all killed. Ardagh, who was in the square, writes: "It was a *mêlée* in which it was dangerous even to let off a revolver. I put back mine in my belt, and trusted to sword alone. For a few minutes it was very unpleasant." His description of the fight is clear and vivid. The following is an interesting passage from his diary—

"The troops seem to have little interest in the war. The valour of the enemy, as compared with Egyptians, and the want of a clear understanding of what they are fighting for, tends to raise sympathy for the Arabs, and physical fatigue combined with scanty water-supply is a cause of depression.

"I myself attribute the unsteadiness of the men to the entire absence of any efficient means of enforcing obedience to orders. In all other armies but ours officers are required to shoot or cut down those who refuse to obey orders in action, and this is a power which we must sooner or later resort to; the sooner the better. The whole army says it is only fighting to bolster up an unpopular Government in a mess of their own making, and they ask why, if the Sudan is to be given up, are they to reconquer it? Why, if the Mahdi is recognised by Gordon in Khartum, are they to fight his lieutenant here? In short, they are much perplexed, as well they may be."

Osman Digna fled after the battle, and the journal is full of most remarkable accounts of the situation at that time, personal descriptions of Osman and the Dervishes, and the writer's own view as to what should be the course of future action. "Our present object," he writes, "should be to open up the Berber road, but that will take time, and with delay comes the summer which our troops cannot stand." "Herbert Stewart" (commanding the cavalry of the force) "and I both reported the road to Berber as practicable, but H. M. Government did not allow the march to be undertaken." And later he writes, "Berber was then in the hands of an Egyptian garrison, and had we gone across, the subsequent operations for the attempted relief of General Gordon at Khartúm would not have been necessary." Herbert Stewart, later in the year, expressed the same opinion to the writer of this article; but it is well known that the want of water was the objection which led the authorities at home to take the view that it was

not desirable to send even a small force by this route to Berber. Lady Malmesbury argues the question in favour of Sir John Ardagh's views; but the present writer, while admitting that it might have been quite possible, while Berber was still in the hands of Egyptian troops, to send a small force thence from Suakin, and to reinforce it by detachments, cannot agree that the same course would have been a practicable military operation later on, when Berber was in the hands of the Mahdi, and that the Suakin route should have been chosen instead of the Nile route for the larger expedition for the relief of Gordon which was reluctantly undertaken later on by H. M. Government under the pressure of public opinion. The relief expedition by the Nile route was thoroughly practicable, and would have been sure of success had it not been for that fatal procrastination, that wretched policy of *laissez-faire*, so well described by Lord Cromer in his recent work on Egypt, which postponed action till the season of low Nile, and thus at least quadrupled the difficulties of and the time required for the passage of the boats up the river.

When at last the Government made up its mind, and the expedition was decided upon, the command was given to Lord Wolseley. General Stephenson and his staff had pronounced such decided opinions against the practicability of the Nile route, that when once that route had been decided upon by the Government he could not have been given the command; and so Lord Wolseley with a staff chosen by himself arrived at Cairo—"to the disjointing of all our noses here," says Ardagh. But such confidence had Lord Wolseley in Ardagh's tact, as well as in his organising ability, that he appointed him to be Commandant of the Base and Principal Staff Officer for the Expedition at Cairo. Ardagh, after saying that the arrival of Lord Wolseley and his staff had "produced a certain amount of bitterness between the old garrison and the new arrivals," continues—

> "I am the agent here for Lord Wolseley, and a sort of buffer between the Nile Expedition and the Army of Occupation, but, being on the best of terms with both Lord Wolseley and Sir Frederick Stephenson, everything goes on with perfect smoothness. Possibly that may have been the reason why I was selected for this delicate and onerous post."

The present writer, in a letter published by Lady Malmesbury and dated Wadi Halfa, 7th November, said, "It has been a great rest to our minds to know we had so trustworthy a man to look after our wants at the base; and it will continue to be so, for our troubles will only begin when we leave Ambukol."

The story of the expedition has been so often told that it is unnecessary to relate it again here. It failed by a few days only to reach Gordon in time. Through those long anxious days Ardagh worked as he always did work, putting his whole heart into the task and never sparing himself. Disappointed as he must have

been at not sharing in the advance of the troops and in the fighting, he devoted all his energies to helping the expedition, and amply justified Lord Wolseley's selection of him for his important post. And it is superfluous to say that with the true spirit of loyalty which characterises British officers, General Stephenson and his staff gave him their fullest aid. At the close of the campaign, having previously been made a Military C.B. for his services under General Graham, he was made a Brevet Colonel, and took a short spell of leave to England, whence he returned to take up the post of Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General and Senior Staff Officer to General Stephenson, who remained in command of the troops in Egypt.

Then came the advance of the Mahdi's followers down the Nile, and their defeat at Ginniss, an action which is admirably described by Ardagh in his journal. His only mention of himself is this: "During the early part of the fight I had a very narrow escape. A bullet passed through my helmet close to my head, making my left ear smart. Another quarter of an inch would have ended my career."

Writing some time after the battle of Ginniss, Ardagh says—

"We have tranquillity assured for some months at least. What, then, should we do?

"I have never had a doubt about the desirability of maintaining a hold on the Sudan. It did not pay, and probably never will pay, as a province, but its retention avoided greater evils than making good the deficit. Tranquillity in Egypt means an active military policy in the Sudan.

"Egypt can no more ignore and cut herself free from the Sudan than England can sever her connection with Ireland. The policy of abandoning the Sudan was, in my opinion, a blunder, and the late announcement that British troops were not going to Dongola (February 26) is another piece of stupid frankness of the same sort. . . . Our present position on the river is a thoroughly illogical one. We are either too far or not far enough, and yet for the moment we are bound to stay where we are until high Nile before we can either advance or retire creditably."

There are many other passages of great interest, including a detailed account of the murder of the Moufettish by order of Ismail Pasha.[1] During the remainder of his stay in Egypt Ardagh was employed in adjusting the accounts between that country and Great Britain, and was a member of the Commission for the reform of the monetary system and systems of weights and measures in Egypt.

In 1887 the writer of this review, who had taken charge of the Intelligence Department at Headquarters on 1st January 1886, and had, with the approval of the Secretary of State, Mr W. H. Smith, started a mobilisation scheme, none being previously in existence, obtained authority for the appointment of an Assistant-Adjutant-General for Mobilisation and Home Defence, and was so fortunate as to secure

[1] This account differs slightly in detail from that given to the present writer at Dongola by the Sub-Mudir, who took him to see the room in which the Moufettish was strangled and stabbed to death.

Ardagh's services for the post. In February 1888 the mobilisation section was transferred from the Intelligence Department in Queen Anne's Gate and placed directly under the Adjutant-General in offices in Pall Mall. This was at a time when there was no Chief of the General Staff, and the Adjutant-General, in addition to all his important duties of the discipline and training of the army, was endeavouring to perform the duties performed by the Chief of the Staff in all other armies, an almost hopeless task, so that when the mobilisation section was removed from the control of the Head of the Intelligence Department its Chief had even greater responsibilities thrown upon him than had been originally intended. To these responsibilities Ardagh rose, throwing his whole energies into the task. The mobilisation system prepared for oversea service, as developed by Ardagh and his successors, proved thoroughly efficient when put into effect on the outbreak of the Boer war; that for home defence has not, thank God, yet been tested by war, and is doubtless undergoing incessant revision and improvement under the Chief of the General Staff.

In April 1888 Ardagh was appointed extra aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and in October of the same year he was offered and accepted the post of Private Secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, about to proceed to India as Viceroy. This appointment he held till April 1894. Of his life during these five years little need be said here. The chief events of Lord Lansdowne's viceroyalty were the substitution of the four commands in India all under one commander-in-chief for the old presidential army system with separate commanders-in-chief for Madras and Bombay, and the closing of the mints to the free coinage of silver, one of the greatest of blessings ever conferred upon India.

The present writer, speaking from personal experience, can assert with confidence that there is no post involving harder work than that of private secretary to a Viceroy, unless it be that of the Viceroy himself. And for all the work that he may do he gets no thanks except from his own chief, and his work never comes to light. The private secretary lays before his chief such papers as are not brought to him personally by secretaries to the various departments of Government or by members of Council in charge of departments, who have direct access to the Viceroy at all times. He may write his views for the Viceroy's information, but not on the official papers; and such private memoranda never see the light. The private secretary's signature, even his handwriting, never appears on official papers. This rule is due, no doubt, to the rather natural jealousy of his position, which gives him the last word with the Viceroy on all such papers. The first duty of a private secretary is, therefore, to efface himself. His next duty is to keep his chief's

counsel, and appear to know nothing of State secrets. And his third duty is to act as a buffer to his chief, and save him from importunate letters and would-be interviewers. This writer was a member of Lord Lansdowne's Council for three of his five years of office, and knows how admirably Ardagh filled his position. He was ever, as Lady Malmesbury says, "cool, cautious, silent, and reserved"; always genial and courteous, he made many friends and no enemy. And no better tribute can be paid to this episode of his career than these words written by Lord Lansdowne on the day on which he laid down the viceroyalty: "I can never thank you enough for the thoroughness, patience, and loyalty with which you have helped me."

After his return to England in 1894, Ardagh was kept on half-pay for a year, spending the time in visits to friends and in a trip to Constantinople in Sir John Pender's yacht, where he wrote very interesting remarks on the existing state of affairs there. In 1895 he was appointed Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, and in February 1896 he cemented his long friendship with the authoress of the work under review by the closer tie of marriage. A month later he was appointed Director of Military Intelligence at Headquarters of the Army.

The Intelligence Department, when Sir John Ardagh took up the reins on 1st April 1896, was organised exactly as the present writer had left it in 1891. Out of a small "Topographical and Statistical Department," under the Quartermaster-General, had been created, in 1871, a small Intelligence Branch under a Deputy Q.M.G. Its first chief was General Sir Patriok MacDougall, under whom Ardagh had served in it; its next chief was General Sir Archibald Alison. Under these two able men the Branch had done good work, but it had never been viewed with much favour by the Commander-in-Chief, being, as Lady Malmesbury says, "regarded by the rest of the War Office merely as a useful reference library;" and the proof of how little its value was understood is that, at the expiration of Sir Archibald Alison's term of office, the status of the Head of the Branch was lowered from that of a General officer and Deputy Q.M.G. to that of a Colonel and Asst. Q.M.G. On 1st January 1891 the appointment was again raised to D.Q.M.G. and conferred on the present writer, a Major-General, but there was no increase of the staff of the Branch, which was ludicrously inadequate for its duties. This writer was told, on taking up his appointment, that his first duty should be to bring about friendly relations with the Foreign Office, which, thanks largely to the help of Sir Philip Currie, he was enabled to do. A year or two later, under reorganisation of the War Office, the Branch became a Department, was removed from the Q.M.G.'s control, and placed directly under the Adjutant-General the

title of its chief was changed to "Director of Military Intelligence," and he was authorised to correspond (semi-officially) direct with other Departments of the State. Also, in consequence of evidence given by the present writer before Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee on Army Estimates, and his subsequent representations, the staff of the Department was slightly increased. It has already been told how the mobilisation work was taken away from the Intelligence Department and made a section directly under the Adjutant-General. From April 1891, when this writer left the Department, to the autumn of 1895, no change was made in its organisation; but when the Conservative Government took office, a half-hearted attempt was made to carry out the recommendations of the Hartington Royal Commission, and was, as all such half-hearted attempts are bound to be, a failure. Lord Wolseley was appointed Commander-in-Chief; the Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Inspector-General of Ordnance were made more or less independent of the Commander-in-Chief; the Intelligence Department and the Mobilisation section were taken away from the Adjutant-General and placed directly under the Commander-in-Chief. Now, the very essence of the recommendations of the Hartington Commission was the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief and the creation of a Chief of the Staff, free from all administrative duties, but responsible for all plans of campaign, with the Intelligence Department and Mobilisation sections directly under him, and then, and then only, the independence of the four great heads of Departments, bound to work to the plans of the Chief of the Staff. The idea that so long as there was a Commander-in-Chief, any Adjutant-General, responsible for the discipline of the army, could be independent of him, was an absurdity; and, speaking for the time when he served at the War Office under this system, from 1899 to 1904, the present writer can say that none of the great Heads of Departments, who were all loyal servants of the Commander-in-Chief, attempted to assert their independence, but all referred every question of serious importance to him. Consequently the Commander-in-Chief was hopelessly overburdened with administrative work, and no man living could, in his position, have found the time to devote to the strategical preparation of plans of campaign. No wonder that Lord Wolseley's health broke down under the strain.

Such were the conditions under which Ardagh took charge of the Intelligence Department, with an entirely insufficient staff, without the authority of a Chief of the Staff, but directly under the Commander-in-Chief, who was, as above said, hopelessly weighed down with administrative work. He had but one point in his favour. He was well known to and had won

the confidence and trust of both the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State, Lord Lansdowne. But all the confidence in the world could not give him a sufficient staff, or make an impossible system work satisfactorily. Moreover, the Intelligence Department, which should have been at the Commander-in-Chief's elbow, was in Queen Anne's Gate, separated from the War Office by the width of St James's Park.

Lady Malmesbury has devoted two very interesting chapters to the work done in the Intelligence Department during her husband's tenure of office. Space forbids our discussing them, though they give a better idea of the duties falling on that office than anything we have ever seen elsewhere. We must reserve such space as remains for a question of vital importance to the subject of this memoir. Did or did not the Intelligence Department supply correct information as to the strength of the Boers, as to the probable action of the Orange Free State, and as to the strategical questions involved? Did the Intelligence Department neglect its duty in the matter of the preparation and supply of maps of the probable theatre of war? Into these questions Lady Malmesbury enters at length, and in a most convincing way proves the case in favour of the Department. If it were only her own conclusions that were in issue, her readers might be disposed to consider them as the affectionate tribute of a wife to a loved and honoured husband. But her proofs and the facts are there for him who wills to read; and there is the verdict of that sober Commission on the War presided over by Lord Elgin, that the information supplied was "remarkably accurate," and that the outcry as to maps was "not altogether well informed." Lady Malmesbury gives, on page 340, a list of the papers supplied to Government on the subject of the Boers between June 1896 and September 1899; and as to the question of maps, can any reasoning being suppose that a body so ill provided with staff and with funds as was the Intelligence Department could have supplied accurate maps of a practically unsurveyed tract of country twice as large as France? All that it was possible to do with the means at its disposal the Department and its Chief had done. The details are to be found in Lady Malmesbury's Memoir.

That Ardagh suffered acutely under the accusations levelled at his Department in the Press we can well understand. Loyally and steadfastly he kept silence, nor, as Lady Malmesbury says, even to himself did he pose as a martyr. But it was not till the War Commission had brought the truth to light that he could speak his mind, and then it is not of his own treatment that he complains. On 4th November 1900 he writes:—

"Now we must go to work and set our house in order, recognising that our two Army Corps formed a totally inadequate insurance against the risks which we have to guard against. The Press and the public write and howl

intemperately and unjustly against the War Office and Lord Lansdowne, on whom they endeavour to saddle the blame, which should be borne by Parliament and the constituencies. In and out of season the senior officers of the Army have long represented the necessity of having more men, more guns, and more stores, but they preached to deaf ears, and were as a voice crying in the wilderness. The people loved to have it so, and Government after Government comforted themselves with the hope—'Not in our time!' I am full of indignation at the way in which the public now seek to make a scapegoat of Lord Lansdowne, who, in his time, certainly did much to endeavour to strengthen the weak edifice which he had inherited from his predecessors. The War Office is in reality but a subordinate branch of the Treasury, which holds the purse-strings of the nation, and inexorably refuses to open them until forced to do so by public opinion."

Shortly after the expiration of his five years' appointment in the Intelligence Department Ardagh's military service came to an end through the age clause, under which he was compulsorily retired. We have not space to speak of the many other important services rendered by him to the State. He rendered invaluable assistance to Sir Julian Pauncefote as expert military adviser at the Hague Conference in 1899. He was a member of a Committee on Submarine Telegraphs, of a Commission on foreign claims for compensation, in which capacity he was sent to South Africa as British agent, of the Arbitration Tribunal between Chili and Argentina, of the Royal Commission for the revision of martial-law sentences in South Africa, of which Lord Alverstone was President and Mr Justice Bigham the other member. As "a person of recognised competence on questions of international law, and enjoying the highest moral consideration," he was appointed a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration established under the Hague Convention. He was appointed by the Royal Society a member of their Geodetic Arc Committee. He was one of our plenipotentiaries at the Conference of 1896 for the revision of the Geneva Convention, and finally he became one of the British Government directors of the Suez Canal, holding this appointment till his death. Of his work in all these appointments Lady Malmesbury has much that is interesting to tell.

The writer of this review lays down this record of a remarkable life, narrated with great ability and true wifely affection, convinced of the truth of these words by the authoress: "The British Army and Civil Service produce many a man who gives the best of his life, of his health, strength, and time to his country; but few, very few are there who, like Ardagh, give the whole, thrusting from them every form of recreation, content to face, day after day and year after year, continuous, strenuous, incessant work without pause, without breathing-space, until exhausted nature decrees rest."

That rest, final rest, came to him in September 1907, when he had just completed his sixty-seventh year.

THE YEAR ROUND IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

THE Protectorate of Northern Nigeria appears to be emerging from the obscurity which surrounded it for some years after the Government took over the Administration from the Niger Company in 1900. Sir Frederick Lugard's success in gaining control of the whole of this vast territory without sensational military operations, and with little of the bloodshed usually associated with conquest, made Nigeria an unfruitful subject of copy for the Press, and in the absence of any startling events the majority of Englishmen had little opportunity for gathering a knowledge of the country. Lately, however, the decision to build a railway to Kano has drawn the attention to Northern Nigeria of that increasing body of Englishmen who are interested in our Empire; and the persistent energy of the Cotton Association has led us to look upon this, our latest Protectorate, as a possible source for the supply of raw cotton so necessary to the industry of Lancashire. One result of the attention lately drawn to Nigeria is that the Universities have begun to regard the political service there as a career which may possibly attract the undergraduate. But there is nowhere much information to be had as to the conditions and the climate which men may expect to find there. It is in the hope of throwing some light upon these conditions that this article is written. It is not my intention here to discuss the commercial future of Northern Nigeria, nor am I about to describe the kind of work that falls to a political officer there. I will confine myself solely to the question of climate and conditions, speaking particularly of life in the up-country provinces. It is to be remembered that the Northern Territories of Nigeria are quite distinct from the Coast; that it sometimes takes men two months from the time of their arrival at the mouth of the Niger to reach the station where they enter upon their work; that the wet season is a shorter one than farther south; that the country is not, like the Coast, a forest country; and that the natives are quite distinct in character and feature from the ordinary negro. For these reasons none of the many descriptions of life on the West Coast of Africa are applicable to life up-country, and there may, therefore, be room for the following attempt to give an impression of that life based upon personal experience. My own experience of the country has been chiefly gained in Bornu, which is a large province lying to the south-west of Lake Chad, but it may be taken that the conditions of life there are very much the same as those which prevail in all the up-country provinces.

Some years ago, before we had occupied the Northern Territories of Nigeria, it was thought that the climate of the North would be found healthy and stimulating. The few men who had visited these territories saw in the dry air and cool, wholesome nights of the North, an escape from the mists and exhalations that corrupt the air of the Coastal countries, a prospect of healthy living not hitherto associated with any portion of West Africa. It would not be right that one who has been continuously resident in the Northern Territories should be over-ready to confirm these optimistic forecasts. That the climate is in itself healthier than that of the Coast, neither I nor any other will be likely to deny. But it is fair to point out that it is far from being sufficiently wholesome to balance the hard and comfortless conditions of life which, in the present absence of transport and means of communication, prevail there. There are a few persons of such fortunate constitution that they can live in the country for long periods without suffering, but the majority begin to feel spent and bloodless if their stay is prolonged beyond one year. Others get ill during the first years of service and become afterwards acclimatised: and these know by the memory of many weary fever-stricken days at what cost England will inherit the buildings of her fancy in this fascinating Protectorate.

It was, indeed, natural that the first view of the country should lead to optimism. The climate will not distress the traveller whose visit lasts a few months only, and it is difficult even for those who have felt its treachery to understand why it produces its melancholy effects. The nights, save in April and part of May, are cool and clear. The air is dry. As compared with the Coast, the mortality among natives is so small as at once to attract the notice of boys brought up-country as servants. There is a passable breed of horses to encourage regular exercise, and an opportunity in most districts for the use of rifle and gun. Here is full material for an attractive dream,—a land divided, by a vast desert on one side, and by a malarial belt on the other, from the prying eyes of Nonconformists and Radical politicians, a faërie tract to red tape impenetrable, altogether outside the spectacled purview of Mr Cocker, and yet giving promises of as good health as we may hope for in countries under his immediate observation. But these fair promises are found false in the event. There must be some treachery in the air, some power in the sun that searches out our weaknesses. There is a gloomy contrast often observable between the energy of a newcomer during his first six months and afterwards.

The day begins well. About five o'clock comes a faint blue flush and the chill of dawn — for even in the tropics the Dawn is cold when she rises from "Tithonus'

frozen bed." A quarter of an hour later and the stars take on the wan pallor of candles in twilight, and presently comes the first appearance of the sun himself. It is pleasant to be up and on the road at this cool hour. The sun, that is to be soon our inflexible tyrant and enemy, begins with as gentle promises of moderation and restraint as any early Cæsar of them all. But by nine o'clock he begins to reveal the terror of himself, and by eleven he becomes unbearable. Over this country Apollo gives the reins to Phaethon every day, and every day his chariot overturns to burn the population black, and take his revenge in fever and sunstroke upon the white skins that will not take his colouring.

In December, January, and February, the innumerable army of dust-atoms blown from the desert by the Harmattan do not a little to mitigate the fierceness of the sun: but never believe the fiction that there are any days on which we may safely dispense with the protection of a sun-helmet. During these months the mornings are often very cold, and such a thing as a coating of ice on water is not unknown. But it grows very hot as the day advances, and a man may get sun-fever in January nearly as easily as in April. The cold weather is welcome to Europeans, but it would be more so if we had proper houses. If we are trekking during the cold months we long for some better protection from the chilly nights than tent or temporary straw hut can give: nor indeed are the mud houses at the district headquarters, with their open doors and window-holes, the best of shelter from the searching dusty wind. The dry air and dust-laden Harmattan make the cold weather something of a purgatory to men whose skin is tender and easily affected. Cracked lips and raw red spots too often give the lie to conventional expressions of satisfaction with the cold weather. Still, these are not fever months, and if one's work does not take one out in the searching chills of dawn, it is probable that this will prove to be the healthiest period of the year. There is something cheering and pleasantly reminiscent of English winters, in sitting over a fire at night with a novel or another white man for company.

Towards the end of February the weather begins to grow hotter, and by the beginning of April a temperature of 110° in the shade is a daily commonplace. This heat is the prelude to the rains, which have long ago begun to fall in districts near the Coast, but seldom fall in the North until the end of April or the beginning of May. Nature anticipates the rain in the most intelligent way. Green sprouts appear on the bare baobab trees, and the little bushes begin to look less parched and miserable a good two weeks before the arrival of the first tornado. They "are calling the rain," the Hausas say. Meanwhile water grows more

and more scarce, and grows unpleasantly acrid to the taste, and horse-boys have to take their charges far into the bush at watering-time. But Africa does nothing by halves. We have already passed from January chills to April furnace-heat

". . . feeling by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,"

and now we are to see the fight for water change into a struggle to protect ourselves against it. One day the well-known thunder-cloud appears, and the freshening air rustles through the expectant bush with its tinge of green already borrowed on the security of the coming rain. Perhaps a rain-storm follows, perhaps only a violent dust-storm. I am not going to describe the booming blasts of a tornado, or the torrential rain and crashing thunder that accompany it. The best description of it I have seen is given in Miss Kingsley's racy language in the first chapter of her 'West African Studies.' One thing for which we may be thankful is that the tornado always gives us full warning of his coming. Sudden surprise or unexpected attack is no part of his majestic policy. Knowing his strength, he treats men fairly, and unless you are far out in the bush you should be safely under shelter against his coming. It would be a very flight to Limbo, if tornados came suddenly upon us as we sit in the open air surrounded, perhaps, by food and plates and tumblers, or, worse still, by carefully arranged files of office papers, while blankets and clothes maybe are still hanging up in unprotected places to dry. On an average, a tornado visits the land about once in four days for a few weeks, and then there generally follows a lull, preparatory to the steady downpours, sometimes lasting a whole day, of July and August.

The country looks pleasant at the beginning of the rains. The fields and trees that were so parched a month ago are of a deep green now, and guinea corn and other cultivated plants grow up with an amazing activity. The featureless level spaces of Bornu begin to show effects of mist, the scattered tamarind and baobab trees looking gaunt and unearthly against the darkening sky. The clouds visit the land again after their long absence, and give us those rich deep-red tropical sunsets, beautiful always, but wearing a certain air of unreality, possibly communicated by irrelevant reminiscences of His Majesty's Theatre. This is the spring-time of Africa. The birds recover from their depression and chirp to their mates, pricked with the same spirit as the new-sprouting leaves. Your horses catch the infection, and after the first tornado ropes will not hold them, nor the softened ground give purchase to the stakes to which they are tied. You will hardly prevent their getting loose and

working off the Spring spirit upon each other with their teeth and heels. But there are other visitors besides the cheerful birds. Mr Hyde is there as well as Dr Jekyll. Snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and insects now find conditions to their taste, and innumerable mosquitoes drive you bedward to the refuge of your net at ridiculously early hours.

With the heavy downpours of the middle rainy season comes the discomfort of living in houses that are not watertight. It is unpleasant to be wakened up by dropping water, and depressing to find your bed standing on a floor covered with liquid mud, washed from off the walls of your habitation. Books and papers also are none the better for a wetting; and the wise man, unless he is quite sure of the thorough work of the native who roofed his house, covers them carefully with a waterproof sheet. It may seem absurd that we cannot make certain of a watertight house; but the native is an untrustworthy worker and cannot be persuaded to roof our houses as effectively as his own. The white ants, too — these little engineers of destruction — will spoil even a good piece of work in a very few months. A barrel of tar at each station, to circumvent their operations, would save much money in repairs. Inadequate roofs are not without their dangers. On two occasions I have known roofs fall in altogether during the night, and leave the floor a mass of fallen mud. It was only by good luck that the inmates of the houses in question were sleeping in another room.

The tornadoes return, but generally with less violence, towards the end of the rains in September. Rain as late as October is unusual in the Northern Territories. During the transition from the rains to the cold weather, the harvest time of Northern Nigeria, the climate is cool and pleasant enough to all appearances, but for some reason this is one of the worst periods for the health of Europeans. November is notoriously a fever month.

The climate of Northern Nigeria is by no means so bad but that we may hope to struggle successfully against it, when improved means of transport introduce more civilised conditions there. There are no terrors up-country to equal those painted by Miss Kingsley as prevailing on the Coast; no stations where for the most part of the year there is only a short embankment dry enough to walk upon, where the majority of men "have a slight dose of fever once a fortnight, and, some day, apparently for no extra reason, get a heavy dose and die of it." In Northern Nigeria an acclimatised man may regard himself as unfortunate, if he is laid up three times in one year. If he begins to suffer once a fortnight, there is probably something wrong with his habits, and an extra piece of felt under his helmet or a diminished allowance of whisky will probably put him to rights

again. As for the malarial exhalations from the ground, which prompted Miss Kingsley to advise men to dine at 6.30 to escape the night air, there are probably few men up-country who do not make a habit both of dining and sleeping outside or in their verandah, unless there is a rain-storm in the offing. We do not expect to die out here, although some of us may succeed in doing so. We should not, like Miss Kingsley's young man, go walking every day in cemeteries in order to get used to them as a permanent residence. The grim West African humour, which christens a new street Blackwater Avenue or Dysentery Lane, or explains the bad taste of drinking water by the presence of a white man's grave close by, is reserved for stations down-river, and does not accompany us to the neighbourhood of the desert. If we are to believe the stories told on the Coast, the white men there feel relaxed and enervated even when they are not ill. Now up-country in Northern Nigeria there is no doubt a fair number of black days, but the good days are often very good. Even at the close of a tour, when the effects of climate are generally evident in a certain pallor of the face and a drawing in of the features, there are yet days when the blood bounds with health, and the morning of a new day is saluted with enthusiasm. Later, perhaps, life may grow a little grey again, but every man of experience knows that a little medicine will probably dissipate his depression and end his indifference to things interesting.

Good houses and improved sanitation, better food and a supply of good water, may in course of time give Northern Nigeria as good a climatic reputation as an average district of India. At present we are handicapped up-country in every way. The food-supply especially is inadequate. A man cannot live on a diet of tough, scraggy, and tasteless chicken, without becoming anæmic and indisposed to effort. Owing to the lack of good pasture the beef and the mutton of the country are tough and quite uneatable, unless cooked until all the taste and nourishment have gone out of them. The uncertainty of transport arrangements makes the arrival of stores, ordered from England or down-country, quite uncertain. In November 1905 I sent down an order to the Niger Company for eight boxes of stores. The order was received in December. For these I waited in vain, nor could I find by inquiry what had become of them. In August 1906 I went aboard a river steamer on my way home on leave, and found the skipper about to put on shore eight boxes addressed to me. Where these boxes had been during the nine months which had elapsed since the Niger Company sent them off in December, I failed to discover; but it was a miserable piece of irony that they should salute me when I was starting for home, mocking me to my face, as it were,

for the months I had spent in discomfort without them. It is well for any man going up-country to take with him personally, on starting, all stores he is likely to want for his whole tour. It may make his caravan a lengthy one, but it is the only way to make certain provision against enforced tee-totalism and other even greater discomforts.

The mosquito pest is another hardship against which more civilised conditions may enable us better to protect ourselves. It appears to have been proved possible to prevent the breeding of mosquitoes where an organised opposition to the pest can be undertaken. It is useless, however, to tell the official in an up-country station of Nigeria to go round his compound every week and sprinkle paraffin-oil upon all pools of water. Indeed, such advice comes to him with a bitter irony. Paraffin-oil forsooth! He is lucky if he has enough to fill his lamps; for oil is not a thing that can be carried up-country in great quantities, and black servants cannot be persuaded to be careful even of the small supply that is available. Moreover, the first transport bull that carries your oil-tin will drop it with his native perversity on a stone and stave it in; while carriers, with a more conscious malice, have long ago discovered that an oil-tin becomes much lighter if they can make a little hole in it. You may attempt to get rid of breeding-places for mosquitoes by draining the land round your house, but, unless you are particularly favoured by the lie of the ground, your drain is likely to become a more prolific breeding-place than the pools you have emptied. On trek, of course, you are helpless. You cannot expel mosquitoes in stopping places where you spend one afternoon and one night only.

Trekking in the rains is an experience which means many a shock to the ordinary rules of physic. The roads and paths are frequently little better than water-courses or marshes, and, if a rainstorm overtakes the traveller, he may be compelled to spend many hours in wet clothes. Even when he arrives in camp, he will probably find he has to sleep in damp and sticky blankets, for against African rains waterproof bags are not an adequate security.

The hard conditions of service in Northern Nigeria have lately received recognition from the Colonial Office in the reduction of the length of the tour. Formerly political officers did not become due for leave until they had completed eighteen months' service. The length of the official tour on the Coast is twelve months only; but in Northern Nigeria, where it sometimes takes men two months or more to reach the station to which they are posted, it was natural that the authorities should wish to extend the tour. A tour of one year would mean only eight months' work for officers sent up to the frontier provinces in the North. Under the new Order made in 1907, an officer

becomes due for leave within one year of his arrival at his working station. This means for men sent up-country a stay of about sixteen months in Africa, after which they are entitled to four months and forty days' leave on full pay from the time of arrival in England, a gain of twenty days on the old conditions of service which gave only five days' leave, instead of the present ten, for every month over the year. We therefore stand to gain considerably under the new rule, although it is not permissible to say that the tour is reduced to one year, which may at first sight seem to be the result of the reform. Probably this compromise between the twelve months' tour of the Coast and the old eighteen months' tour of Northern Nigeria, is the wisest measure that could have been adopted. On the one hand, Northern Nigeria is healthier than the Coast, and it is fair that those who are sent to the healthiest part of it, the distant North, should have the longest period of service. On the other hand, eighteen months was too long, because the conditions of life are harder in the North, and, if a man does get ill, he cannot be shipped home at once as on the Coast, but has to face a two months' journey under the scorching sun. The new Order, however, except in so far as it lengthens our leave, is in a fair way of becoming a dead letter up-country. That a man is due for leave is no guarantee that he can at once start for home. He has, of course, to wait for his relief, and reliefs are luxuries with which the up-country provinces are but scantily furnished.

To be stationed alone where there is no other white man, is very often the lot of junior officials in Nigeria. A Senior Resident, living at the Provincial Headquarters, has invariably a doctor and a few military officers to keep him company, and often a junior officer of his own department as well. The majority of Assistant-Residents, however, are placed in charge of sub-districts, and see no white men save those who may happen to pass through when travelling, or escort him on occasional patrols. No one, therefore, who is afraid of being alone should take a political appointment in Northern Nigeria. At the same time, to be alone in the bush of Africa is a very different thing from being left alone in a big city, or in any place where unknown Englishmen pass you by on their way to visit their friends. Where there is no one to remark us, we feel no isolation in being unremarked. A man may feel a lost soul when he finds himself alone for an afternoon in a country house, and yet find himself contented enough when stationed, with definite work to do, eighty miles from any other white man, in Africa. Perhaps he will not be sorry to give to this hobby or that the time he can snatch from what is often very heavy work, time which in a more frequented station he would spend in talking

with white companions. The native with his numberless problems will keep boredom at a satisfactory distance. It is regrettable, however, that the climate denies us that prime solace of the lonely man, an intelligent dog. Many men take fox-terriers out with them; but although the fox-terrier has a better chance of survival than any other English dog save, perhaps, the bull-terrier, the experiment too often ends in the death of the dog and in regret for one's own blood-guiltiness in bringing him out. The native dog is a miserable cur: very charming, as all dogs are, while a little puppy, but quite hopeless as a companion after he is six months old. The most successful breed yet discovered is a cross between a native dog and a fox-terrier, but these are scarce and hard to get. Failing dogs, West Africans comfort their loneliness by keeping all manner of pets—antelopes, hyænas, jackals, monkeys, and even a lion or a leopard sometimes. But antelopes, which are the best of that list, are very irresponsive, in spite of their beautiful plaintive eyes. Of one charming lion I had some personal experience. He would allow himself to be played with for hours, hitting his playfellow gently with his unwieldy paws, but he was far too much of a gentleman to put his claws out. His great friend was a little brown monkey, with whom he had a perfect understanding. It was cruel to take him from his native bush nevertheless. He grew so big that when he was taken out for a walk on his chain, he began to take his escort for a walk instead. So he had to be permanently tied up, developed an enlarged spleen, and died. Something may be made of the Nigerian pony. It takes a little time to win his heart, as he is not used to having much attention paid him; but he becomes delightful and affectionate if you take trouble. It is dogs we want, however. Perhaps some day, by continued cross-breeding, we shall get them.

A man will do well to consider carefully before choosing the newspapers his agent is to send out to him in Nigeria. If he is alone, he will be entirely dependent upon them for keeping in touch with England, unless he has some faithful correspondent who can realise what a blank the bushman's mind is in regard to English news, and be as inclusive in his account of home affairs as the circumstances require. Above all, do not order too many newspapers, because the eccentricity of the mail service may present you with four or five weeks' news on the same day, and, if you have ordered ten or twelve newspapers a-week, you will have an embarrassing bundle before you, and end by reading none of them. An illustrated paper of some sort is a wise investment, for pictures serve to print events upon the mind in the absence of opportunities for gossiping about them. If you are a man who likes to keep in touch with London, there is no better paper than 'The Saturday Review.' The

political articles are bright and readable, unlike those terrific productions which encumber the pages of certain papers which we need not specify; and for its miscellaneous articles 'The Saturday Review' is extraordinarily fortunate in its contributors. We have to go to lonely places abroad to realise the skill with which "Max" interprets the moods of London, while ostensibly talking of this or that unimportant play.

One of the uses of living in the bush far away from carpenters, blacksmiths, and mechanics, is that we learn by bitter experience how dependent we are on others for the smallest accessories of life. In England, if a lamp goes out of order it is taken to a shop round the corner, and will burn brightly again next day: in Africa, you may remain without light to read by for the rest of your tour. It is a useful accomplishment in lonely places to be something of a mechanic. You are then less likely to be left without filter, or lamp, or sparklet-syphon. So thoroughly is our dependence upon the services of other people brought home to us in Africa, that, on returning to civilisation, we recover something of the sense of wonder at the mechanical appliances of life — lamps, locks, doors, cabs, bicycles, motor-cars, and the rest of them. We shall no longer take these things so much for granted. It is a lesson in appreciation. *Neque admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum, quas semper vident.*

On the other hand, if in Nigeria we are without many of what may seem at home to be the necessaries of life, we have to pay very little for such necessaries as we are able to obtain. Living is extraordinarily cheap. In Bornu you have a right to grumble if your cook asks you for more than a shilling a-day for marketing. A chicken must have more flesh on it than is usual to be worth threepence in the market, and vegetables — when you can get them at all — are ridiculously cheap. It may seem strange that, after a life so well calculated to create a habit of economy, the West African should yet be famous for extravagance on leave. Unfortunately our attitude towards luxuries is not affected; for, having no luxuries to give, Nigeria communicates no lesson of economy in dealing with them. Money is less grudgingly given by most men for the purchase of luxuries than for the ever-present necessities of life. And if to West Africans luxury-money seems well spent, this is due to a natural feeling, which is intensified rather than diminished by living some part of your life in a country where economy in luxuries is obligatory, from the fact that they are unprocurable.

I have said that prospective improvements in the conditions of life are likely to make Northern Nigeria a healthier place to live in as time goes on. Yet is it also true that, with the approach of civilisation,

part of the country's charm will vanish. We shall still have our ponies and the level spaces to gallop on, that afford a more enjoyable recreation than the consumption of cocktails in Coastal swamps. But the levelling influence of civilisation will tend to put a stop to the freedom and strangeness of the life. In these days, when a man can journey from London to remote parts of India in three weeks, it is scarcely believable that there should still remain a Protectorate whose outer provinces the Londoner cannot reach in less than two months and a half, and where English mails arrive at least a couple of months old. Many men cast their eyes upon Northern Nigeria as "the only country left," a country where there are no starched collars, and where a man may raise a thirst or grow a beard without protest from his relations. But if we go thither to find new conditions or to escape from the monotony of life at home, from

> "'Ouses both sides of the street,
> And 'edges two sides of the lane,"

our work in the country is, ironically enough, the creation of a state of things similar to that we have escaped. We run away from civilised conditions, only to produce them anew in our place of refuge. So, when the life becomes more comfortable and more healthy, it will cease to be the life beloved of adventurous wanderers. We may grumble now at our hardships and discomforts, but I can catch with an anticipant ear the voices of men, ten years hence, praising the old free days when it took two months to travel to their work — a two-month's holiday on full pay, — when a man could choose his own office hours to suit his personal whim, when the hand of the central authorities lay more lightly upon his freedom of action. The country was no heaven in these days, he will no doubt readily agree: but at least we were kings in hell, with room to work out our own ideas, and opportunity for such initiative as was in us. Montaigne, speaking of the autocratic monarchs in whose presence all men lout and curtsey, nor dare to be themselves, remarks that they are deprived of "mutual friendship, reciprocal society, and familiar conversation, wherein consisteth the most perfect and sweetest fruit of human life." So far we may agree with him. But he forgets the consolations of a lonely autocratic position, when he further affirms that his autocrat can find no satisfaction in the courteous behaviour of his subjects, because he knows all the time it is not in their power to refuse it. The society of equals has its friction, its trials to the nerves, as well as its delights of pleasant converse. Alone in Africa, you may follow your own devices without criticism, live your own life with never an irrelevant white man to ask the why of your absurdities. The native, regarding the white man as belonging altogether

to a different species, would never dream of expecting you to live his life or adopt his philosophy. The civilised European, on the other hand, instinctively insists upon his own mode of life and point of view. He would not uphold them in the abstract as absolute for all men; but in fact and in society he is apt to forget that they are relative to himself. If he likes French dishes, he cannot refrain from expressing his wonder that his neighbour should find any pleasure in roast mutton. His instinct is to wonder why another does not do as he does, not to practise that truer courtesy which allows each man to go his separate way.

There is freedom from friction, too, in the very fact that the servants of the white man in Africa belong to a lower race. Black boys are often irritating, and we must certainly acknowledge that they are not good servants. Yet, as compared with English servants, they have their advantages from the master's point of view. If treated kindly, and not continually nagged about matters of small importance, they will never resent being disturbed for any service, however trivial—a useful quality in a climate too hot for any unnecessary physical effort on the part of white men. I tremble to think what would be the feelings of an English servant if roused at midnight because his master is sleepless and requires some trivial comfort he will not trouble to procure for himself —a cigarette or a newspaper, perhaps, or a glass of cold water. In Africa, however, your boy will not think you inconsiderate if you wake him at midnight to turn up the side-flaps of your tent for coolness, or to sew up the mosquito-curtain which he has neglected to mend at a more seasonable hour. He will go about his business befogged and stupid, and half asleep, it is true, like Morpheus roused by Archimago's messenger; but he will bear no sort of resentment next day. His pain is all forgotten two minutes afterwards, when he lays down his heavy head in that wonderful deep sleep of his, from which he has all the time not fully awakened. Or, to take another example, most of us have known people in England ring a bell and then discover that the thing they rang for is at their elbow. Consternation follows: and in that long interval which usually elapses in England between the ringing of a bell and the answer to it, the unhappy master racks his brains to think of some other service he may ask for, that he may avoid the sneer of his Admirable Crichton. A white man in Africa on such an occasion would simply say to his boy, "All right. Got it!" and the boy would depart without a smile, apathetic and incurious as usual upon all subjects not directly forced on his attention, and quite without suspicion that his master had made a fool of himself.

Perhaps a man must have in

him something of the recluse to catch the full flavour of Northern Nigeria; but he must have the social spirit in him too, or he will lose the flavour of his holiday, that delightful return every second year to England, fresh from African solitudes to the criticism of civilised life and the humour of it, free and unfettered by professional ties at home to bind him to this way of life or that. It is melancholy that men who desire this life must go to an unhealthy land to find it. They have been born too late in time, for now the world is old and investigated, and the pleasant places of the earth are full. Even the Canadian rancher begins to realise that it is too late for him to take up his house and walk, because a newcomer has settled within ten miles of him. The only places now left are those where people formerly feared to go. There we may find the right solitude still. There is nothing on earth, however, really worth the sacrifice of health, the risk of developing prematurely into a distempered and fever-stricken old man. The career of Sir William Wallace and others proves that there are men for whom the Nigerian climate has no terrors. For men so constituted, the price paid for a life so full of strange conditions and opportunity is not excessive. Each man must, of course, live in the country before he can tell what price he in particular has to pay for working there; and it rests entirely with the results of that experiment which scale will kick the beam. But let me add—it is an experiment well worth trying.

W. B. THOMSON.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR AND ARTHUR YOUNG.

"He recommended to mankind the enjoyment of health, enjoined the practice of longevity, and extended the bounds of animated nature by his authentic discovery of the mermaid." In such terms did the 'Quarterly' in its boisterous youth assault the memory of the man to whom we owe probably the introduction of the water-filter, certainly the suggestion of massage for the treatment of nervous disorders, and the establishment of the first Board of Agriculture—ramshackle piece of furniture though it was. That he also restored the kilt to the Highlander, and was responsible both for the first 'Statistical Account of Scotland' and for the appearance in the world of one of the most brilliant of Scottish authoresses may also be counted unto him for services rendered to the world. But modern critics will have none of him. Sir Leslie Stephen, intent on glorifying Sinclair's associate and rival, Arthur Young, dismisses him with the contemptuous phrase, "he took his tediousness back to Scotland, where he got up Highland games, *revived the bagpipes*, and defended Ossian." This is fairly strong for a critic who presently confesses that he had never read a line of Sinclair's principal works; and as to the bagpipes—well, one shrewdly suspects that Sir Leslie shared the Southron delusion that "philabeg" denotes a kind of musical instrument.

John Sinclair of Thurso had, as a matter of fact, a bee of very fair size in his bonnet—a little larger, and it had stung him into genius; as it was, it took him as far as the faddist stage; but he was a mighty purposeful faddist. The youthful heir who, instead of making his tenants drunk on his coming of age, got them to celebrate the occasion by making a new road (in one day) over an inaccessible hill, was no ordinary blockhead. It is true that in his darker hour he confessed that it was as bad a road as ever was made. But the idea of adapting enthusiasm to spade-work is one which might well be utilised. Mr Ruskin tried it at Oxford, with results as bad as Sinclair's—though Oscar Wilde figured as a navvy on the occasion. But why not have all popular rejoicing take the form of manual labour? The energies of a single "Mafeking night" might suffice to underpin Saint Paul's, or to build an Aladdin's palace for the County Council.

Entering Parliament as member for Caithness in 1780, when the American War was at its worst, Sinclair immediately began to "devise measures for putting an end to that unfortunate contest"—a fair undertaking for a new Parliamentary hand. He had in his first session, with his accustomed condescension,

"offered to second the Address"; but finding that neither his speeches nor his uninterrupted flow of pamphlets on every subject under the sun produced any result in the way of preferment, he "made a bold and active effort for the overthrow of (Lord North's) Government by means of a coalition." He did indeed succeed in inducing a number of malcontents to dine with him repeatedly, but there the matter hung. Nevertheless, in the then equally balanced state of parties he was a person to be propitiated, and having persuaded himself that he, a Caithness man born and bred, was a Highlander, he had little difficulty in extorting from meticulous Ministers the repeal of the obsolete Act forbidding the wearing of the kilt. He could hardly have done a more popular thing. The rejoicing was immense; though 'twas midwinter, instantly "fifty additional miles of human skin," said 'Maga,' "courted the refreshing influence of the mountain breezes." Sinclair himself prudently abode in his breeches till the following summer solstice, and then, making a kind of triumphal progress in a garb which was about as natural to him as a girdle of scalps would have been, was gratified at being approached by aged Gaels as an emissary of the king over the water.

At what date he first made the acquaintance of Arthur Young it is difficult to say. The first letter from him, which is printed in Young's very fragmentary 'Autobiography,' as published by Miss Betham-Edwards, is in reference to one of Sinclair's wildest fantasies—the clothing of sheep in cold weather either in oilskin or in canvas smeared with "Lord Dundonald's tar." Arthur was wellnigh as mad on experiments himself—he tells us that he had at one time or another undertaken three thousand such,—and he was induced to furnish forth a few sheep in this strange garb. "I did so," says he, "and the rest of the flock took them, I suppose, for beasts of prey, and fled in all directions, till the clothed sheep jumping hedges and ditches soon derobed themselves."

Between the two men, closely as they were associated afterwards, there was never the slightest bond of sympathy beyond their common passion for the improvement of agriculture on their own lines. Sinclair was probably, like most of the northern gentry of his time, a jovial companion, though his sound views as to health no doubt kept him from excess: indeed, his son and biographer assures us that "during a long life he never once transgressed the rules of sobriety." This is a strong statement; but ordinary sobriety was not enough for Young, who for many years before his death had fallen into the pietistic gloom which men of the school of Wilberforce considered a mark of the "serious" life. His autobiography contains passages expressing remorse for former

sins, which his enthusiastic editress seems to consider as written rather in the vein of John Bunyan, lamenting over wild oats which other people would have regarded as very passable grain. But Arthur had travelled in France and Italy as a younger man, and in a not over-squeamish age, and there are "little trifles which a gentleman forgets," as Mr Mandell-Essington puts it, till they come back to him, perhaps too accusingly, when the world gets grey. For have we not in Young's own words the story of a coquettish beauty at a certain Italian window? "Forse è aperta," said presumptuous Arthur, with a wink towards the door: and would have entered too, when *eccovi!* there comes me round the corner an inconvenient husband, and a promising little flirtation ends in empty compliment.

This is not quite the same man, surely, who writes to Sinclair, "You do all the good in your power: you fulfil with great strictness all your relative duties: but you are not a Christian. You rarely if ever read the Bible, and you probably neglect private prayer. How can you, who know that you ought to act differently, expect to prosper?" Now Arthur Young was neither hypocrite nor prig. He was a sad good Christian at the heart —after the School of Clapham; but surely that "probably" is monstrous uncharitable, and, if Sinclair's son is to be believed, quite unfounded. To his credit, be it said, the latter took it all in very good part. But he brought it on himself to some extent. He had no *savoir vivre;* and once he insisted on dragging his friend off to Goodwood—not indeed to a race-meeting, but to Lord Egremont's house there (and that on a Sunday too), with results which he might have expected. Young was horrified. "Never a serious word," says he, "never a soul to church from that house to thank God for the numerous blessings showered down upon it, and the means of good which sixty thousand a-year confers." The Earl, he confesses, "is liberal and charitable enough, but in the chapel no worship, no hats off but my own, a dreadful example to a great family and to his children and to 2500 people in the town." Lindley Murray is a little scratched, but the sentiment is right and proper enough; only—can this be he who a dozen years before records how he was filled with sly laughter at the sight of the Lombard maiden "cowped" from her donkey and standing on her head in the ditch?

The only really cordial correspondence that ever took place between the two men was over the establishment of the Board of Agriculture. After the accession of Pitt to power political units became of less importance than under Lord North's feeble sway, and when Sinclair hinted at his own value the great Minister told him plainly that "a single vote, though always of importance, is, I trust, not now so material as once seemed possible;" after which pretty effectual snub Sir John (for Pitt had thrown him

a baronetcy) went on his travels. On these he kept the interests of British agriculture steadily before him, employing everywhere his really considerable powers of observation, and was able on his return to devise measures for the improvement of the quality of our wool, introducing in particular what was then called the "long sheep," or Cheviot breed, into the North of Scotland. In 1793 he induced Pitt to establish the first Board of Agriculture, with himself as President.

Young had been sceptical as to his success in the matter, and the two allies (we can hardly call them friends) had made a bet on the subject, not indeed in good guineas or sound claret, but in volumes of their own publications — Sinclair's 'Statistical Account' against Young's 'Annals of Agriculture'; and the latter, much to his surprise, lost.

"Upon my word," he writes, "you are a very fine fellow, and I have drank your health in bumpers more than once." (Oh, Arthur!) "You begin to tread on land; and what I conceived to be perfectly aerial seems much less problematical than before. . . . If you establish a secretary on a respectable footing, don't forget the farmer at Bradfield" (Young's estate). "'The Annals' are preparing, and shall be bound and gilt handsomely."

Sinclair did not forget the farmer at Bradfield, who was appointed Secretary of the New Board, which was perhaps the most remarkable Government department ever devised. £3000 a-year was allotted for the maintenance of it, and the disposition of this sum was very much at the discretion of the President. But a good deal of the expenditure seems to have been defrayed by "members'" subscriptions. It was indeed a kind of farmers' club, and when Sinclair's lavish expenditure on print and paper had rendered the whole concern bankrupt the hat was sent round, and one of His Majesty's Government Offices was for a time dependent on private charity. Indeed when Sir John was ejected (by the votes of the "members") it was very hard to find a successor. Imagine it being difficult to find a President of the Board of Agriculture! We are not sure if Mr Joseph Arch is still alive, but any one of the Labour Members or the Poplar or Mile End Guardians would jump at it.

But the establishment of the Board was the death-blow to the friendship of Young and Sinclair. Arthur meant Sir John to be a figure-head, he doing the real work. Sir John meant to do all the work with Young as a chief clerk. And Sinclair had the first call; for he had succeeded in quartering the Board in one room of his own house, where there abode the secretary, a couple of clerks, and a tame attorney. The Secretary conceived it to be his business to open and answer all the letters; which the President readily conceded, reserving only the right to alter the answers precisely as he thought fit—and that spelt war.

Properly managed, the Board might have been useful enough, doing very much the work which the "Royal" does today. There were vague ideas of offering prizes (ideas which Young's "Thatched House

Club" was already carrying into effect) for improvements in implements and the like; but Sinclair's untimely niggardliness in the matter of advertisements prevented the competitions from becoming known. He wanted all the money for his pet scheme—the compilation of a 'Statistical Account' similar to that of Scotland. For this purpose he proposed to enlist the services of the English clergy.

He could not have approached that body at a worse time. The English country clerics at the end of the eighteenth century were perhaps the most intractable set of men in the world. The learned among them were generally pluralists, often holding cathedral offices and never seeing their parishes, where they relegated the duty to curates who, always underpaid and sometimes ignorant, were in no case to supply much information, even if they could have afforded pen and paper for the purpose. Furthermore, they were irritated and alarmed by the recent organisation of the Methodists as a separate sect. And on the top of all this came Queries from a Department of which the Secretary, Young, was known as a pestilent fellow who regarded tithes as a burden on the land. It was small wonder that Archbishop Moore exerted the whole of his great influence to prevent the authoritative issue of the Queries. Then Sinclair fell back upon agents of all kinds: says Arthur Young—

"I was infinitely disgusted with the inconsiderate manner in which Sir John Sinclair appointed the persons who drew up the original reports, men being employed who scarcely knew the right end of a plough; and the President one day desired I would accompany him with one of these men, a half-pay officer out of employment, to call on Lord Moira to request his assistance in the Leicestershire report, when this person told his Lordship that he was out of employment and would like a summer excursion. To do him justice, he did not know anything of the matter. Still, however, he was appointed and amused himself with his excursion to Leicester."

Incarceration with the two clerks and the attorney was obviously too much for Young's equanimity. He is all bitterness. The President wants to get his Reports in in a single year, "by which manœuvre Sir John thought he should establish a great reputation for himself." "The revenues of the Board went entirely to printers, above eighty Reports in quarto with broad margins being given away to any who would accept them:" we commend the criticism to the attention of County Education Authorities in England. And again—

"While Sir John Sinclair was in this pursuit, he thought of nothing but the establishment of his own character, and imagined that his indefatigable exertions, misplaced as they were, gave him a claim to the attention of Government, and it is said induced him to ask a peerage. But Mr Pitt not acceding to his proposition, he next desired to be a Privy Councillor, and when this second gentle request failed he set hard to work to form a party of his own in the House of Commons."

This last is unfortunately true. Sinclair did try it again; but he had now to deal not with Lord North, but with William Pitt, to collide with

whom was much as if a man should run violently against a bulky piece of furniture. Sir John learned that though independence of opinion is a fine trait of character, independence of vote, in a time of crisis, is inopportune. Are not prominent politicians in this year of grace 1909 wandering in waste places and occasionally bespattering their former friends with the mud that there prevails, for lack of appreciation of this truth? The first result for Sinclair was that he was deposed, by the votes of the "members," from his Presidency of the Board (which he promptly ejected from his house), and that henceforward Whig and Tory alike would have none of him. Rendered homeless, the Board of Agriculture found refuge with the Bishop of Llandaff in Sackville Street; but Young lived in terror of Sinclair's return. He enters in his Diary in April 1805: "Nothing but bad news. Sir Joseph Banks writes me that Sir John Sinclair is to resume the Chair of the Board under promises of good behaviour. My wife's miserable state is a much worse business." Again, "Should Sir John Sinclair become President, or Lord Carrington, they might make it very unpleasant to me. Sir John is as poor as a church mouse, and would like to have his lodging here,"—in Sackville Street. "It would be quite unbearable: I must resign," and so on.

And yet the two men had many ideas in common, and were unanimous and wholehearted in their pursuit of those ideas. They agreed enthusiastically upon one point: the need for the abolition of all open spaces not consecrated to agriculture. The theory of the "lungs of London" would not have appealed to them; and lovers of the country as they both were, they detested those commons the loss of which a thousand parishes now deplore. Sinclair, says the critic who had never read him, had but one joke—a toast —"may commons become uncommon"—which was not what he said at all. What he did say was bad enough: "What use in conquering colonies? Let us first conquer Finchley Common, and compel Epping Forest to submit to the yoke of improvement." His son claims for him that he was the instigator of the enclosure of Hounslow Heath. And Young was no better: Enfield Chase, according to him, was a "nuisance and a scandal to the Government," and Salisbury Plain "might be made to grow wheat for the whole of England." He and Sinclair tried their hardest, without success, to get the Government to pass a General Enclosure Act; but they did one signal service to the country: they were instrumental in breaking up the system of the "common field" —the joint property of a parish, parcelled out from year to year to different holders—which, successful in more public-spirited days, had become in selfish hands the very bane of agriculture. But even highways were to Sinclair a waste of land: he is credited with the cryptic remark that "the coin

of a country may be compared to its roads; for neither the roads nor the currency of a country produce anything."

The two agriculturists had, moreover, a common friend in the person of Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. Young had come across some sufficiently equivocal prelates abroad: he found one who had had a special road made for him to come at his neighbour's wife more easily, and remarked that he should like to see the Bishop of Norwich making roads to *his* house for the like purpose. But of all Fathers in God surely Watson was the strangest. No age but the eighteenth century could have produced or for that matter tolerated him. Resident in Cumberland, and supported by sixteen livings in England, an archdeaconry, and a Professorship at Cambridge, he devoted his time and his really great talents alternately to pamphlets and pasture-lands. Though he possessed parts and address which would have secured him fortune in any of the learned professions, he preferred to seek it by sycophancy and chicanery, and died lamenting the injustice of a monarch whose averted countenance had reduced him to a (professorial) income of £2000 a-year. Great as his cleverness was, we may doubt if he was justified in accepting the Professorship of Chemistry when, as he confesses, he "knew nothing of Chemistry, had never read a single syllable on the subject, nor seen a single experiment in it." However, he immediately began to dabble in such, and being by a special mercy not blown to smithereens, survived to become Regius Professor of Divinity. "I immediately applied myself to the study of Divinity," and succeeded so well that presently he was able to answer all eager students and mortify all conscientious objectors by flourishing a Bible in their faces and ejaculating "en sacrum codicem!" Yet, was he much worse than the Oxford Professor whose record a few years ago in a Parliamentary Blue-book was that he lectured "once a-year, but not every year"?

He tells of his own exploits with proper pride. "I have spent my time," he says,—not in his bishopric: there was no adequate palace there — but "in building farmhouses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, making bad land good, planting larches. By such occupations I have recovered my health . . . and provided for my family." The last he did in more ways than one, for according to Arthur Young, his friend, he was left an estate in Hampshire by a total stranger, and selling it to an unfortunate nobleman in whose lands it formed an *enclave*, charged him such a price that he was clean ashamed to calculate it at so many years' purchase, and put it all down to the timber. Nor would he subscribe a penny to the bankrupt Board of Agriculture: all he would do, when Sinclair ejected Young and the clerks and the attorney, was to offer his own house in Sackville Street, for a consideration—well understood.

We have seen how Young

trembled at the idea of Sinclair's return to the Presidency of the Board: he did return for a short time, and the results were not very terrible. Indeed, a certain amount of friendly intercourse between him and the Secretary again arose, and on an April evening of 1807 Young received one of those touching proofs of friendship to which gentlemen of the day were inured, being requested to release Sir John from a spunging-house. He at once did so (apparently also in accordance with the spirit of the age), but cannot restrain his indignation at the nature of the debt, a charge for £750, preferred, said Sinclair, by "a rascally saddler whom I employed at Edinburgh to furnish accoutrements for my regiment of Invincibles." Why, comments Young, "Sir John's regiment has been disbanded nine or ten years, and consequently this rascally saddler has been at least so long kept out of his money! What can these people think of themselves!" Sinclair's kindness for the Secretary seems indeed to have been greater than that which the latter felt for him. The last story we have of their intercourse relates how in 1816 Sinclair was delighted to tell Young a story of the Baron de Sylvestre, a famous French agriculturist, who declared that his life had been saved before a Jacobin tribunal by his statement that he had made known and popularised the Englishman's works on rural economy.

But even in 1807 Young was a broken man: in his grief at the loss of his little daughter, "Bobbin," in 1797, he had literally almost wept himself blind, and the gloomy pietism of the time which had captivated him was not likely to restore his spirits. He lingered on at the Board for some years, but with Sinclair's departure its useful activity, such as it was, had ceased. It had never been much more than a club: it now became a debating society, and a somewhat troublesome one, and was very properly suppressed in 1822. Its work in the encouragement of agriculture was taken up and much more efficiently performed by the "Royal" and "Bath and West of England" Societies.

Sinclair was no doubt the more disgusted at his failure to utilise the skill and local knowledge of the English clergy by reason of his remarkable success with their Scottish brethren. For he was the real author of the first 'Statistical Account'—indeed, he is said to have introduced the word "statistical" into the language. Attending a General Assembly in 1790, he was seized with the idea of employing the collective wisdom there gathered together for his own practical purposes by getting each minister to draw up an account of his own parish. Of his own qualifications for securing such assistance he speaks with his wonted modesty: to the winning affability of his manner and address, which was irresistible to young clergymen, he added, to use his own words, "a spirit of perseverance which no obstacle could resist," and the habit of "pointedly answering" every letter he received.

His success is the more remarkable because he had to deal with a body of men of most divergent character and capacity. There were a few real antiquaries among them — a few keen observers of nature; but some were of incredible ignorance. Even in the 'New Statistical' we have a minister gravely stating that Michael the Archangel "flourished in the tenth century," falling little short in erudition of his brother of forty years before, who actually discovered the celestial chieftain's burying-place. But the palm is borne away by one who possessing a kirk dedicated to the Virgin Mary conjectures that "this lady" was most likely "a descendant of one of the Lairds of Chisholm"; and forty years later his successor repeats the amazing statement, condescendingly referring to the "lady" as "Marion." No wonder the clan Chisholm hold their heads high in Inverness. The Frasers, too, were men of might thereabouts; for, according to this same informant (himself a Fraser), when Lord Lovat placed a boiling kettle beside a waterfall the salmon jumped into it to be seethed. Another pundit invents a diocese of Glass and a bishop for it; while even the neighbourhood of the modern Athens does not preserve the minister of Corstorphine from the delusion that a font was "used as the depository of the holy water in the days of Popery," while the name of his parish he derives from *croix d'or fine* —a gold cross having once been presented to the church by a French nobleman. Wild etymologies were indeed a part of the intellectual output of the time, and the ministers fairly revel in them. Nothing common or obvious will serve their turn. With the river Jed before his eyes the incumbent of Jedburgh will have it that he rules the "Burgh of the Gadeni." Whithorn must needs be "Via tertiæ" (legionis understood). To get "Dame Helen's Town" out of "Dalmellington," the minister thereof insidiously spells it "Damelington." It is of course possible that the priory of Restenot may have been so named because charters and deeds could peacefully "rest in it"; it is even possible that "Tranent" may be derived from the outcry of victorious Scots when Danish invaders were seen to be beaten back from the shores of Fife. "Let them swim over!" they cried in solemn Latin, though they did not use the word "travernent," because there is none such in any tongue. But when we come to the derivation of Slamannan, from "slay man and" (mare) on account of the difficulty of ploughing there, we grow restive, and positively refuse the fence when we are told that the Baird family deduces its origin from Bayardo, and him not the "chevalier sans peur" but the author of 'Orlando Innamorata' (*sic*), "which Ariosto made the groundwork of his 'Orlando Furioso.'" There are signs of research here, but the name of that poet was Boiardo.

Notwithstanding these follies the one-and-twenty volumes are full of living interest, especially

where the ministers take the trouble to collect the reminiscences of their oldest inhabitants—reminiscences going back to the times when the results of English jealousy and persecution of Scottish trade, especially in colonial waters, were still bitterly felt. Take but one example of the grinding poverty which ensued. "Fifty or sixty years ago an ox worth forty shillings supplied the fleshmarket of Forfar for a fortnight. . . . A man who had bought a shilling's worth of beef or an ounce of tea would have concealed it from his neighbours like a murder."

More curious in some ways are the writers' complacent descriptions of what they consider progress. Over the disappearance of home manufactures they are jubilant as any Free-Fooder of to-day. The introduction of English goods shows the height of prosperity. Of a parish in Forfarshire it is said, "In 1760 no English cloth was worn save by the minister and a quaker"—the quaker being of course in possession of one of the only two hats in the place: else how could he refuse to doff it? Few bonnets are now worn (in 1790): "the bonnet-maker trade in the next parish is given up." Past all whooping, this! And whereas in 1760 people wore sensible woollen stockings, the farmer's wife and daughters are now dressed in printed calico or silk gowns, scarlet or silk cloaks, silk bonnets, *white thread stockings and cloth shoes.* No wonder pulmonary complaints were rife.

On the change in diet the writers also plume themselves: where formerly the only time of entertainment was Christmas (not Hogmanay be it observed), and the bill of fare broth, beef, and beer, over which they "were very merry without any ceremony," now it is "a few neighbours are invited to one house to dinner. Six or seven dishes are set on the table, elegantly dressed. After dinner a large bowl of rum punch is drunk; *then tea; again another bowl;* after that, supper; and what they call the grace-drink." The account of this *recherché* but deleterious banquet comes, however, from the civilised neighbourhood of Glasgow. There were still barbaric parts like Moray where the usages of the people were indescribably nasty. They had probably never read Catullus, but they availed themselves of a recipe for cleanliness which he mentions only to condemn; and their one amusement was as evil in its way as their substitute for soap. "Almost the only pleasure they indulge in is meeting occasionally to the number of fifteen or twenty-five for the purpose of conversing about some of the abstrusest doctrines of Calvinism, . . . varied by occasional reflections on the degeneracy and oppressions of the age." We scent the Arminian or even the prelatist rightly rabbled by his own kirk-session.

It is only fair to say that some ministers did not regard breeches of Manchester cotton as the best and healthiest attire for farm lads. They lamented the decay of native manufac-

tures and the substitution of whisky and tea for ale; but when the same writers proceed to deplore the unnatural demand for labour caused by "ditching, trenching, and dyke-ing, together with the manufactures at Aberdeen," one doubts their judgment.

It may be asked why Sinclair, who, with all his faults, did not believe in cotton breeches—except perhaps for sheep—and certainly knew who Saint Mary the Virgin was, did not check the productions of these sciolists. The answer is that he did do so, but being far too good-natured a man to hurt any one's feelings if he could help it, he was hindered by the storm of remonstrance which descended on his head from his contributors (and, of course, more especially from the more culpable) in the task of pruning and correction, and let much go uncorrected which should never have been printed. Left to himself, we can hardly suppose that he would have allowed the story of Lord Lovat's salmon or such inane statements as that "the people of this parish are of the ordinary size" to go to press. In the matter of etymology, perhaps, the editor, who himself derived "ale" from "alo" on account of its nutritious properties, was hardly qualified to act as critic.

After his severance from the "Board" Sinclair had but little to do with the southern kingdom. He did not, however, devote himself entirely to "the bagpipes and Ossian." True, he trifled with the latter subject, and succeeded in drawing from Scott one of the most perfect specimens of a non-committal letter of acknowledgment to be found anywhere (he printed it with joy). But his great task now was to encyclopædise the whole of human knowledge, so far as he himself possessed it. He planned four gigantic treatises, each to be the final word, on Agriculture, Health, Political Economy—and Religion! The first two only saw the light; but even the last, if it had appeared, could hardly have provoked a greater storm of indignation than did the second. The layman who intrudes upon the doctor's preserves is at all times apt to suffer: for in no profession is *esprit de corps* so vigorous, not to say violent. The feeling which prevents a physician from ever acknowledging that a qualified colleague may be a murderer or even a harmless ignoramus has full sway when an empiric is concerned, and, said 'Maga' of that day, "these gentlemen having duly taken out licence were naturally annoyed at not being quietly suffered to kill their game in their own way." Peachum and Lockit for once were agreed: the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly,' equally ferocious: the former damning poor Sinclair in the very volume which assaulted Wordsworth, and gave the *coup-de-grâce* to "George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor." And the style of criticism adopted was, to our modern way of thinking, grossly unfair.

Sir John had certainly the knack of putting sound principles in a ridiculous form, and assigning absurd causes for the

most natural results. That the pig is an animal *propter convivia natum* may be true, but that its loathsome appearance is what makes us haste to slaughter it surely represents the point of view of the queasiest of æsthetes. To say that the stomach is "far from recommending itself by any elegance of appearance," and is, indeed, an "unsightly membranous pouch," is surely a little hard on an organ which has just been patronisingly described as the "father of the family." Apart from the confusion of externals with internals here indicated, we may ask, were *all* the gentlemen of his day of the pot-bellied type so dear to Rowlandson and the caricaturists? Even where absurdity was not, the reviewers contrived to find it. When the 'Quarterly' quotes Sinclair as saying that many persons have tumbled out of bed and died in consequence of the fall, "which ought to have put an end to so preposterous a custom," one can hardly believe that the "preposterous custom" is that of having beds of inordinate height, against which Sinclair properly protested. Again, that the advantage of sleeping at night is "strongly proved by an experiment made by two colonels of horse in the French army" sounds like Midsummer madness, until we learn that the question is the relative amount of refreshment secured respectively by sleep in the daytime and at night. "Circular beds" are only recommended for a particular purpose, and, after all, are they so much more absurd than octagonal billiard-tables? That night-caps should be worn to prevent one's hair from becoming tumbled during rest sounds childish perhaps, but that was the purpose for which Miss Austen's heroines wore them; and her modern illustrators have shown us how very piquant and pretty they might be. As to the recommendation that tall men should wear stays —over which the reviewers made so merry in 1807—why, why indeed, shall we scoff at this in 1909?

In the midst of a mass of platitudes and ill-put truths we find imbedded not only most rational hygienic principles, but also suggestions far above the purview of medical science at a time when the race of Sangrado was not yet extinct. Even the 'Edinburgh,' hired bravo of the medicos as its critic evidently is, must praise the invention of the simple form of filter which Sinclair had found in use in France and endeavoured to popularise. The advice to gentlemen who employ grooms to currycomb their horses to apply a similar method, *mutatis mutandis*, to their own skins, especially as a preservative against or alleviation of nervous or rheumatic complaints, is surely a most sagacious anticipation of modern methods. The doctrine of heredity is set forth, whimsically indeed, for Sir John cannot resist the temptation to show how the introduction of a primeval Miss Sinclair into a family had

affected British genius in his own days—but sensibly and without the exaggeration which was lately fashionable. He is far in advance of his time in his protests against feather-beds and his advocacy of hair mattresses; he recommends the open-air cure, which is claimed as a modern invention, and insists on the necessity, then so little recognised, of plenty of open-air exercise for girls if they are to be healthy wives and mothers. Besides all this, there are scores of acute observations on the causes which shorten life which are now regarded as commonplaces, but were then novel enough, but all is set out with that deplorable want of appreciation of the ridiculous which exposed Sinclair defenceless to the slings and arrows of the reviewers, and led him to intersperse his sound sense with recipes for milk punch and silly anecdotes of topers. Mr Van Horn (surely it was Van Dunk) who consumed in twenty-three years 35,688 bottles of red port was indeed an abnormal instance. The reviewer rightly protests against this unfortunate (because short-lived) gentleman's stomach being compared to "a cellar," on the ground that it did not contain all those fifty-nine pipes of port at once. But one is puzzled to decide whether critic or victim is here most open to the charge of lack of humour.

On the whole, Sir John bears away the palm in this respect. His proof of the possibility of human beings existing on hay and grass, drawn from the history of Nebuchadnezzar, fairly entitles him to victory. Yet we must not overlook his admirable rules for athletic training, in which modern experience has made but few changes. His insistence upon "condition" is noteworthy. He was born not long after the first great English prize-fight, which was decided solely by training and the lack of it, and his father may very well have been present when poor old Broughton, the champion, who had been too proud to bring himself into condition, his puffy cheeks swollen up like pillows by a single lucky blow from Slack, groped wildly about the ring, crying to "Butcher" Cumberland, "I'm not beat, your Royal Highness, but I'm blind: I can't see my man!" and so had to be led off the stage, a second Samson.

An ill-used man, Sinclair! Pompous no doubt, and self-sufficient: "spreading himself out," to use a vile but expressive Transatlantic phrase, most unwarrantably, he yet produced work and achieved results in his generation of which we are still reaping the advantage. It is strange to find how completely his characteristics were reversed in his famous daughter, perhaps the most epigrammatic writer of her day. For industrious and well-meaning as he was, and possessed of powers of observation far above the common run, it must yet be laid to Sinclair's charge that he joked with difficulty. But so did Mr Gladstone.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

A WINTER VENTURE.

WHETHER it was the plague, as some said, or the famine, as others said, or stories of good money to be made in "Amreeka," "Afreeca," or "Cheen," no one could say for certain. But the names in the Book of Hopefuls were fewer than seemed at all in accordance with the idea that the regiment had only to hold up its littlest finger for recruits to come flocking to be picked and chosen from. The book in question is one kept up by a Bengal cavalry regiment for entering the names of aspirants for service in its ranks—much in the same way as a boy's name is entered for a public school long before he goes there, or a man's name for a club.

When a recruit joins a regiment he puts down between £7 and £10, and later makes good the balance up to about £30, which is the price he has to pay for his horse and arms. The class of man that will enlist under these conditions is one that a regiment may well be proud of. The advantages of the service are many, but in the East sentiment is still a thing very much alive, and the honour and glory of it, and the fact that a man's father has served, and his father again, counts for a very great deal. And it is a state of affairs not by any means to be lightly parted with nor at all to be lost sight of in times when in an effort to be efficient we may forget what real efficiency is.

It was to look into this matter affecting the solvency of the Book of Hopefuls that on a Christmas morning, not many years ago, I found myself lying in bed in a first-class compartment, snug, but wakeful through curiosity. We were at a standstill, and had been for some hours, and I wanted to know the reason why. Curiosity was sharpened by the recollection of a connection dependent on the train running not more than six hours late. I reared my head from its pillow and looked forth on a bright wintry sun heaving himself over the far edge of a vast flatness. Letting down the window, and thrusting out my head, I saw a light hoar frost on everything and snuffed up a very frosty air. But there was nothing in all this to account for the halt. Enginewards I saw driver and fireman squatting on the track and smoking. Rearwards, two guards were similarly postured and similarly employed. A couple of Sarus birds floated across the sunrise uttering their not unmusical rusty-door-hinge creaks. A herd of antelope was also pasturing, and to some purpose, on a field of young barley not far off. Two buck came out of the herd, and the click of their horns as they sparred rung sharp and clear in the distance. It was all very quiet and, barring the

buck—and they didn't mean business—very peaceful. There was such a seasonable feeling in the air that had a peal of church bells started chiming it would not have sounded the least out of place.

It seemed a pity to disturb things by shouting, so I pulled lustily at the alarm cord, and no one paid the slightest attention. But there was that connection still rankling. So I sent forth a bellow, "Mahboob!" A doe looked up and again continued at the barley. Nothing else happened: and I knew that Mahboob was wrapt in bestial slumber, with the quilt over his ears, in a neighbouring third-class compartment. In addition now to wanting to know the reason of delay I also wanted some tea, so I got into a "coat warm" (which is only officialese for a warm coat) and out of the carriage and stumbled along the ballast, bawling "Mahboob" louder and a great deal more audibly than railway people shout the names of stations. Presently a hooded head protruded, and Mahboob answered "Here am I," to which I replied, "Go, varlet, prepare tea, and eke get out the little rifle."

I passed to the two guards as being the brain of the train and sure to know things. They were Eurasians, and I, therefore, wished them a Merry Christmas—not so sure that they would understand, but heartened to the good deed by recollecting that a babu had once wished me "A Merry Good Friday."

The honest knaves seemed pleased. They both wore thin shoddy ulsters, topped with brilliant worsted comforters, and one of them sported—the dog—a sprig of mistletoe in his cap, which latter was the sole badge of his honourable profession; and they both looked as pinched and nipped and half-starved as only an ill-paid, under-clothed Eurasian guard can look on a slow train on a very cold Christmas morning. There was some attempt at hiding the hookah, as a thing only natives use. "The boiler being leakish, she stops," said one in answer to my inquiries.

"But can't they plug it and get on?"

"Perhaps they can or perhaps they cannot," said the other oracle sapiently.

"But without water procedure is impossible," said the first.

"What! All leaked? No water left?"

"Yes, all leaked. We shall report driver on first occasion."

"He will be fined—yes, bitterly fined perhaps."

"And how long shall we stop here?"

"A man has been sent to nearest station to report occurrence."

"And how far off is that?"

"Perhaps it is five miles."

There seemed to be altogether too many perhaps's to ensure any train connections whatever. I abandoned all hope of mine on the spot. I said that as my victuals were all in the brake-van, I sup-

posed I might break the company's regulations and break bulk and get out a tin or two of something to breakfast on. The fellow with the mistletoe smiled waggishly and said, "Yes, perhaps."

I wended enginewards and found that, indeed, the water had all leaked away; but Mahboob, sole tenant of the cab, was holding a simmering kettle with a long furnace-rake over the expiring embers in the belly of the engine. I tried to take a rise out of the driver who was hubble-bubbling quite contentedly, and did not seem to consider my position at all.

"The Noble-man in the brake-van yonder says you will be reported for this and fined severely,—and well you know you deserve it." To which he replied with a hateful nonchalance that it was nobody's fault,—neither his nor his fireman's. That it was a known matter that "her" plates (jerking a finger at the engine) were worn to paper, and that there would be no fining whatever; also that I should miss my connection all right. He smiled wanly,—I fear he was a sardonic man.

I said then that I had only one request to make, and that was that he would whistle loudly before starting the train, because I wanted to go and shoot a buck. He replied that having no steam he could not whistle, but (he was a sportsman, if sardonic) that he would stand on his cab and wave a shovel and shout,—and perhaps I might give him a haunch in return.

It was a bargain.

"We are Mohammedans, though," he added.

"My servant is one, and he shall accompany me."

"No! servants are usually no better than Kafirs and idol-worshippers. Let Abdul, my fireman, go with you, and you lend him your knife."

Telling Mahboob to extract food from the brake-van and prepare breakfast, my fireman and I started armed respectively with a large knife and a small rifle. The sun was now of a pleasant warmth, and the third-class, *en masse*, evicted itself on to the up-line, to warm and watch sport.

"Many's the time I've seen these dishonest ones," said the fireman, alluding to the antelope. "They are always here or hereabouts — sons of infamy!"

I asked Abdul what he would do if I shot the buck dead.

A Mohammedan can only eat meat that has had its throat cut by a Mohammedan while it is alive, and during the recital of a short formula called the "Kulma."

"I have noticed," said Abdul, the natural historian, "that really wild animals are never shot dead. There's always just enough life left to say the words quickly while you are running up to them, and to cut their throats after. I never count an animal really dead till he has stopped bleeding."

"But, Abdul,—do you know the words of the Kulma?"

"Well, sahib, to speak the truth, no, I don't. But my son who goes to school—he does.

After all, the throat-cutting is the great thing. Sons of devils! They're moving off."

As hard words break no bones, I asked Abdul to leave off using them and to lie down and simulate in his sooty garments a charred tree-stump, while I began to walk towards and around the buck.

Now, no one but Dr Carver and such like, and they only at glass balls, like shooting to a gallery. The whole of the third-class squatted and basked and looked. The engine-driver had mounted the body of his engine, and was leaning against his funnel,—a most unprofessional proceeding,—and I felt that it put me off. The only sound that broke the stillness was Mahboob distantly crashing amongst enamelled iron-ware as if to show people that he, at any rate, took no thought for a herd of common antelope. I knew, however, that he, too, was looking out of the window of the lavatory, where servants, since Indian trains were, establish their emergency kitchens.

The long and short of it was that I fired and missed. Abdul sprang up waving a knife after the departing herd. The driver climbed back into the engine; the third-class continued impassive, and Mahboob, in a voice of thinly veiled scorn, shouted that breakfast was ready. Abdul rushed up shouting, "Is he hit? Is he *quite* dead?" I knew this was mere impertinence on Abdul's part, but refrained from clouting his head because it looked like oily cotton-waste,—and it was Christmas. After receiving surly assurances that the quarry still breathed, he mounted a convenient tree and gazed round the horizon.

"Cowards! Poultry! They still run—sons of shame! But there is yet another herd still undisturbed yonder. Come quick!" and he ran down the trunk, and we were about to start in pursuit when his mate appeared on the cab-roof waving the shovel and shouting.

Far in the flat distance appeared the smoke of the salvage engine, and the faint but growing murmur of its approach was audible. We and it arrived simultaneously, and, hooked by the nose, we were once more drawn forward. I gave Abdul the knife when we parted to make up for the Christmas haunch on which we had counted before it was hatched, and I was sorry for the two hungry-looking guards who would also have had a bit.

The connection was, of course, missed by hours.

Next morning it was still more bitterly cold, but the engine was water-tight. We had left the absolutely flat country and had come to one of another sort, a desert of rolling snow-white sandhills and thorn-trees; of no water, and young green corn shooting up between the drifts, apparently existing on sufferance. Early in the afternoon we pulled up at a little sandy station, sandy but quite feudal, for its master stepped forward

with a gold coin to be touched and remitted, instead of demanding my ticket. The place was full of bags of grain, and in the tainted breeze was more than a hint of camel.

A young native officer of my regiment met me. With him was his father, a very old, tough, hawk-like gentleman in spotless white, and the neatest little embroidered Punjabi shoes, and hands like iron. He had been Rissaldar-Major of my regiment for many years. Leaving the son to dig out the kit and load it, the tough old man enthroned me on the front seat of a blood-looking camel, and taking his place behind we set off for a five mile jog-trot. After mutual inquiries after our precious healths, and after he had said that I was looking thin and that he was having some trouble with his eyes, and after I had said that he was looking no older than when he had left us twelve years ago, after nearly forty years' service, I asked him what was his reason for the shortage of recruits from his village and country. "Was it plague?"

"No."

"Were other regiments poaching on our grounds?"

"Certainly not."

"Was it unpopularity of the service?"

"No."

"Was it famine?" (It was a famine year.) To this he let out a dry chuckle into the nape of my neck.

"No, surely."

"What was it, then?"

"Look ye, sahib," he said, "I'll tell you the reason in one word, — It's full bellies. There's not an empty one in the countryside."

I asked the coarse old veteran to explain.

"Look ye," he said, "I speak only of my own country and not of those in my armpit" (by which he meant "adjacent," — a vulgar old dog, but one who wasted no words, and never had, in expressing himself). "Here we have plenty of stuff, but very little money. No one goes empty. The poorest fills his belly once a-day. But of hard cash we have but little. There are plenty of young men who want to serve, but their fathers want them on the land and won't put down the joining money. Now in Ludhiana over yonder military service is the fashion, and always was. Every village is full of servants" (and by servants he meant what the word used pure and simple always means —*i.e.*, men in the Service). "Every family has at least one male a servant. You yourself remember several sets of two and three brothers serving in one squadron. Here it is different. We are better men and harder and tougher, for you see what the country is, dry, sandy, full of thorns,— but with such crops! Here a one and there a one serves. If a man gets on (as I did), his brothers and their sons will come. But it is not the fashion. They are wanted on the land. Now when there's a famine they'll come because their bellies are empty. For

myself, I paid the joining money of all my troop. None of them could have enlisted otherwise."

I knew my benevolent, canny old friend well enough to feel tolerably certain that in these patriarchal dealings with his men a substantial interest had been charged on the sums thus advanced.

"Ha! Look ye, now! These are my fields,—a double crop, grain and barley. One does not want water and grows on the surface. The other wants it and sends its roots deep. So they grow together like friends. And those fields were Duffadar Jit Singh's, dead of plague: and those my brother's, and those yonder Maluk Singh's, dead also of plague, with all his house. You remember him, doubtless? But it's a fine country, a fine country. You should come in April, when the crops are chin-high."

I was willing to take the old gentleman's word for it, but to the strange eye the fine country seemed to consist largely of rolling sandhills and thorn-trees, with a dash of errant camel dining off the latter. Here and there a little green corn sprang in the hollows. There was no sign of water or irrigation wells, nor of any boundaries or marks whatever. On my remarking on the absence of wells he again chuckled deeply.

"Wells!" he said. "Wells! Look ye. 'Tis a fine country, but we have none of that sort of well here. Why, the one we have in my village is three hundred cubits deep, masonry-lined top to bottom, and cost two thousand rupees to make. But the water is sweet water, famous, quite famous. Why! many villages hereabouts have only brackish water: some have none at all and have to send for it. It's a fine country and fine men in it. Look at me, now. I served thirty-eight years, four months, and three days, seeing four campaigns, beginning with the Mutiny and ending in Misr [Egypt]. I don't exactly know how old I am, but I am well over seventy, and I can do a harder day's work than any man hereabouts."

I asked him how on earth one man could distinguish his boundaries from another, as there were no visible marks. Was it the sandhills? No,—sandhills were always changing shape, and not seldom, if a certain wind blew long enough, their position as well. How was it, then? By the trees? Well, no, not by the trees exactly. How then? Oh, there were marks—every one knew his marks. What marks? Oh, just marks everywhere. My host's patience seemed to be giving out, and to cut my importunity short, he said, "Any fool who has been brought up on the land must know his father's fields, marks or no marks, he just *knows* them!" And that is as far as I got in the matter.

We were now approaching the village, one of large baked mud-houses—boasting nothing of beauty, but much of solid respectability. There were three

of three storeys, belonging to my host and his brothers. The village had been founded by their father, and the whole of it was inhabited now by a term signifying "descendants"! A small outwork was assigned to the village menials, sweepers, washermen, and craftsmen. These were not to be confused in any way with the Sikh yeoman, who only sullies his hands with earth off his own freehold. Quite apart from the village was a little treed enclosure, which we may call the manse, where dwelt the Sikh minister and the Book, for the Sikh is a combination of godliness and extreme thrift (not to call it by a harsher name). In these qualities and a partiality for strong drink, his excellence as a soldier and as a farmer, his prototype may be found north of Tweed. We turned, not into the village, but into the manse, my host saying that I should be more comfortable there, away from the barking of the village dogs and proximity to the beasts who dwell on such intimate terms with their owners. Here we alighted, and here assembled certain elders with many youngers. These latter were introduced airily, with a wave of the hand, as "my descendants." We sat in rows, and were very silent, and stared and breathed very hard—and one of us felt very sheepish and longed for the baggage to arrive, so that the gathering might be dismissed. Strong drink, even whisky with soda served in bright green tumblers, with biscuits, arrived. So also did a huge china-blue-eyed water-buffalo, snuffling direfully at the strange smell of white man, and contemplating an assault. A nearly naked urchin, however, ran in upon him and smote him so woundily on his knobby flanks with a huge staff that he snuffled his way out again.

My visitors bore every conceivable degree of relationship to men serving and who had served in the regiment. They were gradually made known to me, my memory being severely taxed in the process. Thus:

"Jiwan Singh, son of Assar Singh, come forward," said my host. A little unhappy boy was pushed into the front.

"Don't eat shame, Jiwan Singh; there is nothing to eat it about."

But Jiwan Singh continued to twist his fingers and devour shame in any quantity, and while I gradually arrived at the fact that his father's other wife's sister had married somebody else's father's son: and *their* son was the man who had had a thin chestnut horse, a persistently thin horse it was—which kicked and bit every one and wind-sucked, and who had, during a field-day twelve years ago—no, thirteen years ago—fallen down a well and was not killed, but on being hauled to the surface bit two men and kicked a third; and didn't I now remember the circumstance well, especially as the horse had grown fat and hearty afterwards? I did not.

"Here, come forward, Tek Singh, son of Maluk Singh the fifth, and get you gone, Jiwan Singh—now *this* lad's

father"—and so on and so forth.

I only mention the above dialogue as an instance of the excruciating—there is no other word for it—relationships created by people who have one real wife, and must take over a deceased brother's wife, and who have large families, and go on multiplying under the ancestral roof-tree till the ancestor dies, and his land is divided up amongst the sons; whose sisters marry into villages close by, and begin spinning out more and more fearful kinds of relationships with all the husband's folk. To remain a bachelor is a thing practically unknown. And the generic term of cousin or "connection" is seldom used, because every conceivable degree of relationship has a name peculiar to itself.

I set to work that very night with the young native officer to compile a vocabulary of these degrees, but we did not get down on paper more than a fraction of them. It began with "Maternal uncle's wife," "Maternal uncle's other wife," "Maternal uncle's wife's son and daughter," and "the other lady's son and daughter." This, however, took nearly an hour to work out, and I retired to rest.

When the baggage arrived I dismissed my visitors and retired into my prophet's chamber, which was very fine and large once you got inside, but the front door was only four feet high and half as wide. Inside, however, it opened more generously into a courtyard; and off this dwelt the minister, a most venerable-looking old party. He was engaged in cooking his evening meal; and when he had finished it, and I mine, we sat in the courtyard and talked. I was at some pains to find out what his duties were, and in what estimate he was regarded by his flock. I think he was too simple to see that out of his own lips I learnt that his religion was not in a very flourishing state.

"First, Baba-Ji [Sir Father], do you mind my smoking?"

"No, so long as it comes not near the Book: and that is locked up in the chamber. You shall see it to-morrow."

"Do you live all alone here? Have you no wife or disciples to do for you?"

"Wife I have none, though, as you know, we may marry. Disciples I have two, but they are both away on a long tour. I know not when they will return. Sometimes they send me a postcard to say that all is well. They travel far, seeking for converts."

"And how do they live? Do you send them money?"

"They are holy men. People always feed holy men, no matter whether they be filthy fakeers or even mad Mohammedans thinking only murder and hatred toward all that think not as they. Holy men must not be bothered with little matters such as that of food."

"And what work do you do here?"

"I keep the Book and teach the Word to such children as are sent, those whose fathers

are good Sikhs, but the mothers care not. Not one of the women but would like to feed a Brahmin. Some of them go long journeys to Hindu fairs, where there are great crowds and gay dresses and toys for the children. But the Rissaldar-Major Sahib is a good Sikh. All his household are duly baptised by me, and he will have no Brahmins at the marriages, —not he."

The impressive ceremony by which any man of any race may become a Sikh, and which is performed on Sikh children when they reach years of discretion, bears striking resemblances to our own baptism, confirmation, and holy communion. There is the naming of the candidate, the sprinkling of the forehead with water, and the eating of a mixture of flour and water out of a common dish by all present, and later at stated intervals. The likeness to our own observances is, however, purely a chance one. The eating out of the common dish is the outward sign of the renouncing of all caste distinctions, which are not recognised by the Sikh religion.

It is said, and I fear truly said, that Sikhism is decaying; that what remains of the military religious spirit, which is the keynote of the faith, is largely fostered by service in our army; and that it is slowly sinking back into the slough of that corrupt Hinduism from which it was lifted and purified by the first Sikh teacher, Nanak, more than four hundred years ago.

The native officer, to whom I spoke later on this subject, rather gave me to understand that the old priest was a respectable sort of tag, without which no decent Sikh community should be, but who was not really necessary to its welfare, spiritually or otherwise. The women folk, he said, were all for the Brahmins and the jolly fairs and gatherings organised by these astute Jesuits. The materialism of the Hindu religion appealed far more to them than their own pure but sombre faith, in which indeed the saintly Nanak had provided their sex with but few attractions.

Next morning a row of youths were drawn up for inspection. "Those that you reject," said the native officer, "will be the laughing-stock of the village, — so . . . you understand."

I said I quite understood that they were to be let down gently. We divided them into three lots—those that were too big and heavy, those that might do, and those that were too small and puny. The big ones were complimented on their physique; their deep chests were pounded till they boomed like drums; their legs and arms fulsomely admired; and they were then earnestly recommended to try the foot; and we were at pains to explain that fine young men such as they were would break any horse's back.

The small ones were told to drink as much milk and eat as much meat as they could come by for a year, and they

would be certain to be just right next year.

The likely ones were stripped and closely examined for make, shape, and action, and then entered up in the order of their physical merit. Mentally they were like a lot of jolly young buffaloes. They were asked all sorts of questions as to age, father's consent, and ability to afford to enlist. The native officer was sponsor for their social status and character. Those that had regimental claims — that is, fathers or relations serving, or who had served—were given precedence over others who had not. Finally, the whole lot, rejected and elected, were made to run a race, and the winner, being of the rejected, immediately claimed the right of becoming an elected, and was acclaimed as such at once by the assembled elders, without any reference to me.

My next appointment was thirty miles distant at the village of another native officer, and I was to halt half-way for the night at the house of his father-in-law, because it was a three-storeyed house, eminently suitable to distinguished strangers. I began to move at the manse early next morning, for there were several things to do. First of all, the elected had to be arranged for. They had only begun their trials, and had now to be sent to the nearest military station and medically examined. This was not so simple a business as one might suppose. There was a railway journey with a change in it, and at the end a regimental hospital to be found; and the elected were about as capable of accomplishing this as a herd of their own beasts without a drover. A smart young sowar had been sent up for the purpose of herding them there. But military doctors have a habit of sometimes deputing the tiresome work of examining recruits to their native subordinates; and these latter have a tiresome habit of demanding so much a-head, in default of which they write down every recruit as too old if he look mature, or too young if he be of callow appearance. It is a safe and winsome game to play. So the sowar was armed with a letter to the doctor; and to make assurance doubly sure I compounded a felony, and told him, if the worst came to the worst, to pay a rupee a-head to the subordinate rather than have all his flock rejected for the lack of a trifle of recognised palm-oil. Then there were small gifts of a spirituous nature to my host to be made, and packets of tea to certain ladies of his household, strictly in retirement of course. These, I found later, had no use for tea, only men being allowed these luxuries: the ladies would have liked loaf-sugar. Not to be outdone in munificence, and probably under marital orders, they sent me out shawls covered with much laborious embroidery, if not very artistic. I eagerly inquired whether I might not touch and remit these, as I had the gold coins presented by my male friends, but I was told that this was

business. So I carried them off reluctantly. And so to camel and away; but we had not got very far when the young native officer who accompanied me remembered that there was no water, or, at least, none fit to drink, at my night's halting-place; and that meant a return and the despatch of a swift camel to throw in the necessary supply.

Fifteen miles on a good camel is easily done. We tarried a little on the way at a notable Sikh shrine and sat under a tree, and silent multitudes slowly gathered to stare; but I was hardening under the process, and felt that I might in time look as impassive as royalty itself. At sundown we came to the village and even to the third storey itself. There was a narrow gullet of a staircase, up which, after me, pressed as many of the village as there was standing-room for on the flat roof outside my quarters, for the usual welcoming stare. It was done with perfect respect and friendliness, and if the master of the house thought no harm in it, why should I? Here there were but few soldiers, public favour having been attracted to British Columbia, whither I was asked to address several letters acknowledging receipt of money. I was getting rather tired of the crowd and was considering measures for its dispersion, when a burly fellow shouldered his way through it, and seized the rifle I was cleaning out of my hand, saying, "I was a servant: I understand these things: let me clean it." But he first swept the people down the stairs. My protector explained that he had served in the King's African Rifles, and had come home to rest on his laurels and resume his place at the plough handle, producing in proof of his statement his discharge certificate and a couple of medals. Only one fellow out of the crowd had remained. I said, "Friend, what may *you* want?"

"I have but one request to make," he replied; "you being my both parents, and, in fact, everything to me, who else, indeed, should I come to for anything I want?"

"Well, and what *do* you want?"

"I only want to tell you that I am so happy at having seen you, that I should like to go on seeing you for ever and ever. Now, I think that this might best be accomplished by your enlisting me. Therefore, kindly do so at once."

I told him that I would see him next day, but that meanwhile I thought he had seen as much of me as was good for either of us, and that as I was about to tub, the sooner he made off the better. This he did, pausing at the stair-head as if to make some further request; on which I asked Ram Singh to remove him, and he disappeared. This suppliant had not the smallest wish to see me again or to enlist; he only wanted to say something really pleasing to a stranger.

Next day a fifteen-mile march was lengthened into thirty in turning aside into villages, and

in excursions after the not very elusive antelope. Under the load of their venison and well down below Plimsoll's mark, we reached our halting-place at sundown.

I found here a tent and a *shamiana*, or flat-roofed wall-less pavilion, pitched ready for me in a little orchard outside the village. My host, a very handsome Sikh native officer, had recently taken his pension, and was of a type which is fast vanishing under the breath of education. Bluff and outspoken even for a Britisher, he was doubly so for a native. He was just able to read and write, but I don't think ever put pen to paper except to sign his name—yet he was as sharp as a needle and full of common-sense. There had been no mild patriarchal rule in his troop—which is a very good sort of rule, too, in a way, and reaches all sorts of shady spots that discipline could never throw a ray on to; he had but to crook his little finger and men trembled. After thirty-four years' service he had begun to run to flesh, and it had become a desperate matter to mount him properly. He had recently received the grant of land which is the reward of long and honourable service, and had retired a few months before my visit. He explained to me that there had recently been a small matter of sickness in the village, merely a score or so of "nobodies," who had eaten largely of dead camel, and had died themselves afterwards. Some men said it was plague, —no one knew.

"So I cleared out the village for a month, and made every one live in the open. Grumbling they did it; and grumbling they broke holes through their thatches. If the sickness had not stopped, I'd have had the doctor Sahib here, and inoculated the whole boiling, and put the pink stuff in the well. We, who have served, know all about that, and what lies they talk about poisoning wells and ruining caste. Bah! We're back again now, as you see, but I thought you were better in a tent than in my house—you understand. I'll come round after you have washed and had your dinner. You have brought me some venison and rum; your kindness, Adab." ("Respect:" the younger generation says "Salaam," but I like the old word best.)

Later we sat in the *shamiana* and he put down an astounding number of whiskies and—lemonades; and the welkin rang with his Berserk laughter, and I heard many strange tales of things I could never have heard about under more usual surroundings. It was only a year or so previous that he had been in London as orderly officer to the King,—to whom he had hoped to have presented a petition asking for various little favours, such as extra pension and grants of land in impossible neighbourhoods. There were, however, the severest orders against worrying his Majesty. "It was a matter of great regret to me, as it was a *full* petition about *everything* I deserved, and

the King would certainly have set such small matters right. There were, however, strict orders against us presenting petitions,—why, I know not,—but mine I had always ready either up my sleeve or in my cummerbund or in my turban, and I should have presented it had opportunity offered: but the King is a man never alone, never at leisure."

There were also difficulties about food, owing to the extraordinary orders prohibiting the beheading of sheep with sharp swords in the region of Eccleston Square.

"They told us that sheep might certainly be killed in any way we liked, but beyond the town. But, Sahib, what a town! Why, it was a day's march into the country. I sent Jiwan Singh, my orderly, who can speak English, to find out. He left at sunrise and returned at sunset, having been helped much by the police. After that we had to do with hens, fine birds, but expensive."

As he rose to bid me "Good-night," he said, "You'll remember Jit Singh. Keep a place for him in the squadron. He is now fourteen. They tell me that at the Khalsa College he is a bad boy and won't learn English and become a babu! Ha! ha! fancy son of mine a babu!" and he disappeared into the darkness, his roars of laughter slightly jolting over —well, lemonade is hiccoughy stuff.

Next day there were thirty miles to be done straight off—nothing much to a good riding camel, but a long day to one carrying the baggage, with Mr Mahboob atop of the load. I got them under way fairly early. But that was only make-believe, for, of course, the camel had to throw the lot off into a ploughed field, and when he had been retrieved from his domicile in some ancestral patio, and the load adjusted again, and the domestic balanced nicely at its summit, they at length disappeared into the chilly morning mist.

There was a poor show of hopefuls here, and I upbraided my host with it. "What would you have, sahib?" he replied testily. "I could line-up thirty youths for you to see, and they'd all say they wanted to join, but when the time came their fathers wouldn't let them. They are wanted on the land. I've paid many a man's joining money in my day, but it's pension with me now, not pay, and I can't afford it. Tell the Colonel Sahib that." So we parted, my escort now being my host's brother, a duffadar serving in the regiment: and we put in the day agreeably enough, looking in at villages and shooting more antelope than we could carry; but people whose fields suffer from their depredations are not sorry to see them shot, nor to make a good meal off them when they get the chance. Just at dark we arrived at the outskirts of a village, where it was pleasing to find that not only had the kit arrived, but the tent was up, and Mahboob, squatting in a nimbus of smoke that would blind a white man, tending his pots.

Here I had no native officer, only one or two sowars, sons of substantial men in the village, who were ready enough to show what influential fellows they were by summoning their co-villagers and clansmen to the colours. There were some thirty of these to inspect next morning, and they boiled down to half that number. I might send them in to the nearest military station at X—— if I liked, but the babu there was undefeatable, and his terms higher than any one could afford, —much better try Y——, where the babu was man of known probity. So Y—— it was.

I now had only six or seven miles to do to the railway, which was to convey me to my next centre. A mob of sportsmen ran with us while the breath remained in them, but we left them standing on various sandhills, craning, in the hopes of seeing a shot. The inevitable camel-load or two accompanied us, however. It was only when approaching the little railway station that we came on the eternal antelope,—little ravine deer these, —dotted about amongst herds of cattle.

While we were moving on looking for a clear space for a shot, a herd of not less than 300 black buck came careering towards us. They ricochetted madly over the unfenced railway line and disappeared behind the embankment. I threw a leg over the peak of the saddle and slipped to the ground for a shot at a ravine deer, telling my companions to keep moving on, which, of course, they didn't. Ensued the following:

"Don't shoot! There are cattle in the way." "Shoot! you'll just clear them." "But there's a man squatting in a field right in the line." "Look sharp, the train's in view." At this point a pair of soft-looking plump brown legs, garnished with white socks and wearing patent leather elastic-sided shoes with false pearl buttons, came into my view as I lay prone on a whole nest of clinging thorny burrs. By screwing my neck round and up, my eyes travelled past the socks and the podgy knees, to a petticoat garment, and above that to a most benevolent smiling face, wearing the largest species of goggles and a small velvet cap, with "Station Master" chastely enscrolled on it.

"Sir," said the face, clasping its hands, which held a red and green flag, "I am here Station Master, drawing small salary, with large wife and children, for so savage desert place as above." Here he indicated his station.

"No doubt you will rise to better things in time, Babu. Meanwhile, step aside, for your comely legs are in jeopardy, and the train, which you must detain, is arriving."

"Sir," continued the official, nimbly removing himself from the danger-zone, "there is no hurry. I am detaining her up to half-hour if you order. I, too, have lethal weapon, but my hand shivers at devilish bang and antelopes are saved."

There was now a renewed

outcry from the spectators—"The buck! the buck!" and the three hundred, having impinged on some new terror beyond the railway embankment, came rocketing into view again straight towards the scene of operations, already too thickly occupied by three ravine deer, a herd of cattle, and a cultivator.

Right into the midst of these they dashed, and with one accord, from leading doe to hindmost buck, pulled up dead. The train was sizzling in the station. The foresight was making a tempting white bull's-eye against the coal black shoulder of the only buck that was not covered by a doe. It was a long 250 yards, through a sort of alley-way of cattle. Next moment two hundred and ninety-eight antelope leapt into the air and vanished in dust. The Station Master and my companions had most of the rest of the herd, to wit, the buck and the doe behind him, which had fallen to the same bullet.

The train carried me into a very different country,—one smiling and fat with the canals forced by a cruel Government on its down-trodden peasantry. On arrival at my destination I was sadly disappointed at my old friend Rissaldar Sohan Singh. He should have known me better than to have spread a table for me in the presence of his friends, several of whom were assembled on the platform, and to have furnished it with hard-boiled eggs and flakes of sugar, and grapes from Cabul in little wooden boxes, and queer tumblers, and suspicious looking bottles. My cup of misery was about full to overflowing, when the local schoolmaster was pushed to the front with an address in English in which I was called "Your Majesty," and everyone else my slaves! I was further discomfited when I learned that a young good-for-nothing non-commissioned officer, of whom I highly disapproved, had been deputed to put me up in his house, because it was the best in the village. There was a drive of half a dozen miles along a magnificent canal bank, in the flashy dog-cart of my flashy young N.C.O., and on arrival I found on the table of my chamber a box of cigars (tobacco, in a Sikh house!), and was asked whether I would like champagne for dinner. I told him to have the cigars removed at once, and not to mention the word champagne to me, on which he confessed that these preparations had been made on the information of that Gehazi, Mr Sham Singh, my orderly, who doubtless wished to pose as an authority on how to do things really well. He and I had a stern reckoning a week or two later.

Old Sohan Singh stood, with the added height of his enormous and beautifully tied head-dress, nearer seven feet high than six. He possessed the extraordinarily handsome features common to his race, and more than the usual share of a Sikh's dignity and military "port." His snow-white beard, reaching when loose far below his waist, was carefully parted at the chin, and the two branches, neatly inter-twisted

with red silk and carried up along either cheek, disappeared under the "pug" or little under-turban which confines the long hair of Sikhs,—one of the five outward and visible signs of their faith being long hair, untouched by scissors. Of all Sikh officers and men whom I have known, he was the one I would first call friend. He was as dense an old carl as only a Sikh can be; but, for high sense of duty, an old-fashioned loyalty, scorn of lying, good breeding and manners, he was, indeed, a gentleman of the very best type. Without any undue outward display of the emblems of his religion, he was a very pious, God-fearing old man. For the rest he spoke in a deep bellow; and, a little deaf by nature, made himself still more so by tying his turban well down over both ears. This used to cause some little friction between us on parade. His village had been so sorely visited by plague that there were literally no men available as recruits. Nor was there the slightest reason to suppose that the sickness would not return just as badly next spring. Yet there was no grumbling or repining. Occasionally I have noticed a smart keen man relinquish all interest in his work, and become silent, dour, and unresponsive. I have been told, on asking his native officer what the reason was,—"Oh, his heart's broken: all his house have died within a week." India to-day shows a stoicism that Stoics might have envied. How would it be now in hysterical Great Britain? Mahboob here met an old campaigning friend, a genial pensioner now, who in earlier days had borne the shakiest of characters.

Mahboob was lucky (not many Sikhs and Mohammedans are friends), for he went sick here and had his friend to nurse him, and left me for the next fortnight to subsist vicariously on eggs and milk supplied by much cumbered hosts, who supposed that a sahib's wants were as immense as they seemed complicated.

Not long before, Rissaldar Sohan Singh had been staying with me—that is, he was accommodated in his old squadron at my charges. I knew the old gentleman never touched liquor, but his deputy hosts managed all that for him in the most self-sacrificing way. When his visit was up he invited the British officers to dine with him, which meant dining in their own mess at his expense. "I want it really well done," he said. "There must be no stinting, and there must be lots of sarmkeen" (champagne). We told him that champagne now was only drunk to keep inspecting-generals company and ensure pleasant dealings with them; but that in the matter of whiskies-and-sodas, although we weren't very great at them, we'd do our very best. This did not at all satisfy him; but finding we were obdurate, he remarked with just the merest hint of scorn in his voice—

"Well, in my day, forty-two years ago, things were different. Sahibs drank lots then—lots, I say,—and every night.

Many times I saw the colonel sahib come on to parade in the morning the worse. The adjutant sahib was the same: once he fell from his horse. And all sahibs drank much wine in those days." We told Sohan Singh that things were indeed changed: that what went in liquor then now went in an extra polo pony and a great deal of extra health. And he said that this was a good thing; but with so little zest that it was amply conveyed to us that, whatever their faults, the men of past days were jolly good fellows, and that we were not to think ourselves little saints for merely following the fashion of our day and always remaining sober!

"I have often told you of the bridge," said the Rissaldar that night after dinner. "To-morrow you shall see it at last. The meaning of the name of my village is 'the abode of horses'; and long ago, before the canal came and the crops, so it was,—just a grass plain where our horses ran, picking up what they could. Then came the canal, and what was barren waste became as you see it now. Poor men grew rich, thin men fat, and we hoped for famines. The greater the scarcity elsewhere the better prices we got for grain. Land trebled and quadrupled in value. Further, the canal caused the water-level to rise everywhere, so that in high ground, where still we required wells for irrigation, we only had to dig them half as deep and the labour of raising water was halved. I will show you all this when we ride over my land to-morrow. But the village lay on one side of the canal and our land on the other. There was a bridge three miles up and another three miles down; but that meant a six-mile journey for our carts to come and go. We talked this matter over, and resolved to lay it before the Sirkar. Every one said, 'Rissaldar Sahib, you must go to Ludhiana and ask for a bridge.' I said, 'I am a man of small face. Who am I to go and interview Great Ones?' But they would have it so, because I had served the Sirkar and had some small reputation hereabouts, and my uniform. So I said, 'I am a man of small face, but I will go.' I put on my full dress, mounted my black horse, and went. At the door of the Canal Sahib's office in Ludhiana there was some trouble with the chuprassi, but the Sahib heard the talk and called out, 'Who is there?' I replied, 'The Rissaldar is there.' He bade me come in, and received me kindly, and asked after the regiment; and I laid the whole matter before him. He said, 'Rissaldar Sahib, you know what hard things the Sirkar's orders are, and they are for bridges at certain fixed intervals along the canal—no more, no less. But I will see what can be done,' and with that he gave me leave to go. I had not much hope, but in time the bridge was built, and not an ordinary stone one either, but

a strong bridge made of much iron, fit to bear trains. They call it my bridge, and in summer-time the boys dive off it."

I asked him whether increased property had changed the people much, to which he answered, "Yes, gradually it has changed them. The country was a dry one, now it is wet: there is more fever now. Men have not to work so hard: they are not so hard themselves. Further, though there is no harm in a well-to-do man lending money to a poor one at interest,—and indeed most of our savings are invested in that way,—still it is bad for men who have always been soldiers or cultivators to become money-lenders, and that is what riches tend to make some of them."

Before riding out next morning he took me to his house. Old Mrs Sohan Singh was not on view, of course, and much less Miss Sohan Singh, but I should have liked to have seen one who "busied herself constantly over household affairs," and "was kind but severe to the maids, nourishing them with milk, and lavish with harsh medicines when they were sick." Miss Sohan Singh was to be made to marry nobody she did not like. For those parts she was rather a lucky girl.

The old gentleman was very proud of his sanitary arrangements, conducted strictly on military lines, and I imagine quite a novelty in a native village.

"You see, sahib," he said, after finally showing me a very fat, sleek horse in a loose box, with an English blanket over him, "I am ready when I am wanted—I have a horse, saddlery, and arms. Daily on rising I do exercises to keep myself in fettle, and I carefully guard my uniform from the moths. Send for me and I will come."

That was another long day, riding from village to village. The military—it was Christmas leave time—past and present, and of all three arms, were ubiquitous. They were gathered in villages against our coming with their innumerable offspring; they erected themselves out of furrows in the dim distance, and stood to attention while we passed; they ran from the plough, and they emerged suddenly out of standing crops or herds of cattle, with the broadest of grins, and brought themselves up with a jerk, clicking their heels and making the most tremendous salutes with earthy hands, to ask after regiment or battery, or to pass the time of day. And at sundown we came to a canal bungalow, trim with its green lawns and garden, and a weir close by making pleasant murmurs. Here another native officer took me over, one who had risen by the strength of his own right arm rather than by reason of his birth and position, accidents which have to be taken very much into consideration when promoting a man. In the East rank

is something more than the guinea stamp. As he was not a wealthy man, I was sorry he was being put to the expense of keeping thirty or more men, collected from the neighbourhood and awaiting my arrival. But old Sohan Singh, to whom I mentioned this, tersely remarked, "It is well — his authority will increase by it." And I hope it did, for he rather wanted it. He was very attentive and kind, if a little fussy, and afforded contrast in a hundred ways to the quiet undisturbing courtliness of my three previous hosts.

The next day was the longest I had had so far, for it began early with an inspection of the thirty, and ended at three o'clock next morning. The interim was fully occupied with a longish ride and much sitting under trees on charpoys talking to old gentlemen with snowy beards and nice manners, but prolix. Many of them were occupying lands granted them for service during the Mutiny. Most of them wanted to be posted as to the military aspect of affairs in general, and their own corps in particular; and their requests were various, and they saw to it that they were duly noted in a pocket-book. Some wanted new medal ribbon for themselves; others speedy recognition of their sons' services; others grants of land at the shortest possible notice; and they all wanted to know what the "Rooss-Log" (Russians) were up to, "Rooss" being a generic term signifying enemies of the British empire.

Eventually I struck a high road, and embarked in a weird conveyance, and drove many painful miles and came once again to the railway, and left that again at 3 o'clock A.M. on a particularly frosty morning for a few hours' slumber.

At 9 A.M. a new tour began in another district; but as it was a repetition of those just narrated I need not recount it. The reason for shortage here was "lack of favour." "But that," said the very young native officer just promoted, "is now remedied. It is now twenty years since any man enlisted in this district was made a native officer. That was my father, and now I, the son, have been promoted, every one in these parts will be pleased; and young men will enlist now that they have a native officer to serve under whom they know."

As was right and proper I finished up with a visit to the Golden Temple, or Durbar Sahib, as Sikhs call it, at Amritzar. This is the focus of their religion, and round it lingers many a heroic tradition of the troublous past, which hammered them into what they became, and which, let us hope, peaceful times will leave unaltered.

To the West her Westminster Abbey with the hush and solemnity of its sombre aisles: to the East her Golden Temple with its sunshine, glitter, and noise. Each hemisphere according to her taste. I was not impressed with the Golden Temple, its gilded roofs, painted walls, the jewelled gaudiness

of its holy of holies set in its marble tank. Nor with the throng of the professional Godly, —many of it naked — much of it unwashed; nor with the globe-trotter, hurrying about in list slippers, camera in hand. But the sturdy country-women, with the children, all in gala dress, wandering wide-eyed through the marble courts, did not jar. Was it a Hannah that I saw holding her chubby little brown Samuel by the hand, and contemplating in silence the hoary old Eli bent over his Scriptures in a sequestered marble shrine? Here was no glare or noise—only the cooing of countless pigeons. And on a wall hard by was a tablet telling in three languages of gallant deeds done and deaths suffered by Sikh soldiers.

"And at night," said my companion politely, drawing me away from so discreditably dull a part of his temple,—"at night it is all—every bit of it —lit up with electric light,—it is like day, splendid! Come now and see the jewelled temple. There you must make some small offering in coin for the poor; every one does." We went. I handed a note to a follower, who passed it with a whispered word to the priest. He cast it into the great bowl with the copper coins, and flowers, and sweetmeats, and lassooing me with a marigold garland and a dexterity acquired, I felt sure, by practice on the necks of delighted globe-trotters — roared out to the throng of worshippers:

"The Major Sahib has given ten rupees! Pray for the Major Sahib."

Of the hundred hopefuls I had seen I had eliminated fifty. Some of these again failed to satisfy the severe medical tests required from our Indian soldiers. Enough remained to restore the Book of Hopefuls to its wonted state of solvency.

X.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

In the sixteenth century no figure was more familiar to the courts and colleges of Europe than the travelling Scot. With his head packed with learning, and a sword at his side ever ready to leap from its scabbard, he wandered up and down France and Italy teaching and fighting. There was scarce a foreign University which could not boast at least one Scot among its professors. A profound knowledge and a common use of the Latin tongue removed from before him the barriers of land and speech, and while the scholars of England pursued their tasks in satisfied isolation the scholars of Scotland were free of the world. Cameron and Blackwood, Duncan and Balfour, won a more illustrious fame abroad than at home. The glory of Dempster, who was as quick to draw his sword or to take up a quarrel as the most irascible of Brantôme's heroes, and who carried his erudition at the steel's point to Paris, Pisa, and Bologna, is still undimmed. Bordeaux, Paris, and Coimbra profited by the rugged talent of George Buchanan. And yet by a stroke of fortune it is none of these eminent and travelled Scots who holds the first place in the popular imagination. That place was usurped long since by James Crichton, a youth who, immeasurably inferior in sound scholarship to Dempster, in poetry to Buchanan, had the rare faculty of drawing the eyes of all men upon him, and by his glittering gifts of speech and person captured a renown which then, as now, appeared the child of mystery and dæmonism.

I.

James Crichton, the son of Robert Crichton of Eliock, Lord Advocate, and of Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath, was born in 1560, on an island, says rumour, already busy about him, in the Lake of Cluny. On either side he claimed royal descent, and his pretensions had a surer basis in fact than those of many, his compatriots, who vaunted a lofty lineage. The precocity which has made him immortal was sedulously tended. Buchanan, Hepburn, Robertson, and Rutherford share the glory of his education, and he was but thirteen when he took his first degree at St Andrews, a boy bachelor in very truth. Two years later he became Master of Arts, and at seventeen, when he went first upon his travels, the days of his pupilage were done. By habits of invincible industry he had improved a natural aptitude until he might claim, without boasting, to be the

most learned youth of his years that ever held his own in the schools of Europe. He carried in his brain all the erudition of the time. If we may believe an early document, doubtless inspired by himself, he was already the master of ten languages. Philosophy and theology held no secrets from him. He knew the works of Plato and Aristotle as the merchant knows his account-books, and he had studied profoundly all the controversies which those masters of science had inspired. There was not one of the Christian Fathers whose works he had not read and pondered; and the best proof of his sincerity in these studies is that, while his father had embraced the reformed religion, he stood steadfast in the ancient faith. He professed a deep skill in astrology, the favourite pursuit of his age, and with that independence of mind which distinguished him he was prepared to argue that the calculations of his contemporaries were all erroneous. In the traditional mysticism of the Cabala he was especially well versed, than which his ingenuity found few better fields of exercise. Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, with their attendant trains of Thomists and Scotists, were of course his familiars, and he was ready to dispute *in utramque partem* with all comers. Of this wide and multifarious knowledge he knew how to make the best use. All the gifts of facile presentation were his. He was of a surpassing beauty, wondrous tall and fair, and the mark of a red rose (*rubea rosa*) which nature had put about his right eye marked him out as something rare among men. In brief, his face and speech, as a devout admirer said, seemed the daughters of a noble mind. His eloquence was quick and persuasive. He could address his audiences in all languages and to all purposes, and there was that suggestion of what a later age calls hypnotism in his manner which caught and held the attention of the least sympathetic. But the most remarkable talent that the lavish gods had bestowed upon him was the talent of memory, a talent far more highly esteemed then than now. "He knew not what it was to forget," says his inspired rhapsodist. Whatever he had once seen or heard was his own intimate possession until the end of life. Had he listened perchance to a long oration, he could give it back word for word as it was delivered. He possessed, moreover, a rapid trick of improvisation. He could compose Latin verses on any given subject, in any given metre. He resembled those artists of the Music Hall who once upon a time would sing a song on the first man chosen from a delighted audience. And he achieved something more which was beyond their reach. Having improvised a poem, he could repeat it backwards, beginning at the last word, — a feat which was hailed as none the less wonderful on account of its uselessness.

The manifold gifts of his

mind did not impede the prowess of his body. He was as apt for arms as for arts. His learning was nothing else than a flower to be worn at the point of his lance or on the crest of his helmet. He excelled in all the martial exercises of his time. A formidable antagonist with sword and dagger, he was invincible in the joust. Neither his hand nor his tongue ever trembled in the presence of any adversary. As a horseman he found few rivals among the cavaliers of his time. There was no steed so violently unbridled but he could break it. The praise which Rabelais gives to his hero might well be applied to him: "The voltiger of Ferrara was but an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. . . . He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle. . . . Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practicable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays." Moreover, he wrestled, ran, jumped, and danced with the light, untrammelled skill wherewith he confuted his opponents in the schools. Not even did he disdain to play at ball, "making it to bound in the air, both with fist and foot." In brief, he set before him the high example of Gargantua, and if we may believe the testimony of friends, he fell not short of that prince's giant prowess.

II.

Such was James Crichton as he appeared to the eulogists, inspired, as I have said, by himself. Such he seemed to the schools and courts of Paris, when they witnessed his feats of daring and erudition. He was no more than seventeen when first he sought fame and fortune abroad, and surely his gifts could have found no more fitting theatre than Paris for their display. For the Paris to which he came was the Paris of Henri III. and Brantôme, the Paris whose gaiety Rabelais had enhanced, whose pedantry his ridicule had not abolished. If in joyousness of heart the Parisians still took for their motto, "Do what you will," they still loved the combats of spear and brain which had made them famous. Learning and bravery were alike the servants of competition. Tourneys were held in the Louvre, the voice of discussion was heard at the Sorbonne. An equal chance of distinction was given to the knights-errant of pen and sword, and in Paris Crichton found himself most intimately at home. Nothing had yet availed to

check the practice of disputation, of disputation on all subjects, in all forms and languages, in accordance with all rules. It was wellnigh a century since Pico della Mirandola had offered to defend nine hundred paradoxes against all comers, and the test of learning was still the same. To us the test seems pedantic and irrelevant, but it was the test of the time, and by it Crichton, like many another of sounder learning than he, was tried and found excellent.

Arrived in Paris, Crichton, boy though he was, lost no time in posting a challenge on the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of that renowned University, inviting all comers to dispute with him in any known language, *de omni scibili.*[1] He, meanwhile, already prepared for the fray, busied himself in the sports in which he surpassed his fellows, or diverted his leisure with singing and playing on the lute, which were always his solace and delight. And as he thus gained a reputation for an idleness which was never his, his enemies, with more malice than truth, fixed this notice upon the door of the Sorbonne: "If you would meet this monster of perfection, to make search for him either in the tavern or bawdy-house is the readiest way to find him." Crichton laughed at the impertinence, and took a speedy revenge. The conference which he held in Paris was a splendid triumph for the miraculous youth. He proved a quicker knowledge than the most learned professors possessed even of their own subjects. He leapt from one language to another as from his desultory horses. He turned at will from prose to verse. In fine, he entertained the nimble-witted Parisians from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night, and there was not one scholar of them all who did acclaim him worthy of the victor's wreath. As in bodily strength he might have taken Gargantua for his model, so in the things of the mind he followed the example of Gargantua's worthy son. Of him it might have been said, as it was said of Pantagruel: "The vivacity of his spirit among the books was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous, and indefatigable."[2] Not content

[1] Our only evidence for what Crichton achieved in Paris is Sir Thomas Urquhart, a witness suspect both by time and temper. But his account, if not literally, is yet essentially true, and may be accepted as a picture of the facts, seen through Sir Thomas's romantic eyes.

[2] Consciously or unconsciously the accounts which we have of Crichton's attainments are echoed from the text of Rabelais. Gargantua's celebrated letter to his son might be accepted as a sketch of Crichton's education, and his final exhortation would not have been uttered in vain to the eloquent Scot. "Furthermore," wrote Gargantua, "I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do than by maintaining publicly theses and conclusions in all arts, against all persons whatsoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at Paris and otherwhere." This is precisely what Crichton did in all the cities where he sojourned in the brief course of his life.

with his victory in the schools, Crichton lost no time in proving his valour on what Brantôme calls the *champ clos.* "The very next day," thus it is that Urquhart tells the story, "to refresh his brains, as he said, for the toil of the former day's work, he went to the Louvre in a buff suit, more like a favourite of Mars than one of the Muses' minions; where, in the presence of some Princes of the Court and great ladies that came to behold his gallantry, he carried away the ring fifteen times on end, and broke as many lances on the Saracen."

Thus for a while all was sport to him. He lived in the mimic combat of hand and brain, basking happily under the cloudless sky of success. And then, with what motive we know not, he exchanged the tourney for the battle, lent his gallant sword to France, and fought with distinction, it is certain, in the Religious Wars. The voice of fame, hushed to a whisper in these squalid conflicts, says no word of his achievements. For two years he disappeared in a silence as of the grave, until the scholar that was in him awoke again. In a book dedicated in 1585 to Sforza Brivius, he confesses that time was when Mars held sway in him, until the peaceful arts of Apollo persuaded him to turn from the horrors of war. We know not for certain the moment of conversion, but in 1579 Crichton was in Genoa deploring the narrow straits of poverty into which he had fallen, and expressing a lachrymose gratitude to those who had befriended him. In a strain of unaccustomed modesty, he confesses his youth and the weakness of his talent; he deplores his very slender skill in speaking; he declares that, if there were in him any scantlings of virtue, or any mediocrity of intelligence which might have persuaded the scholars of Genoa to look favourably on him, it skulked in secret, oppressed by grief and privation. Yet Genoa did not disdain his gifts; she saw the genius of Crichton in spite of Crichton's misery; and she paid him so high an honour that, said he, becoming once more his arrogant self, he would not exchange it for the statues of Demetrius or the honours of a consul.

The first necessity of Crichton's existence was prosperity. He was like a butterfly, who could not live out of the sun. Overhead the sky must always be clear, the applause of friends must ring in his ear, he must be pointed at with an approving finger in the street. The thought of Genoa, despite the honour which he received, was wearisome to him. The memory of an empty pocket and hard fare irked him sorely, and he was glad to find a kindlier refuge in Venice, then as now the wonder of the Adriatic, then, as no longer, the meeting-place of poets and learned men. He was not yet twenty-one when he came thither, a boy still in all save experience and knowledge of the world. He was determined, at all hazards, to conquer fame and wealth, and he

set about the conquest by the only method yet discovered by ambitious men — the method of bold and fearless advertisement. A handbill[1] was issued, obviously with his connivance, in which were celebrated his handsome person, his vast learning, his invincible skill in arms and horsemanship. It is an ingenuous production, brief and adulatory, a masterpiece of blatant and unashamed panegyric. Yet it is of surpassing interest, for not only is it an early specimen of the preliminary puff — it is the one solid piece of evidence upon which our knowledge of Crichton rests. Had he lived to-day he would have confided to the reporters what a very fine fellow he was. There being no reporters at his hand, he inspired a hack to compose a handbill, which declared his perfections in the simplest language. And simple as it was, it has been eagerly seized upon by his biographers, who have echoed its crude flattery to such purpose that the earliest half-dozen authorities for the life of Crichton are not six but one. Such was the first part of Crichton's scheme for making himself known to the scholars of Venice. His next step was to address a poem,[2] composed in hexameters, to Aldus Manutius, scholar, printer, and patron of letters. The poem, like the handbill, is contrived after a very simple pattern. Crichton pictures himself far from his fatherland, sitting on the shores of the Adriatic, and wondering at the lofty city set in the midst of the waves. He laments in his mind his unhappy lot, and often bedews his cheeks with tears, when presently a Naiad appears to him, a Naiad most pleasing to the docte Muses. At first Crichton thinks she is a dream, deceiving his eyes, but she assures him with burning words that she is no vain image, and that she brings with her the commands of the Muses and of Pallas, resonant with arms, to whom he is a peculiar care. They bid him be of good cheer, and promise better things. And then asks the Naiad with excellent wisdom, of what have you to complain? All the world has its miseries, says she, which she enumerates in a page of much eloquence. That is all very well, replies Crichton. I confess I am no longer harassed by a base poverty; I do not bear the burden of a nameless slavery. But who in this great town knows my wretchedness? Who is there to solace me as I

[1] This handbill, or *affiche*, printed by the Guerras in 1580, was discovered inserted in a copy of the second Aldine edition of the Cortegiano of Castiglione. It sets forth facts which were known to Crichton alone in all Venice, and must necessarily have been printed with his knowledge and approval. It may be found with many other documents in the appendix to Tytler's 'Life' of James Crichton (1819).

[2] This poem, which plays so large a part in the romance of Crichton, is a pamphlet of three leaves, bearing this title: "In appalsu ad celeberrimum urbem Venetam de proprio statu Jacobi Critonii Scoti ad Aldum Manutium Venetiis ex typographia Guerræa."

weep by these sandy shores? Instantly the Nymph promises him comfort. Is it possible, she asks, that the fame of the divine Aldus, sprung of God-like parents, has escaped you? He is known, she tells him, to the whole world, to the discoloured Indian as to the fierce Cantabrian. The long-haired Apollo has confessed himself conquered by his reed and lyre. Thus after a long passage of flattery, which Aldus was not slow to return, the Nymph bids Crichton seek him out, and promises that all will be well. Truly all was well. Aldus accepted the nymph-inspired praise of Crichton with an interested enthusiasm. He rewarded it with a dedication, to be found in the tenth volume of his Cicero, which has enhanced the reputation of the Scot more generously than any other document. While it repeats the lofty panegyric of the handbill, it discovers in its hero a hundred other perfections, and it will remain for ever the best witness in Crichton's favour, a witness whose evidence must be received with the profound suspicion of partiality. In brief, Crichton and Aldus addressed one another in amœbæan strains. Adulatory verse was matched with panegyric prose, until Venice was assured that not merely had she bred a man of genius, but harboured under her sheltering roof a peerless poet and philosopher. And Aldus did Crichton a far greater service than praise. He presented him to all the learned men of Venice. He gave him an opportunity for the display of those brilliant gifts of oratory and dialectic which shine only in the applause of vast audiences. Sperone Speroni, Laurentius Massa, the eminent Donati himself, became his familiar friends, and the Latin odes which he addressed to the last two may still be read by the curious. So under the auspices of Aldus, Crichton appeared most honourably before the Doge of Venice and the elders of the State. He disputed with all his learning and subtlety of Philosophy, Theology, and the Mathematical Sciences, and it was in Mazzoni alone that he met his match. He discussed the doctrines of Thomists and Scotists with the erudite Padre Fiamma, *e con molti altri valorosi prelati.* He gave a profound address on the Procession of the Holy Ghost, and amazed his hearers by an unexpected mastery of recondite authorities. As his skill in disputation grew, the easy confidence which he had shown in Paris decreased, and after his first success at Venice he retired to a villa on the Brenta, there to meditate in solitude and prepare himself for a contest of three days, which took place at Pentecost in 1581 in the Chiesa san Giovanni e Paolo, and in which he promised to propose and defend two thousand conclusions. Even now he was but in his twenty-first year, he already had lived through a long life of experience, and it is not wonderful that his health broke at the strain. Ill and fatigued he retired to Padua,

and there found no rest. A dazzling rumour had preceded him, and it was at that city, the noblest on earth, as Aldus calls it, that he achieved his highest triumphs.

III.

It was by the advice of Aldus that Crichton took refuge in Padua. He could not have found a worse place of recovery or a theatre better suited to his talents. It was but right, says his ecstatic eulogist, that the august majesty of Padua should receive and embrace this miracle of human kind. And Padua lost no time in offering an appropriate welcome. The very day after Crichton's arrival, Cornelius Aloisius summoned to his house the most erudite men of the city, together with the noble youths of the University, and there and then put Crichton's readiness and scholarship to the test. He stood before them all prepared to accept and to embellish any subject they might propose to him in prose or verse. The first task they set him was to hymn the praise of Padua. He hymned it in an improvised poem of surpassing elegance. And then, at their bidding, he turned in a moment from his suave Horatian ode to a solid refutation of the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, and he refuted them with so fine a modesty, that his hearers knew not which to admire the more—the worth of his mind or the suavity of his manners. Nor were the scholars of Padua content that Crichton had performed triumphantly these heroic tasks. They wished to close the sitting with a livelier theme, and after six hours of literary colloquies, they gave him for a subject the Praise of Ignorance, which he treated with all the splendid irony of Erasmus, and illustrated with so quick and various a fancy that they believed it was no reality which passed before them but a dream. The enthusiasm of Padua suggested that Crichton should give a second performance to those who had not been happy witnesses of his first, and another day was named. But for one reason or another Crichton did not answer the call, and instantly the voice of detraction was heard. Certain *homulli*, as Aldus calls them, proving in secret hatred their open enmity, and having the will rather than the power to strike, dared to impeach his courage. This was the kind of provocation which aroused the Scot to his best deeds, and straightway he replied with his famous challenge, a fine specimen of the scholarly insolence of the day. "That James Crichton, the Scot,"—thus runs the imperishable document, — "may show his immortal gratitude to those who, excelling their fellows in virtue and true nobility of mind, are wont to think well of the lovers of virtue, and that he may take away from

profligate and abandoned men every chance of future boasting, he will refute the well-nigh innumerable errors of Aristotle and of all the Latin philosophers, both of those who dispute of his intellect and of those who discuss matters of theology, as well as the dreams of some professors of mathematics, and he will answer objections." He made his appeal as widely as possible, and promised to reply in accord with the customary rules of logic, or by the secret theory of numbers, or in any one of a hundred metres. The challenge was taken up, and Crichton met his adversaries with high courage and a candid front. For three days he held his ground undefeated, and when he had finished his great feat of oratory, so loud a shout of applause was raised that nothing more magnificent had ever been heard by human ears. So thought Aldus, who was not merely the hero's zealous councillor, but the dazzled spectator of the marvellous combat. Truly it was a wonderful feat; yet as we picture to ourselves the valiant scholar replying to the pedants of theology in elegiac verse or in the Sapphics of Horace, we cannot but bethink ourselves of Rabelais' stinging satire on the Schools, and remember how Thaumast the Englishman, whose name, by a whimsical coincidence, is the Greek for Crichton's own—*Admirabilis Scotus* — was put to a *non-plus* by Panurge when he argued by signs.

IV.

Crichton was not one to conquer the conquered, to slay the slain. No sooner was the illustrious city of Padua at his feet than forth he went to find another battlefield. Mantua attracted him — Mantua, the cradle of poetry, the birthplace of Virgil, Prince of Poets. But it was to Mars, not to the Muses, that there he offered his earliest devotion. At his arrival he found the Court of Mantua lying under the imputation of cowardice.[1] A certain Italian gentleman, a perfect master of the sword, had challenged all and sundry to a combat *à outrance*, the prize whereof was a purse of 500 ducats. In Urquhart's phrase, he had "changed the blunt to sharp, the foils to tucks," and asking no quarter, intended to give none. His purpose was the same as Crichton's —to earn fame and money by his skill. Only, while Crichton sought to conquer by the brain, it was his purpose to kill by the sword. Three courtiers he had left dead on the field, and his ambition was still unsated.

[1] Sir Thomas Urquhart is our chief authority for what Crichton achieved at Mantua. But, despite his unbridled imagination, the fantastic knight is probably a witness of truth. It is his form, not his matter, that is in dispute.

Then it was that Crichton took up his gage, and the two champions met in the presence of the whole court. At the outset, Crichton, respecting his adversary, thought it better to hold himself on the defensive; but presently, seeing the Italian's spirits damped by fatigue, he "changed his garb, fell to act another part, and from defender turned assailant." The issue was soon beyond doubt. With three thrusts the Scot thrice pierced his opponent's body, and thus freed Mantua of a dangerous pest. The Duke was loud in the expression of gratitude; he appointed Crichton tutor to his son, Vincenzo Gonzaga; and the prosperity of the Scot seemed assured. The dread of poverty which had afflicted him at Genoa and cast a shadow upon his soul at Venice had vanished for ever. And he took his good fortune with all his amazing gaiety of heart. For a while he forgot the Schools and their disputations. No longer would he defend Plato against the attacks of the jealous Aristotelians. To prove himself admirable in all things, he turned to the theatre for solace. He wrote comedies, though no comedy equalled the comedy of his life, and if we may believe Urquhart, he surpassed the Italians themselves in their own arts of pantomime and the quick change. "O with how great liveliness," writes Sir Thomas, "did he represent the conditions of all manner of men! How naturally did he set before the eyes of all beholders the vagaries of all professions, from the overweening monarch to the peevish swain, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier or proud warrior, dissembled churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantick scholar, the amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vainglorious master, and tricky servant; he did with such variety display the several humours of all these sorts of people, and with a so bewitching energy, that he seemed to be the original, they the counterfeit." So sincere sounds this breathless praise, that we would not have it undeserved, and we accept it for fact the more readily, because in the loftiest of his enterprises Crichton betrayed more than a spice of the true comedian.

Thus loved and feasted, Crichton fleeted the time merrily as in a golden age. He was hailed now not as a mere scholar but as an arbiter of eleganees. If learned men still deferred to his judgment, beautiful women competed for his smiles. He had wealth, he had health, he was flattered by the praises of the wise. And then disaster, sudden and treacherous, overtook him. As Mantua had given him the life he loved best, so Mantua gave him death. It was at the time of Carnival, when Crichton accompanied by the Princess whom he loved encountered Vincenzo Gonzago and the rabble rout of his cup-shotten companions. Some say that a street in Mantua was the place of meeting, others declare that Crichton was holding the court-

yard of the Princess's palace against the roysterers. All are agreed as to the manner of the conflict. Crichton, not knowing who were his adversaries, ran one of them through with his sword, and was on the point of despatching the second, when a voice cried, "Hold, hold! kill not the prince!" In an instant Crichton recoiled, the Prince pulled off his vizard, and Crichton, sensible of his mistake, dropped on his knee, like a true knight, and gave the Prince the hilt of his conquering sword. The Prince, mad with wine and rage, grasped the proffered hilt and ran the blade through the heart of the Scot. Never was a more dastardly crime committed, and as the gallant Crichton fell, the Princess, "rending her garments and tearing her hair, like one of the Graces possessed with a fury," spoke thus: "O villains, what have you done? You vipers of men, that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichton, the sword of his own sex and the buckler of ours, the glory of this age, and the restorer of the lost honour of the Court of Mantua: O Crichton, Crichton!"

The story told by Urquhart, with an embroidery marvellous even for him, is abundantly strengthened by earlier authorities. Lithgow, some twenty-five years after Crichton's death, tells us that "Crichton his worth in learning and excellent memory rests admired in Italy, but especially by the noble Gonzagas, and dependent friends of the house of Mantua; for whose loss and accidental death they still heavily bemoan, acknowledging that the race of that Princely stock by God's judgment was cut off because of his untimely death." This honest traveller, it will be noted, describes Crichton's death as accidental. Another writer, Thomas Wright, author of 'The Passions of the Mind in Generall' (1621), is of another opinion. He, indeed, gives a literal support to the version of Sir Thomas Urquhart. "The Scot perceiving well what he was," thus he concludes the story, "fell down upon his knees, demanding pardon at his hands, and gave the Prince his naked rapier; who no sooner had received it, but with the same sword he ran him through to death; the which barbarous fact, as it was condemned of all men, so it shew[illegible]eth the precipitation of his passionate ireful heart." We may take it then that the manner of Crichton's death is well established. The time of it is most mysteriously concealed from us. In 1583, Aldus, still faithful in eulogy, inscribed a book of his printing to the memory of Crichton. "Who did not wonder at thee living," he writes; "who does not mourn thee dead? While thou livedst, I profited by my judgment of thee; now thou art dead, I set no limit on my grief. Thou shouldst have lived, Crichton, thou shouldst have lived! For ever shall I cherish thy memory; for ever shall thy image haunt my eyes; ever shalt thou be the same to me, who shalt ever be the same to

all good men." Thus Aldus, with more to the same purpose, and Crichton was not dead. So keenly alive was he that in 1584 three works—an "Epicedecian" for Cardinal Boromeo, a "Gratulatio" addressed to Gaspar Visconti, and a "Carmen Nuptiale" composed in honour of the Prince Carolo Emanuele — were published, bearing his name on their title-pages, and a year later still he dedicated a collection of pieces in prose and verse, including a defence of poetry, to Sforza Brivius. And then obscurity engulfs him. To explain the error of Aldus is difficult. He was bound to Crichton by the strongest ties of affection and self-interest. How, then, should he believe a false rumour, which came from no more distant a spot than Mantua? That the rumour was false is no less certain than that Aldus believed it. He even chose another scholar, one Stanilas Niegoscewski, a Pole, as fierce a disputant as the Scot, to take Crichton's place in his heart and his prefaces. To him he dedicated the verses of Aratus —*malum poetam bono poetæ*— and he confessed he knew not how to describe him. "Shall I call you the praiser of Crichton," he asks, "or the rival, or the superior?" Alas for the fickleness of scholars! Aldus's trick of eulogy did not long lack an excuse. And as for Crichton, it is easy to imagine the smile wherewith he greeted the notice of his death and the name of his supplanter.

V.

The portrait of Crichton, painted by friends and by the kindly hand of tradition, is amiable rather than characteristic. When we would know precisely what manner of man he was we are baffled at once by the habit of imitation, and by the insincerity of flattery. As I have said, the early panegyrics prove little else than a lack of invention. The handbill came first, the others accepted its eulogy in good faith. Again, the voice of adulation is always inexpressive, and no man that ever lived was so keen an encouragement to superlatives as Crichton. To one he is a human miracle, to another he is almost divine. This man finds his genius stupendous, that one acclaims him a prodigy of learning and eloquence; all apply to him or to his gifts the epithet *Admirabilis*,[1] which is indissolubly his. But when

[1] There has been much discussion as who it was that first called Crichton "the Admirable." The credit has generally been given to Urquhart, but unjustly. To Urquhart Crichton owes the glamour and romance which hang about his name. But he was called "Admirable" by earlier, less eloquent writers. Aldus uses the adjective more than once, and John Johnston thus describes the hero in his 'Heroes Scoti' (1613): "Jacobus Crittonius, Clunius, musarum pariter et martis alumnus, omnibus in studiis admirabilis, Mantuæ, a Ducis Mantuani filio cæsus. 1581."

you have marvelled at the store of adjectives poured forth by the patient biographers, you are no nearer to a sane appreciation of Crichton. You recognise that he excelled his fellows in many arts, that his versatility equalled his precocity, that he could turn from war to peace with unruffled equanimity. You surmise always that he possessed what Chesterfield called the graces, without which no man ever attained to the mastery of an envious world. And when all this is said, how much nearer are we to a vision of the real Crichton? Urquhart tells us that never was so wonderful a prodigy seen since Alcibiades. Aldus, gasping in admiration, can compare his apparition at Padua with nothing else than with Plato's return to Athens, when the whole population of the city left the games to go forth and meet him. Obviously Alcibiades and Plato are names which should not be mentioned in this relation. Without underrating Crichton's remarkable achievements, we must set him on a far lower plane. He was, indeed, a true child of his age, and it is by a mere accident that he has strayed into ours. His accomplishments, splendid as they were, are the accomplishments of youth. He was, so to say, an undergraduate raised to the highest power. All the learning of the time was his, and he knew how to turn it to the best account. The disputations, which at Padua and Venice seemed miracles of genius, would appear to our altered consciences mere exercises in pedantry. In other words, Crichton did not stray one inch from the fold of conventionality. He invented nothing; he left behind him no one authentic phrase, no one imperishable line. He played the tune of his time with a greater skill than most of his fellows, and that is all. Had he lived to-day, he would have played another tune, and would have composed such verses in Greek and Latin as would have cast even the little masterpieces of Professor Jebb into the shade of carelessness and inelegance.

And Crichton had another quality than learning. A dozen Scots surpassed him in erudition and originality, and are forgotten. As I have said, he had a genius for presentation. He filled a greater space than the most of men. He had a talent for attracting the eyes of others to him, and thus he achieved a result which, but for him, might have seemed impossible: he made pedantry romantic. Out of the dry bones of dry philosophy he produced a wonderful effect. We can well believe that neither his mind nor his tongue weighed heavily on abstruse subjects. They touched them, and were off. I have likened him to a butterfly, brilliant in colour and light on wing, but he was a butterfly who fed on cabbages. And like a butterfly he was vain of the splendid effects he knew how to produce. He wished to excel at all costs. He breathed most easily in an atmosphere of combat. His highest happiness was to

pit himself against this or that adversary, to make his superiority visible, and he cared not whether his hand held a sword or a book. The cause of learning was little to him; it was the cause of Crichton that he had at heart. He died young, and deserves an amiable judgment. Yet if we accept the praises of his friends, and look kindly upon his written words, we cannot believe that had he lived he could have added a single stone to the monument of human knowledge. His genius was like a block of ice, clear and frozen, which the changing season melts to water.

The only account of him that attempts to separate him from others is Joseph Scaliger's, and Scaliger, generously admitting his miraculous gifts, stumbles on a phrase which brings us nearer to Crichton than pages of panegyric. "Il était," says he, "un peu fat." He was something of a coxcomb. There is the truth in six words. None but a coxcomb could have inspired the handbill which fashioned his reputation. None but a coxcomb could have kept himself so persistently in the eye of the world. None but a coxcomb, and a coxcomb of heroic frame, could have pursued the goals of so many excellences as did Crichton. He was of those who looked upon learning as a pleasant pastime, who threw off their verses while they waited in the ring for a laggard armourer, who practised philosophy when they were tired of the fencing-school. He forgot that poetry is a jealous mistress, that humane letters are the enemies of leisure, and forgetting this he has left behind him nothing that a later generation cares to read—only a brilliant memory of daring feats daringly performed, of gallant adversaries gallantly overcome in lecture hall and tournament.

VI.

His writings in prose and verse would long since have fallen into oblivion but for the glamour of his name. The romance which still enwraps him, his mastery of that art of life which he practised with infinite skill, have given his slender pamphlets a fictitious value. They are among the treasures of the collector, and they possess the faint interest of curiosity. A study of them cannot but diminish the reputation of Crichton. He has a natural love of false quantities, and his lines do not always scan. That is their least defect. It is far more to their discredit that they are tasteless and mechanical. Crichton essays all the metres: hexameters, elegiacs, alcaics, sapphics, hendecasyllables, archilochians, all yield to his ingenuity; and all are treated in the spirit not of the poet, but of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. What shall we think of a poet who in an *Epicedium*

can be guilty of such a commonplace as this?—

"Extimui, steteruntque comæ, et timor occupat artus.
Proh dolor, en veris somnia mixta noto."

He is even less happy in a gratulatory ode, addressed to Gaspar Vincenzo:—

"Primus in exequiis ferali carmine Scotus,
Pastoris dolui funera mæsta pii.
Funera mæsta pii Boromæi Præsulis ah ah,
Deplanxit tristi nostra Thalia stylo."

It is not for this that a scholar receives the name of Admirable, and you turn from his verse to his prose with a light heart. There, too, disappointment awaits you. He does not go beyond the intelligence of his time. It was his to absorb, not to foresee. It is not surprising therefore that he should condemn the fools who in their total ignorance of dialectic believe that the earth moves, or that there are more worlds than one. He is more himself when he eulogises grammar as the parent of the other arts, and sings in a passage of genuine enthusiasm the praise of Homer. But it is in his last work that his best passage may be found—a lofty panegyric of Virgil—which persuades the reader to forget the false quantities and ineptitudes of his verse. Virgil he esteems supreme in all things. "Would you learn," says he, "to argue *in utramque partem?* Consult Virgil. Would you invade the province of oratory? Approach Virgil. Would you understand the lines, forms, spaces, and magnitudes of Euclid? Devour Maro. He will discuss with you air, fire, water, earth, *ad unguem.*" Such was the opinion of him who in his brief life vanquished all-comers in all sports, and it seems idle to repeat it in a world which has abolished Euclid and is forgetting Virgil. And this loyalty to the Roman poet is the fitting crown of a career which has captured the imagination of three centuries. Crichton was fortunate in many things—fortunate in strength, in skill, in eloquence. And most fortunate was he in his opportune death. "The gods," said Abernethy, "wished only to show Crichton to the world, not to give him." He died with all the laurels wreathed upon his brow; he had not time to outlive his fame; and fate in its kindly wisdom spared us the shame and regret of looking upon a Phœnix of middle age.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN WORTHY.

COLONEL THOMAS DEANE PEARSE, formerly well known as "the father of the Bengal Artillery," and as second to Warren Hastings in his duel with Sir Philip Francis, was born in the year 1742. His grandfather, Thomas Pearse, born in 1678, was a Commissioner of the Navy — an appointment corresponding to the Superintendent of a royal dockyard of later times—and represented Weymouth in Parliament during a great part of the reigns of Kings George I. and II.

Thomas Pearse, who is believed to have been a relation of James Pearse, Sergeant-Surgeon to Charles II. and James II., and the friend of Pepys, owned properties in Dorsetshire and Cambridgeshire, and was twice married. His first wife was Rebecca, daughter of Thomas Deane of Freefolk, a cousin of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and by her he had a son, also named Thomas, to whom he bequeathed Witchampton, his Dorsetshire property. The second wife of the elder Thomas Pearse was Elizabeth Best, a lady of a well-known Kentish family, and sister-in-law of the famous Admiral Vernon of Porto-Bello. To his eldest son by his second marriage Thomas Pearse left his Cambridgeshire seat, Hatley St George Park, and from this son, Best Pearse, is descended the present representative of the family, Lieut.-Colonel E. V. D. Pearse.

The younger Thomas Pearse, born in 1700, was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and married Martha, daughter of Captain George Purvis, R.N. By her he had a son named Thomas Deane, the subject of this paper. In 1745 Thomas Pearse the younger was compelled to sell Witchampton, and in 1757 he was entirely ruined "by the breaking of a Mr Bellamy, and a long and expensive lawsuit." In consequence, as Colonel Pearse states in a letter to an old school-fellow, "they took me from school to carry me to the parade at Woolwich." His father had, in fact, chosen the Artillery as the only branch of the Army in which his son might hope to make a career without the aid of purchase. Young Pearse was admitted as a cadet into the Royal Military Academy early in 1757, and, owing to the demand for officers in the Artillery caused by the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, was appointed to a commission as Lieutenant Fire-worker on June 8th of the same year. It is said in his biography in 'The Military Repository' that "he went through his course of study in a manner peculiarly honourable to himself, in every instance exhibiting that firmness of mind and decision of character which distinguished him through life."

The records of the Royal Military Academy do not show when Lieutenant Fire-worker

Pearse quitted that seat of learning, but his stay cannot have been a long one, as he left England on active service on June 1, 1758, being still under sixteen years of age. For this early opportunity of smelling powder he had to thank the elder Pitt, who, in this year, directed two raids against the western coast of France. The first expedition, described with infinite humour and perfect historical accuracy by Thackeray in 'The Virginians,' consisted of about 13,000 men of the three arms. It was well proportioned, well found, and provided with an ample naval escort. All that it lacked was a capable commander, definite instructions, and accurate information. The nominal commander was the third Duke of Marlborough, whose military defects placed him under the control of his second-in-command, that Lord George Sackville who was for so many years the evil genius of our military operations. Sailing on June 1, the expedition, as Harry Warrington tells us, "landed on the 6th at Cancalle Bay. We slept under canvass. We marched to St Malo and burned ever so many privateers. And we went on board shipp again, without ever crossing swords with any enemy or meeting any except a few poor devils whom the troops plundered. Better luck next time." So young Pearse's first taste of active service was neither glorious nor instructive, and doubtless he too hoped for better luck next time. The luck, however, was worse, for Pitt decided to make a second attempt on St Malo, and for the second expedition, which sailed on August 1, and was of the same composition and strength as the first one, selected an unfortunate veteran named Bligh, who had outgrown all his military qualities except courage, and was further handicapped by an incompetent staff.

Bligh landed in France on August 7, and after destroying the docks and shipping at Cherbourg, re-embarked and made a fresh landing on September 3 near St Malo. Two days later he discovered, what he should have been told before leaving England, that St Malo was too strong for his small army. French troops were now concentrating from every direction, and a prompt re-embarkation, for which there was still time, was the only hope of safety. Bligh and his staff, however, dawdled away the time until September 11, and when at last the embarkation at St Cast bay did begin, so much time had been wasted that the whole rear-guard of 1400 men under General Dury was sacrificed. No fewer than 750 officers and men (including the general) were killed or drowned in the final rush for the boats, and the remainder of the rear-guard was captured. Ample lessons here for the shrewd young observer who had embarked early with the guns, and doubtless watched the disaster through his "perspective glass."

Pearse's next experience took him to a different clime, for in 1759 he was engaged in the

West Indies at the capture of the island of Guadaloupe, serving under the command of Brigadier Clavering, a brave and capable soldier whom he was to meet again in less favourable circumstances. Guadaloupe captured, most of the troops who had not fallen victims to the climate were sent home, and with them went Pearse, in time to serve for a third time in an expedition to France. This was in March 1761, when Admiral Keppel and General Hodgson captured the strongly fortified post of Belle-ile. The island, after one costly repulse, was taken at the end of five weeks' fighting, the British casualties numbering 600.

On October 24 of the same year Pearse was promoted a second lieutenant in the artillery, that rank, curiously enough, being senior to that of lieutenant fire-worker; and in March 1762 he again sailed for the West Indies in Lord Albemarle's expedition for the capture of Havana in Cuba. This arduous operation cost the British force of 15,000 men about 1000 in killed and wounded, beside 500 captured at sea; but no less than 5000 men died during the siege owing to hard work and exposure in a deadly climate—an appalling death-roll in so small an army.

Soon afterwards the Seven Years' War came to an end, and Pitt's political opponents, who came into power, set eagerly to work at the congenial task of short-sighted economy, the usual sequel to England's costly wars. Peace and its reductions came as a heavy blow to our young soldier among many others. Pearse had now seen service in various portions of the globe, and, particularly at Havana, he had been, to use his own words, "if not at the head at least in the heat of every engagement." His services had been conspicuous, but his prospects were not encouraging. On February 3, 1766, with nearly nine years of commissioned service, he became a lieutenant, in which rank he seemed likely to remain for a long period. Two years later a chance came in his way, and being, as he was, strong, active, clever, poor, and ambitious, he eagerly seized it. This chance was the offer of the command of the artillery of the Hon. East India Company in Bengal, a corps which had then been in existence some nineteen years, and had already done distinguished service on many occasions.

The first company of regular artillery in Bengal had been raised in 1749, and the greater part of it perished in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The company was speedily re-formed, and as the territory of the Company in Bengal grew, so increased the strength of the local army and of its artillery. With the growth of the Bengal army, the necessity of scientifically trained artillery officers made itself felt. In the school of constant warfare, cavalry and infantry officers could acquire the essentials of their profession, and commanders could learn the art of waging war as from study

alone they could never learn it. Artillery, however, was another matter: it was felt that technical training was essential, and application was made to the Army in England for an officer to command the Bengal Artillery. Lieutenant Pearse was selected by the Artillery authorities for this surprising promotion, which was to carry him, at the age of twenty-six, at one bound from the position of a junior lieutenant to that of lieutenant-colonel commanding. It is clear that he was recognised as a man of exceptional qualities. Before, however, he was to reap the full benefit of his good fortune, Pearse was to experience a specimen of the Company's methods that gave him a hint that his future was not to be all plain sailing. An officer named Campbell, who was supported by strong influence, applied for the post of chief engineer of Bengal. This appointment was held by Captain Martin of the Bengal Artillery, but the directors, ever ready to oblige the powerful, forgot their new-born zeal for efficiency, and promoted Martin to lieutenant-colonel of his own corps, thus providing the desired vacancy for Captain Campbell. Pearse was therefore appointed major of the Bengal Artillery, his commission bearing date February 29, 1768, and he sailed from England, never to return, in the following month, arriving at Calcutta after a rapid passage on August 26. On his arrival in India, Pearse experienced another unpleasant surprise on finding that the Bengal Council had promoted Captain Nathaniel Kindersley to the rank of major in the Artillery, with a date anterior to that of his own appointment. Mr Cartier, at that moment Governor of Bengal, assured Major Pearse, in reply to his remonstrance, that the Council had no wish to do him an injustice, and that they were aware that he was "not only eminent in the particular duties of his profession, but valuable in the different calls of private friendship." These were soft words, almost Shakespearean in their turn, but hardly an adequate apology for a second supercession, which appears to have been caused by a dispute between the Calcutta authorities and those in England. Be this as it may, the grievance did not last long, for Colonel Martin retired in November 1768, and Kindersley, promoted in his place, died on October 24, 1769. Major Pearse was then promoted lieutenant-colonel, and received the command of the Bengal Artillery, which he held for the long period of twenty-one years, until the day of his death.

The Bengal Artillery at this time was very far from the state of efficiency to which it attained under his care. Its equipment was then of the very worst, — guns frequently bursting when firing salutes; the carriages flying into pieces with common firing in a week; fuses intended for the same period, burning from nineteen to forty-eight seconds, as luck would have it; the port-fires continually going out; the tubes refusing to burn; the powder infamous.

These particulars are contained in a letter from Colonel Pearse to General Desaguliers of the Royal Artillery; and the Colonel having thus sketched his equipment, proceeds to a description of some of the officers whom he found in India. "When I first came into the command of the corps," he writes, "I was astonished at the ignorance of all who commanded it. It was a common practice to make any midshipman who was discontented with the India ships an officer of Artillery. . . . They were almost all of this class; and their ideas consonant to the elegant military education which they had received. But, thank God, I have got rid of all of them but seven."

To get together an efficient body of officers, to extract from the reluctant Bengal Government funds with which to purchase serviceable equipment of all kinds, to initiate a proper system of instruction, and to devote his spare time to the study of various branches of science,—these were the occupations of the first few years of Colonel Pearse's Indian service. The many reforms which he instituted, and the honest work that earned for him the honourable title of "the father of the Bengal Artillery," may be learned in the pages of the history of that noble regiment: they can be but glanced at here. In 1774 Pearse was able to report that at a review before General Clavering "the performance would not have disgraced dear old Woolwich."

We have already met General Clavering as the gallant Brigadier of Guadaloupe, but he was now figuring in another capacity, as the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief in Bengal and a member of the Governor-General's Council. The Governor-General, the first to bear that title, was Warren Hastings, who had been called in 1772 from his post in Madras to restore Bengal from the state of ruin to which it had been reduced by a famine and by the incompetence of the successors of Lord Clive. Hastings saved, not only Bengal, but all the British possessions in India, and we know how England rewarded him. What, however, bears on the story of Colonel Pearse is the fact that from that day in April 1772, when Warren Hastings arrived at Calcutta, until he finally left it in February 1785, it became impossible for any resident of Calcutta holding an official position of the slightest importance to avoid the animosities which embittered the lives of Hastings, his enemies, and his friends throughout that long period. Our quiet Colonel of Artillery was apparently the least likely of men to be drawn into the conflict, for he was no politician, or at least no man to air his political views; but Calcutta became a place where neutrality was impossible.

During the operations in Rohilkhand two years later, Colonel Pearse served in the field at the head of the artillery, but owing to a dangerous illness was not present at Colonel Champion's defeat of the Rohillas. Although Pearse had

welcomed the arrival of Hastings, his letters concerning the campaign show that he, like the army generally, disliked the Rohilla war. Hastings' conduct in this instance, long misrepresented, was the cause of a great part of the calumnies with which his name was besmirched by Burke and Sheridan in his lifetime, and which were perpetuated by the writings of Macaulay.

In October 1774, Hastings had his hands completely tied by the arrival of three Councillors, who had been appointed by the Home Government in accordance with Lord North's Regulating Act. The fourth Councillor, Barwell, alone supported Hastings. Francis, Clavering, and Monson, the arrivals from England, constituted themselves into an Opposition, and performed their duty in that capacity with whole-hearted consistency.

The story of Hastings' struggle with this trio is well known. It lasted until Clavering and Monson were in their graves and Francis driven out of India, and during its continuance the English community were so divided and the dissension was so acute that British rule narrowly escaped extinction. It was dangerous even to express an opinion, and Colonel Pearse, who, when Hastings was master of the situation, had not feared to criticise his policy in Rohilkhand with the utmost frankness, states in a letter in May 1775—

"I make it a rule never to write news now, because our letters are most commonly opened, as I am convinced this will be, because it will be expected that everyone will be writing about the dissensions which prevail amongst us. I endeavour to steer clear of either party."

By November of the same year he had, however, firmly attached himself to the side of Hastings, entirely contrary to his own interests, and Hastings' friend and supporter he remained to the end of his life. Colonel Pearse was consequently treated with much discourtesy and harshness by General Clavering, and complains bitterly of the slights put upon him. He writes—

"Hastings had been my friend before Clavering arrived; and I esteemed him too much to do as others had done—that is, turned their backs on their old friends to court their new ones. Clavering therefore marked me as one of the Government set, and accordingly he has uniformly done everything to thwart and hurt me."

Pearse, however, doubtless remembered the days when they had served together in Guadaloupe, and he writes in chivalrous terms of admiration of the ladies of both the Clavering and Monson families.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pearse was promoted Colonel on June 12, 1779, and the best known episode of his life, his share in the duel between Hastings and Philip Francis, occurred very soon afterwards. Francis was by far the most active and dangerous of the opponents of Hastings, and it may fairly be said that from the moment he set foot in India Francis endeavoured to foil his intentions. With astonishing self-command and patience Hastings bore this

treatment for nearly six years, but at last he was driven to desperation by an act of political treachery, and openly accused Francis of being "incapable of candour" and of a conduct "void of truth and honour." This language is so unlike that used on any other occasion by the gentle and courteous Hastings, that an explanation must be sought for in a full study of the circumstances of the quarrel. Suffice it to say that Francis, after promising to support Hastings' policy in despatching troops across India to rescue the Bombay Presidency from the Mahrattas, treacherously shuffled out of his promise and repudiated his own words.

The consequence of Hastings' language to Francis was the very remarkable duel which took place on August 17, 1780, Colonel Pearse acting as second to the Governor-General. Extracts from the long account of the duel which Pearse wrote to a friend of Hastings show how dangerous is the anger of a long-suffering man. On August 15, Hastings, when asking Pearse to act as his second, informed him that the duel was to take place at half-past five on the morning of the 17th; both the long interval between the challenge and the meeting, and the fact that the principals settled time and place, being unusual. Colonel Pearse writes—

"On the morning of the 17th I waited on Mr Hastings in my chariot to carry him to the place of appointment. When we arrived there we found Mr Francis and Colonel Watson walking together, and therefore, soon after we alighted, I looked at my watch and mentioned aloud that it was half-past five, and Mr Francis looked at his and said it was near six; this induced me to tell him that my watch was set by my astronomical clock to solar time."

Colonel Pearse evidently disliked being contradicted before breakfast.

After some difficulty a suitable place was found, and Pearse loaded Hastings' pistols, those of Francis being already loaded. What follows is interesting. "Finding the gentlemen were both unacquainted with the modes usually observed on those occasions, I took the liberty to tell them that if they would fix their distance it was the business of the seconds to measure it." Colonel Watson suggested fourteen paces, which Mr Hastings observed was a great distance for pistols, but as no actual objection was made Colonel Watson took that number of paces, and Colonel Pearse counted them. The narrative continues—

"When the gentlemen had got to their ground, Mr Hastings asked Mr Francis if he stood before the line or behind it, and being told behind the mark, he said he would do the same, and immediately took his stand. I then told them it was a rule that neither of them were to quit their ground until they had discharged their pistols, and Colonel Watson proposed that both should fire together without taking any advantage. Mr Hastings asked if he meant they ought to fire by word of command, and was told he only meant they should fire together, as nearly as could be. These preliminaries were all agreed to, and both parties presented; but Mr Francis raised his hand and again came down to his present; he did so a second time; when he came to his present, which

was the third time of doing so, he drew his trigger; but his powder being damp, the pistol did not fire. Mr Hastings came down from his present to give Mr Francis time to rectify his priming, and this was done out of a cartridge with which I supplied him upon finding they had no spare powder. Again the gentlemen took their stands, both presented together, and Mr Francis fired; Mr Hastings did the same at the distance of time equal to the counting of one, two, three distinctly, but not greater. His shot took place; Mr Francis staggered; and in attempting to sit down he fell, and said he was a dead man. Mr Hastings hearing this cried out, 'Good God! I hope not,' and immediately went up to him, as did Colonel Watson; but I ran to call the servants, and to order a sheet to bind up the wound. . . . Whilst Mr Francis was lying upon the ground, he told Mr Hastings, in consequence of something which he said, that he best knew how it affected his affairs, and that he had better take care of himself, to which Mr Hastings answered that he hoped and believed the wound was not mortal, but that if any unfortunate accident should happen, it was his intention immediately to surrender himself to the Sheriff. . . . Both parties behaved as became gentlemen of their high rank and station. Mr Hastings seemed to be in a state of such perfect tranquillity that a spectator would not have supposed that he was about an action out of the common course of things; and Mr Francis' deportment was such as did honour to his firmness and resolution."

So ended this memorable duel, and it is clear from Pearse's narrative that both principals meant mischief.

While the Governor-General and the senior member of Council were thus settling their differences, a heavy misfortune hung over British fortunes in India. Hyder Ali of Mysore had invaded Madras territory a month before the duel, and on September 10 he succeeded, thanks to the bad management of Sir Hector Munro, the local commander-in-chief, in annihilating a detachment of 3700 men under Colonel Baillie. Munro hurriedly retreated to Madras, and for all that local resources could effect the southern Presidency was lost. Hastings, however, rose nobly to the emergency. He at once despatched by sea Sir Eyre Coote (who had succeeded Clavering as Commander-in-Chief) with all the European troops and treasure that could be scraped together in Bengal; while he forced his reluctant Council to consent further to the despatch of large reinforcements by land. Hastings conferred the command of the marching force on Colonel Pearse, whom he described as "a man of bravery, and of great professional knowledge." The force placed under Pearse's orders consisted of five regiments of Bengal Infantry, the 12th, 13th, 24th, 25th, and 26th, with a company of European Artillery, and twelve guns. It was intended that the 20th Regiment should also have marched with the detachment, but on the force collecting at Midnapore this regiment was found to be in a state of mutiny owing to some claims for prize-money not having been duly adjusted by its commanding officer, for which offence he was dismissed the service by the sentence of a court-martial. The regiment was broken up and the men drafted into the other corps, the native officers being dismissed. This unfortunate episode, which delayed the departure of the detach-

ment from Midnapore until January 9, 1781, was followed by misconduct in a quarter where it was less to be expected. Many of the infantry officers of the detachment resented being placed under the command of Colonel Pearse, an artillery officer; and constant disputes, most difficult to adjust, arose also between the officers themselves. The Bengal Infantry had recently been reorganised, each regiment being divided into two weak battalions commanded by captains, the regiments being commanded by majors. Colonel Pearse did not hesitate to assert his own authority, but it was more difficult to establish a *modus vivendi* among the regimental officers. The majors commanding regiments had been carefully selected, and for the most part showed discretion and good sense, but among the captains were some turbulent spirits who caused infinite trouble, attempting to assert their complete independence of the regimental commanders. To such lengths did their insubordinate and unsoldierlike spirit carry some of them that letters of an insulting nature were written by them, while actually marching towards the enemy, to a scurrilous Calcutta newspaper called 'The Bengal Gazette,' the proprietor of which had a grievance against Colonel Pearse for recalling to regimental duty an English gunner who had been allowed to act as a compositor while stationed at Calcutta. Colonel Pearse was accused of every military crime, from the most serious to the most trivial — of delaying his march towards danger, of making money out of his troops (a base calumny, for no man had cleaner hands); and, coming from the general to the particular, "Colonel P. gives us damn'd long orders and a deal of useless trouble. In my next letter I will tell you of his disposition of the baggage on the line of march and of his Buzzar Regulations, all of which are *entirely new and his own.*" Nor did the writers of the letters stop at base or foolish accusations. Captain Sandford was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be reprimanded by Colonel Pearse in the presence of two senior officers. No sooner had he received the reprimand and been released from arrest than he put on his sword and, returning to Colonel Pearse's tent, challenged him to fight a duel. For this serious crime Captain Sandford was again tried by court-martial. Captain Scott challenged Major Kilpatrick, his own commanding officer, and so wounded him as to cause his death. In addition to these unpleasant circumstances, Pearse's detachment, during its march of nearly a thousand miles, mostly over unsurveyed country, suffered severely from an epidemic of cholera—one of the first, if not the first, reported in India. The disease broke out at Ganjam, and worked great havoc among the camp-followers in addition to the loss of life among the troops. Between February 12 and April 5, 1781, the troops alone lost 905 men, half of whom are

believed to have died of cholera, while the remainder deserted from fear of that dread scourge. The mortality among the followers was far heavier. The long march to Madras was not delayed by fighting. In the earlier portion an attack by the Raja of Nagpur seemed probable. Hastings, however, ordered Colonel Pearse to march straight on, unless actually attacked, and to fix his eyes firmly on Madras as his goal. These instructions being obeyed carried the force quickly out of the zone of Mahratta danger, and afterwards from that of cholera, and by July 1781 the Bengal detachment came within reach of the long arm of Hyder. Sir Eyre Coote, with the weak and ill-supplied Madras army, had been decoyed to the southward of Madras, and Hyder, by a rapid movement, had thrown himself into a position blocking Coote's only return route. Threatened with disaster, Coote showed all his great talent for war. Telling his soldiers that every man must fight for the credit and safety of British India, he won perhaps the most brilliant victory of his long career at Porto Novo, completely defeating Hyder. He then performed an equally remarkable feat in making a rapid march of 150 miles, almost without transport or supplies, and joined hands at Pulicat on August 2 with Colonel Pearse's detachment. The losses caused by cholera and desertion had been made good during the march from Ganjam southward, and Sir Eyre Coote thus received a reinforcement of 4000 men, which nearly doubled his strength. On coming within touch of the Bengal detachment, Coote had written to Colonel Pearse warmly approving of his whole conduct in the march from Midnapore. Coote, however, had taken great offence at orders issued by the Governor-General, directing that the Bengal troops were to continue as a separate detachment under Pearse's order. To assert his authority as Commander-in-Chief, Coote, in defiance of this order, now broke up the Bengal detachment and distributed the units among his own brigades. He showed, however, that this action was directed against Hastings, and not against Colonel Pearse, by giving the latter command of a brigade, which Pearse held until the end of the campaign.

The arduous services performed by the Bengal troops and their commander during their four years of continuous campaigning against Hyder and his successor Tippoo can only be sketched in these pages. Colonel Pearse commanded his brigade at the battles of Pollilur on August 27, 1781, and Sholingarh, fought exactly a month later. In the former action Coote, who was in failing health, managed badly, affronted his brigadiers, and could do no more than hold his ground. At Sholingarh, which was an indubitable victory, Pearse's services were conspicuous. He commanded the left wing of the army, which with the bag-

gage was cut off by Hyder from the right wing. In the heat of the action Pearse's troops opened out to a dangerous extent, and Hyder sent Tippoo to charge them with the Mysore cavalry in great strength. Colonel Pearse, who was riding from group to group, reforming his line, was carried off in the midst of the enemy's troopers and had a narrow escape, for which he thanked the drunkenness of the Mysore sowars and the furious kicking of his own horse. The battle of Sholingarh was followed by the relief of Vellore in January 1782, Pearse again rendering conspicuous service, and being warmly thanked by Sir Eyre Coote. On the completion of this service Pearse asked leave of the General to leave the Army until it again took the field, receiving in reply a most complimentary assurance that Sir Eyre considered him indispensable "at a time when an emergency might happen to require the co-operation of those able services which I had particular satisfaction in observing ever so zealously executed in our last march."

Sir Eyre Coote, completely broken in health, left Madras in October 1782, and Colonel Pearse became second in command to his successor, General Stuart, a brave but wrong-headed veteran with one leg, who had commanded a regiment at Havana. Stuart proving inactive, Pearse volunteered in March 1783 to carry the war into Tippoo's country from the east, in order to co-operate with General Mathews who had invaded Mysore from the west. This offer, which might have averted the disaster which presently befell Mathews' army, was not accepted, the Madras Government having determined on attacking the town of Cuddalore which was held by a strong French force. Mathews, being unsupported, was compelled to surrender, and he and most of his force were put to death by Tippoo. Sir Eyre Coote then returned to Madras in order to resume the command of the army, but died of apoplexy on April 26, 1783. He had previously sustained two strokes, but dauntlessly struggled on till death thus put a period to his labours and sufferings. His old enemy, Hyder Ali, had died four months previously, and Tippoo his son reigned in his stead.

General Stuart moved against Cuddalore towards the end of April 1783, and, having taken forty days to cover a hundred miles, arrived before that place on June 6. Severe fighting followed, in which the English army fared by no means well. The principal action took place on June 13, when the fighting was of an interesting nature. An attack was made on a strong position which the French troops, some 3000 strong, had taken up to cover the town of Cuddalore. The attack on the French left was successful, but that on the right, which was accompanied by Colonel Pearse, failed owing to the misconduct of an English regiment of the line, which was subsequently disbanded. A

Hanoverian regiment, which formed part of the right attack, was also repulsed. The action, which could hardly be called a success, though thirteen guns were captured, cost the English force a thousand casualties, of whom 618 were Europeans. Colonel Pearse, who had placed himself at the head of the Hanoverians, was severely wounded in the thigh when within a few yards of the parapet. He was naturally angry with the line regiment whose failure caused the repulse, and described its short history in vigorous language. He asks—

> "How could they do better? Jails emptied had furnished the men! The half-pay list gave a major from the cavalry who had lain by since the last war, and who, when he joined, declared to the lieutenant-colonel that he was totally unable to assist him, being entirely ignorant of infantry discipline. . . . The senior captain was about twenty years old, the second captain only eighteen! . . . As soon as the men were embodied, they embarked for India."

Such were some of the short-lived regiments of those days of jobbery; but happily the majority were of a very different quality.

On June 17 the French fleet, under Admiral Suffren, appeared on the scene, followed by a somewhat stronger English fleet under Admiral Edward Hughes. Suffren, a man of abilities much superior to those of Hughes, borrowed 1200 men from the garrison of Cuddalore, with whose assistance he fought a successful action against the English fleet. Hughes endeavoured to bring Suffren again to action, but was unable to do so. He was then compelled to return to Madras for repairs, when Suffren gave back to Cuddalore the men he had borrowed, and landed, in addition, double the number of sailors. Thus reinforced, the French were able to take the offensive, and on June 25 made a sortie in great strength. On this occasion the 24th Bengal Native Infantry highly distinguished themselves by driving the French, at the point of the bayonet, from the trenches which they had captured. The 24th were gallantly led by Lieutenant David Ochterlony, afterwards the conqueror of Nepal. No one who remembers the story of Cuddalore need doubt that the Indian Army, led by English officers, is able and willing to encounter European troops. Among the French prisoners taken in the sortie was Sergeant Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden.

In spite of this successful repulse of the French, General Stuart's army was unable to capture Cuddalore. It was, in fact, outnumbered by the besieged, and was in a dangerous position, from which it was happily relieved at the beginning of July by the receipt of news that peace had been made with France. Deprived of his ally, Tippoo was also inclined to rest and recover the strength of his army; and in March 1784 he concluded a treaty with the Indian Government.

The Bengal troops, whose

arrival in Madras had certainly turned the scale at a moment when the southern Presidency was on the verge of disaster, were now once again placed under Colonel Pearse's command and ordered to return to Bengal. They marched on April 22, and were reviewed by the Governor-General at Ghyretti, near Calcutta, soon after their arrival in January 1785.

This review was the last public duty performed by Warren Hastings in India, and furnished a most impressive spectacle. Hastings was deeply attached to the army which served him so devotedly, and this reception of the survivors of Pearse's detachment—less than half of those who had left Midnapore four years earlier[1]—was designed by him to demonstrate his gratitude to the Bengal detachment and its commander. A description of the scene has been handed down, from which we can imagine the motley and patched uniforms of Pearse's men, their dark skins contrasting strongly with the sleek olive complexions of the troops keeping the ground; Hastings, dressed in a plain blue coat, riding along the ranks bareheaded and greeting the various regiments in succession. All formed a picture which dwelt long in the memories of those who saw it.

As the review was the occasion of Hastings' last public appearance, so was it his last action in Council to induce his colleagues to grant extra pay for life to the men of the Carnatic detachment, and to give swords of honour to Pearse and the two officers next in seniority to him. Hastings, in a General Order dated January 25, 1785, mentions that he had deemed it incumbent on him to thank the detachment in person for their services, stating that great as had been the exertions of the Madras Army it "in no way derogated from them to affirm that to this aid the Company's possessions and interests under the Presidency of Fort St George owe their present existence." Hastings desired that the Commanding Officer, Colonel Pearse, "whom he was proud to call his friend," would make his thanks known to the whole detachment.

Pearse had now done with campaigning. He survived the Mysore campaign only four years, his health never recovering from the strain it had undergone. During these last years he exercised the command of his beloved Artillery, and only occasionally repined at his exclusion from higher rank. His early ambition had cooled down. "Once," he writes, "I was high-minded, and wanted a ribbon; I have missed my aim; it was not my fault, but it is my pain."

The arrival of Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief gave him great pleasure, and in January 1787, in writing a letter of sympathy to Hastings, whose

[1] The original strength was over 5000 men, of whom less than 2000 returned.

long trial was then beginning, Pearse writes: "Under Lord Cornwallis I begin to breathe again; I had been nearly suffocated. Cornwallis has made Bengal happy, and has given a new face to things in India." The regard was mutual, for Lord Cornwallis in his correspondence, while unsparingly condemning the remainder of the Company's troops, makes an honourable exception in favour of the Bengal Artillery, which he said was in an excellent state. We may then hope that Pearse's last days were not unhappy, though his correspondence shows that after his long Indian service an honourable poverty prevented his returning to England to die. He was also probably influenced by other considerations; for, as was then the general custom, he had married a native wife. During Pearse's last illness, a long one, brought on by exposure at a fire when in weak health, he was sedulously attended by several of his brother officers. He died on the river Hooghly, in the Governor-General's budgerow (or house-boat), which Lord Cornwallis had lent to him, on June 15, 1789, at the age of 47. His will, a long document, preserved at the India Office, asseverates in most solemn terms the validity of his marriage to his native wife, and provides for the exclusion from a share of his estate of any of his relations who might dispute the marriage. Two of his three children had died in childhood, and the survivor, a son, strangely named Thomas Deane Mahomed, born in 1777, had long since been sent to England. Colonel Pearse had provided for the education of his son on the most liberal scale, allowing £500 a-year for his expenses while a boy at Harrow, to which school he was accompanied by a private tutor. Thomas Deane Pearse, the younger (who apparently dropped the Mahomed after his father's death), matriculated at Oxford on June 9, 1795, and was entered at Oriel as a Gentleman Commoner on the same day. In 1798 he was a Lieutenant in the 14th Light Dragoons, in 1800 a Captain in the same regiment; and he retired on half-pay in 1803. He married a daughter of Sir John St Aubyn, last baronet of the elder creation, but left no issue.

The generous and kindly nature of Colonel Pearse is shown in his will, his friends and old servants receiving handsome legacies, and careful provision being made for the future of his wife and other dependents: the old horse who had saved his life at Sholingarh was not forgotten.

The officers of the Bengal Artillery erected "a handsome pillar of the Corinthian order" to Pearse's memory at Dum-Dum, the cantonment which he had founded, and they also raised a memorial stone over his grave, with an inscription testifying to his worth as a soldier and a man; but the most honourable tribute to the character of Thomas Deane Pearse is the statement of Warren Hastings, that he was proud to call him his friend.

SIR HUGH THE PALMER.

I.

He kneeled among a waste of sands
  Before the Mother-Maid,
But on the far green forest-lands
  His steadfast eyes were stayed,
And like a knight of stone, his hands
  He straightened while he prayed.

"Lady, beyond all women fair,
  Beyond all saints benign,
Whose living heart through life I bear
  In mystery divine,
Hear thou and grant me this my prayer,
  Or grant no prayer of mine.

"The fever of my spirit's pain
  Heal thou with heavenly scorn;
The dust that but of dust is fain
  Leave thou in dust forlorn;
Yea! bury love to rise again
  Meet for eternal morn.

"So by thy grace my inward eyes
  Thy beauty still shall see,
And while our life in shadow lies
  High dawn shall image thee,
Till with thy soul in Paradise
  Thy servant's soul shall be."

Before the immortal Mother-Maid
  Low on the sands he kneeled,
But even while the words he prayed
  His lips to patience sealed
Joy in his eyes a radiance made
  Like stars in dusk revealed.

II.

It was an idle company—
  Ladies and lordings fine—
Idly under the wild-wood tree
  Their laughter ran like wine.
Yet as they laughed a voice they heard—
  A voice where none was seen—
Singing blithe as a hidden bird
  Among the forest green.

"Mark ye, mark ye, a lonely knight
  Riding the green forest:
Pardì! for one so poorly dight
  He lifts a haughty crest!
Azure and white is all his wear,
  He hath no gold, I trow!
Wanderer, thou in the wild-wood there,
  Tell us why sing ye so!"

"Noble ladies and lordings gay,
  God have you all in guard:
Since ye are pleased with me to play
  My riddle it is not hard.
I sing because, of all that ride,
  I am the least of worth:
I sing because, to match my pride,
  Never was pride on earth.

"But, an ye ask what that may mean,
Thus do I answer then:
I bear with me the heart of a Queen—
I that am least of men:
I bear her heart till the end of all,
Yea! by her own command
I bear the heart of a Queen royal
Unto the Holy Land."

Humbly there his crest he bent,—
Azure it waved and white,—
Haughtily there he turned and went
Singing, out of their sight.
Long, long but his voice they heard,—
A voice where none was seen,—
Singing blithe as a hidden bird,
Among the forest green.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

RELICS OF THE SAINTS — A MODERN PILGRIMAGE — MR BIRRELL AND THE MOTOR-CYCLIST—ANOTHER VIEW—CONGREVE AND VOLTAIRE—THE BODY-SNATCHER ABROAD—SHAKESPEARE AND POSH —THE STRIKE AT RUSKIN COLLEGE — *LES DISCIPLINES DE LA FRANCE* — THE ENCROACHMENT OF GERMANY — THE TRIUMPH OF THE SECOND-RATE.

THE learned M. Pierre Bayle, in discussing that interesting work, 'Scaligeriana,' very wisely reproves the foolish admiration which the public displays for the great men who take hold upon its fancy. He compares this infatuation with the respect which is shown in the Roman Church for the hair and nails of the saints, and for little rags of their clothing. This reproof came to our mind when we read of the indiscreet pilgrimages which the faithful made some time since to Boulge, to Woodbridge, and to Ipswich at the centenary of FitzGerald. The saints are dead, at least in England, and the devout persons who once upon a time would have gathered their trivial relics have transferred their devotion to dead and blameless men of letters. They choose their idols without sense or reason, and they pay these idols honour in so strange a spirit of perversity that you cannot but regret the passing of an old superstition. There was a sort of sincerity in the patient worship of mysterious bones. There is none in the obsequious gossip concerning dead poets which these newest worshippers mumble about their shrines.

However, it is the season of pilgrimages, and a motley throng has been paying reverence to Edward FitzGerald. Why it chose this distinguished recluse as the victim of its zeal will always remain a profound secret. While he lived, he did nothing to encourage a useless curiosity. He wrote his works, and read his books, and cherished his friendships very far from Fleet Street. No man of his time baulked more successfully the hideous demon of publicity, which threatens to bewitch us all. Of the professed and professional man of letters he had no love. The most of his friends were the friends of his youth, and he remained faithful to them, even when he did not approve of their poetry or their prose. He did not believe that the proper road to fame lay through the daily press. It was his aim in writing to satisfy his own high standard of excellence and to give pleasure to his friends. The modern apparatus of eavesdropping and patronage, which does duty for criticism, would have appalled him, and he died, poor man, in happy ignorance of the awful conspiracy which was presently made about his bones. But even if he had been able to protest, his protest would have fallen upon deaf ears. His admirers do not pay this reverence to please him, but to please themselves. "We

ought not to be bound by the dead hand," they argue, "to suppress our natural inclination of doing honour to the dead hero." We should have thought that the only way to pay honour to a dead hero was to consult his wishes. But the dead hand has been uplifted, and uplifted in vain. Not even the reticent temper of the hero will prevail against "our natural inclination." We know how deeply he would have resented our intrusion, these good people say in effect, we know how bitterly he would have hated the chatter of our praise. But it is our pleasure to intrude and chatter, and we decline to be suppressed. What can be said in answer to this frank confession, except that some men cultivate strange, impossible pleasures?

And as the quiet dignity of FitzGerald's life should have silenced this irrelevant adulation, so the choice of him as an idol cannot have been made on merely literary grounds. Not even his most sanguine worshipper could pretend that he holds the first place among the writers of his age. There are many others, we should have thought, who would more readily have tempted the devotional zeal of the pilgrims, and some others, perhaps, whose dead hand would not have been raised so sternly in reproach. Nor are the doctrines of Omar, as expressed in FitzGerald's version, the doctrines of the highly respectable gentlemen who do them this public honour. If a member of the Omar Khayyám Club put into practice the wholesome theories of the master he would instantly be asked to resign. From which it is evident that the pilgrims are not merely indiscreet, but heretical.

However, in the full consciousness of their heresy and indiscretion, the pilgrims travelled down into Suffolk. They lunched at Woodbridge and they dined at Ipswich, and they said many amiable things about FitzGerald and, we are sure, about one another. But it was Mr Birrell who, with the just irony which pitifully deserts him when he puts a careless hand on politics, found the speech fit for the occasion. "He had spent part of the afternoon," he said, "at the Crown Inn, Woodbridge, eating bread and cheese and drinking fine old Colchester ale in the most pleasant and agreeable way. He had the most delightful company, for there was not only Mr Cobbold in the room, but a most excellent man who had come all the way from Southend on a motor-bicycle, and had never heard of Edward FitzGerald. Mr Cobbold suggested to that excellent man on the bicycle that they were in Woodbridge to pay homage to Edward FitzGerald. The motor-cyclist not only professed profound indifference, but did not even ask who he was. His society, however, was most excellent and stimulating; and he could not help thinking that FitzGerald would far sooner have met that motor-cyclist than any one of those gathered there that night." That is perfectly true, and FitzGerald would have been right in his preference. The motor-cyclist,

no doubt, could discourse on many pertinent topics. He could have told the poet, had he perchance come across him, the state of the roads, and the changing quality of the ale. With a mind untinged with letters, he might have revealed his simple nature and shown his interlocutor what manner of man it is that is content to run up and down the country sitting on a petroleum-tin. But had FitzGerald met his worshippers, there would have been a sudden and headlong flight. Even his ghost must recoil in horror from the spectacle of those whom in his life he had most sedulously avoided. And Mr Birrell, having been inveigled into this strange society, could do no less than admit that the homage he and his colleagues were paying would not have been wholly acceptable to the object of their adoration.

Mr Birrell's modesty, however, was by no means to the taste of Mr Gosse, who, at another religious service held by the devout on their return to London, reproved the Irish Secretary's levity after his own pompous fashion. For him the motor-cyclist "represented a tendency indulged in by such men of letters as were ashamed of literature, and took it only as a recreation." That is not what he represented to Mr Birrell, and not what he represents to us. The true craftsman is not ashamed of his work; he knows that it is too exacting to be taken as a recreation. But, for these very reasons, he does not want to gabble of it to all and sundry. He will not admit to his presence those well-meaning fanatics who ask him what are "his methods of work," and whether he writes more easily on a full or empty stomach. Such questions as these the motor-cyclist would be incapable of putting. There is not one of the devout who could be trusted to approach the master without some flattering indiscretion. Moreover, no sensible writer ever forgets that he is a man also, and that other things than the accident of his own profession are interesting to him. If we meet a stockbroker or a barrister, we do not instantly fall to discussing stocks and shares or the intricacies of the law. But men of letters are deemed the proper prey of the curious, and in self-defence they have a perfect right to prefer the society of those who can talk some other "shop" than theirs. Now, FitzGerald was a writer by temperament and habit alike. Yet it was not for his poems that he loved Alfred Tennyson, who in his opinion was falling rapidly from grace. It was not for his prose that he called Carlyle his friend, for it represented in his eyes all that was vicious in the English language. He knew these men, and sometimes sought their society because he admired their character and their pride. Best of all, he rarely, if ever, chattered of his own performances. You may read his letters through without realising very clearly that he had given his enemies a firm hold upon him by writing a book. He did his work; it was for others to tell the tale.

No better example can be found of the author's pride than in Congreve's famous encounter with Voltaire. Voltaire visited the English dramatist when he was old and on the point of death, and Congreve spoke of his plays as trifles beneath him, wishing to be considered as nothing more than a gentleman who lived very simply. Voltaire replied that, had Congreve had the misfortune of being a mere gentleman like another, he would not have come to see him. Dr Johnson finds in Congreve's behaviour not merely despicable foppery but a base ingratitude to the Muses. The text of Voltaire does not warrant so harsh a judgment, and Lamb took another and a saner view than Johnson's. "I think the impertinent Frenchman was properly answered," said he; "I should just serve any member of the French Institute in the same manner, that wished to be introduced to me."

This story, in fact, may be diversely interpreted. In Voltaire Congreve met one who was at least his equal, and though he had a perfect right to dissociate himself from his plays, he might perhaps have acted the author's part for this one occasion, and still kept his sense of humour. But the pursuer is very seldom the equal of the pursued, and for this reason he should be most jealously suspected. To all those who stole in upon his privacy Guy de Maupassant had but one answer. "Don't talk to me of literature," he would say; "I know nothing about it. Ask me about boats, which I understand." Thus spoke he to the Paul Prys. It was not thus that he spoke when he met his friends at Médan. And the reproof thus sternly administered by Guy de Maupassant is far more often earned now than then. The common interest in literature, displayed in pilgrimages and paragraphs, is an interest of gossip, when it is not inspired by a love of self-advertisement. The poets' works do not assuage the thirsty curiosity of the vulgar. The vulgar wishes to know where the great live and to see blurred photographs of them and their houses in the pictured papers. The vulgar likes to share its interest with its fellows. It cannot study or admire in solitude. It has not the courage to read what books it likes, without putting a foolish badge in its buttonhole. And so it pledges itself to an open worship of this or that author with all the zeal of a cultured suburb preparing itself for a penny-reading. It must be more royalist than the king. It must exceed in devotion its momentary deity. FitzGerald was never an Omarian. There is not one man who attended the poet's belated obsequies who is ashamed of fixing upon himself this inappropriate title. Poshite, indeed, would be a better name for the most of them, and perhaps with increasing candour they may thus describe themselves. But to-day they are Omarians to a man, and Omarians they will remain until Posh intervenes or fashion shifts, and they find another shrine.

And this habit of the liter-

ary tea-garden should be the more sternly discountenanced because the old custom of reticence is gone. No sooner does an eminent man die than his admirers are eager to uncover the secrecies of his life. The body-snatcher is abroad, intent upon driving a lucrative trade in the dead man's bones when he has rifled the dead man's grave. His practice is familiar and uniform. In the guise of a friend he watches the declining years of the great man whom he has chosen for his prey. He obeys his commands with the alacrity of a slave. He accepts his kicks, should they be offered, with a patient shrug, and knows that his forbearance will be amply repaid by the gossip already transferred to his note-book. And in this welter of indiscretion literature is forgotten. Why should you read a man's works when you can read scandalous imbecilities about him? Why should you exercise your own taste when it is easier to take the taste of the crowd? Why, why, indeed, should you do anything but go on pilgrimages and think yourself far better than those who journeyed to Canterbury many centuries ago? And yet Chaucer chose his pilgrims with such care that he left no corner of English life and character without illumination. How dull would their stories have been had they all been editors of weekly reviews and literary paragraphists!

The modern amateur of literature, in fact, refuses to believe in the existence of any poet whose "home-life," as he calls it, he has failed to penetrate. We know more of Shakespeare than of any man that ever lived, because he has most generously revealed himself to us. But the curious investigator finds something lacking. He cannot discover that Shakespeare had a Posh. The eavesdroppings of interested friends, the gossip of the Press, have failed to belittle the author of "Hamlet" in his eyes. And therefore he is convinced that Shakespeare never lived at all, and that somebody else wrote his plays. If he could read those plays with intelligence, he might come to a wiser conclusion. Did he reflect that, though a poet may understand law, no lawyer was ever a poet; did he accept the teaching of history that genius flourishes as and where it lists, he might discover that Shakespeare was a very real person. And if he must have evidence from without, the panegyrics of Ben Jonson, in prose and verse, should be enough to reassure him. But no! He looks about for Posh, and finding him not, declares that Shakespeare is an impostor. We are sorry for this poor investigator, and would recommend him to renounce Shakespeare and all his works and join the Omar Khayyám Club. For there he will hear reiterated with various eloquence that publicity is the only thing that counts, and that literature is *Posh et præterea nihil.*

In this refusal to be bound by the dead hand, there is a pathos as well as a comedy. Another event which during the last month has convulsed

England was pure comedy, until it degenerated into farce. There is a college at Oxford which bears the ominous name of Ruskin, and which was established, we believe, for the easy manufacture of political agitators. At any rate, it is frequented by members of the working-class who aspire some day to lead their fellows or to represent them in Parliament. Here proud Keir Hardies, and mute, inglorious Graysons learn the rudiments of history and political economy, that they may be the better able in after life to attack the institutions of their country. Now it appears to be a principle fixed in the mind of the hardy proletarian that knowledge, like Parliamentary representation, is a mere matter of voting. He usurps to himself a right, never yet claimed by the fiercest tyrant, of declaring by ballot what is science and what is not. The researches of distinguished *savants* are nothing to him. He accepts as true only what pleases him to be true. Rejecting discipline in his University, as in his workshop or his party, he insists upon choosing his own curriculum, his own facts, and his own teachers. We have not forgotten the splendid pride of the Barry Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, which, when it was asked to participate in the privileges of Oxford University, declared that it would accept them only on its own terms. Evidently it feared the Greeks, though they came with gifts in their hands. In other words, it passed a resolution, which we quoted some months since, and which we quote again without apology. Here is the precise text: "That it is inexpedient for the Working-Classes to cultivate a closer relationship with Oxford, by University Extension Lectures or any other methods, until the teachings of the university are radically altered, so that a truer view of social questions may be taught, and that it is inadvisable to send working men to colleges unless the curriculum is made suitable for the training of Labour leaders." The students of Ruskin College were in perfect agreement with the Barry Branch. They did not wish to learn, like the mere undergraduate, in humility of spirit. They wished to dictate terms to their teachers; and when the Principal of their college resigned, they arose in fury and as one man. They flouted their Council, they demanded the instant restoration of the Principal, and at last, the force of habit being too strong for them, they went on strike. For pure comedy it would be hard to beat this episode, and we feel we are under a profound debt of gratitude to the unconscious humourists of Ruskin College. They at any rate are not downtrodden. "Workers" though they be, they will not bend the knee in any servitude. And not being trained in the habits of discipline and obedience, like the common undergraduates, those pampered sons of an idle class, they showed their spirit at once. For the moment, Oxford was in their eyes the

familiar workshop, and they adopted the remedy they knew best — they went on strike! Unhappily for them and for us, who eagerly await the last act, the strike did not last long. Ruskin College, being miserably behind the times, has no strike fund, and the poor students knew not how to support their arrogant demands. It is true that none but a churl would condemn these demands as unreasonable. The earnest students asked nothing more than a proper application of the democratic principle. It should be theirs, said they, to choose their Principal and dictate to their lecturers. They had come to Oxford not to learn, but to teach, and they desired the Council of their College to understand the limits of their duty. Only one difficulty lay in their path. The process by which a college went on strike had hitherto been unknown to them and to us. Now it is as clear as day. All you have to do is to refuse attendance at lectures, unless they are delivered by one of your own number. If this stern policy does not bring your tutors to their knees, you suggest an immediate return to your homes; in other words, you proceed to send yourselves down. This was proposed in due course by the leaders of the strike. And here came the first hitch. The students demanded of the College, against whose edicts they were protesting, railway fares to their homes, and as much money as would keep them in comfort until in their generosity they consented to return. The College, with an unexpected courage, declined this amiable proposal, and the strike seems to have come to a premature conclusion. For aught we know, the students may have returned in dutiful submission to their classrooms, or they may have tramped back to their workshops. But whatever has happened, one thing is evident. The working-class is not yet fit to receive the advantages of education. The first and the last of these advantages is discipline, and then more discipline. It is idle to teach those who refuse tuition, and who know not the meaning of obedience. And with great satisfaction we commend this pleasant little episode to the Dean of Christ Church and those other zealots who believe that they best consult the advantage of their University by seducing within its portals a mob of agitators which refuses to learn, save in its own way and on its own conditions.

It is one of the ironies of politics that the Radical, fed from his childhood upon such phrases as freedom of opinion and liberty of conscience, always grows up a hardened dogmatist. He affects to desire education, and will receive none that does not harmonise perfectly with his own stiff superstitions. So he goes on strike at the first threat to teach him something which he has not already formulated into a patient belief. And when he is confronted with a serious problem of politics, he falls back, if he be Mr Churchill, upon a silly refer-

ence to Liberal principles and the general amiability of human kind. These principles and this amiability will stay the advance of a dominant nationality when an autumn leaf will stop a waterfall,—a simple truth, which is evident to all save the Radical fed fat upon turgid commonplaces. The advance of Germany, indeed, is a fact which only the contemner of his own country can afford to ignore. What it means to England is being gradually revealed even to the callous-hearted politician, who cares far more for his own career than for the prosperity of his Fatherland. What it means to France the French might long have understood, had they not been immersed in foolish discussions of Socialism and the Church. But they, too, are opening their eyes and becoming sensible of the approaching danger. Here, for instance, is M. Paul Adam, a writer of exquisite delicacy, a novelist with a brilliant gift of observation, a philosopher whose mind is perhaps too widely open to either side, turning from the pursuit of fancy to the stern study of politics, and calling upon his compatriots to prepare for the defence of their homes against the invasion which shall surely come.

His new book, 'Les Disciplines de la France' (Paris: Vuibert et Nony), bears upon its cover the epigraph: "Individualism kills the Nation." That is the text of his eloquent sermon, and most eloquently does he illustrate it. He shows us, on the one hand, the Germans linking their hands for the common good. The laboratories of Germany, says he, rapidly grow into workshops. Its factories, its mines, and its furnaces are never far removed from a building in which "doctors" make their experiments, not for their own glory but for the benefit of the manufacturer. The *savant* and the merchant are in close alliance. Instead of mocking at or despising one another, they have no other aim than mutual help. To originate or to make discoveries is no part of their business. They are sternly practical where the profit of Germany is concerned. They do not wish to win credit as men of science. They will take the results produced in France or England by inspired research and turn them instantly to their own corporate advantage. That is a true picture, and, having drawn it, M. Paul Adam asks us to look at France, destroyed by individuality, seeking knowledge and excellence in every walk of life for their own sake, and engaging with ferocity in the civil war of commercial competition. "If our men of science and artists did not inspire respect," he says, "very little of our ancient prestige would be left in the folds of our flag." It is the largest reservation that can be made; but it is not genius that wins in the modern conflict of the big battalions, and M. Adam is quite right to make it.

Such, then, are the combatants. On the one side, Germany, talented without genius, practical without inspiration,

knowing precisely the goal at which she aims, and determined to reach it, if industry and sacrifice can command success. On the other side, France, witty, sensitive, original, the intellectual leader of Europe, the mother of the arts, the perfect mistress of life and its elegancies. Unhappily for Europe, the coming conflict will not be decided by genius or by art. That side will win which best fits itself for one particular fray, and which can put into the field the largest number of men and guns. We readily admit that the means of arbitrament are crude and savage, but they are the only means known to the world, and we must accept them with candour and sincerity. We must accept with equal candour the fact that Germany will not rest long within her boundaries, unless, indeed, some unforeseen upheaval takes place. Her population grows apace; her merchants ask daily for fresh markets; her commercial travellers may be found wherever there is a yard of land upon which to stand, a foot of water whereon to float; and she is not content. The dream of William II., as M. Adam points out, is a United States of Europe, with the seat of the government and treasury at Berlin. The Emperor would be quite satisfied to see peace in Europe, but on his own terms, and these include the Germanisation of France and Russia. That this would be an unspeakable disaster is obvious to everybody who is not of German blood. The supremacy of Germany would be the supremacy of the second-rate, the triumph of efficient mediocrity, of well-drilled uniformity. M. Adam's æsthetic and individual soul revolts at it, and he sketches the modern German in a dozen lines, which may well affright his sensitive countrymen. "It is enough," says he, "to go on board one of the steamers which, in the month of August, carry tourists across the Lake of Geneva, to measure how revolting this mastery would be to us. The coarseness of the middle-class German, his trick of showing off and of taking his ease ignobly, the brutality of his answers to the slightest observation, his manners as of an adipose nincompoop, his stinking pipe, his hideous spectacles, his ridiculous importance, the enormity of his boots, his discourtesy, which would befit an ill-licked barbarian, his perspiration, and his mad arrogance,— all these render him odious." That we can well believe, and our feeling of revolt is as strong as that which we hope animates the patriotic Frenchman.

But how is the unequal combat to be met and sustained? In mere numbers the Germans will always have a marked superiority. France must make her reply with superior skill. And it is M. Adam's dream that the *élite* of France should undertake the task of helping the simpletons who are falling asleep to the monotonous hum of clerical and anti-clerical discussions, and who believe that the age of perils is past. In other words, he would oppose the worth of

quality to the worth of quantity. France, he declares, is already superior to Germany in its General Staff, in its artillery, and in the better endurance of its infantry. In other respects she has much to improve. Squadrons of cyclists must replace the lacking squadrons of cavalry; aeroplanes must be built for the purpose of scouting; the method of transport must be multiplied and made efficient. But above all, he asserts, "the most intelligent and robust part of the nation must be called upon ceaselessly, between the ages of twenty and forty, to constitute, by an annual training, the *cadres* indispensable to a militia, which a service of twenty months leaves improperly trained."

He finds twenty months' training insufficient. We look with ridiculous complaisance upon a soldier of fifteen days. And the fact that a Frenchman should make so grave a demand upon the nation proves that he does not underrate the gravity of the situation. But he asks more than this. He declares it absolutely indispensable that in each squadron there should be a strong nucleus of permanent soldiers, who serve with the colours for four or five years. These he would select, quite justly, from families favoured by fortune, whose sons are not compelled to earn an immediate salary for the support of their poor relations. He would compel all those who were preparing for the liberal professions to spend some part of each year in military training and in the acquisition of military knowledge; and finally, he would permit no one to obtain the diploma of advocate, doctor, or professor unless he had received his commission as officer of reserve. Whether M. Adam's scheme of education is practical we do not know. We do know that it is based upon a sound patriotism, and that if France is to be secure against the hideous process of Germanisation, it or another scheme like it must be adopted.

In any case, it is impossible, and it would be undesirable were it possible, to change the temperament of France. France is individualist, as are all her sons, and individualist she will remain until the end of time. To attempt to convert the light-witted Frenchman into a well-drilled, efficient, uninspired German is happily a hopeless task. To all nations it is given to achieve their destiny by their own gifts, their own talents, and France, gifted above others, cannot renounce her noble heritage. Still supreme in the arts—a supremacy which exacts individualism,—she must meet the big battalions of Germany, as M. Adam insists, with superiority of strategy and weapons. And Europe will not willingly see this arbitress of the elegancies, this mistress of the sciences, placed under the implacable heel. The struggle, if ever it come, which engages France will engage us also, and we cannot but feel a satisfaction that there are those across the Channel who foresee the peril and will do their utmost to avert or to meet it.

IN MEMORY OF SWINBURNE.

(*Vale, vale, in æternum, vale!*)

I.

APRIL whispers—"can'st thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"
April, queen over earth and sky
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

II.

"This is my singing season," he cried,
"April, what sweet new song do you bring?"
April came and knelt at his side
Breathing a song too great to sing—
Death!—and the dark cage-door swung wide:
Seaward the soul took wing.

III.

Sleep, on the breast of thine old-world lover,
Sleep, by thy "fair green-girdled" sea!
There shall thy soul with the sea-birds hover,
Free of the deep as their wings are free;
Free, for the grave-flowers only cover
This, the dark cage of thee.

IV.

Thee, the storm-bird, nightingale-souled,
Brother of Sappho, the seas reclaim!
Age upon age have the great waves rolled
Mad with her music, exultant, aflame;
Thee, thee too, shall their glory enfold,
Lit with thy snow-winged fame.

V.

Back, thro' the years, fleets the sea-bird's wing:
Sappho, of old time, once,—ah, hark!
So did he love her of old and sing!
Listen, he flies to her, back thro' the dark!
Sappho, of old time, once. . . . Yea, Spring
Calls him home to her, hark!

VI.

Sappho, long since, in the years far sped,
Sappho, I loved thee! Did I not seem
Fosterling only of earth? I have fled,
Fled to thee, sister. Time is a dream!
Shelley is here with us! Death lies dead!
Ah, how the bright waves gleam.

VII.

Wide was the cage-door, idly swinging;
April touched me and whispered "come."
Out and away to the great deep winging,
Sister, I flashed to thee over the foam,
Out to the sea of Eternity, singing
"Mother, thy child comes home."
. . . . . .

VIII.

Ah, but how shall we welcome May
Here where the wing of song droops low,
Here by the last green swinging spray
Brushed by the sea-bird's wings of snow,
We that gazed on his glorious way
Out where the great winds blow?

IX.

April whispers—can'st thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?
April, conquering earth and sky
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

ALFRED NOYES.

NAVAL DEFENCE BY PANIC.

To hear people talk, one would suppose that our present method of providing a navy adequate to our requirements was something new in our history, whereas it is in point of fact our usual plan.

Memories are short, for it is scarcely twenty years ago that precisely the same thing happened as is happening now. Our supremacy was then threatened by another Power (now our very good friend, in view of a common danger). Our navy had been allowed to run down in 1888 to a state of dangerous weakness in comparison with that of France. The country was passing through one of its drowsy phases of calm indifference — for the Admiralty of the day had told the people that all was well, and they might sleep quietly in their beds — when suddenly a few watchful sailors, led by Lord Charles Beresford, got up an agitation, which was stigmatised by the Lord Mayor of London (a gentleman of foreign extraction) as a "discreditable panic." The citizens of London, however, were too shrewd to accept declamation for argument; and having had the audacity to look into the matter for themselves and form their own conclusions, they vigorously supported the so-called panic, and notwithstanding that the Lord Mayor refused the use of the Guildhall for a public meeting, a thoroughly representative one was held at the Cannon Street Hotel. Some important resolutions were passed; the agitation gained strength and volume; and finally the Government of the day (Conservative this time) was forced into passing the famous Naval Defence Act of 1889, which provided £21,000,000 to build seventy ships,—a wise, far-seeing, and statesmanlike stroke of policy, notwithstanding that it was the direct result of a popular agitation which had been stigmatised by many others besides the Lord Mayor of London as a discreditable panic.

Result? France gave up the contest!

This of course is all ancient history, though it bears a close resemblance to the present state of public feeling on the question of our naval supremacy, and indicates what may be effected by a bold, prompt, and statesmanlike policy in compliance with a plainly expressed popular demand for national security.

Our readers will remember that 'Maga' took no small part in the enlightenment of public opinion on naval matters in 1888.[1] And now we are once more face to face with a somewhat similar sit-

[1] 'Maga,' February 1888, "The Balance of Power in Europe: Its Naval Aspect"; April 1888, "Our Naval Policy."

uation. Short-sighted economies in naval matters have produced a state of national alarm which is amply justified; and the recent discovery that an ambitious rival has stolen a march on us with swiftness and secrecy has not only awakened John Bull from his comfortable slumbers, but also has raised him to a pitch of righteous indignation which seems likely to vent itself on those mismanagers of his affairs who have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and deceived by the specious promises of a rival; a rival who will do everything in her power to avoid hostilities until her plans are ripe for execution and she is ready to take the full advantage of the initiative and strike a swift and deadly blow at the heart of the Empire—undefended London.

This is no fancy picture of the imagination, drawn for the purpose of creating unnecessary alarm. It is a perfectly true and moderate statement of the present position of Great Britain with regard to the avowed ambitions of Germany; and these ambitions have been so plainly and so unequivocally stated by Germany's leading men, that none save those who are wilfully blind or carelessly indifferent to their country's fate can fail to note the signs of the times.

It is unfortunately the case that the present intensely commercial and anti-military spirit of modern England must inevitably give to any people who covet our wealth and our possesions the immense initial advantage of first blow. We appear to have forgotten the fundamental truth — confirmed by all history — that the warlike races inherit the earth; and that nature decrees the survival of the fittest in the never-ending struggle for existence. So that, in view of the present state of public opinion in this country, our yearnings for disarmament, our respect for that tender plant the nonconformist conscience, and the parrot-like repetition of the misleading formula that "the greatest of all British interests is peace," it seems impossible to imagine that we shall ever again find a statesman at the helm who will have the courage to take the initiative and strike the first blow, even though our very life may be dependent on doing so,—as it was in 1801, when we sent Nelson to the Baltic to destroy the Danish fleet, and thus overthrow the coalition of the Northern Powers which threatened our existence.

If, then, we accept the postulate that under no possible circumstances, no matter how obvious the intentions and preparations of a potential enemy may be, we shall not be the first to break the peace, it follows logically that, having magnanimously resigned this advantage (and we scarcely know yet how great it may be), we must make our preparations for acting on the purely defensive by allowing such a margin of superiority in our armaments as will still ensure

victory after our enemy has reaped the full advantage of selecting his own time and place, with the possibility of a swift and sudden attack without declaration of war.

"Oh," say our glib-tongued lawyers who now govern the British Empire, "we do not intend to give Germany any provocation, or any excuse for attacking us, and moreover she has told us that she has no intention of doing so, and our labour members and socialists are striking up a firm friendship with their 'co-religionists' in Germany."

Alas for such puerile trash to put before practical Englishmen as a foundation upon which to build the security of their country!

No provocation? Why, we have already given ample provocation. We have made friends with our neighbours without Germany's permission, and we are thus "hemming her in," as she calls it. More than a year ago the 'Neue Politische Correspondenze' of Berlin wrote—

"England has enveloped us in diplomatic toils, which begin to interfere with our liberty of action. A desire may overcome us to break these toils with a vigorous hand before we are so enclosed by them that we can no longer stir."

On a recent occasion, in the House of Lords, Lord Cromer in somewhat more diplomatic language said—

"When once national interests point, or seem to point, in the direction of falling on a rival, it is quite within the resources of adroit diplomacy to find some means of casting a veil of justice and reasonableness over the real cause."

The "adroit diplomacy" of Bismarck did not hesitate to garble a telegram when he had determined to attack France, but wished neighbouring nations to believe that she was the aggressor. It is always the lamb that provokes the wolf; and even Napoleon was able to persuade himself that he acted only on the defensive, a remarkable instance of which is given in Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' in the following dialogue which took place between the Emperor and his Minister, Decrès, immediately after the marriage of the former with Maria Louisa:—

"*Napoleon*—The good citizens rejoice sincerely at my marriage, monsieur?

"*Decrès*—Very much, Sire.

"*N.*—I understand they think the lion will go to slumber, ha?

"*D.*—To speak the truth, Sire, they entertain some hopes of that nature.

"*N.*—They are mistaken: yet it is not the fault of the lion; slumber would be as agreeable to him as to others. But see you not that while I have the air of being the attacking party, I am, in fact, acting only on the defensive?"

With such an instance of self-deception as the above (and numerous others might be quoted), it would seem as if those statesmen—or politicians—who urge us to trust our national safety and independence to the friendship of our allies, the family ties of sovereigns, the suave assurances of foreign diplomatists, and our own eminently peaceful wishes,—are building a house upon the sands, and are either ignorant of history or wilfully unmindful of its lessons.

The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and those who supported him, made a lamentable exhibition of their ignorance of Prussian diplomacy and of the aspirations of modern Germany when they asked that country to come to some understanding with a view to the reduction and limitation of armaments; and they were guilty of a national crime, which would have come under the head of treason had it not been dictated by silly sentiment, when they deliberately set the example without having received the smallest assurance that their rival would follow.

The present naval "panic," as it has been called, is the natural and inevitable result of reducing our output of battleships during the last three years, in order to save money for so-called social reforms; and it has come none too soon, though even now it seems doubtful if the country has fully realised the enormous folly that was committed when the present Government decided to abandon the "Cawdor programme" of four first-class battleships a-year, shortly after the Board of Admiralty had given its deliberate opinion that this was the minimum, consistent with our national safety, even if other countries did not accelerate their declared programmes.

But what happened? Germany saw her opportunity and took it, as she always does; and the result of her policy of "speeding up" her already ominous efforts to attain an equality with our navy in the North Sea is now to be seen in the righteous indignation of Englishmen on discovering that they have been outwitted; and that while they frankly accepted German assurances that the programme of warships building in that country would be strictly adhered to, they suddenly discovered that it had been accelerated, and that the wily emulators of Bismarck had succeeded in gaining the very considerable advantage of a clear six months in the construction of four *Dreadnoughts* before we knew anything about it. The secrecy of the proceeding, and the lameness of the excuses when found out, constitute its significance, and sufficiently account for the so-called "panic" and the indignant attacks upon a Government which even now fails to realise the gravity of the situation. But it is not only the Government which fails in this respect. The splitting of hairs over the disputed point of whether we shall have one more or two less *Dreadnoughts* than Germany in 1912 by the public Press and by debaters in the House of Commons shows that the country has not yet grasped the full significance of the problem with which we are confronted.

In a former article on "Our Manacled Fleet,"[1] the present writer endeavoured to point out the paralysing effect which would be produced upon the

[1] 'Maga,' January 1909.

navy of this country if Germany, with her four million soldiers, was ever able to maintain in the North Sea a navy which was at all comparable to ours. Nothing approaching to nominal equality would be necessary to give a fleet so concentrated, and resting securely on its fortified bases, a reasonable chance of gaining a temporary command of that narrow sea, by waiting and watching for a favourable opportunity, and by the exercise of the "right" which England altruistically denies to herself, of striking swiftly and suddenly, and without any previous declaration of war. Even if we maintain in the future a fleet nominally double that of Germany, our position will continue for all future time to be intolerable, and there will never again be any feeling of confidence or security until the question of invasion and the terrible temptation which it offers to a great military Power have been placed outside the region of practical politics by the arming and training of the manhood of Great Britain. This, and this alone, can ensure for us peace, security, and prosperity from this day onward.

We smile contemptuously at the childish antics of the Socialists and the Labour parties, and treat with scorn and pity their Utopian resolutions concerning the universal brotherhood of mankind and the consequent iniquity of "militarism," at the same time that the majority of the nation seems to support and applaud the efforts of a responsible Minister who still professes to believe that patriotism by proxy, in the persons of 300,000 amateur soldiers with a mere superficial smattering of military knowledge, can ever be competent to meet even one-third of their number of thoroughly trained Continental troops. Yet this delusion is only one degree removed from the follies of the Socialists, and far more dangerous when we consider the support which is given to Mr Haldane's delusion by professional soldiers, who ought to know that modern war is a science which may not be treated in a perfunctory manner, or merely dabbled in by patriotic amateurs, with any prospect of success. And if not success, then failure, and all it means.

This attitude and "conspiracy of silence" of our Army Council has been challenged by that astute and brilliant writer the military correspondent of 'The Times,' who has pointed out that they, and not the loquacious political lawyers who now govern the country, are both morally and actually responsible, if they allow it to be thought that they agree with their political chief in believing that our Territorials as at present constituted and trained (or as they are ever likely to be, under the go-as-you-please system) will be competent to perform that which is expected of them. It is no argument to say that they are tongue-tied, and that military discipline forbids them to write to the Press. Everybody knows this; but resignation is always

open to them; and if they continue to hold office whilst their own judgment tells them that our Territorial Army is a sham and a dangerous delusion, they will be held responsible by the country. Loyalty to a temporary political chief—no matter how temporary he may be—is, of course, essential up to a certain point. Our system of party government could not be carried on otherwise; but upon vital questions of national security it has happily ever been the custom for our best and most patriotic soldiers and sailors to resign their administrative functions rather than give their silent consent to legislation with which they disagreed, when it went beyond matters of departmental detail. And the argument sometimes used by those desirous of retaining office, that by so doing they may perhaps be able to convert their chief, or their colleagues with whom they differ, is a mere sophism.

The present writer endeavoured to show in "Our Manacled Fleet" that, in addition to a navy of unquestionable superiority to that of Germany,—whether we choose to provide it by panic legislation or otherwise,—the maintenance of a home-defence army, founded on the bed-rock of universal training, has now become an absolute necessity, in view of German ambitions and German naval expansion; and the time has fully arrived when our responsible soldiers should tell the country the truth about the Territorials, and, if necessary, resign their posts; for the country will very properly hold them, and not a glib-tongued lawyer, responsible for its safety.

There can be no doubt that the nation was alarmed and irritated when it was admitted in Parliament by the First Lord of the Admiralty (another lawyer) that Germany had stolen a march upon us in the building of *Dreadnoughts;* and when it was further announced that, having made this unpleasant discovery, our "social-reform" Government did not propose to take the steps which were obviously necessary for maintaining our naval supremacy, the alarm and resentment were considerably increased. Yet there is much reassurance in the bold attitude of Mr Winston Churchill. For that veteran statesman and profound naval strategist has assured the electors of Dundee—and proved to them by his intimate knowledge of technical details—that the resolutions passed by the citizens of London at the recent Guildhall meeting, and the earnest and almost unanimous demand of the country for the immediate laying down and rapid construction of eight *Dreadnoughts*, is a mere party trick of the Opposition for discrediting the Government of which he himself is the most conspicuous if not the most attractive ornament. But his attitude would be even more reassuring than it is were it not the case that politicians of a certain type are so very apt to judge of others by what they would do, and have done, themselves.

Naval defence by panic may be better than no naval defence at all, but it is neither business-like nor economical; nor is it economical to dance attendance on Germany, and maintain a mere margin of superiority such as party politicians may deem expedient for the time being, especially when we know that the ignorant voters who keep those politicians in power are under the impression that by reducing our small army and cutting down our navy estimates there will be more money available for distribution amongst their own class.

When two boats are rowing a race, the surest way for the leader to encourage her rival is to drop back deliberately and try to keep just ahead of that rival. Human nature being what it is, the latter will immediately put forth an extra effort to secure the lead; and this has now been done by Germany in the matter of shipbuilding and gun-making. The only safe—besides being the most economical—plan for England now to adopt is to inaugurate a bold programme of naval expansion such as she undertook in 1889, and thus assure our great private firms of a continuity of orders for ships, guns, and gun-mountings. There can be no shadow of doubt that the abandonment of the Cawdor programme—concurred in by the Board of Admiralty, who eat their own words—was the direct cause of Germany's "speeding up" her *Dreadnoughts*. It is a dangerous game to play, when the stakes are the life of a nation pitted against a mere wound to a rival.

AN ADMIRAL OF FIFTY-ONE YEARS' SERVICE.

THE *COUP D'ÉTAT* IN TURKEY.

THE psychology of the sudden *coup d'état*, which for a space has been successful in driving the Young Turks' influence out of Constantinople, is not as difficult of comprehension as would at first appear. To understand the new situation that has arisen in Abdul Hamid's capital the reader must appreciate two all-important factors in Near Eastern politics. First, that the success of the Young Turk movement was so phenomenal, and so overpraised in Europe, that it invested the Committee of Union and Progress with a belief in its own infallibility. Second, that Mahomedanism, not Constitutional Government, is the dominating principle in the Ottoman Empire.

If we trace the history of the past three months in Turkey we see at once how all other considerations are subordinate to these two main issues. The Committee of Union and Progress, which was originally composed of the officers of the Third (Macedonian) Army Corps and a certain leaven of educated Young Turks, effected a master-stroke in July last which placed them in control of the country's destinies. The Committee claimed that it had a mandate to institute Constitutional Government in the Ottoman Empire. This end it achieved with the marvellous success that filled us all with admiration. But once the success of the Committee was established, there flocked to its banner a host of intellectual fledglings. What had been a secret society composed of a few desperate patriots became a large, ill-balanced corporation consisting of *entêté* young men. This class of patriot was determined to profit personally from the power which the few intrepid originators had risked all to gain, and had relinquished so soon as their object was attained. As has already been shown, the original members of the Committee were, for the most part, soldiers. Once the Committee had steered the country through the elections, and had established a national parliament, the central direction stated that the body had fulfilled its mandate to the country and would now relinquish its claim to be the governing instrument. It stated that the Committee now proposed to assume the humbler *rôle* of a political party, always reserving to itself the duty of watching over the interests of the Constitution in view of a possible reaction in the direction of despotism. With this assurance the soldiers went back to their legitimate duties, and Turkey proceeded to govern herself upon the lines accepted as Constitutional in most countries in Europe.

But the host of intellectual fledglings who had joined the Committee when its success was assured were not content that it should abandon its power as a directing body and

merge its identity in the ordinary field of party politics. They determined that they should continue to rule the Ottoman Empire in the character of a secret society behind the established Government. The impossibility of such a course was apparent to a large number of the Committee and to the majority of the older statesmen who had loyally thrown in their lot with the reformers as soon as their reforms had been established. As a natural result, the new *régime* in Turkey began with a serious split in the Committee of Union and Progress, — a split that it became impossible to heal, and which it will be found is responsible for the *coup d'état* which is the subject of this article.

Secure in the estimate of their own powers, spoiled by the blandishments of Europe, the later school of Young Turks took little stock of the massive forces of Mahomedanism that were concentrating against them. The full significance of Constitutional freedom was slow in percolating into the minds of the masses. But these in the capital began to realise at last that Constitutional Government meant no respite from cess or military obligation; that the only appreciable difference between the old and the new *régime* was equality for the infidel and government by infidel institutions. In fact, almost government by infidels; for the Young Turks, who now posed as the intellectual faculty in Constantinople, exaggerated the vices abhorrent to all good Moslems which they had acquired in Paris and Vienna. They showed little respect for the Ulema or consideration for the experienced legislators who were entrusted with the first Government. Their inability to fulfil the *rôle* they were bent upon usurping was proved by their treatment of the Ulema.

But the section of the Committee which dissented from the machinations of the new membership entered upon a more clandestine policy. They saw that, once the novelty of the new situation had worn through, the influence of religion in politics must reassert itself. The revolution had alone been made possible by the goodwill of the priesthood. As long as Constitutional Government possessed support from the Ulema, it would continue. If, however, the latter were in offended opposition, the forces of ignorant reaction must prove too strong for intelligence and education alone to conquer. Therefore, when the new moving spirit of the Committee in the capital, forgetful of the assurance which the central body gave to the country, began to dictate to the Government, the seceding members became a Liberal Union, and worked in conjunction with a spiritual body, called the Jemiyet-i-Mahomedieh, — the League of Mahomed. This latter organisation, as its name implies, based its actions upon the *Sheriat* (Scriptural law).

But we are rather anticipating events. The influence which the leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress were

determined that their Society should exercise upon the Government was first generally made patent to foreign observation in the crisis when Kiamil Pasha, the first Grand Vizier under the Constitution, was forced to resign. It will be remembered that the incident over which the affair arose was in itself trivial. The then Minister of War, Ali Riza Pasha, failed to comply with the wishes of the Cabinet over the quartering of a Salonika battalion then in the capital. The reason for the movement of this battalion has never been explained. But it is safe to conjecture that the Government realised that the Committee were using the Salonika battalion to further their interests in politics. Ali Riza Pasha was dismissed from the Ministry of War, and the vacant portfolio was given to Nazim Pasha, the popular commander of the Second (Adrianople) Army Corps. Then came the vote of censure in the House of Deputies, which caused the Kiamil Government to fall. It was abundantly apparent at the time that this vote of censure was not only engineered by the Committee, but was forced upon the House by open terrorism of members in the lobbies by the agents of the Committee.

From that moment the Committee seemed to have gained its ends. Hussein Hilmi Pasha, the clever though shifty ex-Inspector-General of the three Macedonian vilayets, was entrusted with the formation of the new Government. As Hilmi was a creature of the Committee, the Government was naturally a Committee Government, and the power of the Union and Progress became supreme. But in its arrogance the Committee had underestimated the trouble it was laying up for itself. The Jemiyet-i-Mahomedieh set to work with true Oriental persistency to organise its overthrow.

Those who had access to the Turkish journals contemporary with the movements realised that something in the nature of a *coup d'état* was impending, especially when, a few days before the outburst, the editor of an opposition journal was murdered by order of the Committee.

Then on April 13 came the *coup*. The bulk of Constantinople's garrison rose, and, led by its non-commissioned officers, overthrew the Government, murdered two Ministers and many of its own officers known to be Young Turks, and demanded a Government in accordance with the Moslem law. None but the Ulema could have worked this change. At first it was thought that the revolution was an act of reaction against the Constitution, organised and operated from the Palace, and in their rally the agents of the Committee have been careful to lay the blame upon the Sultan. But the subsequent trend of events does not substantiate this theory, though there is every reason to suspect that Abdul Hamid, by the ready pardon he tendered to the mutineers, had a very shrewd suspicion of what was taking place. It is well known that it was only his con-

stitutional cowardice that allowed him to accept the Young Turks at all. Consequently any movement against them was certain of his sympathy, even if he was too timid to give it his actual support. But the object of the Jemiyet-i-Mahomedieh is not to upset the Constitution, but to rid the existing form of Government of the paralysing incubus which the Committee had become.

The extent to which the Committee had sacrificed the goodwill of the capital can be judged by the completeness and rapidity of its fall. In Stamboul it collapsed like a house of cards. The leaders fled to Salonika, the home of the movement, while the rank and file went into hiding. In the meantime a new Government was formed in Constantinople, which, according to 'The Times,' immediately issued the following programme:—

"The new Government will follow the political programme of their predecessor in regard to both foreign relations and domestic affairs. This programme resolves itself into the following heads: the assurance of the maintenance of the progress and development of the Constitutional institutions of the Empire, and of peace and order in its territories; the repression of all disorder by strict enforcement of the laws; and the submission to Parliament of measures necessary for the rehabilitation of the finances and the various departments of the administration. It will be the object of the Cabinet to maintain, as heretofore, relations with the Powers based on an *entente cordiale*, of which the Imperial Government are happily to be one of the pacific factors."

This pronouncement definitely dissipates the suspicion that the movement against the Committee was inspired by the Palace *camarilla*. A further guarantee is found in the appointment of Nazim Pasha as commander of the turbulent army corps which drove the Committee out, and in the announcement which the Ulema immediately issued upon the new Government's statement of policy. This latter document reads as follows:—

"We are informed that certain Deputies, fearing for their lives, wish to resign, while, on the other hand, the public fears the return of despotic rule. The Committee of the Ulema, which has never doubted that the Constitution is in entire conformity with sacred law, and has not forgotten the burning of Islamic books at Gulhaneh in the days of absolutism, will defend the Constitution, which is in conformity with the Sheriat, to the last, aided by the army and Parliament. Its members consider it to be a religious duty to sacrifice their lives for this end. They and the nation preserve the confidence of Deputies, Moslem and non-Moslem alike, save such as have resigned or fled, and are thereby considered to have resigned. Deputies, therefore, are informed that henceforth those who resign will be considered traitors. Let them do their duty justly and honourably, and they may be sure of the support of the nation and the spiritual aid of the Prophet. We beg the glorious army to maintain order and discipline, following the counsels of the Ulema, for it is thus that the Almighty will grant salvation to the country and happiness in this world and the next."

The appointment of Nazim Pasha to command the First Corps is the most interesting development in the situation. Nazim Pasha thirty years ago was held in public estimation, both foreign and Turkish, as the cleverest young soldier in

the Turkish army. He was also one of the first men of note to make a movement towards reform, and was one of the original martyrs who suffered for the Young Turks' cause. He was publicly disgraced by Abdul Hamid, and for many years was a close prisoner in a fortress in the Van district. During the whole period of his lengthy imprisonment he devoted himself to the study of his profession, and it is said that there is no German or French military work that he has not mastered. But the years of forced inaction produced a kidney trouble. Sickness, however, never discouraged this indomitable Turk. About Christmas time a year ago he escaped from Erzerum, where he was imprisoned, and begged or worked his way to the Russian Caucasus. He was six months upon the road, and fate so decreed that, cured by physical exertion of his sickness, he arrived at Batum just as the revolution broke out last year. He immediately worked his way as a stoker to the Golden Horn. Arrived in Constantinople, he went to the house of Sir Adam Block, whom he had known when the latter was a consul, and borrowed nine pounds. With this sum he purchased a general's uniform and made himself known to the authorities. He was immediately reinstated and given the command of the Second (Adrianople) Army Corps. His force of character, his tragic history, and his sympathetic nature at once endeared him to officers and men, and by the time that the new Government was established the Marshal Nazim Pasha was the hero of the Turkish army.

As long as the Committee of Union and Progress maintained its correct attitude, Nazim Pasha was one of its most ardent adherents. But when the influx of time-servers prostituted the influence which the patriots had won, Nazim was among those who seceded. Whether he ever joined the Liberal Union or favoured the Jemiyet-i-Mahomedieh is not known, but early in the secession from the Committee enthusiasts spoke of Nazim Pasha as the man who, in an emergency, might rise as a military Dictator. It would appear that he is almost in this position at the present moment. Not that we think that he has schemed for the position. If he should ever usurp it, his one desire will be to eradicate all that has become unhealthy in the Young Turk party's development.

But the above would appear to have been a phase of the tornado that has swept across Constantinople. Immediately it was realised in the capital that the Ulema favoured the abrogation of the power of the Committee of Union and Progress, the host of petty clergy leaped to the conclusion that the movement was reactionary in favour of the Sultan. Ignorant time-servers, attuning their hopes for the future to their memories of the past, preached the reactionary crusade out of which the Committee of Union and Progress have made so much

capital. But this phase was short-lived. It did more, however, to save the situation in Turkey than the Government hastily constructed from the ranks of the Liberal Unionists could have done. The nearer provinces, from the reports they received, believed the capital to be in the hands of a party, with the Sultan at its head, determined to fling the country back into the abuses of absolutism. This was a situation that could not be endured.

The leaders of the dislocated Committee of Union and Progress, having retreated to Salonika, the birthplace of their original successful enterprise, fathered the story of Abdul Hamid's complicity. They turned to their army of Macedonia to reinstate them in the capital. This was possibly the most delicate moment in the whole affair. Luckily Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the Marshal in command of the Third Army Corps, was a man of action and determination. He saw that it was his first duty to have sufficient troops outside Constantinople to deal either with a mutiny in the capital or a bid for absolutism by the Sultan. He immediately despatched two train-loads of troops to Chatalja, the fortified position covering the peninsula, forty kilometres to the north of Constantinople. In the meantime it is said that he had telegrams sent to the troops holding these fortifications to the effect that the Sultan had been assassinated. Similar misleading telegrams are also said to have been sent to the Adrianople garrison. The result of these "strategical lies" was that the garrison of Chatalja quitted its post to ascertain the truth about Abdul Hamid. This enabled the staunch Salonika nucleus to occupy the position thus abandoned. At this point Shevket Pasha concentrated the force which has been variously estimated from five to fifty thousand men. The whole of this force, whatever its strength may have been, was probably totally ignorant of the real state of affairs in the capital, and, judging from the very small and carefully selected advance-guard that was pushed ahead, it was evidently the leaders' intention to keep it in ignorance.

In the meantime Europe was flooded with the most extraordinary and conflicting information. Much of this can now be safely discounted as the hysterical misconceptions of editors and correspondents anxious to make capital out of a really exciting *dénoûment.* It is not unnatural that the uninstructed should attribute everything to the wonderful resources of the Committee of Union and Progress, since the agents of that body were spreading the story of successful Hamidian reaction. But a little closer examination of the facts places quite another complexion upon this rally of the Constitutional party. In the first place, in the capital Nazim Pasha, as virtual dictator, and the new Government, had quelled the mutiny and sufficiently maintained Constitutional control to dispel

every illusion that reaction had triumphed. In the second, Shevket Pasha, the Commander of the gates of the capital, announced that he was not acting for any political party: that the sole object of the military movement was to uphold the Constitution and ensure its stability beyond the caprice of a few mutinous soldiers and misguided priests. He admitted that the responsible leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress were working with the same intention, but that he held no brief for them or for any other political party. On these lines he was able to negotiate with Nazim and the new Government in the capital, and it will be seen that upon these lines the Government of the country will be reconstructed. Beyond this at the time of writing it is impossible to probe with any degree of accuracy into the future.

The leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress are naturally at the present moment inflamed against the influences which have hurled them from power. But we believe that *au fond* the leaders are patriots. If they be not patriotic, then without a doubt they have it in their power to invite many varieties of disorders in the Ottoman Empire, —disorders that must eventually call for European intervention. But if the leaders be still inspired by the same spirit of patriotism which called forth the eulogium of Europe six months ago, they will accept the position which the military dictatorship is evidently preparing for them. They will realise the difficulties into which their want of experience and self-esteem have brought their own organisation, and then will return to Stamboul not forgetful of the fact that statesmanship requires just a little something more than the assurance and energy of youth.

Later events which unfortunately occurred in Constantinople on 24th and 25th April clearly indicate that the forces of ignorant religious reaction against the Constitutionalists were even stronger than anticipated. That a portion of the Constantinople garrison, including some of Macedonia's own Chasseurs, should have made armed resistance to the overwhelming forces of the Constitutional party, must be considered the most unfortunate circumstance in the whole of this unhappy sequel to last summer's success. For at least a generation the fanatical masses will not forget that the garrison of Constantinople without its officers fought for Caliphate and Sheriat against the innovations of infidels. The incoherent reports of the situation that have arrived as we go to press, however, make one point clear. Shevket Pasha holds Constantinople in the capacity of military dictator, and in his first pronouncement has definitely decreed that while there will be no return to reaction, there will also be no continuance of those parliamentary abuses which were responsible for the mutiny. For the second time in nine months the Macedonian army has saved Turkey.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SITUATION.

THE Parliamentary situation at the present moment is without a parallel in our history. We say this in full consciousness of the retort that will be hurled at us, and in the full confidence of proving its irrelevance. It was announced before Easter that a great national demonstration was to be organised after the holidays to protest against the naval misconduct of the Government—and it is proposed in this article to touch briefly on the causes which have made so grave a neglect of duty possible, and may make it so again unless the public comes forward and undertakes to do what the House of Commons is neither able nor willing to effect. The proposed demonstration was dependent, of course, on the attitude of the Government. If Ministers continued obdurate, as from Mr Asquith's Glasgow speech seems only too probable, and refused any guarantee that the necessary additions to our naval strength should be made without an hour's delay, then the nation must be roused to action, and an emphatic veto delivered in the name of a united people. If, however, Government should surrender at the last moment and give trustworthy assurances that the required number of ships shall be laid down at once, there would be no immediate necessity for this informal vote of censure. The prospect of it, combined with the memory of other recent public meetings, the speech of Mr Balfour at the Guildhall and the speech of Lord Milner at Nottingham and again at Worksop, would have done its work. As it is, we must wait for the Budget to see what the effect has been. It is no doubt a mortifying thing to haul down your colours after having nailed them to the mast, and whether Mr Asquith and his colleagues will submit to this indignity remains to be seen.

We will ask such readers as may honour us with their attention to bear in mind two things: one, that our argument proceeds on practical considerations only; another, that in assuming the Government to have lost the confidence of the country, we are simply accepting what is commonly believed not only by Conservatives but by a great many Liberals as well, and what we have every reason to conclude is the opinion of the Government themselves.

Mr Gladstone's description of the pre-Reform Parliament, to be found in the first volume of his 'Gleanings,' may not have been read by all to whom this article appeals, and by some who have read it may have been forgotten. It is worth while to recall the reasons which he gives for the downfall of the ancient *régime*. It was not condemned, he says, for its "working demerits," but for the anomalies and inequalities, "amounting to caricature," which it presented. The Reform Bill of 1832 removed the abuses

here referred to, but it is doubtful if those which it cast out were worse than those which subsequently entered in. They did not appear all at once. Many causes contributed to retard the natural results of that sweeping but ill-digested measure; and it is unhappily too true that measures intended to improve upon it have not borne the fruit which was expected of them. Mr Herbert Spencer has gone so far as to assert that the Act of 1867 did actually restore under another form the very mischief which the Act of 1832 was supposed to have destroyed; and certainly whatever mischief was done by Lord Derby's Act was not repaired by Mr Gladstone's. Mr Spencer's idea seems to be that as before 1832 the middle classes were swamped by the aristocracy, now in turn both the aristocracy and the middle classes are swamped by a third class more numerous and powerful than either. Hence what he terms the revival of class legislation. The fact, however, if it be one, is not due exclusively to the extension of the suffrage. The forces which once gave property, intelligence, and political experience some means of controlling the tyranny of mere numbers have been greatly weakened in other ways, and by those who should have known better. And as one result we now see a House of Commons with a commanding majority on one side, which is at the same time no adequate reflection of the various national interests which it is the true end and aim of representative Government to consult.

Our own constitution is supposed to work on a series of general understandings dependent on the good sense and moderation of the British people, rather than on any positive enactments, such as prevail elsewhere. Before the democratic element became all-powerful in the electorate, this theory seemed sufficient to maintain the constitutional balance. But it is doubtful how far it is prudent to rely on it any longer. Things are changed now. Democracy, like a woman, is a creature of impulse. It is not necessarily revolutionary. But this temper comes in its turn, and then the party hostile to the national institutions and the existing fabric of society take advantage of it to attack both. If, however, as is commonly believed, and as the Government apparently believe also, the present Administration has forfeited public confidence, we may hope that the good sense and moderation of the people will again assert themselves. But meantime what is the outlook we have before us? A Government in office against the will of the nation, with a majority so enormous that no ordinary defections or bye-blows can reduce it below a working strength, at liberty to remain in power, if they choose, for another three years, and work their will on a helpless nation and a threatened empire! There is no constitutional machinery for getting rid of them, except one which we are forbidden to name. No similar situation can be pointed out at any period of our Parliamentary

history since the Revolution. It is but the culmination of all that restless legislation which has been tending in the same direction for the last forty years. It is madness to shut our eyes to its true tendencies, even if we see no immediate prospect of arresting their progress. But the nation at least may be roused to take care that, if anything is left worth preserving after the reign of ruin has run its course, nothing of the kind shall ever happen again.

We shall be told, of course, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander: that Mr Balfour remained in office under the same conditions, that he had a majority of the House of Commons, besides the House of Lords, at his back, and that there was no more possibility of getting rid of him than there is of deposing Mr Asquith. Granted. It is obvious that every Government defeated at a General Election must have lost the confidence of the country before that event took place. But how long before? That is the question. How long did Mr Balfour continue in office after the decline set in? Did any of his measures provoke such manifest outbursts of popular dissatisfaction as Mr Asquith's have done? Did he lose as many seats as Mr Asquith has lost in as short a space of time without gaining one? No! Mr Balfour lost the support of the country gradually, rather because he was in office so long than because he had really given offence. He retained its confidence, at all events, for eight years. But the present Ministry lost it as soon as they got it. They had scarcely taken their seats when the country turned against them. Mr Balfour may have stayed in office perhaps for eighteen months after the decay of his popularity. The present Ministry seem to contemplate doing so for six years.

Several Governments, as already stated, have remained in office after losing what the present Government perhaps never had; but the decline has usually set in only towards the end of their career. In the present case, it began with the beginning. Whether we take Lord Melbourne's Government from 1835 to 1841, or Mr Gladstone's from 1869 to 1874, or Mr Disraeli's from 1879 to 1880, or Mr Balfour's from 1900 to 1905, we shall see that in each case the change in public feeling only became visible during the last two years; and a Government, so to speak, in its dotage, if it does no good can do little harm. It was true of the last years of the Melbourne Ministry, and equally so of the final stages of the other three. But here we have a Government in the very prime of life, full of vigour and energy, with a practically undiminished majority in Parliament, and, as Mr Asquith now assures us, looking forward to a long course of revolutionary legislation in the future. They are only, he says, just in the middle of it. It is true that affairs which have reached this stage have a knack of sticking there.

"The Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Begins, but breaks off in the middle."

Who is the bear and who is the fiddle in the present Cabinet it would be rude to inquire. But Mr Asquith's speech, coming so soon after Mr Churchill's, is very suggestive. However, we won't anticipate. Let us suppose them still carried forward on their wild career. Who is to stop them? The House of Lords? Yes; but only at the cost of a crisis, of a violent political convulsion, which they may not care to provoke. Be this as it may, who can contemplate without the deepest anxiety the continuance in office of a Government which lost the confidence of the people in the first year of its existence? Even supposing it possible that the House of Lords should be able to prevent some of their most mischievous designs, a standing antagonism between the two Houses is not what the constitution ever contemplated. It would show that the constitution itself had broken down, and would probably be the forerunner of further changes involving a long period of political turmoil and confusion.

Existing electoral conditions are favourable to the return of those "huge turnover majorities" of which Lord Courtney once in the House of Commons expressed the strongest disapproval. It may be said, of course, that they are as fair for one side as the other. And if we regard our two political parties—for there still are two, however subdivided into groups — simply as two gamecocks, of course it is so. The situation in which Mr Asquith finds himself to-day may be Mr Balfour's to-morrow. But our contention is that the nation cannot be limited to this point of view. Parties exist not for their own sakes, but for the sake of great principles, which are, to earnest men, matters of life and death. Conservatives are the trustees of great interests, and are bound to press to the uttermost every advantage which circumstances may give them over their assailants. And they could hardly remain long in power after the general public had ceased to trust them. There is no one conservative class large enough or powerful enough to shout down all the rest or impose themselves on the world as "the people."

There is another danger lurking in these overgrown majorities which, so far from always representing national opinion, may often override or smother it. It is this: that the see-saw, if frequently repeated, must end in a catastrophe. As each party in turn enjoys the same irresponsible lease of office as Mr Asquith now possesses, and continues to push forward legislation unpopular with the people at large, so will the reaction, when it comes, be violent in proportion. The swing of the pendulum will continue with increasing gravity and velocity till at last it breaks the machinery and stops the clock; and this is a real danger ahead which all parties alike should try to realise. The party system will not stand the strain of these repeated shocks. Suppose the House of Lords out of the way, how long would the system of "quinquennial dictatorship"

foreseen by Lord Milner hold its ground?

But between a Conservative party in power unsupported by public opinion, and a Radical party in power equally out of touch with the nation, there is a still wider difference than any we have yet named. Conservative legislation is provisional. Destructive legislation is final. A lost empire cannot be recovered. A shattered social order cannot be reconstructed. England, as Mr Disraeli pointed out in an eloquent and touching speech in 1865, "could not begin again" like France or America. Social or political reforms successfully resisted to-day may be carried to-morrow. But an institution or an empire, once levelled with the ground, is gone for ever. Suppose the Church in Wales disestablished, could it ever be restored? Suppose the House of Lords pulled down, could it ever be rebuilt? If the people really desire such changes, they must, of course, be made. But the risk of their being carried when the people do not want them is too great to be contemplated without horror. It would resemble being buried alive. Look at the condition of Egypt, of Ireland, of India! Can anybody say that the people of England are not profoundly dissatisfied with the condition of all three? And how can one fail to join in Lord Ridley's recent declaration that "the continuance of the present Government in office is a standing menace to the Empire"? Yet there they are. They cannot be got rid of; and before they go, our ruin may be consummated.

The situation, indeed, is only the logical development of principles accepted in their germ by Liberals and Conservatives alike, while those who had more insight into their real tendencies were called idle alarmists and old women. The Radicals and Socialists have discovered that, by certain combinations, they can form a party strong enough to dictate to the Government and to compel the disregard of the rights of all other classes. Having made this discovery, they are not likely to forget it. And we are not sanguine enough to believe that a general election will set everything to rights. It may turn out the present Government, but it will not destroy the moral effect of the last three sessions, in the course of which the great revolution interest, composed of various ingredients but animated by a common purpose, has learned its own strength, only to be met by a counter combination which is not, we hope, likely to be wanting when the country is once awakened to the truth.

The one absorbing danger at the present moment is the condition of the British Navy; and the Ministerial misconduct which has produced it is aggravated tenfold by the wilful blindness with which they face the field of European politics. Mr Churchill scoffs at the two-power standard: he derides what he calls "the scare": the danger does not exist. On the contrary, it has always existed. He must have read history to

very little purpose not to know that. Does he suppose that kings and statesmen and the British people have created and maintained a powerful and costly Navy merely for the pleasure of seeing it float upon the water, as children sail their boats in Kensington Gardens? It would almost seem that he does. The Dutch, the Spaniards, and the French have all in turn threatened our freedom, our commerce, and our empire. And who is Mr Winston Churchill, forsooth, to tell us, out of his own superior wisdom, that no other Power will ever repeat the menace? There have been leagues formed against us by two, three, and even four great Powers. We have been threatened by the combined navies of Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Holland, and France. We were strong enough then to set the combination at defiance. What are we now? Politicians who to gain their own ends and gratify a selfish ambition seek to lull their countrymen into a false security, and to represent all those who would save them from the consequences as enemies of the people, deserve a short shrift.

Our present business therefore is, if possible, to avert the danger which stares us in the face. Neglect of the Navy is the most urgent and pressing of all the gross delinquencies with which the present Government are chargeable. There is no room for delay. When a man's house is on fire, his first business is to put it out: his next, to inquire how it came to be ablaze,—whether it was by an accident or an incendiary, and if the former, whether it was a preventable accident? Having satisfied himself on these points, he will proceed to such measures as the conclusion he arrives at may suggest. And when we have secured Great Britain against all danger from foreign guns and bayonets, we shall be able to consider with due deliberation and circumspection how these securities can be maintained in future. It is not certain that this will be an easy task. The causes which produced the present disastrous condition of our naval armaments are not ephemeral. We may have to combat them again after this peril has been passed; other great questions may arise calling for an equally indignant protest against a Government out of harmony with the people. There can be no doubt that when popular voice no longer finds expression through the House of Commons, some other channel must be found for it; and though the intervention of public meetings in such emergencies is a remedy not much to our taste, we know of no other. It was said by a great statesman who saw the defects of the first Reform Bill that the measure itself was less mischievous than the means by which it was carried—namely, agitation. But there are circumstances which leave us no alternative. And such circumstances are now before us. The sluggish ear of the complacent public, ever prone to believe that there is nothing the matter, and reluctant to be forced

out of its comfortable optimism to face hard facts, must be addressed in no measured terms.

We have already said it is no new thing to see a Ministry in office not possessing the confidence of the country during the last years of its duration. But to see one in that predicament during the whole of its career is indeed a novelty. In saying this, we have not forgotten the Ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, who enjoyed twenty years of power without possessing the confidence or respect of the nation. And at first sight this might seem to be a perfectly parallel case with the present Parliamentary situation. But this is very far from the truth. Walpole was the agent of the higher aristocracy who had changed the dynasty, and was kept in office by their enormous borough interests. If he ventured outside the prescribed policy, he was soon pulled up. But he seldom did. He attempted no heroic measures. His government was not dangerous. If it was corrupt, it was harmless. In his abuse of the representative principle his action was defensive. The Radical action of to-day is aggressive. Walpole was conservative. Our present Ministry is destructive. Thus the parallel, whatever the external resemblance, will not bear close examination. Yet it is to be remarked that on the two or three occasions when Walpole did oppose the wishes of the people, he was overpowered, not by the voice of Parliament, but by the loudly expressed indignation of the public. It doesn't matter whether the measures which he was forced to adopt or withdraw were good or bad: the point is, that he *was* forced—that, notwithstanding his Parliamentary majority, the action of public opinion compelled him to change his policy. When the House of Commons is so constituted that it no longer reflects the national convictions, but only the particular objects of one overwhelming class, the nation itself naturally becomes the Opposition, and supplies what is wanting to maintain the balance. As we have already admitted, this is not an altogether desirable arrangement.

"I might have inferred," says Mr Spencer, alluding to the Act of 1867, "*a posteriori*, that the change would result in restoring class legislation. It is certain that, given the average human nature now existing, those who have power will pursue, indirectly if not directly, obscurely if not clearly, their own interests, or rather their apparent interests. We have no reason for supposing that the lower classes are intrinsically better than the higher classes. Hence if, while the last were predominant, they made laws which in one way or other favoured themselves, it follows that now, when the first are predominant, they also will give legislation a bias to their own advantage. Manifest as it always was, it has now become more manifest still that, so long as governmental action is unrestricted, the thing required is a representation of interests; and that system under which one interest is overwhelmingly represented (whether it be that of a smaller or of a larger section of the community) will issue one-sided laws. We shall presently see the injustice once inflicted by the employing classes paralleled by the injustice inflicted by the employed classes." [1]

[1] 'Autobiography.'

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. For three years the Ministry have had at their back an impregnable majority, securing them in power in spite of the unmistakable signs of public repulsion which almost every day brings forth. We see that the widespread disaffection of England is extending to Scotland. At Edinburgh the Ministerial majority has sunk from four thousand to four hundred. Thus we have the possible spectacle before us of a group of statesmen continuing to govern this country for several years in defiance of public opinion, because a combination of sections, with a strength in Parliament out of all proportion to their strength in the country, has become powerful enough to hold the fate of the Government in its hands, and to pose before the world as "the people of England."

The Government majority is too large to be seriously reduced by casual losses, or even, perhaps, by a general election, unless public feeling is so powerfully stirred and so carefully organised as to sweep everything before it. This has been done before, and may be done again; and the fear of it, heightened at short intervals by continually fresh proofs of the national hostility, may induce them to think better of their schemes and turn over a new leaf. This is our best hope for the present moment. But we fear it is but a cold comfort. Mr Asquith seems to have fallen a victim to the theory propounded by Mr Gladstone when he happened to be in want of one—namely, that in England there are two peoples: on one side a vast multitude possessing no class interests whatever; on the other, the rest of the nation, variously affected by their respective employments and industries, which are easily represented as antagonistic to the welfare of "the masses"! A more ridiculous distortion of the truth it is difficult to conceive. Yet Mr Gladstone talked gravely of "the masses and the classes" till he half persuaded himself and others that the division was really a correct one. There is no part of this nation from the highest to the lowest that is detached from class interests, and all alike very naturally complain when these are injuriously affected, one just as much as another; and, of course, when it is seen that some one class is favoured at the expense of all the rest, the tide of indignation rises very high. It seems likely to rise higher every day, if the brute force at the command of the Government continues to ride rough-shod over all the principles which Englishmen have hitherto respected, and to ignore alike both the demands of patriotism and the dictates of equity and justice.

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"CHARACTERS."

Before Sir Thomas Overbury was sent to the Tower he had never suffered, said his servant, from any disease save the spleen, caused by too much study; and true it is that his "Characters," to which his tragic fate has given a sinister interest, smell pleasantly of a well-trimmed lamp. They are but a faint reflection of his romantic life and of his sinister age. There is not the bustle of court or camp in their quiet pages. Though their author is clearly a man of the world, he is also a scholar, prevented by the natural timidity of learning from betraying his thoughts and sensibilities too wantonly. After the chastened expression of his malice, his dearest ambition is the perfection of his phrase. He looks at the world through a minifying glass, and sees no one at greater length than two pages. In the modest scale of his portraiture he reveals a natural reaction. He could not match the spacious masterpieces of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. They planned their heroes of a larger size than life, and hewed them out of colossal blocks of marble. He was content to carve cherry-stones.

But Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters" claim our interest on other grounds than the scandal of his life or the deftness of their handling. For wellnigh a century they exercised a wide and deep influence upon our writers. They form a chapter in the history of literature as well as in the history of manners. If they were not the first of their kind to be composed in English, they were the first to win a general popularity, and it is from Overbury, and not from Hall, his one English predecessor, that we must mark the beginning of the "Character" as a literary conven-

tion. Though Theophrastus was the father of them both, Overbury speedily became an inspiration to many who had no Greek, and to whom the gravity of Hall seemed austere and forbidding. Nor will it detract from his merit, if before we examine his work and its effect we look back for a moment upon its origins.

The "Character," as understood by Theophrastus, is of an engaging simplicity. The author chooses the victim of this vice or that weakness, and explains, with a humour which never galls, what the victim will do and say in the circumstances of a homely life. Each phrase is an independent example of a generalised quality. The Flatterer is a person "who will say as he walks with another, 'Do you observe how people are looking at you?'" The Complaisant Man will assert "that foreigners speak more justly than his fellow-citizens." The Late-Learner "will study passages for recitation when he is sixty and break down in repeating them." When a servant has broken a jug or a plate the Penurious Man "will take the value out of his rations." Thus will these men behave in all times and under all skies. Theophrastus deals not in differences but in similarities. He writes not of individuals, but of classes. He drives mankind into separate pens, according to the temper and complexion of each bunch. And his "Characters" are as true to-day as they were in the day when they were written, because he is careful always to choose for comment the bare, plain facts of life, and never loses himself in subtle distinctions. The background of his tale is as shadowy as the appearance of his victim. Were it not for a reference here and there to the market-place and the gymnasium, you might be in some doubt as to where he chose his examples of vice or folly. And these accidental touches of local colour do not disturb his air of detachment. He reflects: he does not observe. He is drawing men, not Athenians.

The first deviser of "Characters" in English, Joseph Hall,[1] was a faithful disciple of Theophrastus. Not merely does he prove on every page that he holds imitation better than invention, but he frankly and freely acknowledges his debt. He has trod in the paths of the ancient philosophers, he says, "but with a higher and wider step." Especially he

[1] 'Characters of Vertues and Vices: In Two Bookes. By Jos. Hall. London: 1608.' There are two books, earlier in date than this, which look like books of "Characters," and are not. One is Harman's 'Caveat for Commen Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones' (1567); the other is 'The Fraternitye of Vacabondes' (1575). The purpose of these books is the same: to warn the honest man against the rogues that lie in wait for him, and to explain to those who understand not Pedlar's French the names by which the rogues know one another. Both authors tell us what is an Abraham Man and what is a Ruffler, what is an Upright Man and what a Whip-jack. Neither is concerned with character as Theophrastus and Overbury understood it.

follows Theophrastus, "that ancient master of morality, who thought this the fittest task for the ninety-and-ninth year of his age, and the profitablest monument that he could leave for a farewell to his Grecians." Thus, in consonance with the master's theory, Hall's characters are mere abstractions. He does not write with his eye upon this or that specimen. He attributes to each virtue and to each vice the qualities and manifestations which he thinks each ought to reveal. His Wise Man and his Busy-Body, his Hypocrite and his Malcontent are the same, wherever he found them. They were the same in the time of Theophrastus; they are the same to-day—the same in essence, different only in phrase. Though he speak of Cales and Nieuport; though he speculate of Holland's peace and the Guiana voyage, his personages, good or ill, inhabit a shadow-land of morality, not the England of his day. But Hall reveals other ambitions, of which Theophrastus knew nothing. Before all things he is a man of letters, not writing with the careless ease of the Greek, but striving busily and consciously after a literary effect. And here he is in the right of it. Brilliant finish and a fine surface are the essentials of work composed on so small a scale as is the "Character," and in Hall's pages you will never find a wry or ill-considered word. He delights in imagery, like the artist that he was. "He is a lowly valley," he says of the Humble Man, "sweetly planted and well-watered: the proud man's earth, whereon he trampleth; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them: a rich stone set in lead: and lastly a true Temple of God, built with a low roof." He replaces the just and commonplace humour of Theophrastus with a kind of mysticism. He is metaphysical, like Crashaw and Donne. He enwraps his simple virtues in phrases of fantasy. Of the Faithful Man he says: "He walks every day with his Maker; and talks with Him familiarly. . . . If his own parents lie on his way to God, his holy carelessness makes them his footsteps. . . . He hath white hands and a clean soul, fit to lodge God in; all the rooms whereof are set apart for his Holiness." Even at his plainest, he has the tact to choose the right word, to fashion a comely sentence. What can be better than this of the Valiant Man: "He hath often looked death in the face, and passed it by with a smile"? Or of the Honest Man, who "scorneth to gain by orphans, or ransack graves: and therefore will be true to a dead friend, because he sees him not"? All the resources of antithesis and epigram are his. He has a grave wit, and thinks it no shame to set a fine point even on moral exhortation. The Patient Man, he tells us, "goes with the same mind to the shambles and the fold." And again, "Superstition is godless religion, devout impiety." The few flashes of humour which light up the

book are turned upon the vices. In describing the Vainglorious Man he steps down from his pedestal. "A bare head in the street"—thus he writes—"doth him more good than a meal's meat. He swears big at an ordinary; and talks of the Court with a sharp accent. . . . He picks his teeth when his stomach is empty, and calls for pheasants at a common inn." In brief, though Hall's book is made up of moral generalisations, it is yet a mirror in which every man may find his counterfeit. And happy is he, or vain, who seeks it among the virtues.

That Hall's book escaped notice is not wonderful. It came, modest and inobtrusive, into the heyday of our literature. But Overbury knew it, and with Hall and Theophrastus—whom he read in Latin, if not in Greek—as examples, he sat him down to sketch characters for himself. From his masters he borrowed not much more than a technical process. He, too, got his effects by an accumulation of traits and habits. And there he left them. Their cold abstractions did not satisfy his quick eye and ardent soul. It was not for him to classify and arrange. Even though he could not pack into words all that he did and thought; even though, being better adapted to intrigue than to letters, he wrote as an amateur,—he did not shut out from his book the fruits of his experience. He replaced the reflection of Hall and Theophrastus by a vivid observation of his own. He drew always from the life, and fixed his gaze upon concrete examples. At his book's end he set down his own definition of a character. "It is a picture (real or personal)," said he, "quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing. It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close: it is wit's descant on any plain song." Thus he lets us into his secret. His pictures are real or personal. There was not one of his models with whom he had not an intimate acquaintance. They are one and all of his own time and place, and they light up for us those darker corners of the past which serious history holds still in obscurity.

That the "Characters" are the work of a scholar and a courtier writing to amuse his friends is evident in every page. As I have said, it was not for Overbury wholly to express the life that he had led. The faculty of expansiveness was not his. It is equally evident that he castigated his prose with the greatest severity. His sketches are models of concision and economy. He aims at producing an effect in every sentence, and he does not often fail. He devises phrases and constructs epigram with a zeal and artistry which cannot elude his readers, and as he was the first to paint the "Characters" of individuals he may claim all the credit which belongs to originality. Moreover, despite the impersonality of his style, despite the reticence of his method,

Overbury and his friends emerge now and then from the measured prose, and for those who know his story it is impossible not to detect the traces of autobiography. His Courtiers, his Glory-Hunters, his Flatterers are the men whom best he knew, and as you contemplate their portraiture you think instinctively of Overbury and Rochester. When he calls the Flatterer "the shadow of a fool," was he not thinking of the ungrateful part he had taken for his own? By accident or design, that which follows is surely Rochester delineated: "He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth like the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loves nothing." Look at the "Amorist" and picture to yourself Rochester's intrigue with Lady Essex, the intrigue which for a while Overbury assisted: "Her favour lifts him up as the sun moisture; when she disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. . . . He answers not, or not to the purpose; and no marvel, for he is not at home. . . . His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pied coat of red and white; shortly he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion." If this and other portraits were recognised in the manuscripts, which we may suppose Overbury to have handed from friend to friend, there is another clear reason for his unpopularity, for they are drawn with a truth and bitterness which would at once enrage and disconcert his victims, and they help to explain though not to condone the indifference wherewith his friends looked upon the fallen courtier.

But it is not only upon the Court that Overbury showers his invective. He expected more of life than life had to give, and thus was constantly out of humour with his surroundings. He contemned always that which was nearest to him, and detected with the quick eye of criticism the weakness and folly of his intimate companions. The University, which lay not far behind, seemed to his memory a place of desolation and pedantry. For him "the mere fellow of an house" was rescued from shame neither by virtue nor by intelligence. He represents him as small-minded, greedy, improvident, and penurious, as one who commits more absurdities in maintaining talk with a gentleman than a clown in the eating of an egg, who "thinks himself as fine when he is in a clean band, and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier doth, when he is first in a new fashion," who, in brief, "respects no one in the University, and is respected by no man out of it." Earle, Overbury's successor in this craft of characters, was of another and a better mind. If he was

not blind to the scholar's faults he did not close his eyes to the scholar's virtues. "Practise him a little in men," said he, "and brush him over with good company, and he shall outbalance those glisterers as much as a solid substance does a feather, or gold gold-lace." The Inns of Court came off no better in Overbury's esteem than the University. His sojourn in the Temple had not softened to his heart the traits of his colleagues. He saw little difference between the Inns of Court of Man and the Scholar, save a pair of silk stockings and a beaver hat. He thought the Templar was as far behind the Courtier in fashion, as the Scholar is behind the Templar; he despised the meanness, which bade him forget his acquaintance, and his shame to be seen in any man's company that wore not his clothes well.

Like many another satirist, Overbury, scorning thus the society which he knew best, pretended an admiration for the amiable simplicity which was beyond his reach. By temperament and habit he was fitted to live in the great world. The intrigue and trappings of the court were essential to his happiness. His quick brain and ready tongue gave him a confident superiority in the battle of the wits. He felt that he was born to shine in splendid assemblies, and he was not one to hide his light under the bushel of obscurity. But he followed the ancient models in affecting a love of the golden mean and a country life. If we may believe his words, he found nothing that was noble and of good report within the boundaries of London. So Horace, constant in his love of Rome, would have us know that he was never happy save in the seclusion of his Sabine farm. It is a pleasant weakness to vaunt simplicity and to cultivate elegance — a weakness which inspired Overbury to his best pages. This haunter of courts, this favourite of favourites, writes with the keenest zest of "a fair and happy milkmaid, who makes her hand hard with labour and her heart soft with pity," all whose care is that "she may die in springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet"; or of an honest Franklin, the pattern and example of plain and decent living, an ancient yeoman, who "with his own eye doth both father his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry." For such simple folk as he had known in his boyhood, and as still lingered in his memory, Overbury kept a sentimental corner of his heart. His sentiment did not excuse the country gentleman, who, in his view, was an ignorant bumpkin, insolent to his tenants, amongst his equals full of doubt, out of his element at court, and with no more eloquence than would save him twopence. On the other hand, his loftiest panegyric is reserved for the Noble and Retired Housekeeper, whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation, whose word and meaning never shake hands

and part, whose great houses bear in their front more durance than state, and whose mind is so secure that thunder rocks him asleep. Thus by his preferences you may detect the theory, not the practice, of his life. Thus by the variety of his portraiture you may measure the breadth of his curiosity. Though he is seldom impartial, he excludes from his survey little that is human. His sympathy, it is true, was never as wide as his interest, but he is not guilty of narrow-mindedness who gravely sate him down to delineate a Button-maker of Amsterdam or a Drunken Dutchman resident in England.

The "Characters," published a year after their author's cruel murder, achieved a large and rapid popularity. In 1614 no less than five editions were demanded, and the book was reprinted twenty times within half a century. The scandal of its author's life and death no doubt excited a general curiosity, but we must look beyond the tragedy in the Tower if we would find a reason for the book's success. It chimed with the temper of the moment. The artifice of its style, which he who ran could imitate, made it acceptable to the Temple, the Tavern, and the Court. A world overwhelmed with the splendour of the drama sought to express its intelligence after a more modest fashion, to escape as far as possible from a hopeless competition. And the "Character," widely as it was separated in manner and method from the drama, touched the art of the theatre at one essential point. It also aspired to delineate man, not at his full stature nor with the courage of creation, but with a minute analysis and quick introspection. In other words, a book of "Characters" was the drama reduced to its lowest terms. The playwright set men and women on their feet and bade them speak for themselves. Overbury and his imitators put men and women on the dissecting-table and described their features and their qualities. The object was the same, though the process was reversed, and it was Overbury's insight or good fortune to hit upon a kind of literature which his century could understand with sympathy and turn to its own purpose with imitative zeal. Indeed, no better vehicle for the criticism of life, which is the grave business of prose and poetry alike, than the "Character," as Overbury designed it, could be found, and there is no end which it was not destined to serve. The satirist found in it a means of invective, the politician a means of argument, the idealist a means of expressing the hope that was in him. Characters tumbled from the press in hundreds. There were characters of plain men and women, characters of statesmen—magnanimous and servile, characters of cut-throats and pick-pockets, characters of states and countries. And perhaps, if the seventeenth century had not worn the artifice to detrition, we might still express our-

selves by the same method that seemed good to Sir Thomas Overbury.

The authors of "Characters" were of many kinds and many ambitions. Nicholas Breton and Henry Parrott, Wye Saltonstall and Lord North all tried their hands at the new craft. The common hack vied with the person of quality in explaining his fellow-men. The Projector and the Trimmer, the Reformado and the Fanatick, the Tory and the Prince, were one and all put under the microscope. The titles of the books are some measure of their nature and eccentricity. 'The Good and the Bad,' 'Cures for the Itch,' 'Picturæ Loquentes,'—these are some of them. The most are mere echoes. Many who had nothing to say could still learn the trick of characterisation, and hope with the sanguine temper of the imitator that they would not be found out. One of them, gravelled for matter, thought it worth while to travestie the noble prose of Hall in heroic verse, to destroy a masterpiece that he might build a trivial monument for himself.[1] But among them are a few who knew well how to profit by a good example, and who could put some substance of their own into a borrowed form. Here, for instance, is Geoffrey Mynshull, turning a bitter experience to the best account. Who and what he was is still uncertain. We know little more of him than that he belonged to a good family in Cheshire, that in 1617 he lay in the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, and that his 'Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners' (1618) ill merit the oblivion into which they have fallen. It is a brave and tragic little book, the work of an ingenious scholar and a high-minded gentleman. The author does not tell us by what misfortune or improvidence he was brought within the rules, but clearly he bore his punishment with a quiet courage, and he wrote of the underworld into which he had been thrust with a vividness of style and imagery that never fails. For him, "a prison is a grave to bury men alive, it is a microcosmos, a little world of woe, it is a map of misery, it is as intricate a place as Rosamund's Labyrinth, and it is so full of blind meanders, and crooked turnings, that it is unpossible to find the way out, except he be directed by a silver clue, and can never overcome the Minotaur without a golden ball to work his own safety." Such is the place, and what are the inhabitants? "A prisoner," says

[1] This was Nahum Tate, whose 'Characters of Vertue and Vice . . . Attempted in Verse from a Treatise of the Reverend Joseph Hall, Late Lord Bishop of Exeter,' is a marvel of ineptitude. Here is a specimen of his misplaced zeal:—

"The Hypocrite to sadness can convert
His looks, while Mirth is Rev'lling in his Heart,
Then Jugler-like with Pleasure does retreat,
To think how smoothly he has pass'd the cheat."

Mynshull, "is an impatient patient, lingering under the rough hands of a cruel physician; . . . he is fortune's tossing-ball, an object that would make mirth melancholy: to his friends an abject, and a subject of nine days' wonder in every barber's shop." Then he pictures him as "a poor weather-beaten bird, who, having lost the shore, is driven by tempest to hang upon the sails and tacklings of a prison." But in whatever likeness you see him, the prisoner lies in his dungeon, neglected and forgotten, the victim of a rascal creditor, "who hath two pairs of hands, one of flesh and blood, and that nature gave him; another of iron, and that the law gives him: but the one is more predominant than the other, for mercy guides the one and mammon the other." And if the creditor gives no hope, little solace may be got of visitants, who are men, for the most part "composed of all-protesting promises, and little or no performance; who are like your almanacks, which, when they prognosticate fair weather, it is a million to a mite if it prove not contrary." Thus he sketches, with the eloquence of anger, the jailers, the lockers-up of nights, and the other masters of cruelty, who made the life of a debtor's prison intolerable. Yet, though he rise to the height of Juvenal's invective, he knows that his duty is to preserve a tranquil mind in the bitterest adversity, and when he draws the character of a noble, understanding Prisoner, he shows to his reader the ideal of life, which he himself would hope to realise. "A noble understanding Prisoner," says he, "is a book so truly printed that Fortune (with all her mistakings) cannot find in him any *errata*. He comes to prison, as a great ship in a storm to shore, showing more noble emblems of constant suffering than the seas could stick upon it of their tyranny. He beholds jailers as a valiant soldier looks upon his wounds, which how dangerous soever yet he smiles upon his surgeon, and will endure dressing with an undaunted countenance, because he knows it is to fetch him off from danger." Above all, though he does not underrate the miracle of his freedom, he knows that good and evil come alike from himself, that oppression cannot break his magnanimous soul. He asks, in one of his loftiest passages, why the name of prisoner is distasteful. "Is it because thou art cooped under lock and key? Is it because thou feelest wants? . . . Is it because thy friends look strangely on thee, or forsake thee? Is it because thou art disgraced and holden in scorn? . . . Yet let not all these dismay thee, for hadst thou the whole country to walk in, yet thy soul is still imprisoned in thy corrupted body. . . . Look into thy own bosom, and learn but a short rule, yet very difficult, viz., *Nosce teipsum*, and thou shalt find that it is not imprisonment that afflicts thee, but the evil that is in thyself." From all which it is clear that

Mynshull mingled reflection with his portraiture, and showed us not merely what manner of men infected a prison, but how a hero might bear himself though he lay fast bound under lock and key.

To Mynshull's exotic purpose the convention of Overbury was perfectly adapted. Artifice well becomes that which lies outside our commonplace experience. The poor Cheshire gentleman shows us but one corner of life, and that a dingy corner, but he shows it us with a gravity and a verisimilitude which none will contest. John Earle, whose 'Microcosmographie, or a Piece of the World Characteriz'd,' was published in 1628, had an ampler design. He set out to paint the personages whom he had encountered on his earthly journey, and the colours and the brushes which he employs are Sir Thomas Overbury's. In some respects he is superior to his master. While his observation is as keen as Overbury's, he shows a finer sense of impartiality and a happier sentiment. He does not see his subjects either all black or all white. He does not make characterisation an excuse for invective, nor attempt under a general head to castigate a particular enemy. He was content to look about him and write down his impressions. If his world was circumscribed, he knew it all the better for that, and it is the University, the Church, and the countryside which inspire his happiest efforts. When he touches the court, and the rufflers who frequented there, he does but echo the voice of the dramatist. His gallant is the gallant of convention, "one that was born and shaped for his clothes," whose "main ambition is to get a knighthood, and then an old lady, which, if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much larger. Otherwise himself and his clothes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies in the gaol, or the country." That is the gallant of many a comedy, who has wandered into Earle's notebook, not by observation, but by accident. Nor can we accept as sincere his vision of Paul's walk, the land's epitome, the lesser Isle of Great Britain. If we would find its stale knights and captains out of service, its men of long rapiers and long breeches, we would rather seek them in the plays of Jonson and Dekker, who knew them well, than in the book of this amiable country parson, who viewed them from the pit of a theatre. On the other hand, Earle paints those that inhabit his own world with a rare tact and rarer humour. He gives them their right professions, and he decks them out with the trappings that belong to each. You may know his young raw Preacher, as he knew him, "by his narrow velvet cape, and his serge facing, and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him." His plain country fellow stands before you, house and all. "His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished

from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed throrow, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there since his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity." Is it any wonder that such a man should think "Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass"?

The chief lesson of Earle's book also is the uniformity of human nature, and nowhere does he teach this lesson more clearly than in his sketches of the University. How well we know the mere young gentleman "who comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the University, whose companion is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, which he admires at first and afterwards scorns"! With how kind a sympathy does he show us an old college butler, who is "none of the worst students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any," and who "domineers over the Freshmen when they first come to the hatch"! And the University Dun, is he not the same to-day as when he sat for his portrait to the ingenious Earle? "He is very expensive of his time," we are told, "for he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman usher. . . . He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he, and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world." With equal justice Earle describes the hangers-on of scholarship—the Antiquary, who loves all things as Dutchmen love cheese, "the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten"; the Pot-Poet, the dregs of wit, "a man now much employed in commendation of our Navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard"; and best of all, the Pretender to Learning, that gentleman whom we all know, a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in the catalogue, "who never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking." In conclusion, when Earle writes of that which comes within the circuit of his experience, he writes with a truth, a humour, and a skill of phrase which few of his rivals surpass, and which, if we forget the claims of invention, entitle him to as high a place even as Overbury's in the history of the "Character."

As I have said, the drawing of "Characters" was for the idealist a means of expressing the hope that was in him. Nor did George Herbert disdain to employ, for his own purpose, the literary form handled with equal skill and to another end by Overbury and Mynshull. 'A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life' (1632), is a sanguine sketch of what the Parson's Character should be. It is a vision of

excellence, not a picture of reality, and it is seen by a devout and simple soul. Different as Herbert's aim was, his method is precisely the method of his predecessors. His sentences have the same arrangement; they rise and fall to the same cadences. Each chapter begins with a brief enumeration of qualities, and if it ends in exhortation, that is exacted by its subject. For instance: "The Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say, it is an ill Mason that refuseth any stone: and there is no knowledge, but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage. . . . But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of Books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives." And again: "The Country Parson, as soon as he wakes on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a Market man is when the Market-day comes, or a shopkeeper when customers use to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day and contriving it to his best gains." In these two passages it is not difficult to recognise the technical processes of other and secular writers, and George Herbert's adoption of the "Character" best proves its elasticity. Nor could a more violent contrast be found to Herbert's quiet idealism, which calls up before our eyes the tranquil places of the earth, the grave church, the homely parsonage, the yew-shadowed churchyard of a remote and pleasant village, than the "Characters" of Samuel Butler, which are full of strife and violence, and which on every page provoke discussion and challenge to the fray. It was not for the author of "Hudibras" to use any other than a turbulent humour. He was a fighter who never shrank from the field, and who struck at his foes as fiercely in the prose of his "Characters" as in the inspired doggerel of his verse. Their wit is as turbulent as their temper, and if in the end we find them tedious, that is because we cannot dine off sauces, and because Butler refuses to mitigate his bitter seasonings with a morsel of bread or a plain piece of beefsteak. Nevertheless it is a curiosity of literature that George Herbert and Samuel Butler, each in one work, should confess a common ancestry, that Hall and Overbury should divide the credit of having been examples to talents so diverse as these.

Butler was neither the first nor the last to see the value of the "Character" in political controversy. The pamphleteers of a militant age took it in hand, and fashioned it valiantly to their use. The ardent discussions of the seventeenth century found in the unconscious following of Theophrastus the quickest outlet for their malignant humours. There was scarce a statesman

who was not pilloried in the name of the class to which he was supposed to belong. And from the hustings the fashion of character-drawing passed into history. Clarendon and Burnet, to give but two instances, were not content to record events, to cite the mere names of soldiers and politicians. They must fit each hero, each villain, with an appropriate character, and so well did they practise the art, that we know their contemporaries as well as we know our own. Thus it is by an irony of chance that they too owed something to the ingenuity of a poor hapless courtier, who fell a victim many years before their time to the fierce passions of love and hate. As he lay dying in the Tower, Sir Thomas Overbury thought only of that last letter, which he prayed would involve Northampton in the net of eternal shame. And by one of the accidents which defeat the settled purposes of men, the letter was speedily forgotten, to be remembered long after only by the curious, and the book of "Characters," which doubtless their author thought scattered to the winds of heaven, was sent down the stream of Time to make him famous in the eyes of those who knew not the scandal of his life, and to be an example to a vast number of writers and pamphleteers hardly conscious of the debt they owed.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

A DAY IN A GAME RESERVE.

THE rising sun is gleaming golden through the dark-green foliage of the wild fig-trees down by the water, as, our matutinal coffee partaken of, and the first, and best, pipe of the day in full progress, we stroll out beyond the huts of Malahana's little village.

Half a mile away, where the bush-bordered spruit admits here and there of easy access to its shady pools, may be seen the long lines of game slowly filing from the drinking-places, ever and anon pausing to crop the grass, as they make their leisurely way towards their favourite day quarters. Blue wildebeeste for the most part, their great heads and shaggy forequarters lending to them an appearance of rugged ferocity quite undeserved. Only a little way beyond, though barely distinguishable 'mid the closely growing tree trunks, a small party of stately giraffes —creatures but too seldom seen in these latter days—is evidently on its way back towards more familiar haunts, where the "kameel dorn" grows thickly under the distant Lebombo Hills.

I confess to a weakness for Malahana's. Of all the numberless animal paradises hidden away 'mid the bush-clad plains of the North-Eastern Transvaal, I think this tiny hamlet, snugly tucked between two little sister streams, or rather chains of pools, affords the student of nature and lover of wild creatures the most pure enjoyment. All around, the country is but slightly undulating, and, while sufficiently well timbered to offer concealment to the observer, is nowhere so obstructed by bush as to thwart the eye in its efforts to absorb such details of forest life, or little episodes thereof, as may be taking place within a reasonable distance. Each morning the empty "forms" of wildebeeste and of waterbuck, of sable and of zebra, not to speak of reedbuck, duiker, and steenbuck, are to be seen but lately vacated, within a hundred yards of the huts, for the game laws are respected, and the animals come close up after dark, having discovered that they are safer here than elsewhere from the prowling beasts of the night, which for their part, stimulated perhaps by unpleasant memories associated with the vicinity of human beings, give the place a wide berth.

Just now it is the Low Country winter: that delightful time of year, alas! but too brief, when to each day is given a glory of bright blue sky, with never a cloud to sully its purity, and a sun, dazzling perhaps in its generous ardour, but at no time oppressive. The nights, too, have just that slight suggestion of frost which makes the blankets a pleasant refuge after

the day's hard work; while the morning air is impregnated with a crisp freshness, invigorating, conducive to brisk action, in fact altogether delightful.

Pleasant as it is to stand here watching the march past of troop upon troop of animals, it is nevertheless time to mount and be off on the morning patrol, before the sun's rays shall have gained strength and the herds have sought shelter in the cool shade of the thicker coverts, wherein later they will stand motionless, only betrayed by an occasional flicker of tail or tossing of head.

While we ponder as to the most suitable direction to take, we become conscious of a human figure coming up the path to the village. A typical young native of these parts, clad in shirt and waistcloth, airily swinging a couple of sticks as he walks along with springy gait, his bare feet making no sound on the dust-covered path. It is, in fact, M'ndosa the son of Iduma, who lives some six or eight miles away, and must have been afoot early this morning. Having saluted the white man, and greeted his various acquaintances with a limp handshake, the newcomer squats down, and little bits of local news are exchanged. Nothing is too small to be omitted; nothing is forgotten; it is, in fact, through the medium of these casual kraal-to-kraal visitors that intelligence of current events spreads over the length and breadth of a country with a rapidity often puzzling and disconcerting to the European. . . . Yes, his father's second wife is recovered of the pains in her head, but on the other hand Nzipo's youngest child is suffering from a strange malady, and Nzipo has therefore borrowed £2 wherewith to pay a noted doctor in Portuguese territory, whom he proposes to consult as to the identity of the author of the sickness, which obviously is the result of witchcraft. And so on, and so forth. The voices drone away in an indistinguishable monotone. Then just as we are turning to give orders to saddle up, we are confronted by Jafuta with the new arrival in tow. "Inkosi, this lad says as he was coming along the road he noticed vultures hovering about, a little way on the right,—he did not go to the place to look."

Of course this little bit of information has been kept until the very end—possibly, indeed, but for the presence of our own people it might never have been imparted to us at all, and after our departure a little band would have sallied forth to seek the inevitable carcass, which, if found to have the smallest picking of flesh left upon it, would have been triumphantly borne homewards, to be consigned to the cooking-pots without delay.

The sight of vultures hovering over a place, or perched on trees around one particular spot, always conjures up possibilities. It is, first, obviously indicative of the fact that there is a kill in the vicinity,

and secondly, shows that the birds are afraid to go down to it on account of the presence of the animal responsible for the deed; so that if an approach is made with all due caution and consideration for the wind, there is quite a sporting chance of getting well up to a pair of cheetahs or three or four lions slumbering peacefully after a heavy meal. The leopard, most cunning of all the great cats, is not to be caught thus easily; lucky indeed is the hunter who can surprise him at a kill and get a shot at him into the bargain.

In the present case hope runs high. Lions were heard last night somewhere in the indicated direction, albeit far away; the wind, moreover, is just right for us, travelling as we shall be.

And so we mount our trusty old "salted" pony, and move off at leisurely pace along the narrow track: there is no need for violent hurry; whichever species of the tribe feline our carnivore belongs to, where he lies now there he will remain till dusk. As we ride along a watchful eye is kept for fresh spoor, that we may know what predatory lovers of darkness have been abroad since last the sun set. Here of course has passed the ubiquitous hyæna on his accustomed beat, the same, no doubt, whose melancholy and long-drawn howl insinuated itself upon our slumbers during the still watches of the past night. Here a couple of jackals have lightly trodden, while there on the right of the path the feathers of a bush-pheasant indicate that a genet has been at work. The dry dust of the footpath shows up recent impressions quite distinctly; that is to say, where our friend M'ndosa — who, did he wear such things, would take about size twelve in boots, one would imagine — has not obliterated them as he came along an hour ago. Bird life is still busy seeking the proverbial worm, and the pony shies slightly as a covey of Shelley francolin rise almost under his feet.

On our left the ground falls away a little to a bush-clad donga some hundred yards distant; while on the right it rises gently to a nearly bare ridge a quarter of a mile away. Something is going on. The donga aforesaid forms, it would seem, the boundary-line betwixt the grazing grounds of two separate herds of wildebeeste, and a little play is in progress, apparently now at the second act. The herd which by all the rules of tradition and custom should have remained upon the farther side of the donga must have, in pursuit of some more than usually tempting herbage, been wrongfully and unlawfully trespassing upon their neighbours' land. The latter, some twenty in number, appear outlined in full view on the crest of the rise, interestedly watching proceedings, the while their champion, a fine old bull, descends to protect their rights. The intruders, however, evidently conscious that their case is a bad one, are in no mood to join battle, nor does any

warrior step from their ranks snorting answering defiance. In fact, as the challenger approaches at ever increasing pace, with boldly flourished tail and many a provocative caper and leap, the whole ignominiously turn and make best pace for their own territory. Just for a moment, indeed, one bull takes heart of grace, and looks like showing fight, but, the enemy within ten paces, evidently assumes discretion to be the better part of valour, and comes tearing after his fellows. For our own part, so soon as we took in the situation we drew rein behind a convenient bush, which offered adequate concealment while allowing of an uninterrupted view of the proceedings. The animals, too much taken up with their own affairs to be suspicious, thunder across our path some fifty yards ahead in a medley of swishing tails and tossing manes; two or three of last season's calves, full of the impetuosity of youth, anon dashing in front of their elders in sheer exuberance of spirits, obviously permeated with the idea that the stampede has been arranged for their express amusement and benefit. Close behind the last fugitive comes the defender of vested interests, menacing and dour, his head lowered, his eyes flashing with the fire of resentment and righteous wrath. Another moment and all have disappeared from sight in the donga. A minute or two of quiet ensues, and we are just preparing to move on our way when from out of the dip slowly emerges our friend the old bull, now, the trespassers duly warned off, if not chastised, leisurely strolling back. Engrossed in his own thoughts, and no doubt full of self-congratulation, he never so much as glances in our direction, but tranquilly makes his way up the hill to the spot where his friends await him, and soon the whole are lost to view over the brow.

Topping the next rise, M'ndosa points to our left front, where, far off, a mere speck in the blue, a vulture can be seen slowly wheeling. Gradually he sinks to a point rather less than a mile away, where, in the hollow, we know that there runs a small spruit, the same in fact by which lower down the village stands. Undoubtedly that must be our goal; and accordingly we leave the path and strike away across country right into the eye of the light north-westerly breeze. The grass hereabouts has been recently burned, and in places the black and grey ash still lies upon the surface of the ground, rising in choking clouds of fine dust as our passage stirs it up. Here and there a patch of rank herbage has resisted the attentions of the flames, and thereto may be seen scurrying for shelter the wary bush pheasants, marvellous runners, relying so much upon swiftness of foot that it is only as a last resort they take to the wing, and are anathema for that reason to the sportsman. These grassy refuges 'mid the sea of burnt and blackened veld are by day the hiding-places of

many creatures whose business abroad is by night. Beat them out, and from the larger ones you will very likely disturb a duiker, perhaps a pair. A serval cat, or a caracal, may be droning the daylight hours in fancied security, but you will almost certainly require the assistance of dogs if you desire to bag either of the latter, for you will find them to be possessed of true feline slimness, and so long as by crouching close and slipping back they can elude discovery, they will never stake their all on a dash for the open. Sometimes a grass owl flops heavily away, and settles twenty yards off behind a small outlying tuft, blinking foolishly at the sunlight; or you may chance on a big python coiled up, either asleep, or waiting for some unwary creature to pass within reach of his deadly grip.

As we drop down into a little hollow, at the bottom of which some thick reeds mark the course of a tiny rivulet, a tributary of that larger spruit in front, and now of course quite dried up, two or three forms can just be descried moving slowly about on the farther side. For a moment we start, and involuntarily half pull up the pony, but a second glance reveals them as warthogs, rooting about in the soft ground. Short of sight, though quick of hearing, they now stand quite still, trying to locate the sound of the horse's feet. Less than thirty paces separate us, when a tiny puff of air from behind, precursor of a change in the wind, catches their keen nostrils, and in a moment they are off at their customary sharp trot, the short legs doing a vast amount of work, the tails erect, and the little tufts at the extremities of the latter bobbing and nodding like miniature flags. An old sow leads, then come two half-grown offspring, followed a second later by the father of the family, his great white tusks curved outwards and upwards, so that they form a crescent upon either side of his gargoyle-like countenance.

This change in the wind is unfortunate. We are a bare half mile from our destination, and can already quite clearly see the vultures covering the upper branches of a huge dead tree, which, denuded of all its twigs and smaller branches, towers grey and grim far above the encompassing younger generation. A detour is plainly essential; and we can only hope that the treacherous breeze may not already have betrayed our presence. We therefore diverge at right angles; and, after twenty minutes of picking our way over stony and broken ground, strike the spruit just where, as it happens, a convenient game path gives access through the dense border of thorns, rank grass, and drift, to its dry and sandy bed. As we cross the latter, the sand is examined closely for any tell-tale footprints, but there is nothing visible which may give us a clue as to the nature of our present quarry. At the summit of the farther bank it seems advisable to dismount

and leave the pony in charge of an attendant, and accompanied by the other two we proceed cautiously to work up towards our point. Hard as one may try, it is almost impossible upon such occasions to proceed noiselessly. The ground is one mass of little dead sticks and dry leaves, often concealing loose stones, which turn or shift as one inadvertently treads upon them, tempting the mildest of men to make use of most regrettable expressions beneath his breath. Unfortunately, too, it is just in such thick patches, wherein noiseless walking is most difficult, that the cunning carnivore is most likely to be sheltering himself during the heat of the day; ever, even in his soundest slumber, taking care to keep one eye open. Needless to say, a white man, however carefully he may have seen to his hunting footgear, and however lightly he may endeavour to tread, makes much more noise than does a barefooted son of the African soil; but if one happens to be sitting down in the silent forest waiting for one's natives to come up, one can generally hear even their footsteps quite distinctly for at least a minute before they arrive. It has always, therefore, seemed to me a matter for surprise that sleeping carnivora are accidentally happened upon so often as is actually the case; though, generally speaking, shooting-parties in Africa, especially in forest country, cannot be said to be successful in bagging many of these animals. The present occasion is no exception. We have seen to it that our followers have removed their footgear, but in our own case that is unfortunately impracticable, and we have to pick our way as best we can. Arrived opposite the vultures, it becomes necessary to recross the spruit, and as we climb the reverse bank the great birds one by one flap heavily away, showing that to them at least our presence is no secret.

We find ourselves in the midst of a very dense belt of thorn bush; rank grass impedes our feet, while mimosas and wait-a-bits catch in our garments. Everything is quite silent around, except only the insects, whose busy hum shows that they are taking advantage of the few hours of pleasant warmth before and after midday.

We listen intently for a few moments, and then creep forward to the edge of the bush. Beyond stretches burnt veld, lightly timbered, which we scan in vain for any sign of life. We can see the vultures now perched on trees some two or three hundred yards away, all gazing steadily back in our direction.

A short whispered consultation is held, and then while we remain on the alert where we are, our two followers creep away, one to the right and the other to the left. The undergrowth can be heard rustling as they move cautiously through it. Then comes a low whistle. We go to it at once, and find Jafuta peering up into the branches of a small fig-

tree, the while he whispers "Ingwe!"

Indications of a leopard's handiwork are in fact patent enough. Hanging over a large protruding limb of the tree, at about fifteen feet from the ground, and jammed in between the base and the parent trunk, are visible the head and forequarters of a half-grown reedbuck ram, while the bark of the main stem in front of us is notched and splintered with claw marks.

The first sensation is one of disappointment. The fact that the culprit is a leopard is quite enough to dissipate any hope of a surprise. In fact, some pressed down grass under a bush, near the foot of the tree, shows clearly enough where he has been lying until disturbed by our approach. Still, the chances are that he yet adheres to the fringe of dense covert along the margin of the spruit, and if Dame Fortune will but smile on us it may yet be possible to settle accounts with him. It will, of course, be necessary to send back for the dogs, which will mean a long delay. In the meantime let us get the kill down. M'ndosa, being the younger, is promptly ordered up the tree by Jafuta, and the carcass falls to the ground with a thud. A fine young ram, about three parts grown, neatly and thoroughly cleaned, as by the hand of some expert butcher; the brisket and portions of the lower part of the neck eaten, but otherwise practically untouched, showing that the kill has taken place in the early hours of the morning, and probably hidden up the tree only after daylight, too late to escape the sharp eyes of the watchful vultures. Some twenty yards away, just beyond the edge of the bush, bloodstains and a trampled patch of grass mark where the deed was done: thence a well-defined track indicates the course of the carcass as it was dragged within the covert, and not far away from where the leopard had been lying are found the paunch and parts of the inside buried under earth and leaves.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the leopard is the immense activity and strength which he displays in dragging his prey, not infrequently an animal bigger and heavier than himself, up the bare trunk of a tree in order that he may deposit it for safety in the lower branches thereof. Exactly how he performs the feat it is most difficult to say, but it would appear not improbable that, at least with the heavier burdens, he is accustomed to crawl up backwards, holding his prey in his mouth. Be that as it may, his exploits in this respect are noteworthy. Beyond doubt it is the hyæna against whom protection is chiefly sought. Shortly before dawn the leopard, obeying his instincts, must proceed to the local drinking-place: did he not before doing so take care to deposit his meal in a place of safety, the powerful lurking brute, ever on the alert for a stolen repast, would quickly seize either the whole carcass, or so

much of it as he could carry or drag, and make off therewith at best speed to some remote lair. The spotted hyæna is never very far away when a kill takes place: in all probability he dogs the footsteps of the potential slayers as they roam through the forest seeking a victim.

Some considerable time may elapse ere the arrival of the pack, and so, having made our way back to the pony, we seek and presently discover a little nook, quiet and shady, where a broad spreading fig-tree overhangs and shelters with its foliage a clear pool, whose sandy margin the nightly visits of the game have trampled into a labyrinth of footmarks. Here leaves and sticks are brushed aside lest we should inadvertently sit upon the lurking centipede, scorpion, or other equally unpleasant previous tenant, and in return for our intrusion be duly taught the advantage to be gained by looking before we leap.

Plop! . . . but it is nothing more alarming than a startled water-tortoise diving from off the bank hard by, and presently we can see his little round head, as he swims under the opposite bushes, cautiously taking stock of the intruder.

The period of restful ease which follows a light luncheon partaken of under these conditions lends itself, with the aid of a pipe, to a due contemplation of both bird and insect life. As one sits quietly smoking, the bush reveals its secrets as it seldom does when one's part is a more active one. Birds come hopping fearlessly close by amongst the branches. A couple of barbets, oblivious entirely of our presence, are even engaged in a squabble over some choice tit-bit. A malachite kingfisher darts from a dead branch above the pool, and, after a moment's disappearance beneath the surface, returns with a tiny glistening trophy which he proceeds to do to death by repeatedly beating it against his perch. It is to be feared that the pleasure which the contemplation of the bird's brilliant plumage and active motions gives to us finds but little echo in the heart of his victim. A pair of kakelaars join the company above our head, and chatter loudly as they pick about in the bark for insects with their long red bills. At our feet a battalion of ants marches steadily ahead in file, heedless of impediments to their progress. They are intent on a raid of some kind, or perhaps only changing quarters. Here and there in the procession stalks an officer, equipped with formidable mandibles, who maintains due order amongst his special command. As we interestedly, if lazily, watch the movements of the column, the objective in view is suddenly borne in upon us, and our attitude of passive benevolence forthwith vanishes: it is, in fact, no less than our own commissariat which is the goal. Already, indeed, jam and tinned milk are full of adventurous insects bent upon suicide, while advanced parties have reached the preserved meat and are

making up their minds about the bread. A hasty removal of the remains of the feast, if disappointing to the unbidden guests, still no doubt saves many lives which would otherwise have been sacrificed to reckless greed. The little disturbance sends all our feathered friends away in a hurry, and a small grey-footed squirrel scuttles frantically for shelter up aloft.

But it must be time for the return of our retainers. The sun is well past the zenith, and they have been gone nearer two hours than one. Sure enough, in a few minutes voices are heard, and presently a long string of natives comes into view. Jafuta has evidently beaten up every able-bodied man and boy in the village; even old Likoma comes hobbling along leaning on his stick, ready to furnish a younger and less expert generation with encouragement and advice. With them comes the pack, and, truth to tell, as one contemplates it, one feels that so far as success is dependent upon its assistance there is no justification for being over sanguine. It is extremely difficult to keep good dogs for any length of time in the Low Country, especially those with the necessary spice of valour: the latter almost invariably fall victims sooner or later in the pursuit of the greater cats; while snakes, crocodiles, and fever take an even larger toll. Our dumb companions are indeed, as it were, upon continuous active service. Just at present it so happens that strength is exceptionally low. There is one reliable veteran, old "Office," who may be trusted to do his duty with the necessary blending of pluck and caution under any circumstances; but in support there are only a couple of young and unsophisticated fox-terriers, with a brace of nondescript curs from the village. Ten men and boys complete the army of offence, and we proceed to formulate our tactical scheme.

It is half an hour later that "Office" gives tongue, and immediately a crash and a murderous growl show that our quarry is afoot. In a moment all is wild excitement; 'mid the shouts of mutual encouragement and advice, not to speak of the canine chorus, it is difficult to make oneself audible, but eventually we are successful in despatching two of the swiftest runners to endeavour to cut off the leopard from the haven of a particularly forbidding-looking strip of bush which can be seen lying a little way ahead on the same side of the spruit. Fast as the youths run, with two-fifths of the pack babbling at their heels, they are nevertheless too late to achieve the desired object, and are just in time to see a ringed tail disappearing within a tangle of thorns, rank grass, and driftwood, which is not less than thirty yards wide, and in length extends fully a quarter of a mile. Hotfoot on the track, however, plunges the gallant "Office," and a moment or two later the sound of

furious barking, confined to one spot, shows that the leopard is at bay. Now under such circumstances, given a trustworthy lot of dogs, there would be no great difficulty in ending the matter, as the beast, hemmed in and afraid to turn his back on his enemies in order to effect his escape, would be held in one spot until the hunter could force his way through the undergrowth to a point whence he could catch a glimpse of him. Even should he charge once or twice through the ring of elusive foes, he would speedily realise that there was no escape for him upon *terra firma*, and, cat-like, would seek the refuge of a tree, whence a well-placed bullet might quickly bring him tumbling down to mother earth. In the present instance we are sadly handicapped. Inside the dense covert our one reliable hound still energetically abuses the enemy, while outside the terrier pups rush frantically about, barking vigorously, but with no clear idea of what is expected of them; the native dogs, on the other hand, who know very well, but are already beginning to realise that it is not their day out, add to the noise, but make no attempt to advance in support. So matters remain until the arrival of the field, more or less breathless, upon the scene, when the shouting and unaccustomed blandishment stimulate the cautious hearts of the mongrels with a temporary daring, and they take the plunge. The terriers, too, at last localising the seat of trouble, rush in, violent and breathless, while we follow with considerable deliberation. A few yards in front we can make out "Office's" tail, and sometimes his head and part of his back, as he jumps up and down in his agitation. Just in front of him lies a solid mass of matted grass and thorns, wherein without doubt lurks our quarry; but it would be futile to place a bullet at random, the chances of hitting him are infinitesimal, whereas the risk of his stampeding amounts almost to a certainty. It is better to wait on the even chance of his exposing himself presently. Hardly have we arrived at this conclusion when there is a snarl, a rush, and a disturbance of the tangled brake. "Office" springs nimbly backwards, to be violently assailed from behind by the two terrier pups, confident that they have at last realised their duty. There is a momentary flash of black and white, but at the critical moment we are overwhelmed by the desperate backward rush of the kaffir dogs, whereof one bolts yelling between our legs, and when we have regained the perpendicular once more the leopard is gone, and "Office" is baying him twenty yards farther on. Once more we cautiously make our approach, but before we can arrive upon the scene there arises a series of fierce roaring grunts, followed by a sharp yelp, and back comes the dog, decorated with a couple of deepish claw marks down his flank. Evidently on this occa-

sion the enemy was bent on charging home, and he only just escaped.

It seems useless to proceed further on these lines. The one useful dog is partially incapacitated, the terriers are too young and foolish to be of the slightest assistance; while of the others, "Mabalana" has apparently bolted straight home, and "Fokise" has laid herself down under a bush, whence neither threats nor entreaties have the slightest effect in moving her. To endeavour to drive the animal out with beaters is equally hopeless. So dense is the scrub that it is possible to proceed only very slowly, fighting every step, at times even crawling upon the hands and knees. We are too few to surround the bush, and so haply observe him should he creep away or cross the spruit; nor can we rely upon "kraaling" him in one spot. An attempt to fire the grass ends in failure, the roots and underparts not being yet dry.

After a little discussion, picquets are placed at the most commanding points, and the smallest boy present is sent up the largest available tree on the edge of the bush. We cross the spruit, and by creeping close down amongst the covert on the opposite side, establish ourselves where there is the possibility of a shot should he elect to cross over, as we can command the sandy bed for at least a hundred yards each way. Meantime the beaters enter the bush, the indispensable "Office" accompanying, but not, on this occasion, preceding them. For a few minutes nothing is heard save the sound of crashing drift and breaking sticks, as the men slowly force their arduous passage: then comes a wild shout from the look-out up the tree—just visible from our position,—accompanied by much pointing and such violent gesticulation that the security of his position would seem to be in some danger. Everyone takes up the cry, the dogs bark, and I fancy that I can see something rustling through the thick stuff opposite, perhaps twenty-five paces distant. There is barely time to raise the rifle and put in a single shot before all is still again, but nevertheless it seems good policy to plant a few more bullets in the direction whither the movement seemed to have been tending. It takes some minutes before the beaters have converged on the place, and we all then advance with due precaution. Alas! nothing rewards our eager scrutiny of the ground for blood spoor. True, the undergrowth is so thick that a few gory spots might easily escape detection; indeed the animal himself might be crouching close by without any one being the wiser. The latter thought is one that is so apt to seize upon the imagination when the first excitement is over, that it supplies the motive for the order to beat an immediate retreat. A possibly wounded leopard, and covert like this, is about the nastiest combination it is possible to conceive. At this moment the

undaunted "Office" springs forward, betraying every sign of excitement—he has been sniffing round for the past few minutes—and disappears in a sort of tunnel of grass and dead sticks. Unwilling to let him gamble further with fortune to-day, we call him back energetically,—absolutely no good—the dog is as full of fire as at the beginning of the hunt; and now the barks change to growls, and sounds as of worrying. The men exchange glances, and a forward move is simultaneous. At first nothing can be seen. Then the dog's hindquarters can be distinguished, as he pulls and tears at something which is evidently lying on the ground, and a moment later we are standing over a fine male leopard, stone dead. By some extraordinary freak of chance one of the random bullets had hit him behind one ear, and almost lifted off the top of the skull, of course killing him instantly. He must have dropped in his tracks without uttering a sound, in the act of attempting to creep away in the long grass. It is the kind of luck that might perhaps occur once in a million times, and certainly reflects small credit upon the marksman. Still, there is no necessity to give oneself away to one's followers, and an attitude of calm indifference seems most fitting to the occasion. Mutual congratulations are the order of the moment: the ancient Likoma alone strikes a jarring note, when, having at length hobbled up to the edge of the bush, whither we have had the dead beast dragged, he shakes his head with senile solemnity and hopes it may not prove to be "mtagati," that is to say, may not be a were-leopard—man at one time and beast at another,—not an uncommon superstition amongst many Bantu races. Dire disaster is said to fall upon the head of any one who thus offends the spirit by depriving it of a bodily tenement.

"Office's" wounds are now syringed with disinfectant—fortunately they are not serious, and he will lick them well in a few days,—and the leopard is slung upon a pole and so borne homewards; nor is the reedbuck meat from the big tree forgotten. At the forthcoming feast, nevertheless, it will take second place to the leopard, which will form the *pièce de résistance*. All our natives are exceedingly fond of cat meat, from the flesh of the lordly lion down to that of the humble mouse-catcher; in fact, amongst the Zulu-speaking tribes of the Eastern Transvaal it probably occupies the very first place among dainty dishes. The fat with which the bodies of animals of this family are covered is, of course, a great attraction for external use; and in the case of the lion and the leopard there are, in addition, the virtues of courage and cunning in hunting, which may be absorbed into the system through eating the meat.

There is now nothing to do but to follow on quietly; and, as the afternoon is slipping away, by the time we shall

have regained camp it will be almost the hour for a cup of tea. On the way we bethink ourselves of an old friend who lives in the neighbourhood,—"Father William," to wit—though this is no white-bearded sage, full of stories of the chase as he remembers it in days of yore, but merely an elderly and very lonely waterbuck bull with a twisted horn, who, these many months, has taken up his permanent residence about three-quarters of a mile from the village, and may be seen on almost any afternoon standing in the shade of the same thorn-tree, whence, with pathetic air, he watches his younger and more successful rivals as they daily pilot their fair charges to and fro between grazing-ground and water. Again and again have we endeavoured to confer upon him immortality through the medium of the camera, but to this, it seems, he maintains a rooted objection. Two hundred yards is the limit to which we may approach; outside that distance he merely placidly observes us with grave curiosity, but the moment we endeavour to draw any nearer, quietly, and without betraying any undue haste or nervousness, but without any hesitation, the patriarch slowly directs his steps in the opposite direction, so that the regulation distance may be observed.

But upon this particular day is to occur the temporary rejuvenescence of our old friend. As he stands motionless in his favourite spot, doubtless comparing the triumphs of the past with the grey monotony of the present, a troop of five cows, escorted by the usual male protector, comes into sight. Whether this bull is a stranger or an old enemy, there is at least something in his appearance which brings the light of battle to "Father William's" eyes, and so, after a good, steady stare, he bears down upon him, first at an animated walk, which presently increases to a high-stepping trot. The escort to the ladies has already seen him, and drives the latter in front of him at a gallop; but the pursuer also increases his pace, and is rapidly closing up. After a hasty glance round, the younger bull thereupon abandons his charges, dashes ahead of them, and circles round in the direction whence he originally came. Hotfoot after him goes our friend, while the placid cows simply remain where they are, cropping grass, and unconcernedly awaiting the issue. The chase brings both pursuer and pursued close past our tree, and as they pass at their lumbering gallop it is plain that the younger draws away from his opponent. A little farther on he seems to gather courage, and swings sharply round with lowered head; but the sight of the adversary coming steadily on is too much for his nerves, and, swerving from the shock, he receives the horns in another part of his person. He then makes off at redoubled speed, and subsequent proceedings are

lost to us. Half an hour later the patriarch returns with conquering air, and it is difficult to refrain from greeting him with a cheer. The cows do not display any particular feeling one way or another at the change of escort, and continue on their way as if nothing had happened. Alas, that success should be so short-lived! Within a week the old fellow is seen once more under his accustomed tree as dismal and lonely-looking as ever.

It was not far from here, too, that we once witnessed the unavailing endeavours of an unfortunate half-grown wildebeeste, by some mischance out of touch with his own herd, to attach himself to a body of strangers. Tentatively, and with every possible demonstration of friendliness, he slowly approached. Arrived within fifty yards, a couple of bulls walked out to take his measure. There was a short but apparently fairly close inspection, and then both proceeded to assault him violently. Away fled the unhappy intruder, nor rested until he had put several hundred yards betwixt himself and his assailants.

Thereafter, having apparently plucked up courage, and doubtless hoping for better luck next time, he proceeded once more to put fortune to the test. On this occasion every animal in the herd seemed emulous to do him injury; and when he at length emerged from out of the midst of that cloud of dust and whirl of tossing horns and stamping hoofs, it was at his best pace and evidently with but one idea — that of getting as far away as possible.

By the time we have got back to Malahana's the leopard has been skinned: the pelt has been pegged out to dry, and most of the meat is already simmering in the cooking-pots. Everyone is in a cheerful frame of mind. Mfundisi, indeed, has been so excited in anticipation of the splendid feast that he has quite forgotten to boil the water for tea; in fact, on inquiry, it leaks out that it has not yet been fetched from the stream. The temper is apt to be short in Africa; and on the present occasion, in addition, we are tired and hungry, and so it is to be feared that the language used partakes rather of the forcible than of the polite, so that the expectant grin quite vanishes from the youth's ebon countenance as he sets about making up for lost time.

A little later, the inner man duly refreshed, and a deck-chair placed comfortably within the shade of a dark-green tree, things wear a distinctly encouraging aspect, and the world, as typified by Africa, seems a pleasant and desirable place wherein to dwell. It is ever thus in the veld. As one reclines luxuriously in the shade, or at a later period of the evening gazes reflectively into the depths of a glowing camp-fire, are the toils and struggles of the day,

the heat, the insects, the thirst, the thousand and one petty discomforts, all forgotten? Far from it. On the contrary, to recall them from a present haven of ease is to invest such episodes with a halo of attraction and of distinction, and to cause one to look forward with eager anticipation to further experiences of the same kind on the morrow. And so we recline and smoke, while the sun sinks low to the horizon, and, their roosting-time at hand, the ring-doves come speeding overhead on the way to their evening drink. Down by the spruit the francolins are busy calling to one another, and beyond it the bush knorhaans are practising those aërial gymnastics so familiar to the sportsman who has visited their haunts. Straight up from out of the sea of bush into the quiet evening air rises the cock bird, to pause at a sufficient altitude with flapping wings, and then to fall headlong, the pinions held fast to the sides, until just as it seems that he must be dashed to pieces the wings are extended, and he lights easily upon his feet, to rise immediately again and react the scene.

'Mid a babel of bird voices, melodious and harsh, noisy and gentle, intoning successively and in united chorus every note of the gamut, the sun at length sinks blood-red over the western ridges; and then to the sound of many tongues succeeds that strange hush which follows sunset, and forms, as it were, neutral ground betwixt the voices of the day and those others peculiar to the hours of darkness.

It becomes chilly, and the brilliant stars foreshadow a touch of frost. The pony has been rugged up and fed, and nothing now remains but to discuss the fare provided by the penitent Mfundisi, and then to seek the welcome blankets.

J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON.

A MAN'S MAN.

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF.'

CHAPTER FOUR.—AN UNDERSTUDY.

"The indulgence of the audience is asked on behalf of Miss Joan Gaymer, who, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Mildred Freshwater, has taken up that lady's part at very short notice." . . .

A COUPLE of hours later Hughie, roaring very gently for so great a lion, was engaged in paddling a Canadian canoe down to Ditton Corner.

The canoe contained one passenger, who, with feminine indifference to the inflexible laws of science, was endeavouring to assist its progress by paddling in the wrong direction. Her small person, propped by convenient cushions, was wedged into the bow of the vessel, and her white frock and attenuated black legs were protected from the results of her own efforts at navigation by a spare blazer of Hughie's. Her hat lay on the floor of the canoe, half-full of cherries, and her long hair rippled and glimmered in the afternoon sun. Miss Joan Gaymer would be a beauty some day, but for the present all knowledge of that fact was being tactfully withheld from her. To do her justice, the prospect would have interested her but little. Like most small girls of eleven, she desired nothing so much at present as to resemble a small boy as closely as possible. She would rather have captured one bird's-nest than twenty hearts, and appearances she counted as dross provided she could hold her own in a catherine-wheel competition.

They were rather a silent couple. Joan was filled with that contentment which is beyond words. She was wearing a new frock; she had escaped under an escort almost exclusively male—if we except the benevolent despotism of Mrs Ames—from home, nurse, and governess, to attend a series of purely grown-up functions; and to crown all she was alone in the canoe, a light-blue blazer spread over her knees, with one who represented to her small experience the head and summit of all that a man should—nay, could—be.

"I expect," she remarked, in a sudden burst of exultation, as the canoe slid past two gorgeously arrayed young persons who were seated by the water's edge, "that those two are pretty sorry they're not in this canoe with us."

The ladies referred to arose and walked inland with some deliberation. Hughie did not answer. His brow was knitted and his manner somewhat absent.

"Hughie," announced Miss Gaymer reproachfully, "you

are looking very cross at me."

(She had a curiously gruff and hoarse little voice, and suffered in addition from inability to pronounce those elusive consonants r and l. So she did not say "very cross," but "ve'y c'oss" in a deep bass.

Hughie roused himself.

"Sorry, Joey," he said, "I was thinking."

"Sec'ets?" inquired Miss Gaymer, all agog with femininity at once.

"No."

"Oh"—rather disappointedly. "About your old boat, then?"

"Yes," said Hughie untruthfully. "Do you quite understand how we race?"

"I *think* so," said the child. "Your boat is second, and it wants to bump into the boat in f'ont—is that it?"

"Yes."

"Well, do it just when you pass us, will you?"

"I'll try," said Hughie, beginning to brighten up. "But it may take longer than that. About the Railway Bridge, I should think."

"And after the race will *you* take me home again?" inquired the lady anxiously.

"Can't be done, I'm afraid. The race finishes miles from Ditton, where you will be; and I shouldn't be able to get back in time. You had better drive home with the others."

"When shall I see you again, then?" demanded Miss Gaymer, who was not of an age to be reticent about the trend of her virgin affections.

"About seven. You are all coming to dine in my rooms."

"Ooh!" exclaimed his companion in a flutter of excitement. "How long can I sit up?"

"Ask Mrs Ames," replied the diplomatic Hughie.

"Till *ten?*" hazarded Joey, with the air of one initiating a Dutch auction.

"Don't ask *me*, old lady."

"Supposing," suggested Miss Gaymer craftily, "that you was to say you wanted me to sit up and keep you company?"

Hughie laughed.

"Afraid that wouldn't work. I have to go out about nine to a Bump Supper."

"What's that?"

"A College supper, in honour of the men who have been rowing."

"I like suppers," said Miss Gaymer tentatively.

Hughie smiled.

"I don't think you'd like this one, Joey," he said.

"Why? Don't they have any sixpences or thimbles in the t'ifle?" said Miss Gaymer, in whose infant mind the word supper merely conjured up a vision of sticky children, wearing paper caps out of crackers, distending themselves under adult supervision.

"I don't think they *have* any trifle."

"Perfectly p'eposterous!" commented Miss Gaymer with heat. (I think it has already been mentioned that she spent a good deal of her time in the company of Jimmy Marrable.) "Ices?"

"Let me see. Yes—sometimes."

"Ah!" crooned Joey, with a happy little sigh. "*Can't* I come?"

"Afraid not, madam. Bump Suppers are for gentlemen only."

"I should like that," said madam frankly.

"And they are rather noisy. You might get frightened."

"Not if I was sitting alongside of you," was the tender reply.

Joey's anxiety for his company renewed Hughie's depression of spirits. Admiration and confidence are very desirable tributes to receive, but when they come from every quarter save the right one the desirability of that quarter is only intensified. Poor human nature! Hughie sighed again in a manner which caused the entire canoe to vibrate. Miss Gaymer suddenly turned the conversation.

"What was that person talking to you about, Hughie?" she inquired.

"Who?"

"That person that came with us in the train. Miss——" Joey's mouth twisted itself into a hopeless tangle.

"Freshwater?" said Hughie, reddening.

"Yes. When you were taking us round the Co'ege after lunch you and her stayed behind on the top of the Chapel, while the rest of us were coming down. When I was waiting for you, I heard her say: 'You're the first to hear of it, Hughie.' To hear of what?"

Hughie looked genuinely disturbed.

"I don't know whether she wants it known yet, Joey," he said.

Miss Gaymer assumed an expression before which she knew that most gentlemen of her acquaintance, from Uncle Jimmy down to the coachman at home, were powerless.

"Hughie dear, you'll tell *me*, won't you?" she said.

Hughie, making a virtue of necessity (for he saw the child would find out the truth somehow), agreed.

"Well, promise you won't tell anybody," he said.

"All right," agreed Miss Gaymer, pleasantly intrigued.

"She's going to be married," said Hughie, in a voice which he endeavoured to make as matter-of-fact as possible. It was not a very successful effort. At twenty-one these things hurt quite as much, if not so lastingly, as in later life.

"I'm ve'y g'ad to hear it," remarked Miss Gaymer with composure.

Hughie looked at the small flushed face before him rather curiously.

"Why, Joey?" he asked.

"Never mind!" replied Miss Gaymer primly.

After that the conversation languished, for they were approaching the race-course, and boats of every size and rig were thronging round them. There was the stately family gig, with an academic and myopic paterfamilias at the helm and his numerous progeny at the oars, sweeping the deep of surrounding craft like Van Tromp's broom. There was the typical May Week ar-

gosy, consisting of a rowing-man's mother and sisters, left in the care of two or three amorous but un-nautical cricketers, what time their relative performed prodigies of valour in the Second Division. There was also a particularly noisome home-made motor-boat—known up and down the river from Granchester to Ely as "The Stinkpot"—about the size of a coffin, at present occupied (in the fullest sense of the word) by its designer, builder, and owner; who, packed securely into his craft, with his feet in a pile of small coal, the end of the boiler in the pit of his stomach, and the engines working at fever heat between his legs, was combining the duties of stoker, engineer, helmsman, and finally (with conspicuous success) director of ramming operations.

Through these various obstacles Hughie, despite the assistance of his passenger, directed his canoe with unerring precision, and finally brought up with all standing beside the piles at Ditton. He experienced no difficulty in making arrangements for the return journey of the canoe, for a gentleman of his acquaintance begged to be allowed the privilege of navigating it home, pleading internal pressure in his own craft as the reason. Hughie granted the boon with alacrity, merely wondering in his heart which of the three languishing damsels planted round his friend's tea-urn he had to thank for the deliverance.

They found the fly in a good position close to the water, with the rest of the party drinking tea, and meekly wondering when the heroes who dotted the landscape in various attitudes of nervousness would disencumber themselves of their gorgeous trappings and get to business. Hughie deposited Joan beside a mountain of buns and a fountain of tea, and, after expressing a hope that every one was getting on all right, announced that the Second Division might be expected to paddle down at any moment now.

This statement involved a chorus of questions regarding the technicalities of rowing which that model of utility, Mr Lunn, had confessed himself unable to answer, and which had accordingly been held over till Hughie's arrival.

Hughie's rather diffident impersonation of Sir Oracle, and his intricate explanation of the exact difference between bucketing and tubbing (listened to with respectful interest by surrounding tea-parties), was suddenly interrupted by a small but insistent voice, which besought him to turn the tap off and look pretty for a moment.

There was a shout of laughter, and Hughie turned round, to find that one of those privileged and all too inveterate attendants upon the modern athlete, a photographer, was (with the assistance of a megaphone) maintaining a reputation for

humorous offensiveness at his expense upon the towpath opposite.

After this the Second Division paddled down to the start, arrayed in colours which would have relegated such competitors as King Solomon and the lilies of the field to that euphemistic but humiliating category indicated by the formula "Highly Commended." Presently they returned, unclothed to an alarming and increasing extent, and rowing forty to the minute. One crew brought off a "gallery" bump right at Ditton Corner, to the joy of the galaxy of beauty and fashion thereon assembled. The bumped crew made the best of an inglorious situation by running into the piles and doubling up the nose of the boat, which suddenly buckled and assumed a sentry-box attitude over the head of the apoplectic gentleman who was rowing bow. The good ship herself incontinently sank, all hands going down with her like an octet of Casabiancas. Whereupon applause for the victors was turned into cries of compassion for the vanquished. However, as all concerned shook themselves clear of the wreck without difficulty and paddled contentedly to the bank, the panic subsided, and the rest of the procession raced past without further incident.

As the last boat, remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, accompanied by a coloured gentleman ringing a dinner-bell and a spectacled don who trotted alongside chaunting "Well rowed, Non-Collegiate Students!" creaked dismally past, Hughie arose and shook himself.

"Our turn now," he said. "So long, everybody!"

"Good luck, Hughie!" said Mrs Ames. "Your health!" she waved her cup and then took a sip of tea.

There was a chorus of good wishes from the party, and one or two neighbouring enthusiasts raised a cry of "Benedict's!" which swelled to a roar as Hughie, flushing red, elbowed his way out of the paddock and steered a course for a ferry-boat a hundred yards down the Long Reach. Popular feeling, which likes a peg upon which to hang its predilections, was running high in favour of Hughie and his practically single-handed endeavour to humble the pride of the All Saints men, with their four Blues and five years' Headship.

Still, though many a man's —especially a young man's— heart would have swelled excusably enough at such homage, Hughie cared very little for these things. The notoriety of the sporting paper and the picture-postcard attracted him not at all. He was doggedly determined to take his boat to the Head of the river, not for the glory the achievement would bring him, but for the very simple and sufficient reason that he had made up his mind, four Blues notwithstanding, to leave it there before he went down. A Cambridge man's pride in his College is a very

real thing. An Oxford man will tell you that he is an Oxford man. A Cambridge man will say: "I was at such-and-such a College, Cambridge." Which sentiment is the nobler need not be decided here, but the fact remains.

However, there was a fly in the ointment. Amid the expressions of goodwill that emanated from Hughie's own party one voice had been silent. The omission was quite unintentional, for Miss Mildred Freshwater's head had been buried in a hamper in search of spoons at the moment of Hughie's departure. But to poor Hughie, who for all his strength was no more reasonable where his affections were concerned than other and weaker brethren, the circumstance bereft the ovation of the one mitigating feature it might otherwise have possessed for him.

As he strode along the bank to where the ferry-boat was waiting, he heard a pattering of feet behind. A small, hot, and rather grubby hand was thrust into his, and Miss Gaymer remarked—

"I'm coming as far as that boat with you, Hughie. Can I?"

"All right, Joey," he replied.

They had only a few yards farther to go. Miss Gaymer looked up into her idol's troubled countenance.

"What's the matter, Hughie?" she inquired.

"Joey, I've got the hump."

Miss Gaymer squeezed his arm affectionately.

"Never mind, I'll marry you when I'm grown up," she announced, rather breathlessly.

Hughie felt a little awed, as a man must always when he realises that a woman, however old or young, loves him. He smiled down on the slim figure beside him.

"You're a good sort, Joey," he said. "One of the best!"

Miss Gaymer returned contentedly to her tea, utterly and absolutely rewarded for the effort involved by the sacrifice of her maidenly reserve.

CHAPTER FIVE.—THE JOY OF BATTLE.

Hughie stepped out of the ferry-boat on to the towpath, which was crowded with young men hastening to the places where the boats were moored and young women who would have been much better employed on the opposite bank.

The punctilious Hughie was looking about for a friendly hedge or other protection behind which he might decorously slip off the white flannel trousers which during the afternoon had been veiling the extreme brevity of his rowing-shorts, when he was tapped upon the shoulder. He turned and found himself faced by a stout clean-shaven man, with eyes that twinkled cheerfully behind round spectacles. He looked like what he was, a country parson of the best type, burly,

humorous, and shrewd, with unmistakable traces of the schoolmaster about him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with a rather old-fashioned bow, "but are you Mr Marrable?"

Hughie admitted the fact.

"Well, I just want to say that I hope you are going Head to-night. You are to row Stroke yourself, I hear."

"Yes."

"Quite right, quite right! It's a desperate thing to change your crew about between races, but it's our only chance. You could never have caught them with the man you had last night. He's plucky, but he can't pick a crew up and take them with him. Have you been out in the new order?"

"Yes. We had a short spin a couple of hours ago."

"Satisfactory?"

"Yes, very fair."

"That's excellent. Now we shall see a race!"

The speaker turned and walked beside Hughie in the direction of the Railway Bridge. Hughie wondered who he could be.

"I suppose you are an old member of the College, sir," he said.

"Yes. Haven't been able to come up for fifteen years, though."

"In the crew, perhaps?" continued Hughie, observing his companion's mighty chest — it had slipped down a little in fifteen years — and shoulders.

"Yes"—rather diffidently.

"I thought so. About what year?"

The stranger told him.

Hughie grew interested.

"You must have been in D'Arcy's crew," he said— "the great D'Arcy. My father knew him well. *Were* you?"

"Er—yes."

"My word!" Hughie's eyes blazed at the mention of the name, which, uttered anywhere along the waterside between Putney Bridge and Henley, still rouses young oarsmen to respectful dreams of distant emulation and middle-aged coaches to floods of unreliable reminiscence. "He must have been a wonder in his time. Did you know him well? What sort of chap was he?"

"Well — you see — I *am* D'Arcy," replied the stranger apologetically.

After that he gave Hughie advice about the coming race.

"I have watched the All Saints crew for three nights now," he said. "They are a fine lot, and beautifully together; but it is my opinion that they can't last."

"They're a bit too sure of themselves," said Hughie. "Too many Blues in the boat."

"How many?"

"Four. Seven, Six, Five, and Bow."

"Good! They are probably labouring under the delusion that a boat with four Blues in it is four times as good as a boat with one Blue in it. Consequently they haven't trained very hard, especially those two fat men in the middle

of the boat. What about their Stroke?"

"Pretty enough, but a rotter when it comes to the pinch."

"Good again! Well, these fellows have not once been extended during the races, for you gave them no sort of a run last night. You went to bits at the start and never quite recovered. However, that will give All Saints some false confidence, which is just what we want. Now what do you propose to do to-night? Jump on to their tails at the start?"

"No good," said Hughie. "They are too old birds for that game. Besides, my crew want very carefully working up to a fast stroke. I can't trust Six at anything above thirty-four. He'll go on rowing that all day; but if I quicken up to thirty-six or seven he gets flustered, and forty sends him clean off his nut after about a minute. No, we must just wear them down."

"Quite right," said D'Arcy. "If you are within a length at the Railway Bridge you ought just to do it."

"The difficulty is," said Hughie ruefully, "that the crew are only good for about one spurt. It's a good spurt, I must say, but if it fails we are done. They can never slow down to a steady stroke again—especially Six. So it simply has to be made at the right moment. The difficulty is to know when."

"Have you got a reliable cox?"

"First-class."

"Can't he tell you?"

"Too much row going on," said Hughie. "The whole College will be on the towpath to-night."

The Reverend William D'Arcy plunged his hand into the tail-pocket of his clerical frock-coat, and produced therefrom a large-pattern service revolver.

"Look here," he said. "You would be able to hear this lethal weapon on the Day of Judgment itself. Will you consent to take your time from me?"

"Rather! Thank you, sir." There was no doubting the sincerity of Hughie's gratitude.

"Well," continued the clergyman briskly, "I shall wait by the Railway Bridge, on the Barnwell side, away from the towpath. If you have made your bump before that you won't want me. Well and good. But I don't think you *will* have made it, and I don't advise you to try. For the first half of the course those All Saints men will match you stroke for stroke, and if you hustle your heavy man at Six he will probably lose his head. As you pass under the Railway Bridge quicken slightly—not more than two strokes a minute, though. I have six shots in this revolver. When you hear two of them, that will mean that you are getting within jumping distance and must be ready for the spurt. When you hear the remaining four in quick succession you must simply swing out and put the very last ounce of your

blood and bones and bodies and souls into it. And if you catch 'em," concluded the reverend gentleman, "by gad! I'll dance the Cachuca on the bank!"

By this time they had reached the spot where their racing-shell—sixty-two feet of flimsy cedar wood—was lying waiting for them. The rest of the crew, already assembled, were standing about in the attitudes of profound dejection or forced hilarity which appear to be the only alternatives of deportment open to men who are suffering from what is expressively termed "the needle." Some were whistling, others were yawning, and all were wondering why on earth men took up rowing as a pastime.

Hughie gathered his Argonauts into a knot, and at his request the Reverend William D'Arcy outlined to them the plan of campaign. Then the crew embarked, and the stout clergyman assisted the grizzled College boatman — the only person present, by the way, whose nerves appeared unaffected by the prevailing tension —to push their craft clear of the bank, and set them going on a half-minute dash as a preliminary to their long paddle down the course to the starting-point of the race.

In accordance with a picturesque but peculiar custom they wore in their straw hats bunches of marigolds and cornflowers—the College colours—as an intimation that they had achieved bumps during the preceding nights; and so bedecked they paddled majestically down the Long Reach, feeling extremely valorous and looking slightly ridiculous, to challenge a comparison (in which they were hopelessly outclassed from the start) with the headgear of the assembled fair in Ditton Paddock.

The method of sending off a bumping race is the refinement of cruelty.

As each boat reaches its starting-post the crews disembark and stand dismally about, listening to the last exhortations of coaches or nervously eyeing the crew behind them. Presently an objectionably loud piece of artillery, situated half-way down the long line of boats, goes off with a roar. This is called "first gun," and means chiefly that there will be another in three minutes. The crew mournfully denude themselves of a few more articles of their already scanty wardrobe, which they pile upon the shoulders of the perspiring menial whose duty it is to convey the same to the finishing-post, and crawl one by one into their places in the boat. Finally, the coxswain coils himself into his seat and takes both rudder-lines in his left hand, leaving the right free to grasp the end of the boat's last link with *terra firma*, her starting-chain. Then the second gun goes, and the crew shudder and know that in sixty seconds precisely they must start.

The ritual observed during the final minute is complicated in the extreme, and varies directly with the nervous sys-

tem of the coach, who dances upon the bank with a stop-watch in his hand, to time the ministrations of the College boatman, who stands by with a long boat-hook ready to prod the vessel into midstream.

"Fifteen seconds gone," says the coach. "Push her out, Ben."

Ben complies, with a maddening but wise deliberation. If the boat is pushed out too promptly the starting-chain will grow taut and tug the stern of the boat inwards towards the bank, just when her nose should be pointing straight upstream. But this elementary truth does not occur to the frenzied octett in the boat. The gun will go, and bow-side will find their oar-blades still resting on the tow-path. They *know* it.

"Thirty seconds gone," says the coach. "Paddle on gently, Bow and Two."

His object is to get the full advantage of the length of the chain, but Bow and Two know better. They are convinced that he merely desires that they shall be caught at a disadvantage when the gun fires. However, they paddle on as requested, with a palsied stealthiness that suggests Musical Chairs.

"Fifteen seconds left," says the coach. "Are you straight, Cox? Ten more sec——"

Ah! As usual the chain has drawn tight, and the stern of the boat is being dragged inwards again.

"Paddle on, Two!" yells the coxswain.

Two gives a couple of frenzied digs; the Dervish with the watch, accompanied by a ragged and inaccurate chorus all down the bank, chants "Five, four, three, two——"; there is a terrific roar from the gun; the coxswain drops the chain; the boatman slips the point of his boathook (which, between ourselves, has been doing the lion's share in keeping the ship's head straight) from Five's rigger; and they are off.

The Benedictine crew got under way very unostentatiously. Their coach was actually rowing in the All Saints boat—and it would be difficult to select a more glowing testimonial to the sterling sportsmanship of English rowing—so the starting operations were wisely left to the College boatman, who had performed the office for something like half a century. The flight of time was recorded by Hughie himself from the watch which hung on his stretcher beside his right foot. The experienced Mr Dishart-Watson kept those too-often fatally intimate acquaintances, the rudder-lines and starting-chain, tactfully apart, and the St Benedict's boat got off the mark with a start that brought her within a length of All Saints during the first half-minute.

After that their opponents drew away. As D'Arcy had said, they were a seasoned crew, and nothing short of sheer superiority would wear them down. The two boats swung round Grassy Corner and entered the Plough Reach

about their distance apart. All Saints were rowing the faster stroke.

Hughie, who was keeping to a steady thirty-two, felt with satisfaction that the men behind him were well together. Number Seven, small but plucky, was setting bow-side a beautiful example in steady swing and smart finish. Six —Mr Puffin — was rowing a great blade. To look at him now you would ask why he had not been included in the University Crew. If you saw him trying to row forty to the minute you would marvel that he should be included in any crew at all.

Five was not looking happy. He was lying back too far and tugging at the finish. To him the boat seemed heavier than usual, for he was just beginning to realise the difference between seconding the efforts of Hughie Marrable and those of Mr Duncombe. Still, he was plugging gamely. Four, a painstaking person, was encouraging himself in a fashion entirely his own. After every stroke, as he sat up and swung forward, he gasped out some little *sotto voce* remark to himself, such as —"Oh, well *rowed*, Four! . . . Stick to it, Four! . . . Use your *legs*, old man! . . . That's better! . . . That's a *beauty!* . . . Oh, well *rowed*, Four!" And so on. Where he got the necessary breath for these exercises nobody knew; but some folk possess these little peculiarities, and row none the worse for them. Bow was another instance. He was a chirpy but eccentric individual, and used to sing to himself some little ditty of the moment—or possibly a hymn—all through a race, beginning with the first stroke and ending exactly, if possible, with the last. He had been known, when stroking a boat, to quicken up to a perfectly incredible rate simply because he feared that the song would end before he completed the course, a contingency which he regarded as unlucky in the extreme. On the other hand, he would become quite depressed if he had to stop in the middle of a verse, and he was quite capable of rowing *rallentando* if he desired to synchronise his two conclusions.

But few people have the time or inclination for these diversions while oscillating upon a sixteen-inch slide, and the rest of the crew were swinging at and plugging in grim silence.

The two boats swept into the roaring medley of Ditton Corner. They flashed past the row of piles and tethered punts amid a hurricane of shouts and waving handkerchiefs. Hughie, wrongfully exercising his privilege as Stroke, allowed his eyes to slide to the right for a moment. He had a fleeting glimpse of the crimson and excited countenance of Miss Gaymer, as some man held her aloft in the crowd. Then the boat gave a slight lurch, and Joey was swallowed up again. Hughie felt guiltily responsible for the lurch, and recalling his gaze into the proper channel — straight over the coxswain's right shoulder —

swung out again long and steadily.

"Are we straight yet?" he gasped to Dishy.

"Yes—just."

"Tell 'em to reach out a bit."

Mr Watson complied, in tones that rose high above the tumult on the bank and penetrated even into the harmonious soul of Bow, who was grappling with a difficult cadenza at the moment.

"Six good ones!" said Hughie, next time his face swung up towards the coxswain's.

"Now, you men, six good ones!" echoed Dishy. "*One! Two!* Five, you're late! *Three! Four! Five!* Bow, get hold of it! *Six!* Oh, well rowed!"

There was a delighted roar from the bank. The Benedictine crew were together again after the unsteadiness round Ditton.

"How far?" signalled Hughie's lips.

"Length — and — a — half," replied Cox. "Less," he added, peering ahead.

They were half-way up the Long Reach now. In another minute or two they would be at the Railway Bridge, beyond which hard-pressed boats are popularly supposed to be safe.

"Tell 'em—going—quicken," gurgled Hughie—"if can."

Cox nodded, rather doubtfully, and Hughie ground his teeth. If only this accursed noise on the bank would cease, even for five seconds, Dishy would get a chance to make the crew hear. As it was, the ever-increasing crowd, rolling up fresh adherents like a snowball, made that feat almost an impossibility.

But the coxswain was a man of experience and resource. Just as the boat passed under the Railway Bridge itself there was a momentary silence, for the crew were shut off from their supporters by some intervening balks of timber. Dishy seized the opportunity.

"Be ready to quicken," he yelled. "Now! Oh, well done!"

The crew had heard him, and what was more, they had obeyed him. Stroke in the All Saints boat suddenly realised that the oncoming foe had quickened to thirty-five or six, and that the interval between the two boats had shrunk to something under a length. He spurted in his turn, and his men spurted with him, but their length of stroke grew proportionately shorter, and the pace of the boat did not increase. St Benedict's were holding their advantage.

"Half a length," said Dishy, in response to an agonised interrogation from Hughie's right eyebrow.

Suddenly above the tumult there rang out two reverberating revolver-shots. A stout clergyman, whooping like a Choctaw, was tearing along the right bank of the river, which was practically clear of spectators, with his weapon smoking in his hand. Dishy's voice rose to a scream.

"Look out—be ready! *Only* six feet!"

And now the musical gentleman who was rowing bow felt the boat lift unsteadily under him. A wave rolled across the canvas decking behind him, and he felt a splash of water on his back.

"Washing us off!" was his comment. "Glory, glory! Another verse 'll do it. Now then, all together—

"'*What though the spicy breezes*
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's——'"

Bang! bang! bang! bang!

The great service revolver rang out. The nose of the Benedictine boat, half submerged in a boiling flood, suddenly sprang to within three feet of the All Saints rudder.

"*Now*, you men!" Mr Dishart-Watson's wizened and saturnine countenance shrank suddenly and alarmingly to a mere rim surrounding his mouth. "Just *ten* more! *One—two*——"

Like St Francis of Assisi, "Of all his body he made a tongue." He counted the strokes in tones that overtopped all the roars of encouragement and apprehension arising from the now hopelessly mixed-up mob of Benedictine and All Saints men that raged alongside. Hughie Marrable quickened and quickened, and his crew responded sturdily. Faster and faster grew the stroke, and more and more pertinaciously did the nose of the Benedictine boat plough its way through the turbid waves emitted by the twitching rudder in front. Never had they travelled like this. Six was rowing like a man possessed. Four had ceased to encourage himself, and was plugging automatically with his chest open and his eyes shut. Bow may or may not have been singing: he was certainly rowing. There was a world of rolling and splashing, for the All Saints coxswain was manipulating his rudder very skilfully, and ever and again the aggressive nose of the Benedictine boat was sent staggering back by a rolling buffeting wave. But there was no stopping the Benedictines.

Suddenly Dishy gave vent to a final cataclysmic bellow.

"You're overlapping!"

They were almost at Charon's Grind. The coxswain's lank body stiffened in its little seat, and Hughie saw him lean hard over and haul on to the right-hand rudder-line.

"Last three strokes! Now, you devils! *Plug! plug! pl*—— Aa—a—ee—ooh—ee—easy all! Oh, well rowed, well rowed, well rowed!"

There was a lurch and a bump.

"Done it! . . . '*Bows down to wood and stone,*'" gasped Bow.

The eight men let go their oars and tumbled forward on to their stretchers, and listened, with their heads and hearts bursting, to the din that raged on the bank.

It was a fine confused moment.

In the boat itself Cox was vainly endeavouring to shake hands with Stroke, who lay

doubled up over his oar, with his head right down in the bottom of the boat, oblivious to everything save the blessed fact that he need not row any more. Consciousness that he had taken his crew to the Head of the River was yet to come. At the other end Bow, with his head clasped between his knees, was croaking half-hysterically to himself—"Two bars too soon, Hughie! Oh, my aunt, we've gone Head! Two bars too soon!"

On the towpath every one was shouting and shaking hands with indiscriminate *bonhomie*—this was one of those occasions upon which even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer—and everybody, with one exception, seemed to be ringing a bell or blowing a trumpet. The exception was supplied by a trio of young gentlemen, two of whom held an enormous Chinese gong suspended between them, while a third smote the same unceasingly with a mallet, and cried aloud the name of Marrable. It must be recorded here, to his honour, that the smiter bore upon his forehead an enormous and highly-coloured bruise, suggestive of sudden contact with, say, a bedroom-door.

On the opposite bank of the river a stout, middle-aged, and apparently demented Clerk in Holy Orders was dancing the Cachuca.

BOOK TWO.—*FORTITER IN RE.*

CHAPTER SIX.—KNIGHT-ERRANTRY *À LA MODE.*

If all good Americans go to Paris when they die, it may safely be predicted that all the bad ones will be booked through to Coney Island.

So much may be inferred from the regularity and zeal with which the Toughs, Hoboes, Bowery Boys, and other fearful wildfowl of the Yankee proletariat, accompanied by the corresponding female of the species, betake themselves every Sabbath by trolley-car or river-steamer to this haunt of ancient peace (which, by the way, is not an island and harbours no conies).

Take Margate and Douglas and Blackpool, and pile them into an untidy heap; throw in a dozen Fun-Cities from Olympia and half a score of World's Fairs from the Agricultural Hall; add some of the less reputable features of Earl's Court and Neuilly Fair; include a race-course of the baser sort; case the whole in wood, and people it with sallow gentlemen in striped jerseys and ladies answering exclusively to such names as Hattie, Sadie, and Mamie, reared up apparently upon an exclusive diet of peanuts and clam-chowder; keep the whole multitude duly controlled and disciplined by a police force which, if appearances go for anything, has been recruited entirely from the criminal classes; and you will

be able faintly to realise what Coney Island can do when it tries on a fine Sunday in summer.

So thought Hughie Marrable. He had been wandering round the world for nine years now, but not even a previous acquaintance with the Devil Dancers of Ceylon, the unhallowed revels of Port Said, or the refinements of a Central African Witch Hunt (with full tom-tom accompaniment), had quite prepared him for this. Still, it was part and parcel of Life, and Life was what he had left England to see.

He had arrived in New York from San Francisco two days ago. But let it not be imagined that he had been conveyed thither by any Grand-Trunk-Ocean-to-Ocean-Limited, or other refinement of an effete modernity. His trans-continental journey had occupied just three years. Since the day on which he steamed through the Golden Gate on a tramp-freighter from Yokohama he had been working his way eastward by easy stages, acquiring experience (as Jimmy Marrable had directed) of the manner in which the other half of the world lives. Incidentally he had mixed cocktails behind a Nevada bar; learned to fire a revolver without taking it out of his pocket; accompanied a freight train over the Rockies in the capacity of assistant brakeman—his duties were chiefly confined to standing by with a coupling-pin, to discourage the enterprise of those gentlemen of the road who proposed to travel without tickets; and once, in a Southern State, he had been privileged to be present at that ennobling spectacle to which the brightest nation on earth occasionally treats the representatives of an older civilisation—the lynching of a negro.

In a few days Hughie would sail for England, on board the mighty *Apulia*. It was not often that he travelled in such ostentatious luxury—the primitive man in him leaned towards something damp and precarious on board a sailing-ship or a collier; but he happened to know that the *Apulia* intended going for the ocean record this trip; and since the Third Engineer happened to be a friend of his, Hughie had decided that four-and-a-half days and nights down among the humming turbines and the spirits that controlled them would be cheap at the price of an expensively upholstered state-room many decks above, in which he would leave his baggage and occasionally sleep.

For all that, he had cast a regretful eye only that very morning on a battered little tramp-steamer which was loading up with cargo alongside a wharf at Hoboken, due to sail for Europe, so a stevedore told him, in about two days' time.

To-morrow he was to be taken yachting in New York Harbour by an old P. and O. acquaintance, whom he had faithfully "looked up," in accordance with a two-year-old promise, at his city office that morning. In the evening, at the invitation of an American actor to whom he had

once been of service in Calcutta, he was to dine at the Lambs' Club—the New York equivalent of the Garrick and Green Room, with a dash of the Eccentric thrown in,—and the next day he was to pay a flying visit to Atlantic City.

Meanwhile he was putting in a few off-hours at Coney Island. He had watched the Islanders bathing, had witnessed a display of highly—not to say epileptically—Animated Pictures, had spent half-an-hour in an open *café-chantant*, where a bevy of tired-looking girls in short skirts pranced about with mechanical abandon at the back of the small stage, shouting the chorus of a ditty which a wheezy lady (who looked like the mother of all chorus-girls) was singing at the front; and had declined a pressing invitation from the keeper of an Anatomical Museum to step inside and "have a dollar's worth for a dime."

Finally he drifted into a small theatre, where a melodrama of distinctly British flavour (seasoned to the Coney Island palate by a few distinctly local interpolations) was unfolding itself to a closely packed and hard-breathing audience.

To judge from the state of the atmosphere the entertainment had been in progress for some time. As Hughie took his seat the curtain rose on a moonlit military scene. Figures wrapped in great-coats sat round a camp-fire upon the audience's right hand, the only plainly recognisable character being the Heroine, who, attired as a hospital nurse and positively starred with red crosses, was sewing aloofly upon an erection which looked like a sarcophagus, but was marked in plain figures "Ambulence." A sentry, who from his gait Hughie took (rightly) to be the Comic Man, was pacing up and down at the back.

Presently the guard was changed, with much saluting of a pattern unknown at any War Office, and the Comic Man, released from duty, was called upon to sing "that dear ole song you useter sing at 'ome." The cold light of the moon having been temporarily replaced by broad daylight, in order to give the singer's facial expression full play, he obliged; though why any one who had heard him sing the song before should have asked him to sing it again passed Hughie's comprehension. Next a drummer-boy (female) was called upon by the company, and after a great exhibition of reluctance—fully justified by her subsequent performance—gave vent to a patriotic ditty, in which the only distinguishable rhymes were "Black Watch" and "Scotch."

These revels brought the Hero on to the stage. He was attired in clerical dress and a cavalry helmet; and, sitting down beside the Heroine upon the sarcophagus, he proceeded, oblivious of the presence of the entire guard, who were huddled round the fire not more than five feet away, to make her a proposal of marriage; quoting Scripture to some purpose, and

extorting a demure affirmative from the lady just before the Comic Man, who had obviously been lamenting that the success of the piece should be imperilled by such stuff as this, upset the soup-kettle, and so gave a fresh turn to the proceedings.

All this time Hughie had been conscious of an increasing feeling of curiosity as to the identity of the only member of the glee-party round the fire who so far had made no contribution to the entertainment. He darkly suspected him of being the Villain, though what the Villain should be doing unrecognised at such a period of the play—it was about the third act—was hard to understand. However, the mystery was now cleared up by a French *vivandière*—by this time it was plain that the scene was laid in the Crimea—who called upon the mysterious one, in the accents of Stratford-atte-Bowe, for a song and dance. No reply being forthcoming, the entire company (precipitately, but quite correctly, as it happened) rose up and denounced the stranger as a Russian and a spy. They had only themselves to blame for his presence, for apparently he had strolled up and joined the party quite promiscuously; and no one had thought, so far, of asking him who he was or even of addressing him.

The audience now sat up expectantly. But instead of taking the spy prisoner and shooting him on sight, the entire company hurried off R.U.E.—possibly to bring up their big guns or find a policeman. These deplorable tactics did not meet with the reward they deserved, for the Villain, instead of bolting off L. as fast as he could, lingered upon the stage to tell the audience that he had come back to have one more go at the Hero. (Goodness knows how many he had had.) The Hero obligingly appeared at that moment, and a section (whose numbers appeared to increase as the play proceeded) of the audience shouted to the Villain to cut in and do it now. But portentous trampings "off" announced the return of the glee-party, and the Villain, finding that he could not execute his perfectly justifiable design without considerable danger to his own person, and was in fact in a particularly tight place himself, suddenly appealed (with considerable "nerve," it seemed to Hughie) to the Hero, as a Cleric, to save him. The Hero (who was evidently a fool as well as a bore) immediately complied. "You must take upon you my identity," he remarked. In a twinkling they had exchanged great-coats, and the Villain was now by all the laws of Melodrama completely disguised as the Hero. He dashed off L., just as a perfect avalanche of people, who had been faithfully and increasingly marking time in the wings, poured on to the stage R., and endeavoured almost to poke their rifles into the Hero's breast. But just as a nervous female in the audience, apprehensive about the sudden discharge of fire-arms, convulsively gripped

Hughie's left elbow, the Heroine dashed on from nowhere, and taking her stand before the Hero—apparently she was the only person upon the stage who recognised him—uttered these thrilling but mysterious words: "You kennot far erpon ther Red Kerawss!"

Curtain, amid thunders of applause.

After a commendably short interval the curtain rose upon the next act. The Hero was now discovered asleep (under what must have struck any thoughtful member of the audience as highly compromising circumstances for a clergyman) in the cottage of a stout lady in a very short skirt and fur-topped boots; whom, from the fact that her opening soliloquy commenced with the words, "Har, vell!" the audience rightly adjudged to be a Russian. This lady, it was soon plain, was consumed by a secret passion for the Hero. In fact, she proclaimed it (to the audience) in such strident tones that it was surprising that its object did not wake up.

This scene soon resolved itself into a series of determined efforts on the part of the Villain to terminate the existtence of the Hero—an enterprise in which he by this time commanded the whole-hearted support of the greater part of the audience. His first attempt was foiled by the Comic Man, who entered singing *Keep the baby warm, Mother!* just as he had crawled within striking distance of the unwakeable Hero. Muttering curses, the unfortunate man announced his intention of retiring "to the woods," pending another opportunity. But he had no luck. Just as the Comic Man performed a humorous exit through the window, the stout lady—most of the other characters, by the way, addressed her as "Tinker": possibly her name was Katinka—came in through the door, filled with the forebodings of what she called "loove." Her subsequent course of action could certainly only have been condoned on the plea of emotional insanity. She unceremoniously bundled the Hero out of bed—fortunately he had gone there in his boots—and sent him off on a transparent wild-goose chase to the "trenches." Then she got into bed herself, and when the Villain came crawling back from "the woods," brandishing his knife in the limelight, the audience were treated to a sort of up-to-date rendering of *Little Red Riding Hood*, the part of the Wolf being sustained by Katinka, and that of Red Riding Hood by the now hopelessly demoralised Villain, who was once more chased back to his arboreal lurking-place with the muzzle of a revolver in the small of his back.

In the next and final act the Villain made a supreme effort. He began by slaying the drummer-boy—presumably to keep his hand in,—but on going through his victim's pockets in search of certain "despatches" which that youthful hero had undertaken to carry through the Russian lines—where to, heaven knows!

—the unfortunate man discovered a locket, which instantly revealed to him the surprising, but none the less distressing, intelligence that he had slain his own son. His anguish was pitiful to behold, and when the Hero came on and began to rub it in by further excerpts from the Scriptures, the audience to a man decided that if the Villain brought it off this time no jury would convict, but that he would be bound over at the most. He certainly set about the business with more gumption than usual. Waiting until the Hero was well launched into "Secondly," with the lime-light full in his eyes, he once more produced the glittering knife. Suddenly the ubiquitous Katinka dashed on, and in the most unsportsmanlike manner shot the Villain in the small of the back, at a range of about eighteen inches. He dropped dead across the body of his son (which must have hurt that infant prodigy very much). All the other characters sidled on from the wings and formed a grand concluding tableau, the Hero, egregious to the last and entwined in a stained-glass attitude with the Hospital Nurse, pronouncing a sort of benediction as the curtain fell.

"Doesn't this remind you of the Drama as it used to be dished up to the undergraduates in the old Barn at Cambridge?" remarked a voice.

Hughie turned to the speaker. He found beside him a man of about thirty, with a fair moustache, which half hid a weak but amiable mouth and a receding chin. He was dressed in the thick blue shore-going garments of the seaman, but he looked too slight for an A.B. and too clean for a fireman.

"Deck-hand," said Hughie to himself. "Gentleman once —no, still!"

"Hallo!" he continued aloud. "You seem to know me. Forgive me if I ought to know you, but I can't fix you at present. Odd thing, too, because I don't often forget a face."

"I was up at Cambridge in your time," said the man.

"Not Benedict's?"

"No—Trinity. I was sent down ultimately. But I knew you well by sight. Often saw you in the boat, and so on. You're Marrable, aren't you?"

"Yes. Were you a rowing-man?"

"No. I hunted with the Drag and rode at Cottenham —in those days." He glanced philosophically at his present attire.

"Come and have something," said Hughie. The man interested him. He might, of course, be a mere long-shore shark on the make, or he might be what he looked —a good-hearted, well-born waster—an incorrigible but contented failure. Anyhow, five minutes over a friendly glass would probably settle the question.

"I wonder if it's possible to obtain a decent British drink in this clam-ridden hole," Hughie continued.

"The nearest thing to a product of the British Empire that you'll get here," said the man,

"is Canadian Club whisky; and personally I would rather drink nitric acid. We had better stick to lager. Come along: I know the ropes here."

Presently they found themselves in a German beer saloon, where a stertorous Teuton supplied their needs.

"By the way," said the man, "I have the advantage of you. My name is Allerton. Sorry I forgot!"

"Thanks," said Hughie, rather lamely. "Are you — living out here just now?"

"No," said Allerton simply. "I'm a deck-hand on a tramp-steamer." He spoke easily and freely, as one gentleman to another. He had realised at a glance that he was not about to be made the victim of offensive curiosity or misplaced charity. "She's lying at Hoboken, due out on Tuesday, for Bordeaux."

"French boat?"

"No. American owned, under the British flag, by a fairly competent rascal, too. This trip we are carrying a cargo of Californian wine of sorts. We took it last week from a sailing barque that had brought it round the Horn. She wanted to start back at once, so turned it over to us cheap."

"And you're going to Bordeaux? What does your astute owner want to take coals to Newcastle for?"

"Because everything that comes *out* of Newcastle is labelled coal whether it is coal or not. In other words, this poison will be carried by us to Bordeaux, bottled and sealed, and shipped to England as fine vintage Burgundy. John Bull will drink it and feel none the worse. I'm told it's a paying trade."

"I wish I were going in your boat," said Hughie, rather regretfully. "I'm booked by the *Apulia*."

"Well, look out for the *Orinoco* on your second day out."

"The *Orinoco?* I remember seeing her at Hoboken to-day, and wishing I could make the trip on her."

"I doubt if you'd be of the same opinion after trying conclusions with Mr James Gates, our first 'greaser,'" replied Allerton. "Still, I don't know," he continued, regarding Hughie's brawny form reflectively. "I don't believe he could put the fear of death into you the way he does into most of us. You've knocked about a bit in your time, I dare say, only with more success than I. Perhaps you weren't born with holes in *all* your pockets."

"I say," said Hughie rather diffidently — it is difficult to confer a favour upon a man who is down without offending him—"will you dine with me? Or sup, as it's getting late?"

"I shall be charmed," said the deck-hand. "Shall I show you a place? I know quite a comfortable establishment close by here."

Hughie said "Righto!" and presently they found themselves in the place of entertainment selected by Allerton.

Most of the room was occupied by small tables, at which various couples were eating and drinking. At one end was a platform, upon which an intermittent sort of variety entertainment was in progress.

On the floor at the foot of the platform was a piano. At the piano sat a girl, who accompanied the performers and bridged over the gaps in the programme by selections from the less restrained works of American Masters of Musick. Not far from the stage an unhealthy-looking youth was presiding over a bar. The atmosphere was something between that of a smoking concert and Baker Street Station in the days of the old Underground.

Allerton's lazy nonchalance lasted until the first course was set before him by a smiling blackamoor, and then, with a half-apologetic aside to his host on the subject of his last meal, he fell upon the fare in a manner which brought very vividly home to Hughie's intelligence the difference between an amateur casual like himself, with money enough in his pocket to make it possible to knock off when he tired of the game, and the genuine article. He was not hungry, having in fact dined a couple of hours before; but he did his best by tactful pecking to conceal the fact from his guest. Still, even after he had ordered some wine and duly inspected the cork, he had a good deal of time to look about him.

Presently his attention began to concentrate itself upon the girl at the piano. She was sitting quite near him, and Hughie, always respectfully appreciative where a pretty face was concerned—his wanderings, though they had made him more than ever a master of men, had done little to eradicate his innate attitude of quiet, determined, and occasionally quite undeserved reverence towards women—had time to notice the un-American freshness of her colouring, the regularity of her profile, and the prettiness of her hair. He also observed that the foot which rested upon the pedal of the piano was small and shapely. She was quietly dressed, in a dark-blue serge skirt and a white silk blouse —or "shirt-waist," to employ the mysterious local designation—with short sleeves. She had round arms and good hands.

Hughie wondered what she was doing in a place like this, and, young-man-like, felt vaguely unhappy on her behalf; but experienced a truly British feeling of relief (mingled with slight disappointment) on observing that she wore a wedding-ring. He waxed sentimental. Who was her husband? he wondered. He hoped it was not the proprietor of the establishment—a greasy individual of Semitic appearance, who occasionally found leisure, in the intervals between announcing the "turns" and calling the attention of patrons to the exceptional resources of the bar, to walk across the room and paw the girl affectionately on the shoulder while giving her some directions as to the

music—nor yet the scorbutic young man behind the bar.

His meditations were interrupted by Allerton.

"Marrable, eyes front! And fill up your glass. Hang it, drink fair!"

Hughie turned and regarded his guest. The greater part of a magnum of vitriolic champagne had disappeared down that gentleman's throat. His eye had brightened, and now twinkled facetiously as he surveyed first Hughie and then the girl at the piano.

"*Une petite pièce de tout droit*—eh, what?" he remarked.

Hughie, beginning to understand why his companion was now swabbing decks instead of ruling ancestral acres, nodded shortly.

Allerton noticed his host's momentary distance of manner, and leaned across the table with an air of contrition.

"I'm afraid," he said apologetically, "that I'm getting most infernally full. You see how it is with me, don't you? I'm that sort of bloke. Always have been, from a nipper. Thas—that's why I'm here. It's a pity. And the worst of it is," he added, in a sudden burst of candour, "that I'm going to get much fuller. It's a long time since I tasted this." He touched his glass. "It isn't served out on the *Orinoco*. Do you—er—mind?"

Hughie, with a queer feeling of compassion, smiled reassuringly, and ordered another bottle. If Allerton was about to get drunk, he should get drunk like a gentleman for once in a way.

Then his attention reverted to the piano.

There had been a development. The girl was mechanically playing one of the compositions of that delicate weaver of subtle harmonies, Mr John Philip Sousa; but she was not reading her music. Her eyelids were resolutely lowered, as if she wished to avoid seeing something. The reason resolved itself into a gentleman who was leaning over the front of the piano, gazing amorously down upon the musician, and endeavouring, with surprising success, to make himself heard above one of the composer's most characteristic efforts.

Hughie looked him up and down. He was a big man, powerfully built, with little pig's eyes set close together, and a ponderous and vicious-looking lower jaw. Was *he* her husband? wondered the deeply interested Hughie. No: he was too obviously endeavouring to make himself agreeable.

"Marrable, my son," suddenly interpolated the convivial but observant Allerton, "you're cut out! No use bidding against that customer. Do you know who he is?"

"No. Who?"

"That," replied the deckhand with an air of almost proprietary pride, "is Noddy Kinahan."

"Oh! And who may he be?"

"Gee! (Sorry! one picks up these rotten Yankee expressions, somehow.) I mean, I am surprised you haven't heard of him. He's rather a

big man here. In fact, to be explish—explicit"—Mr Allerton was fast arriving at that stage of intoxication which cannot let well alone, but must tempt Providence by dragging in unnecessarily hard words—"he is my employer."

"Anything else?"

"Political boss of sorts. *Inter alia*—that's good! I'm glad I remembered that. *Inter alia* rhymes with Australia, doesn't it? We'll make up a Limerick on it some time—let me see, where was I? Oh, yesh—yes, I mean—*inter alia*, he owns the *Orinoco* and about a dozen more mouldy old coffins; and very well he does out of them, too! Buys them cheap, and—but excuse further details at present, ole man. To tell you the truth I'm getting so screwed that I'm afraid of saying something that in my calmer moments I shall subsequently regret. A cigar? I thank you. You're a white man, Marrable. Chin chin!"

After this outburst of discretion Mr Allerton returned to the joint worship of Bacchus and Vesta, the difficulty which he experienced in keeping the lighted end of the cigar out of his mouth increasing as the evening advanced, but leaving his cheerfulness unimpaired. His condition was due not so much to the depths of his potations as to the shallowness of his accommodation for the same; and strong-headed Hughie, as he surveyed the weak chin and receding forehead on the other side of the table, mused not altogether without envy upon the strange inequality of that law of nature which decrees that what is a toothful for one man shall be a skinful for another and an anæsthetic for a third.

He was recalled from these musings by the remembrance of the girl at the piano, and turned to see what was happening now.

Mr Noddy Kinahan was returning from an expedition to the bar, carrying a bottle of champagne and a long tumbler. These accessories to conviviality he placed upon the top of the piano, and departed upon a second trip, returning shortly with a wineglassful of brandy. The girl, though she probably observed more of his movements than her low-drooping lashes would seem to allow, made no sign, but continued to play the ragtime tune with a mechanical precision which caused the tumbler upon the top of the piano to tread a lively and self-accompanied measure round its more stolid and heavily-weighted companion.

Mr Kinahan next proceeded to pour himself out a tumblerful of champagne, liberally lacing the foaming liquid with brandy. Then, with an ingratiating gesture towards the shrinking girl, he proceeded to swallow the mixture with every appearance of enjoyment.

"King's peg!" commented Hughie to himself. "Wonder how much of *that* he can stand? I'd back him against friend Allerton, though, if it came—Hallo! The hound! This must stop!"

He half rose to his feet. Mr

Kinahan, having satisfied his present needs, had refilled the tumbler with champagne, added the rest of the brandy, and was now proffering the potion, in the self-same vessel which he had just honoured with his own august lips, to the girl at the piano.

The girl turned crimson and shook her head, but kept on playing.

Noddy Kinahan was not accustomed to bestow favours in vain. He walked round behind the piano, and, taking the girl firmly by the shoulders with his left arm, held the sizzling tumbler to her lips. She uttered a strangled cry, left off playing, and struggled frantically to seize the glass with her hands.

Now Hughie Marrable had a healthy prejudice in favour of minding his own business. He had witnessed scenes of this description before, and he knew that, place and company considered, the girl at the piano was probably not unaccustomed to accept refreshment at the hands of gentlemen, even when the gentleman was half-drunk, the hands dirty, and the refreshment (after allowing a generous discount for spillings) sufficiently potent to deprive any ordinary woman, within ten minutes, of any sort of control over her own actions or behaviour. Moreover, Hughie had a truly British horror of a scene. *But*——

He was surprised to feel himself leap from his chair and bound towards the piano. His surprise, however, was nothing to that experienced a moment later by Mr Noddy Kinahan, who, having succeeded in pinning the desperately resisting girl's arms to her sides, was now endeavouring to prise her lips open with the edge of the tumbler. But there are slips even after the cup has reached the lip. Just as success appeared to be about to crown Mr Kinahan's hospitable efforts, a large and sinewy hand shot over his right shoulder and snatched away the glass, which it threw under the piano. Simultaneously an unseen force in the rear shook him till his teeth rattled, and then, depressing his head to the level of the key-board, began to play a lively if staccato tune thereon with the point of Mr Kinahan's rubicund and fleshy nose.

These operations were more or less screened from the public view by the body of the piano, which was an "upright" of the cottage variety. But the sudden cessation of "The Washington Post," in favour of what sounded like "The Cat's Polka" played by a baby with its feet, brought the proprietor of the establishment hurrying across the room. He arrived just in time to be present at the conclusion of a florid chromatic scale of about four octaves, executed under the guidance of Hughie Marrable's heavy hand by Mr Kinahan's somewhat abraded nasal organ.

The instrumental part of the entertainment now terminated in favour of a vocal interlude. Hughie released his grip of Mr Noddy Kinahan's collar, and stood back a pace waiting for a rush. He was confident that given a clear floor and no inter-

ference he could offer his burly opponent a lesson in manners which he would never forget.

But Mr Kinahan, being a mover in high political altitudes, was not in the habit of doing his own dirty work. He reviled his opponent, it is true, in terms which an expert could not but have admitted were masterly, but it was obvious to the unruffled Hughie that he was doing so chiefly to keep his courage up and "save his face." There was a cunning, calculating look in his piggy eyes which did not quite fit in with the unrestrained *abandon* of his utterances, and Hughie began to realise that there are deeper schemes of retaliation than mere assault and battery.

Once or twice Mr Kinahan, in pausing for breath, turned and looked over his shoulder towards the curious crowd which was gathering behind him. Presently Hughie noticed a couple of "toughs" of the most uncompromisingly villainous appearance advancing in a leisurely fashion from a corner by the door, where they had been supping. They kept their eyes on Kinahan, as if for an order. Evidently that great man never took his walks abroad without his jackals.

Things were beginning to look serious. The Hebraic proprietor, half crazy with fright at the gratuitous advertisement which the *fracas* was conferring upon his establishment—an advertisement which was receiving a gratifying response from an influx of curious sightseers — was frantically begging people to go away. The girl, the source (as ever!) of all the trouble, was still sitting on the music-stool, trembling like a fluttered bird, with Hughie, feeling slightly self-conscious, standing over her. In the middle distance Mr Allerton, gloriously oblivious to the ephemeral and irrelevant disturbance around him, sat contentedly before two empty bottles, endeavouring with erratic fingers to adorn the lapel of his blue pea-jacket with a silver-plated fork (the property of the establishment), upon which he had impaled a nodding banana of pantomimic proportions.

Suddenly Hughie heard himself addressed in casual tones by some one standing close behind him.

"Say, Johnny Bull, you'd best get out of here, right now. Skip! Those two toughs of Noddy's won't touch you till they get the word, but when they do you'll be sorry. Get out this way, by the side of the stage. It leads around to the back door."

Having delivered himself of this undoubtedly sound piece of advice, the unhealthy-looking young gentleman from behind the bar picked up the champagne bottle and broken glass, and lounged back to his base of operations.

Hughie, realising the wisdom of his words, and making a hasty note that one should never judge even a mottle-faced bar-tender by his appearance, reluctantly abandoned his half-projected scheme of hurling Noddy Kinahan into the arms of his two sinister sup-

porters and then knocking their collective heads together, and turned to the small door behind him. Suddenly he caught sight of the piano-girl. He paused and surveyed her thoughtfully.

"You'd better come with me," he said.

Without a word, the girl rose and preceded him to the door. Hughie opened it for her, and they both passed through and hurried down a narrow passage, which gave direct into the alley at the back of the establishment.

Once outside, Hughie took the girl's arm and fairly ran, never pausing till they reached the brightly lighted sea-front. He had an idea that a cheerful and crowded thoroughfare would prove more salubrious than deserted and ill-lit byways.

Once clear of their late surroundings the two slackened pace, and Hughie surveyed his charge with comical perplexity.

"Now what am I to do with *you?*" he enquired.

"Take me home," said the girl, sobbing. Her pluck and fortitude, having brought her dry-eyed through the worst of the conflict, had now taken their usual leave of absence, and she was indulging very properly in a few reactionary and comforting tears.

"Where do you live?" asked Hughie.

"Brooklyn."

"That's a matter for a trolley-car. Come along."

He took her arm again, rather diffidently this time—his old masculine self-consciousness was returning—and hurried off to what the Coney Islanders call a "deepo." Here they ensconced themselves in the corner of a fairly empty car, and started on their twenty-mile run, *viâ* Sheepshead Bay and other delectable spots, to Brooklyn Bridge.

As soon as the car started, Hughie turned to his companion.

"Look here," he said bluntly. "I know a lady when I meet one. What were you doing in that place at all? You are English, too."

"Yes. I can't blame you for wondering. I'll tell you. I come from London. My father was a small schoolmaster in Sydenham. He—he was unfortunate, and died three years ago, and I was left alone in the world, with hardly two sixpences to rub together. Just as things were looking none too promising for me, I met and married"—she flushed proudly—"one of the best men that ever stepped—Dennis Maclear. He is an electrical engineer. We came out here together to make our fortunes, and settled in New York. We were beginning to do fairly well after a long struggle, when one day Dennis crushed his left arm and leg in a cog-wheel arrangement of some kind, and for three months he has not been able even to get out of bed without help. Bad luck, wasn't it? He is getting better slowly, and some day, the doctor says, he will be able to get about again. But — well, savings

don't last for ever, you know; so I——"

"I see," said Hughie; "the upkeep of the establishment has devolved on you in the meanwhile?"

"Yes. Piano-playing is about the only accomplishment I possess. A girl friend of mine told me she was giving up her billet at old Bercotti's, and asked if I would like it. She wouldn't recommend it to most girls, she said, but perhaps it would suit me all right, being married. I took it; but as you saw, my being married wasn't sufficient protection after all."

She shuddered, for she was very young, and badly shaken; but presently she smiled bravely.

"What did you get?" asked Hughie.

"Dollar a night."

"It's not much."

"It's better than starvation," said practical little Mrs Maclear.

"And what are you going to do next?"

"I'm not going back to old Bercotti's again—that's flat."

"Can you get another berth?"

"Well, if there happens to be anybody in this simple and confiding country who is willing to take on as accompanist or teacher a young woman of shabby-genteel appearance, who is unable to mention a single soul as a reference, and has no character to show from her former employer—it ought to be easy!" said the girl.

Hughie regarded her reflectively.

"You take it well. I admire your pluck," he said.

"A married woman with a husband to keep has no time to worry about pluck," replied Mrs Maclear; "she just *has* to do things. Besides, all the pluck in the world can't save a woman when Noddy Kinahan is about. If it hadn't been for you—by the way, would you mind telling me your name? You know mine."

Hughie told her. Presently they left the trolley-car—*anglicè*, electric-tram—and struck off down a street in Brooklyn. The girl turned in at a doorway, and paused at the foot of a stair.

"Won't you come up and see my husband, Mr Marrable?" she said. "It's ten flights up, and we don't run to an elevator; but I know Dennis would like to thank you himself."

Hughie had intended to refuse—he hated being thanked as much as most matter-of-fact people—but, a flash of unusual insight revealing to him the fact that the true object of the invitation was not to exhibit him to the husband, but to enable this proud little lady to exhibit her husband to him, he felt reassured, and allowed himself to be borne aloft to the Maclear eyrie. Here a gigantic and impulsive son of Kerry, gaunt and hollow-eyed through long bed-keeping, wrung his hand in a manner which made him feel glad he was not a refractory terminal, what time Mrs Maclear, in a sort of up-to-date version of the song of Miriam, described Hughie's

glorious triumph over Noddy Kinahan, laying special stress upon the ecstatic period during which Mr Kinahan, at the instance of Hughie, had enacted the part of a human pianola.

He left them at last, wondering in his heart, as he tramped home under the stars to his hotel in West Forty-Second Street, what the plucky couple were going to live on during the next two or three months. The man was still practically a cripple—he must have been badly mangled—and it is hard work fighting for time in a country whose motto, as regards human as well as other machinery, is: "Never repair! Scrap, and replace!"

Hughie had solved the problem to his satisfaction by the time he crossed Brooklyn Bridge.

For the rest of the way home he thought of other things. A bachelor, however ungregarious, is at heart a sentimental animal, and during his walk Hughie was contemplating with his mind's eye the picture that he had left behind him as he said good-night—the picture of "a snug little kingdom up ten pair of stairs," tenanted by a little community of two, self-contained and self-sufficient, dauntless in the face of grim want and utter friendlessness—and, despite his own health and wealth, he experienced a sudden feeling of envy for the crippled and impecunious Dennis Maclear.

"I suppose," he mused to himself, "it doesn't really matter *how* rotten a time you have in this world so long as you have it in the right company." Then he added, apparently as a sort of corollary: "By gad, when I get home next week, I'll *stay* there!"

But, however carefully (or carelessly) we handle the tiller on life's voyage, it is the little casual currents and unexpected side winds that really set our course for us. As Hughie rolled into bed that night he reflected, rather regretfully, that the incident of that evening was closed for ever. He had definitely cut himself off from the Maclears, at any rate, for the very simple reason that he had just posted to them a hundred dollar-notes, as a temporary loan until their "ship came in," carefully omitting to mention that his own was due to go out in twenty-four hours, and giving no address for purposes of repayment.

But for all that, the incident had definitely altered his course for him, or at anyrate was destined to send him round by an alternative route.

(*To be continued.*)

A SACRED RIVER-HEAD.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES SULLY.

It was the month of May, but a May smitten with a July heat — "un caldo di Luglio," — which drove even Americans from Rome and invaded the Umbrian height on which Spoleto stands; so that we needed much persuasion to draw us from the shade of its narrow streets into the glare of the dusty roads. Yet our friend the Canonico prevailed on us to join him in an early morning drive to the far-famed river which retains its ancient Umbrian name "Clitumno." He is a delightful companion, in whom a fund of good spirits and a merry vein play about the solid qualities of a cultivated intelligence and a modest faith. With a fine enthusiasm for classical antiquities he combines a lively interest in all the details of Church lore, its customs, its saints, and the rest. He lures us skilfully to his proposed excursion by emphasising the refreshing coolness of the wonder-working stream.

We seek to evade the heat by starting early, before the white mists which sleep in the hollows of the mountains have been chased away by the sun. Yet even at this hour, as we drive along the old Roman highway to the north — the Via Flaminia, — we seem to see harbingers of the hot noon in the masses of glowing poppy in the fields and in the black sharply edged shadows of the overhanging tiles on the walls of the farm-houses. On the wide plain of the valley and on the mountain-sides tower after tower of castle or church shoots up and disappears as we pass; while behind us our hanging city of Spoleto remains visible, well guarded by her high-set and spacious rocca, and, set higher still on a green hill, her church of St Giuliano, which, though a ruin, still stands to symbolise a heavenly protection.

Our road inclines to the base of the fine mountains to the right, and soon brings us within sight of a group of tall poplars which marks the sacred head of our river, the celebrated sources or Vene. A sparkle of the water as it flows out from under the rock discloses itself through the foliage. Farther on we trace the flow of the river which runs below us to the left. It looks a tiny thing to have made so great a stir. The poet Propertius, in an elegy in which he praises the beauties of Italy to a friend whose return to Rome he desires, names it with the Anio as one of the land's fairest streams; and other poets, ancient and modern, have repeated its praises. Later on it became one of the

great sights of Italy, drawing even emperors like Caligula and Honorius to its banks. An English sportsman might call it a nice little trout stream, and think of his Hampshire or other clear waters. Nor does an imposing length compensate for its narrowness, since at Bevagna (the ancient Mevania), some nine miles below its source, near which St Francis preached to his "Brother birds," it loses its name; and not far below this loses, too, its separate existence—pouring its waters into the Tiber. An American, calling to mind his own rivers, might say that no other stream had ever received per square foot of its surface so ridiculous an amount of laudation. Yet though our first impression—like that of J. A. Symonds on seeing the harbour of Syracuse—is one of disappointing smallness, we soon begin to realise that it is the wondrous and sacred stream of which we read in Virgil, Pliny the younger, and other Latin authors. A mile or so below the Vene we reach a dainty building known as the Temple of Clitumnus. It stands above the river and so close to the road that the upper part of its hinder wall makes a parapet for it. In external form it is a small graceful temple or chapel (*sacellum*). But a closer examination shows that it is not one of the temples of the Augustan Age which once stood on these banks. Its façade is almost too pretty for this, with its twisted and other colonettes. The amiable desire of our Canon to maintain local tradition has to give way on this point. We succeed in bringing back to his mobile face the look of broad contentment by stretching a point and conceding that though not the temple in which, as Pliny tells us, the god Clitumnus was once enshrined, it may well have been erected on its site, and perhaps have embodied a part of the primitive masonry. According to recent authorities it was probably erected and dedicated as a church to Our Saviour (Il Salvatore) as late as the middle of the fifth century, and to some extent restored in the twelfth century. We have no eye to-day for cross or other symbol of the later faith, but abandon ourselves to a vision of the ancient temple in which dwelt the river-god—not reclining in majestic ease, with serene, complacent visage as the allegorical figures which we see in Rome, but a very god of ancient Umbrian cult, standing fully draped, as Pliny tells us, with a veil over his head, mysterious and awful.

It is Pliny who tells us of the ancient temple as well as of much else pertaining to the river. The letter in which he does so is one of the most delightful of his epistles, and indeed of all the short letters of which we know. It is written to a friend, "Romanus," who, since the writer addresses him in the most intimate terms, and

shows himself to be perfectly familiar with his inclinations and tastes, is pretty certainly Viconius Romanus, the friend whom in another letter he warmly recommends for promotion to Priscus, the commander of the army in which Romanus serves, and whom he describes as the friend of his youth, his fellow-student, the sharer of his rooms in town and country, and bound to him by common jokes as well as by serious thoughts. The letter to Romanus is clearly written with a running pen. Pliny, we may conjecture, has been staying on the banks of the Clitumnus and enjoying its wonders; and just as the first impulse of an expansive German tourist of to-day, on visiting Tivoli or other famous sight in Italy, is to despatch an illustrated post-card to his betrothed or some bosom friend, so Pliny dashes off this note to the friend with whom long habit prompts him to share his pleasures. He begins by asking whether Romanus has ever seen the source of the river, and urges him, if he has not, to see it soon. He extols the charms of the water and its coolness, which vies with that of the snow, while in respect of colour it does not fall behind. He enlarges on the delights of boating on the stream, which has so strong a current that one drifts down merrily enough, but has to use oar and pole to get up, thus securing the desirable alternation of exertion and ease. Had he lived to-day and known winter sports in Switzerland, he might have compared the experience with that of dragging the "luge" up the steep snow bank followed by the swift glissade. He then speaks of the temples and of the river deity, to whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles bear testimony, and of the villas and baths, adding — what was likely to influence a youngster not overburdened with cash— that the good people to whom Augustus had given the place entertained strangers at their own expense. "In short" (he writes), "every surrounding object will afford you entertainment." He ends by a half-serious, half-facetious allusion to the inscriptions, which his friends will find on the pillars and walls, celebrating the virtues of the spring and its divinity.

Other writers tell us of the miracles wrought by the river. The tract of rich pasturage through which it flows, both above and below Trevi (the ancient Trebia), was famous for a breed of oxen specially prized for their snowy whiteness. The traffic in these is still recorded by the name of the village,—"Bovara," the ancient "Forum Boarium,"— which lies on the mountain-slope about two miles below the temple. They were in great request as victims for sacrifices. Virgil tells us that these oxen, and especially the bulls, were selected for their beauty as victims to precede victors in their triumphal processions. Juvenal, when he

wishes to express the depth of his gratitude for the safe landing of Catullus after a perilous voyage, says that he has vowed a lamb to Juno and a steer to Jove, but would, had he been rich enough, have offered a huge bull fattened by the rich pastures of the Clitumnus.

A pious tradition ascribed the preternatural whiteness of these oxen to the action of the clear bright water. According to the poets—Virgil, Propertius, and Claudian — they were laved white by bathing in the stream. Another version—for which the authority of Pliny is questionably claimed —regards their whiteness as the result of drinking the water.

Much of the ancient glory of the river has departed. The temples, baths, and villas have vanished; the joyous life, too, half pleasure half worship, comparable with that of a modern Italian *festa*, has been silenced. No longer will the visitor see stately figures moving with slow step towards the temple or the sacred wood, nor the well-fed oxen driven to their purifying bath; no longer will he hear the cries of bargemen whose craft have got entangled in the rushes of the banks or interlocked one with another. For a moment we are touched by the elegiac mood of Carducci, whose lines our learned guide recites, giving full resonance to the rich Italian vowels.

"Tutto ora tace, o vedovo Clitumno, tutto:
De' vaghi tuoi delubri un solo t'avanza,
E dentro pretestato nume tu non vi siedi."[1]

And yet, as we look at the river to-day, it is not the vanishing of old world things which strikes us. So much seems to be still just what it was then. What has disappeared is the adventitious—the architecture and the human life. But the river itself and its natural surroundings live on much as they were. The clear glittering stream flowing smoothly and swiftly between its rushy banks, as one may see it from the road, or lower down from the window of the train, is just what Pliny saw. Nor has the vegetation altered much, for though the sacred grove of cypresses which once stood above the source may have gone, the poplars still lend to the bank its procession of august worshippers. Even though the famous breed of snowy oxen is said to have exhausted itself, we find that to-day, as in the early days of the Roman Empire, cattle come down in the evening to drink of the waters. To quote Carducci again—

"Ancor dal monte . . .
. . . . . .
Scendon nel vespero umido, o Clitumno
A te le greggi."

[1] All is now silent, oh widowed Clitumnus, all:
Of thy lovely temples only one remains to thee,
And within it, a veiled deity, thou hast no seat.

And local tradition, oddly enough, preserves the old faith in the whitening virtue of the sacred waters. To us, at any rate, in our uncritical mood, the miraculous blanching is sufficiently suggested by the peasant women whom we see near one of the single-arched bridges plunging their linen into the stream. Then there are the remains of the ancient buildings, the amphitheatre at Bevagna, and better still, the solitary little temple, a charming fraud if you like, but old enough to help us in our recreative day-dream of the things of the past.

It is however at the source of the river, its sacred fountain-head, that we get nearest to the vanished scene; for though there are here no stony memorials, nature and man seem to have covenanted for once to conserve an ancient and revered spot. The pure sparkling water still flows out from under the limestone rock below our road as Pliny describes, not in a boisterous torrent, as the Anio issues, but in a number of gentle rivulets, some larger some smaller. These unite a few paces down to form a broad pool or basin, as if their waters were not pure enough and they paused to deposit some invisible impurities. The unfailing spring still "forces its way through the pool which it has made," emerging as "a pure and glassy stream." The pool is studded with green islands which are shaded by poplars and weeping willows. Pliny speaks of the poplar and the ash; and the latter, as Carducci tells us, still murmurs in the wind on the mountain slopes above. As to the brilliant clearness of the pool it sets us at once peering into its light-shot depths, where, if we do not find the shining pebbles and votive coins of which Pliny wrote, we perceive with perfect distinctness each blade of the algæ, each separate star of the decorative weeds on its glittering floor. So little of change is here that when our clerical friend quotes Pliny's letter we feel as if he were reading from some modern guide-book.

This susceptible gentleman is fairly bewitched by the shining depths whose internal light set against the background of umbrageous trees reminds us of the famous grotto of Capri. He hurries hither and thither like a gladsome child, calling our attention to some new marvel of the aquatic world, so that an onlooker might rather take him to be the one having his first spiritual immersion in the waters and his less demonstrative companions as dulled by familiarity with the scene. His bright, keen eye searches the transparent depths as if for treasure. And when it lights on treasure, in the shape of a royal trout lying in stately repose in one of the lustrous hollows, or hiding his head under a grassy bank, he grows quite excited. His eye glistens like the pool over which he bends watching the shining armour of the fine fellow. We suspect that a word from us would suffice to set him tickling the fish, half asleep from

the growing heat, and so risking his fair fame by an act of petty larceny. When he sees a boat moored to one of the islands, unmindful of his skirts and thinking only of Pliny, he rushes across the narrow wooden bridge to seize the bark, only to return with crestfallen look and report that it is water-logged.

We cannot help wondering whether Pliny saw and rejoiced in all this gorgeous colouring of the pool. His only allusion to colour is when he speaks of the water as snowy. He seems here to be confusing what we moderns mean by whiteness with great brightness.[1] Had he been familiar with glacier streams he would perhaps have distinguished. One may infer from this and from his silence about the variegated tints of the bottom of the pool that like others of his time he was but little susceptible to the distinctive charm of colour. To us, at any rate, as we feast our eyes on the beauties of the pool, it is not the mere brilliance of its inner light which holds us spellbound, but the prismatic variety of vivid and lustrous tint into which this light breaks up, the various greens of the aquatic plants, the warmer tints of the exposed earth, and the gleaming silvery blues of the cup-like hollows where springs are said to rise.

All is still in this cool retreat, even the poplar leaves. We do not need their rustling sound to add to our sense of the coolness. The silence itself seems to-day to reinforce the feeling. One of the tiny sources makes a little fall, and this gives forth a soft tinkling sound. Now and again our ear catches the faint twitter of a bird or croaking of a distant frog, both half hypnotised like the trout by the rising heat. This is all the sound that the acutest ear can detect, and it serves merely to punctuate the deep silence. The stillness of things, the drowsy willows bending over our heads, the gathering heat which is felt to be near, most of all the crystal-gazing into the pellucid waters, dispose us to an inalert somnolent state of mind favourable to the indulgence of pleasing illusions. Our watchful guide, perceiving our condition, plies us with stories of the miracles wrought by the river. Among others he gives us a modern and less preposterous variant of the ancient legend of the miraculous power of the river; according to which a glass bottle, if left a fortnight in the stream, will come out with a rosy or amethystine tint. So sure is he of our easy receptive mood that, though a man of delicate consideration for other's feelings, he does not trouble to qualify his bold assertions by *si dice* ("it is said"), which other clerical *ciceroni* in Italy are wont to add when reciting miracles to sight-seers who may be suspected of scepticism. So little disposed, indeed, are we at this

[1] The same tendency to confuse with brilliant whiteness mere brightness is illustrated in the double meaning of the Latin *candeo*.

moment to be scientifically exacting that we find ourselves beginning to recreate the charming old myths of Clitumnus. One of these is recited by the late Roman poet, Claudian, in his panegyric of Honorius. He reminds the Emperor that when visiting the Clitumnus he had not overlooked the miracle of the source, the waters of which when one approaches softly move slowly, whereas if one rushes on them noisily they become agitated and turbulent. He shrewdly adds that although it is certainly the nature of all streams to mirror the objects near them, only this one can boast of being able to imitate human behaviour. Looking into this glassy pool one easily glides into this sort of optical illusion.[1] The absence of all floating particles on the surface of the pure water leaves us uncertain whether it is still or moving. Only a soft tremulous movement due to the little cascade can be detected. Hence, as we continue to gaze, we find ourselves taking the surface to be still or moving according as our fancy wavers. And we feel in our present mood as if we could easily succeed in reproducing the greater wonder revealed to the Emperor.

The secret of the river's fascination lies in its preternatural and dazzling clearness. Just as it was "pure and glassy" to Pliny, so to Byron when he wrote:

> "Thy sweetest wave
> Of the most living crystal that was e'er
> The haunt of river nymph."

This surpassing purity is the source of its dazzling beauty, of its crystalline brilliance as well as of its vivid luminous tints. It is at the root, too, of the graceful myths which have added to its fame. So far as they involve the idea of snowy water transferring its colour to the cattle which bathe in it, or drink of it, they seem to illustrate the habit of mind of the child and the savage when they argue as if men and animals ought to acquire the qualities of what is taken into their body. Yet the superstition has a firmer basis than this. We know that the river divinities were regarded as giving fertility not only to the land but to the people. This shows that the veneration of them rested on a practical idea, that of their utility to men. The sanctity of river-heads, as of springs generally, especially those which had pure as well as cool water—a sanctity illustrated in the horror which was excited by Nero's impious act when he defiled the source of the Aqua Marcia by bathing in it—reposed on a sense of the great value of pure water not only for drinking but for bathing and cleansing generally. As with the marvellous cleansing powers of the Clitumnus, so with its supernatural gift of imitating the movements and sounds of mortals. We all

[1] Strictly speaking it appears to have been a complex illusion, of hearing as well as of sight.

tend in dreamy uncritical moments to project our own moods and even our own movements into the objects which surround us; and the effect on the spectator's mind of gazing on the magic clearness of this stream would of course strongly predispose him to this kind of illusion.

The day's heat grows apace, and fearful of the full noonday glare we tear ourselves from the river's fascination. We, too, feel like Byron—who must have been here on just such a day as ours—that the freshness of the scene has sprinkled its coolness on our heart: that we

> "from the dry dust
> Of weary life a moment lave(d) it clean
> With nature's baptism."

Our indefatigable guide insists on our stopping at the village of San Giacomo where his friend, the parocco, will show us the frescoes of Lo Spagna. But though the Canon does his best to whip up our flagging enthusiasm, the tender graces of form and soft harmonies of colour of the Umbrian painters fail for once to exercise their charm; while the problem of discriminating a genuine work of Lo Spagna from that of a pupil and imitator makes no appeal to our drowsy faculties. Nor does it fare better with us when we inspect the crumbling walls of the large medieval castle opposite the church which to-day harbour peasants domiciled in slummy looking alleys. These medieval things fall out of their historical perspective, and look far off and outworn after the living freshness of the classic river. Our enthusiastic guide is not imposed on by our forced attempts to look interested in his saints, their miracles, and their weird symbols. He is just a little shocked for a moment by our apathy, till he reflects that not only are we jaded with the heat but that for this one day another miracle-worker, Clitumnus, claims us as his worshippers.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

THAT is what she calls herself, rather than is called by her neighbours. But when the kind folk of Behnsleben speak of Mademoiselle Genlis —Ma'amzelle — by this name, they do so without the slightest shade of mockery. For they respect their Prisoner of War, and, do or say what she may, they insist on cherishing a great affection for her.

Ma'amzelle is small and slight and stoops a little. Her hair is quite white and has pretty waves and pale silver gleams in it. Her flush, which once, they tell you, was quick to come and go, has decided to remain in permanence on her cheeks. This, with the bright flashes of her eyes and a touch of grimness in the lines of her mouth, gives her a somewhat fierce appearance; but no one is afraid of Ma'amzelle — not even the babies. And if you are not of those who can go back from the sear autumn of the tree to its green youth, you must take it on the word of the older Behnslebenites that Ma'amzelle was once very beautiful.

The Prisoner of War is somewhat careless of her appearance. She might be said to clothe, rather than dress, herself. The general effect is picturesque, and no more unpleasing than any other autumnal untidiness. It is highly characteristic, too, of one who has a fixed idea. And Mademoiselle Genlis has a fixed idea, to the effect that the air of Prussia is unbreathable by human beings. The Prisoner of War has been breathing the air of Prussia for some thirty-five years and shows no acute symptoms of asphyxiation. But that does not make any difference to the fixed idea.

Ma'amzelle is at war with her neighbours, and they are at peace with her. She bristles with hostility to her surroundings. She accepts no kind offices that are in any way avoidable, and the Behnslebenite is not yet born who would dare to offer the insult of a compliment to the Prisoner of War. But she does not do unto her neighbours as she will have it that they shall do unto her, for she is a very fountain of secret benevolence, and is only rich on dividend days. That she has two sides to her character is not extraordinary, for she has two graves in her heart—a French grave and a Prussian grave.

When Behnsleben society speaks of Mademoiselle Genlis, it more than occasionally assumes a pitiful air, gives a knowing wag of its collective head and whispers not unkindly, "Just a little — you understand?" But it has no monopoly in this; for when Ma'amzelle speaks of Behnsleben society she frowns, purses up her lips, raps herself upon

the forehead with anything that she has in her hand,—her wooden darning-ball generally, for she looks after the hosiery of a small regiment of motherless children,—and says sharply and firmly, "Mad—all mad!" Such is the gloomy result of that baleful air of Prussia.

In this point Behnsleben society has right upon its side rather than the Prisoner of War. For in the unwholesome shade of that tree of a fixed idea certain small mental oddities, harmless undergrowths, not unpicturesque, have sprung up. Ma'amzelle is undoubtedly "Just a little—you understand?" in more ways than one. She owns to fifty-seven, and neither gallantry nor unkindness can take exception to her calculation. But at fifty-seven those undergrowths of oddities are apt to flourish rather vigorously about the main stem of the fixed idea. So Mademoiselle Genlis is in communication with the spirits: she writes poetry that makes you fancy that you yourself must be "Just a little—you understand?" and she has for several years been on the point of revolutionising the world with a succession of small inventions.

If you, a stranger to the town, met Ma'amzelle in a Behnsleben drawing-room—for she cannot entirely neglect her social duties—she will most probably flatter you by asking you with which of the monarchs of Europe you are best acquainted personally. This information gained, she will very nicely request you to be good enough to "push" her four-eyed needle—the latest world-upheaver—at your favourite royal or imperial court. It will occur to you, after your ready compliance with this reasonable demand, that you would make yourself highly unpopular by pushing a needle, four-headed and one-pointed, at court or anywhere else, and you will be more guarded when the next invention is brought under your notice. Such, for instance, as a signpost that is at the same time a weathercock and an appliance for eating bread-and-butter gracefully and greaselessly.

The patriotism of the Prisoner of War is intense, the very sap and vitality of that fixed idea. On Sedan Day, when bunting flaps the poisonous air of Prussia, and the schools with their bands and flags and escorts of flags—very solemn—and ribbons and brand new caps traverse the town in deliberate procession, singing "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden," Ma'amzelle shuts herself up in her house, pulls down the blinds, and prays for her beloved France. It is from Paris that her prayers and her thoughts mount up: for she cannot bring herself to think that any of the bases of God's throne are laid in Prussia.

Ma'amzelle's chief work lies in the prisoners' corner of the Friedhof—the cemetery, the Court of Peace—where she saves the not ungrateful municipality a gardener. The

passers-by stop to look at the little bent old lady, weeding and brushing from morning to sunset, and admire the trimness of the walks and the order that reigns in this house of the dead. She clips the ivy about the headstones, plants in their season flowers raised from French seed, and with nests of her own devising cunningly attracts the birds to build in this garden of hers and sing to her sleeping fellow-captives. There is one grave close up to the boundary wall and another just outside it: the same vigorous young acacia shades them both: a French grave and a Prussian grave: and these are the two that she has in her heart. For that grave outside the wall of her garden and inside the wall of her soul she must not entirely hate the Prussian land. So it is, perhaps, that the Behnsleben babies are not afraid of the flushed, grim little Prisoner of War.

She has followed the fashion of Behnsleben and set a garden-seat in her enclosure. It is under the acacia, between the two graves. Here she sits to rest, and darns a little; reads a little; and eats a biscuit or some fruit of the tidier species. But more often she dreams, and, sleeping or waking, she is never alone. For sometimes a French gentleman sits by her on the bench, handsome in spite of the great purple wound that zigzags from temple to lip: sometimes a tall, grey-haired man comes, that you would know anywhere for a German, with one empty sleeve. When people condole with Ma'amzelle on her solitude, she replies stiffly that she can always have two friends with her. "She is a little—you understand?"

If you, a stranger, ask Ma'amzelle when she returns to France, she falls into a little flurry and trembling, ruffles and reddens up, smooths down her dress, and says in her eager voice that she will go back to France when Alsace and Lorraine go back. So it is more than likely that the Prisoner of War will not leave Behnsleben until Death, the deliverer, comes to strike off her chains.

This is the autumn—the late autumn, of Ma'amzelle's year. And here are some leaves from the spring of it.

Among the French prisoners quartered in 1870 in the little south Prussian town of Behnsleben was a certain Captain Jules Genlis of the Hussards of the Guard. Monsieur Genlis had taken part in the battle of Mars-le-Tour on August 16, had received a sabre-cut that laid open one side of his face, and had fallen into the hands of the Germans. They had patched him up passably in a field-hospital, and, when he was well enough to stand the journey, he was sent to Behnsleben. There his sister and only relative had been permitted to join her brother, and to occupy an apartment with him in the town.

You could conceive of many a more gloomy place of exile than Behnsleben. It lies about twenty miles north of the

Harz: and standing a little above the town you can see the whole range of mountains from its eastern to its western slope, with the rounded cone of the Brocken for its centre and highest point, set on this plain of green and silver, the green of forests and the silver of mighty sand-rents. It is a land of leisure, where time is of no great account: a land of ox-drawn ploughs, of slow-moving wains, of loitering pine-scented airs. The little town has its store of mild pleasures: its old churches and tortuous streets and wooden houses for those who dream; its theatre and clubs and taverns for play-hours.

Captain Genlis was disposed to make the best of the situation. He accepted his disfigurement philosophically, and observed that it was less remarkable here than it would have been in Paris. He would not have greatly cared to parade his "Turk's Head," as he gaily called that slashed countenance of his, in the Champs Elysées or on the Grands Boulevards; but here, at Behnsleben, the long purple meander from temple to lip was not very much out of the common: for, said the Hussard, are not the German ladies accustomed to have their brothers and friends returned to them two or three times in the year from the universities with their faces ingeniously carved? The religious question presented no great difficulties; for though Monsieur Genlis was a Catholic and his neighbours almost exclusively Protestants, he allowed nothing in his Catholicism or in their Lutherian and Zwinglian tenets to make them or himself respectively uncomfortable for one single moment: because Monsieur Genlis understood the term "liberty of conscience" in its very widest signification. As for his country's wrongs, he was content to wear his patriotism in his heart rather than on his sleeve, and not to let such dreams as he had of future revenge interfere with the tranquillity of the moment. So Behnsleben approved of Captain Jules Genlis, and the French gentleman found his house of exile pleasant enough.

But this was not at all the case with Mademoiselle Genlis, and her brother was accustomed to say that it was Marie Angélique, and not he, that was the real prisoner of war. The French girl — for she was not more than a girl then — came into antagonism with her neighbours at every point. First of all, there was that purple scar — a thing beyond all forgiveness. Jules had been handsome, almost as handsome as his adoring sister held him to be. She was ten years younger than he, and her worship and love of him was undetachable from all her memories back and up to her very dawn of consciousness. She would have given all her own young beauty, all the blood that ebbed and flowed so prettily in her cheeks, to have been able to smooth and dye out that terrible zigzag. For her the war had culminated in that wound: Europe had

been shaken by the tramp of armies that her brother, her handsome brother, should be so disfigured: and for that wound she hated the German name as much almost as for the desolation of France. Then there was her religion, her fervent faith, the very grain of her being: a poetical and fanciful religion, it may be, but drawing in from all the beauties of music and art the strength that makes the martyrs. So it was that this young French girl, whom for her frail and gentle appearance the kindly German women would have taken to their sentimental hearts and mothered into robuster life, had within her a very volcano of resentment that must smoulder and smoulder and only break into flames occasionally at her eyes.

"I really believe," said her brother to her once, "that if you could make one man of the old Emperor, Bismarck, and Moltke, you would chop off his head with delight, to take your payment for this scratch of mine. But you would turn him into a good Catholic first, wouldn't you now?"

And Marie laughed — but answered not a word.

One day Jules told his sister that a new acquaintance of his, Rittmeister Sponnagel, late of the 7th Kürassiers, Bismarck's, was coming in to coffee.

"He was at Mars-le-Tour, too," said Captain Genlis, "and lost an arm there. He was picked up by the French and sent to Metz as a prisoner, but when he came out of hospital he was free again, for in the meantime that Bazaine had surrendered the town. Sponnagel came straight back to Behnsleben, where he has property, and I met him last night at the Officers' Club. If you can bring yourself to like anything German, you may like him."

Marie gave the gentlemen their coffee that afternoon, and sat in one of the window recesses while the two warriors fought their battle over again. He was a tall, spare-built man, this cavalry-captain Karl Sponnagel, and the girl noticed how his hair was thickly snowed with grey and his face furrowed with the deep vertical lines that a noble suffering leaves. He had a gentle voice and manner, and that and the pathos of the empty sleeve pinned over his chest almost lulled to sleep the girl's wakeful resentment.

"Has Captain Genlis described the fight to you, Mademoiselle?" said the Rittmeister, turning after some time to Marie.

Now of Mars-le-Tour Jules had not spoken often to his sister, and she had not trusted herself to ask him much. So she got up from the window and came and stood by the little table on which the Rittmeister set out the battle with matches and the coffee-cups.

"Here you have Metz and Bazaine's army corps," he explained, "and that cup shall stand for Macmahon farther north. Orders came to us from headquarters to hinder at all costs for one hour Bazaine's concentration on Macmahon.

At the end of the hour our main body would have come up and the concentration would have been rendered impracticable. There was nothing to do but hurl our cavalry at the French troops moving out northwards from Metz. The Uhlans and Bismarck's 7th Kürassiers—my old regiment—were told off to charge them. It was a pretty desperate business: one against—how many?—thirty or forty perhaps, and the bare half of us came out of it."

"It was magnificent!" cried the Hussard of the Guard. "People compare it to that charge of the English Light Brigade, but that was a mistake, and there was no mistake here. It was superb!"

"We had nothing else to do," said the Rittmeister simply. "I myself was with some of the more lucky ones who got through two lines of the French, and I was close by Smettow, twenty yards, I should say, when he gave the order to retire. And that was a curious thing, Mademoiselle. Graf Smettow, who led the charge, turned to his trumpeter and called to him, with something strange in his voice that was not a groan and not a sob and not an oath, and yet was all three, to sound the retreat. Binkebank—the man's name—put the trumpet to his lips, but the brass had been riddled with shot, and all he could get out of it was a faint and melancholy wail. At that moment my arm was shot through and my horse came down on me. And when I dragged myself up on my unwounded arm, Binkebank had slung his trumpet behind him and the comrades were away."

"I could not have been far from you," said Captain Genlis, "for I heard Smettow's order and that trumpet-wail which seemed to me like a call from the bank of the Styx. A big Kürassier had just given me this"—he touched lightly the zig-zag on his face—"and I could not yet know whether I was of the living or the dead. The thin piping had something so unearthly in it that I half imagined that I had got down to the shores of the fabled river and that the wail was the signal to the old ferryman of the dead. You remember that passage of Virgil? Yes? Well, I had not read it for years, but it all came back to me then. I was one of the great multitude that stand waiting their turn on the shores of the river of death: 'thick as the leaves that fall gliding to earth at autumn's first touch of frost: thick as the birds swarm to land,'—and there was Charon putting his barge across the dark water."

"How did you get among our people?" asked the Rittmeister.

"My horse bolted with me," said the French gentleman. "I was blinded and dazed and had to go with him where he would. So I found myself among your white Kürassier uniforms; some of them vibrating round me, others under foot. Everywhere snow and red blood, I dreamed."

"And you heard Smettow's

order and that thin call of Binkebank's?" observed the other. "You must have been very close to them."

"I suppose so," said Captain Genlis. "A few yards, probably the same distance as yourself."

"What else do you remember at the moment?" asked the Rittmeister. "I have a curious thought in my mind."

"I remember a great white-uniformed figure down on me," said the hussard. "A great white arm lifted, a sabre-flash that split the sky like the lightning. But I got in my revolver just between that flash and the blow. Then the world went to twilight, and that is the end of distinct memory."

"Shall we call divided honours, Captain Genlis?" cried the Rittmeister at this point, stretching out his hand across the table.

"How do you mean?" asked the Captain bewildered.

"Don't you see?" said Sponnagel. "We were exactly at the same spot, and——"

The French gentleman burst into a laugh, and wrung the outstretched hand.

"Who would have thought that we should ever meet again?" he cried. "Is it not extraordinary, Marie?"

The two soldiers had been so carried away by their subject that they had forgotten the girl standing there at the table. Now that they looked up at her, they saw that her cheeks and lips were white, and that her hand was resting heavily upon the back of her brother's chair.

"You are not well, Mademoiselle?" cried Sponnagel, starting up. "How could we talk of such horrible things before you! Will you not sit down?"

Without turning her eyes to him, Marie said that she was indeed not well, and would go to her own room. She would not let her brother come with her, and so she left the two gentlemen and appeared no more that afternoon.

But when the Rittmeister had gone away, late in the evening—for the two had talked on and on of sieges and battles, ancient and modern, and of saddles and of reductions in the weight of accoutrements, and of other things that lie close to a soldier's heart—Marie came to her brother in the salon, pale as she had left him, but with those fires burning at her eyes.

"Jules," she said slowly, "this Prussian—this Rittmeister Sponnagel—did he give you your wound?"

"I should think so," answered her brother carelessly. "And are you better now? What was the matter with you? A soldier's sister should not go faint at soldiers' talk."

"It was not that at all," she answered, "and I was not faint. Oh, I am girlish, I know, and foolish, perhaps, but not as you think. Jules, never ask me to see this man again."

"Yes, indeed," he cried, "you are right to say that you are girlish. Do you want

to make me ridiculous, Marie? What difference is it to us that it was he more than any one else that gave me this cut? And what of his arm? Does that count for nothing with you?"

"I cannot see him, Jules," was all she said.

"You can be reasonable, little sister," he answered. "You will always hate the poor man, I suppose, because he disfigured your brother. But that came in the open give-and-take, and if war brought nothing but wounds, Marie, it would be robbed of half its terrors. You must remember that the Rittmeister only did his duty, and you must never let him see that ill-will you bear him."

"If war brought nothing but wounds!" murmured the girl.

The acquaintance between the two men, so dramatically begun and so strangely renewed, ripened into friendship, and the tall Prussian gentleman, about whom his civilian costume still hung rather loosely, was a frequent guest in the salon of Captain Genlis. Marie's eyes were always hard for the Rittmeister, though her manner was composed and courteous. And the Rittmeister, striving vainly by much quiet kindness and gentleness to bring back the soft light that should surely be in the eyes of this French girl, for whom, exiled and melancholy, his whole soul went out in compassion, came gradually to set all his hope and happiness in that softening. But it came neither with the hours nor the days nor the months: for Marie would hear nothing but the shriek of the sabre cutting down through the air on to her brother's cheek. She would not see the Kürassier, with beads of agony on his forehead, raising himself on his unshattered arm to look out over the frosted field of Mars-le-Tour to Binkebank blowing that unearthly call and "the comrades away": and the pathos of the Rittmeister's loosely-clinging clothes and armless sleeve had no more voice for her.

Peace had been declared, and the shabby French uniforms had melted away from the city streets and the town lanes. Nothing remained in Behnsleben of the prisoners of war but the headstones in their allotted corner of the Friedhof, the memory of the fine skill with which the captives had rolled cigarettes between the strokes of billiards, and the presence, which seemed likely to become permanent, of Captain and Mademoiselle Genlis.

For only a few days before Captain Genlis would have been at liberty to discard his fetters of a tarnished uniform and depart for France, disquieting symptoms of paralysis had made their appearance. It would seem that the sabre-cut of Mars-le-Tour had gone a trifle, only a millimetre it may be, deeper than was suspected, and that some delicate hair-spring of the human machine had been jarred. So the long

and tiresome journey was postponed again and again, until at last it was apparent that Captain Jules Genlis would never take it, but from Behnsleben would some day set out on the journey that is longer still but less tiresome.

Captain Genlis accepted the situation with serenity. He was glad, he said, to be spared the necessity of trying the nerves of his Parisian acquaintances with the contemplation of that Turk's Head of his. He had himself transported to rooms a little above the town, where from his couch he could see out across that green and silver plain to the great cone of the Brocken. For men will always look upwards in their perplexed hours, and many before the old Psalmist and after him, godly and ungodly, have got their help from the hills. Captain Genlis found contentment in the constant society of his sister and the Rittmeister Sponnagel, and in the visits of other friends; his fortitude and courtesy were always up to the level of his suffering, and he would not allow his long dying to distress his neighbours more than it distressed himself.

During those five years the Rittmeister never saw the softening come into the eyes of Mademoiselle Genlis. She accepted his constant presence because it was her brother's wish, and for the same reason when the Prussian gentleman was sitting with Jules she left the house to walk in the fields or the lanes, for she avoided the town. But the hiss of the Rittmeister's sabre was ever in her ears, poisoning her life. For all her wrestling with God she could not find that impulse to toleration and forgiveness that came, without prayer, to her brother. She accepted with stifled-down resentment the kindnesses that were showered on her by her friendly neighbours. And the Rittmeister, looking into the cold steel of her eyes, often wished passionately that some Angel of Destiny had hewn off his sword-arm at the shoulder before his blade came down on that face rising up at him white from the red haze of battle.

The day arrived when Captain Jules Genlis went down to that dark river; and this time the ferryman was ready for him, because his turn had come. What was left of him on this side of Styx they clothed in the old tarnished uniform of the Hussards of the Guard and carried to the prisoners' corner of the Friedhof. Marie refused the offer that was made of a military escort.

The Rittmeister went to the house that evening. She received him in the room where Jules had listened so long for the foot of Death upon the stair. His couch was still there, with its dark-green coverlet, his reading-stand, his books, his chessboard set out. The windows were open towards the Brocken, from whence his help had come. The hour, everything, should have spoken to Marie of peace and forgiveness. But the hiss of the sabre

was in her ear and set mountains between herself and the Rittmeister. And he looked at the soft lines of her slight figure and at the grey strands in her hair that had wound themselves about his soul: and his heart went out to her in love and pity. But he saw then the drawn lines of her mouth and the hardness of her eyes: and with that he saw the barrier that was always between them.

"Mademoiselle," he said, this friend of the house, "will you tell me what you are going to do now? Do you think you will return to France?"

She looked at him almost in surprise.

"To France?" she asked coldly. "To leave Jules here, alone, Herr Rittmeister? In Prussia?"

"You would leave him with friends."

She drew herself up.

"I am only a woman," she answered, "and perhaps in this I shall seem to you not so very womanly. But I, at any rate, do not accept Prussian friendship."

"Jules—Captain Genlis," he said with a sigh, "was not so bitter against us."

"And I," she exclaimed, all the smothered-down resentment of years shooting up of a sudden into angry flames, "I hate it all. You do not know how I hate it all! I hate Behnsleben! I hate your patronising women! I hate your God! Oh, how I hate your God, your merciless, crushing divinity, cold and formal as your churches—your God of Victory!"

"Germany, too, has her orphans and widows," said Sponnagel sadly.

"Yes, but the orphans and widows of conquerors, Herr Rittmeister. Victory is a salve for all wounds. We have none of that wonderful salve. We have only the memory of blunders and defeats and treachery, nothing to honour but our dead."

"We would honour your dead, too," he said. "Why did you not let us?"

"You mean, why did I refuse the military escort, Herr Rittmeister?" she replied. "Oh, you will say, I know, or you will think that it is a womanish view, girlish and petty; but I believe that if it is not the view of more than myself, France is indeed lost. I will accept no favours, no compliments from Germany, till justice has been done. Give us back our provinces: give us back Alsace and Lorraine—and then send escorts for our dead."

"Mademoiselle Genlis," he said at length, breaking in desperately on a dragging, painful silence, "if you must stay on here, if you will not leave Jules alone with us, will you let me continue to be what I have perhaps been to you in these years? I loved your brother Jules, and if——"

"Herr Rittmeister," she interrupted coldly, "there is Mars-le-Tour."

"Mars-le-Tour brought us together and kept us together, Jules and me," he exclaimed passionately.

"Mars-le-Tour is between us, you and me," she said.

"No, no!" he cried. "No, that must not be. Marie—Mademoiselle Genlis, cannot you see? I would to God any other hand but mine had done it; but what were we, he and I? Pieces on the board of war that must move and strike and be struck. I could no more help it than——"

He stopped, not so quickly but she had carried on his thought and glanced involuntarily at the empty sleeve. But that was only just, she insisted to herself: was Prussia then to pay no price at all for victory after victory? And no softening came into her eyes.

"I will tell you," he said, rising, "what it was in my heart to say to you. I love you, Marie: that was all. You knew it: I can see it in your eyes. But I am a Prussian: I can read that reproach, too, in your eyes."

"It could never be, Herr Rittmeister," she said. She had risen, too, and was as pale as he.

"Will Mars-le-Tour always be between us?"

"Always."

"I do not believe it," he cried. "I will not take the answer. Marie, you do not know yourself."

And he left her.

The Rittmeister was mistaken. Marie knew herself in that moment. She was conscious that the walls she had raised around her heart were only to be maintained by the painful and constant beating back of the nobler impulses that would have torn them down. The Rittmeister was a Prussian: there was Mars-le-Tour: there were the wrongs of France: there were the lost provinces: but it was by desperate force of will alone that she could bring herself to say, yes, almost to think, "I do not love him."

His step went down the stair. It was as if Death were leaving the house for a second time.

"I do not love him," she persisted in the teeth of her soul.

The door closed behind him, and his slow tread died into the night upon her straining ear.

"I love him not!"

And she burst into tears.

Another five years passed, and the Rittmeister came back to Behnsleben. He had been offered such employment as a man without a bridle-arm can undertake, and had travelled far. But into the sweltering depths of the Cameroon forests, up to the Great Wall of China, he had carried with him the image of the solitary, resentful French girl. The horseman for all his skill cannot be rid of Black Care; but Love rides pillion, and sits the steed yet more tenaciously.

So he came home one summer day and went to her house. She was not there. They told him he would be sure to find her at the Friedhof: she went to that prisoners' corner every day.

He followed her to the Friedhof, and found her at her brother's grave. The sapling acacia by which they had

buried Jules had grown into a fair young tree, and made of the place a pleasant green and gold shade, and laid a tapestry of soft colours over the sleeping soldier and shifted it and relaid it. Beyond the low bounding wall of the cemetery you could see that plain of pine forests and sand-rents and the eternal hills above.

More grey had come into her hair, and his soul was ever entangled in the pathos of those grey strands. But her eyes were always hard, and he could not see the tumult of her heart.

"No," he cried again. "And *now* I will not take the answer."

Rittmeister Sponnagel was in Behnsleben once more. He had been again half across the world, and had looked Death in the eyes. Somewhere in his journey the thought had come to him that he was weary of that love riding pillion before him. Was it the care or the danger of his life that came between him and it? The pleasure it could not be: he had no such great pleasure in living. Was it the hopelessness of the thing? Was it that his solitude, hateful at first, had grown to be a treasure that he could not relinquish? He did not know: but the little thought grew stronger and stronger in him, until at last it was a conviction. He looked that love of his in the face: how pale and wan and old it had become! He lifted it down gently, with sighs, from the pillion of his heart, and rode on—alone.

The Rittmeister went again to the Friedhof, for he knew that she would be there: and they must always remain friends, though now they would be nothing else for all their years. He found her to be greyer than before: the lines of her face detached themselves more saliently: and she was a little bent. He felt a great pity for her, and found that he wondered if he had not deceived himself all through. For some have defined love in chemical terms as a precipitate of gratitude: and the Rittmeister asked himself if love may not as often be a precipitate of compassion. But, in any case, when a man comes to analyse his love, that love is dead.

This time he did not put the old twice-asked question, but inquired of her life, and told her of his, and spoke of Jules. But his talk halted more and more, and at last ran out into silence: and he went away, melancholy and pensive. For looking into her eyes he had seen the softening there.

That evening Marie received a message asking her to go at once to the hospital. Rittmeister Sponnagel, said the messenger, had met with an accident. He had been crossing a road and in a fit of absent-mindedness had come into the way of a cart and had been run over. He had begged that Mademoiselle Genlis should be sent for. When Marie asked if the accident was serious, the messenger only said that Ma'amzelle would do well to come at once.

Marie hurried to the hospital,

which is the old Krankenhaus, instituted and maintained by the Benedictines in the days before charity was elevated into a public virtue. It has monastic suggestions: stone dials and sun-entrapping cloisters, an aged, time-wrenched mulberry-tree set on a square of green turf, low-arched doors and cobbled walks and window-work of delicate tracery. And the invalids in their grey wrappers creep about the old courts, shadows crawling into Eternity across the great dial of Time.

Here the head-surgeon came to meet Mademoiselle Genlis. Yes, he said, in answer to her look, it was bad. They had been obliged to amputate the crushed leg. The Rittmeister was not yet aware of the full extent of the disaster that had come upon him; and if they could keep this knowledge from him until they had got up his strength a little, his system would be better able to endure the shock. But the Rittmeister had not spared himself these last years, and there was not much reserve of strength to draw upon. In fact, perhaps Mademoiselle Genlis would come at once.

She followed the doctor up through the wards to the room where the Rittmeister was stretched out, with that grey on his face which you only see at the dawn of the sun and at the dawn of eternity. His white hand lay outside the coverlet, and over his leg was a great hoop. He said that he was feeling better except for that numbness in his damaged limb. Then, with the usual cautions, the doctor and nurses left them together.

"Will you draw back the blind?" he said.

Now while she was at the window, that white hand of his stole underneath the coverlet, and the Rittmeister knew what had happened. It was a minute before Marie could find the blind-cords, and when she came back to him the hand was on the coverlet again; but in that minute he had called to the ferryman, and the ferryman was putting his barge across the river of death.

The evening sun came in through the leaves and threw over the dying man's bed that same shifting tapestry of green and gold that it was laying at that moment about the Hussard of the Guard in the Friedhof. It was the hour of the sun's setting, and of men's setting.

"Sit," he said, "where I can see you."

She drew up a chair and sat by him. He looked into her eyes: yes, the softening was there upon which he had once set his whole happiness. He looked into his heart: his love was dead, not even on the brink of the grave to be quickened for a second from the dead past.

But she was crying.

He put out his hand, and she gave him hers. His tired arm sank on to the bed: but he always held her hand: and when at last his grasp loosened, he was dead.

That movement of compassion and friendship she took for a movement of love. And the Rittmeister had meant it to be taken so.

A JAUNT TO JANINA.

Mr Alexis, a Greek merchant naturalised in England, and his son were going to Janina to look for family tombstones. The Alexis family hailed from Epirus, when it was not under Turkish rule, and Mr Alexis thought it was time to see what records of themselves his worthy ancestors had left behind in the picturesque capital. I accepted with alacrity an invitation to accompany them, and for one who was only used to travelling in the most civilised parts of Europe the week passed on Turkish soil was a most novel and amusing experience. Having spent Easter in a villa hidden among the olive-trees of a Corfiote village, we started at five o'clock one April morning to catch the midday steamer at the town of Corfu.

In the manner of silly, nervous, and punctual Europeans we boarded our ship just before noon, when it was timed to start. We were to learn in the next few days that man is not made for the clock, but the clock for man. As it was, we weighed anchor at two o'clock and steamed before a stiff southerly breeze for Santi Quaranta, the port of the Holy Forty. Seen from a little steamer the Acroceraunian coast is stupendous and terrifying, a veritable "step-mother of ships," to borrow an Æschylean phrase. It baffles imagination how mortal man (encumbered with a Gladstone bag) can penetrate those endless ranges of gloomy rocks, over which a snowy peak here and there lifts its head. But opposite to the northern end of Corfu there is a little bay, facing south-west, fringed on one side by a meagre row of mean houses, some of them in ruins. This is Santi Quaranta, and seen, as we saw it, under a leaden sky in drizzling rain, it was not a cheerful prospect. The Turkish flag and that of the Austrian-Lloyd were flying from the house nearest the slip, whence a rowing-boat set out as we anchored. The bay was welcoming the long rollers with open arms, and merrily they splashed their spray over the ship. The boat with difficulty came alongside, and three of us with our bags tumbled over the side in a heap on top of the Austrian-Lloyd agent. We landed safe only by the mercy of Providence, and the steamer's captain was said to have heaved a sigh of relief when he saw us step ashore unscathed.

As I have said, Santi Quaranta consists of one street and a few tumble-down houses, but this did not affect us much as we landed, for we had no intention of sampling its delights for more than an hour or so. Silly slaves of time and of preconceived ideas that we were! In our foolishness we hoped to make Delvino—a drive of some nine miles into the interior—that night. We were soon un-

deceived — with many compliments—by the officials. Santi Quaranta boasts a staff of three: the Moudir, the *douanier*, and the Moudir's secretary. Never shall I forget Suleiman Effendi, the secretary. Dan Leno alone could have rivalled the grotesqueness of his gestures and the comic cluckings of his Albanian speech. But we shall ever appreciate the pains he took to make us feel at home that day, though Turkish and Albanian were to us unknown tongues. Beamingly he read our passports, which he could not understand, effusively he tapped his head and heart to greet us. We passed on to the *douanier*, a stolid old Wallachian with a curiously mottled, brown and white complexion. He spoke Greek, so that talk became possible over the coffee and cigarettes which are indispensable to any conversation in Turkey. He listened sympathetically as we exposed our projects with fretful eagerness, but shook his head and seemed distinctly doubtful of our plans reaching any maturity. Then in bustled our good friend Suleiman with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," suggesting that the Moudir would be honoured by a call. This was not difficult, as he lived upstairs above the *douanier*. Making as impressive an entry as possible, we again sat down to coffee and cigarettes, and through the medium of the Austrian-Lloyd agent unfolded our scheme of leaving for Delvino that day to the Moudir, who only knew Albanian. Then at last we learnt the truth. There were no horses in Santi Quaranta, and they must be sent for from Delvino. Moreover, it was bad weather and the rivers were in flood, probably making the fords impassable. Indeed we might not get to Delvino for several days, but what did it matter? Still, we might telegraph for horses. Here was a chance for Suleiman to do a turn all by himself. Beaming and chattering he seized a reed pen and a piece of paper, and holding the latter in his left hand he dictated to himself an interminable telegram in Turkish, which must have contained more fulsome compliments to the inhabitants of Delvino than our instructions. Still, he trotted off happily to send it, and left us to hear the confidences of the Moudir, who complained that his pay was only £2 a-month and very irregular at that.

It was now past five in the afternoon, and we were shown to the one and only *khan*. Entering through a bar, we passed into a covered outhouse where a peasant was mending tin pots, and, ascending by a flight of stone steps, arrived in a wide corridor, uncarpeted, and chiefly inhabited by birds which had built their nests in the rafters. It was too early in the year for lesser inhabitants, for which, said our Hungarian fellow-traveller, we might be thankful. We were shown a large bare room with four beds and two chairs in it. Here we sat down rather disconsolately, cheered only by the

Hungarian's remark that he had brought a week's provisions, including a whole "mutton chop," of which he invited us to partake later. But dulness was not to be our portion for long. A knock was heard at the door and the inevitable Suleiman appeared. The staff had ceremoniously come to return our kind call. So the Mudir and Secretary took the chairs, and the rest of the company sat on the beds. There was only one theme in a conversation lasting well over an hour—the likelihood of our ever reaching Delvino, the Mudir growing more gloomy, Suleiman more grotesquely jovial every moment. At last they departed and left us to our evening meal, for which the landlord provided pilaf and Viennese beer, and the Hungarian his "mutton chop" (a leg of mutton) and a cheese that would have inspired a Pythian priestess. We ate in the bar of the *khan*, where our suits of Harris tweed contrasted strangely with the long cloaks of black goat's hair, the red fezes, and white gaiters of the few soldiers who were also supping. The Hungarian, a fire insurance agent, enlivened us with many tales of travel in the east; of frenzied cluckings that had produced eggs in obscure Levantine villages, of unexpected hospitality and Barmecide feasts, and of cool fountains sought at dead of night by a wearied traveller whose bed was but a bed of torment.

The next morning was not promising, for there had been a terrific thunderstorm in the night and it was still raining; but when we had consumed the coffee and goats' milk, eggs and *risogalo*, brought by our host, the sun appeared, and shortly afterwards Suleiman showed his effulgent countenance round the door to tell us that the horses were on their way. Cheered by this happy news, we set out to see the ruined monastery on the hill above Santi Quaranta. Unlucky that we were, for a heavy squall coming up from the sea was hid from us as we climbed. It caught us as we were negotiating a descent of razor-like slabs of rock, soaking our nether limbs. Returning quickly to the *khan*, we commandeered two braziers with which we made a laager in the corridor, hanging our wet clothes on chairs around. Ourselves chastely attired in tweed coats, pink pyjamas, and pumps, we sat down to finish off the "mutton chop," causing no little delight to the inhabitants. At length the horses came, a string of sturdy little animals saddled with the universal *samari*, or wooden pack-saddle, and accompanied by six Albanian guides and an armed *zaptieh*. The guides were picturesquely clad in white doublets of embroidered wool, with black breeches and embroidered cloaks with skirts and short, baggy sleeves. On their heads they wore white fezes without tassels, and on their feet the red *tsarouchia*, or slippers, with turned-up toes. They were good-humoured little fellows, who spoke a little Greek, though they had one

disconcerting habit of shaking their heads vehemently when they meant "yes." Our cavalcade, which was joined by several Greeks, soon set off along the stony, ill-kept mountain road. The first range was soon passed, and we entered a country of green fields and trees, with willows and hedges of blackberry as in our Cotswold country, though it is surrounded on all sides by high rocky peaks. We crossed several fords, where the water came up to the stirrups, but the ponies never stumbled. With a cry of encouragement a guide leapt on to the crupper, and there sat till the double burden had once more reached dry land. At length we came to the gorge of the river Delvino, a rushing torrent of the most vivid red flowing over a wide bed of rocks and gravel. As we crossed the bridge we saw the turbid waters lashing themselves into apricot-tinted foam below, while over them on a primitive aqueduct flowed placidly the clear liquid of a mountain spring—a striking contrast. Delvino is on a height beneath towering masses, over which heavy clouds, night's vanguard, were rolling. As we entered, the last reflected light of evening showed us the slender minarets above the low roofs, and as we passed along the street, where stout merchants in fezes sat before row after row of scarlet *tsarouchia*, we felt that we were in the East at last. We made the acquaintance of all Delvino in the café, and dined in a low room, ornamented with back numbers of 'Le Petit Journal,' off pilaf and *giaourt*, an acid and refreshing preparation of curdled milk.

Delvino lies due west of Santi Quaranta: from there to Janina it is a two days' ride, circling southwards, over a high pass into the valley of Gervotsati, the night being spent at the lonely *khan* beside the lake of Gerovina. We set out from Delvino at six in the morning a diminished cavalcade, ourselves, the Hungarian, two guides, and two mounted *cavallaris*, who rode ahead on chargers, with rifles slung across their backs. For five hours we mounted in the drizzling rain, jolted in all our bones by the uneven gait of the ponies. The roads, worn into furrows by the winter rains and strewn with loose boulders, led between hills of red sandstone, their lower slopes covered with a green, refreshing herbage. Yet there was a mournful desolation in this early morning scene. No human being met us as we rode—no merchant with his pack, no peasant chanting over his tillage. Grey, dun clouds blocked out the sunrise, and we mounted slowly upwards, silent, cold, and hungry. Towards ten o'clock we left the sandstone hills, and entered a steep pass through a gate of bare, jagged rock, curiously interstratified. It might have been the very entrance to Avernus: no sign of life enlivened the deepening gloom. It was a fit home for the outcast, the hermit, or the brigand. Who lived among those beetling

crags was safe from all pursuit: who chose to flee the world in a cave beside a spring was secure from all interruption in his ecstasies. No pulse of life, no flash of beauty, could distract his heavenward gaze. He would see no face, except, perhaps, some shepherd tracking a strayed lamb; he would hear no voice but the jackal's wail by night. Wearily we reached the summit of the pass, to gaze into a very valley of the shadow. Dark, impenetrable squalls lay over all the land, and we could but dimly spy the bottom road and the *khan* of Gervotsati.

Wet and hungry we entered the *khan's* courtyard, and rolled stiffly off the hard pack-saddle. A brazier in the bare, chairless upper room made life more cheerful, and a bowl of steaming *fasoulia* (haricot beans) stewed in oil, with more treasures from the Hungarian's provision bag, almost reconciled us to the labours that had been and still were to be. Here the Hungarian left us with a guide and a *cavallari*, for his destination lay northwards to Argyrocastro, where he arrived, as we heard later, in "a pitoyable condition." For a moment the rain had cleared, but as we set out to jog along the valley it descended once more, with a bitter piercing wind. Thick overcoats kept our bodies dry, but perpetual soaking was loosening the stitching of our shoes. Gloom settled heavily upon our party, which was only momentarily dispelled when Mr Alexis' pony rolled down a grass slope on top of its rider, luckily without ill results. The face of the valley never brightened; lowering storm-clouds blocked out every prospect, though here and there a patch of heath or a young cornfield struggled into view. At last we turned a corner and began to mount again, throwing a last and not loving gaze on the inky mass through which we had ridden. A tiny *khan* furnished half-an-hour's shelter, and over a wood fire that drew showers of tears from our eyes with its piercing smoke we partially dried our dripping garments. Then the sun broke through the heavy clouds and lit us on our way, revealing once more red hills, green fields, and snow-capped peaks above. Osmani, the guide, broke forth into an Albanian song, a weird minor music with skirls and trills like a pibroch. The Albanians are highlanders, sturdy remnants of the old Illyrian stock, and Osmani sang, as we gathered, in highland manner, of chieftains and vassals, of raids that set all the glen afire, of heroic combat, gallant rescue, and courageous death. Through nearly all his songs ran a refrain, not of Roderick MacAlpine, but of Janina, of Ali Pasha the strong, and of Vasilikè, his treacherous queen.

And so, singing in antiphon —he Albanian, we English— the cavalcade beguiled its slow journey. Then Gerovina burst upon us in all its beauty. Blue distant mountains, and heavy clouds lit to a rosy hue by the dying sun, formed the background for a clear lake,

showing its rippling waters between uplands of coarse grass, wild thorny hedges, and still leafless thickets. On the far side four poplars rose by the brink — a timid cluster, with a grace that proclaimed them nymph-haunted. Behind them we discerned a tiny patch of glistening white, that grew into a *khan* as we approached. How thankfully, after ten hours in the saddle, we clattered beneath its arch into the cobbled yard! How we stretched our long limbs, for which Albanian ponies and *samaris* were not intended! And what a *khan* it was! Gervotsati had been primitive in the fashion of a neglected English farmhouse; but Gerovina lit in us a spark of Eastern romance. The outside, save for the central arch, was blank, white wall. All light came from the yard, on to which every door opened. The lower floor was given up to stables, outhouses, and kitchen; the guest-rooms were situated on the upper floor, their doors opening upon a balcony that ran along one side of the yard. The undulating roof of ancient tiles came down over the balcony on to wooden pillars which rose to meet it out of the rickety balustrade. We mounted from the yard by a sidelong flight of stone stairs and were shown our chamber, bare save for three mattresses. A brazier was set for us upon the wooden planks of the balcony, and on three stools we sat around it, twisting and turning like birds upon a spit, to dry the damp from our clothes. Leaning upon the balustrade, we watched the busy life in the yard below. Our guides were rubbing down the ponies, chattering loudly of the marvellous travellers they had brought: a dusty carriage rumbled under the arch and two Turkish ladies stepped out, and, as they swept along the balcony, turned their veiled faces inquiringly towards us. Then three cavalrymen arrived, booted and spurred, who turned into the room next ours. Truly, we looked for a Calender to come and Shibli Bagarag the barber. For supper one little wooden table was set before us, and we dipped three spoons into a great basin of *fasoulia*, then a dish of lake fish, and again a basin of *risogalo*. After a final pipe we took the brazier into the room and turned in, little disturbed in our slumbers, though the soldiers played cards noisily next door all through the night watches.

The sun shone bright as we started at six o'clock upon our last stage. The Englishman is silent of a morning, but the warm rays drew out our gaiety as it drew off our overcoats. Even the ponies, which had walked steadily these two days, broke into a lumbering canter upon a stray patch of grass. At midday Janina, which was to grow nearer to us for the next three hours, broke into sight. We were at the end of a broad green valley between rolling downs. Had it not been for sterner signs, we

might have dreamed ourselves rambling upon the gentle slopes of Lewes. But on the right of the shallow lake that faced us rose a grim "hog's back," no Surrey villas smiling on its sides through spring's whitethorn buds, but gleaming and still in a shroud of yet unmelted snow. The valley seemed one vast arena nine miles long, where nature played a scene of beauty grand and beauty simple, harmoniously blending. At our feet were waving grass and thorny shrubs; the lowing of oxen, the bark of a dog, struck the ear; the horse's hoof rang sharply in the still air, and the sun threw soft purple shadows over the long, white road. Such was the foreground, the common-place, the *alltäglich* ennobled by the mystery of spring, a scene over which Walther von der Vogelweide might well have written—

"Wenn die Blumen aus dem Grase dringen,
Gleich als sie lachten sie hinauf zur Sonne,
des Morgens früh an einem Maientag,
und die kleinen Vöglein lieblich singen
ihre schönsten Weisen: welche Wonne
Hat wohl der Welt, die so erfreuen mag?"

But cunningly, with sloping lines of greyer and greyer hills, nature led our eyes to the culminating point — the background that dominated and gathered into itself the entire scene. It was a mighty, snow-covered mass of rock that blocked the entire end of the valley. It was no solitary peak, no sharp needle that pierced the sky, but an imposing mass shaped like some solemn Gothic cathedral of overwhelming size, with choir and nave and transept, capped by a stupendous tower. Nor had the architect been sparing with his ornament. There were pinnacles, gargoyles, and buttresses enough to have pleased old Ruskin's eye; and round the pinnacles were clustering, like a host of cherubs, bunches of white and fleecy cloudlets. Under this monument lay a dim grey shadow, out of which, as we drew nearer, appeared a single minaret upon a kind of citadel. This was the city of Ali Pasha.

Janina is a field for the artist in search of novelty and colour. Its natural position is very impressive, and its streets one kaleidoscope of picturesque scenes. It is built on the shores of a lake, hemmed in by mountains upon nearly every side. Most of the town lies low, but the fortress rises as it juts into the lake, a long peninsula of stone wall going sheer down into the water, ended by a few towers and a lovely minaret. Opposite the citadel lies the little wooded island of St John. The streets, if they are narrow and abound in smells, abound also in sights. The shops have no glass windows, but are sheltered from the sun by metal awnings: here sits the bootmaker cross-legged among the red slippers; here great rolls of yellow matting strike a bold note before the

basketmaker's; there is the eating-house, its covered dishes hissing on hot coals before the passer-by, who walks in and selects his dinner in full view of the populace. The streets are a bizarre mixture of East and West. The fez is universal, but European dress is worn by the Greeks and the *personnel* of the consulates. Albanian drivers in breeches, skirted cloaks, and white fezes, crack noisy whips behind unwilling beasts down the main road; up in the public square, before the Vali's palace and the clock that tells the bewildering Turkish time, solemn gold-laced officers sit smoking in the café, while dusty privates — all shades from black to white — lounge in the barrack-square. Go down into the market-place, where the fish-dealers, before their open stalls, chaffer the coarse lake fish and immense eels, and you will see Shylock in his fur-lined gaberdine and grave Mahommedans in turbans, white or green. Or step down to the shore through the quaint narrow lanes, with sudden corners and unexpected gardens, where joyous Jewish girls, unveiled and displaying heavy gold earrings, poke their bekerchiefed heads out of low doors to quiz the strangers. This is the oldest quarter, a few square, leaning houses facing a foreshore of grass and gravel, which circles towards the boathouse: there, where the single poplar rises above the raft, begins the stout wall of the fortress. Now and then you will meet a veiled Mahommedan woman roguishly peeping, but they are comparatively few. Beggars, however, are numerous: wonderful wizened mumpers, in tattered cloaks and woollen hoods, with stout sticks to keep off the tawny, savage dogs that guard the sheep. Should you see a stately old warrior in full "palikar" costume, — the snow-white *fustanella*, shirt, and gaiters, the marvellously-embroidered zouave jacket, with two horse-pistols and a few quaintly-wrought knives sticking murderously in his belt, — whose choleric countenance and bright eyes gleam fiercely under his fez over those ferocious grey moustaches, that is only the *chasseur* of the Italian consul, but he is the most striking figure in all Janina. Then, if you are in a mind for fine company once more, go to the garden café beyond the town, and, while you drink *rosoli* or *masticha*, watch the Vali taking his thirty wives for an airing in a long procession of closed four-wheel cabs.

If you wish to see "villain" written upon the human face, you must gain admission to the fortress, part of which is used as the prison. But this depends upon your introductions, for the Vali's permission is necessary. We, who had letters to the courteous Greek officials of the tobacco *régie*, had little difficulty. Through M. Chrysides, his secretary, we had an audience with the Vali in his palace. Like all Turkish

governors he lived in a show of shabby splendour. The outside of the palace was clean and imposing; the inner courtyard dark and dirty. Inside there were no carpets over the bare boards of the draughty corridors, and the fine tapestry upholstering of the furniture was faded and torn by the wear of many decades. The Vali was a pleasant-looking old Albanian, who spoke a little German, and he made no difficulties about giving us permission. In company with a police officer we went over the fortress, inside the grim walls of which has grown up a second town, like that which not so long ago occupied the Acropolis at Athens. The stronghold of Ali Pasha, behind which he so long laughed at the Sultan's troops, is now slowly tumbling to ruin. Only the mosque is kept in good repair, and that we were not allowed to enter—perhaps because it had once been a Greek church. The prisoners were an ill-favoured, rascally collection, who showed a distinct objection to being photographed. They tried to sell us wooden matchboxes, and even a new pair of boots, but we had no desire for their mementoes.

Our doings proved very interesting to the inhabitants. Little groups continuously followed us about, and if there were local evening papers, we conceived that staring headlines bore witness to our latest movements. The shaving of our faces brought a crowd outside the local barber's, and the public blacking of our boots blocked a whole street for fifteen minutes. The local confectioner was our link with the past. We arranged to meet the oldest inhabitant over his sweet cakes, to jog his tottering memory as to the Alexis family. When he came, he proved unfortunately to be too young, and a still older inhabitant who was chartered failed to turn up. But after all, Mr Alexis had a great success. Upon the little island of St John there is a monastery, and here—*o patria pietas*—he found a stone cross beside a ruined wall, with a Greek inscription to the effect that Angelica Alexis died there in 1826. This tombstone now rests in an English garden. All else paled before this discovery, but there is another thing to be seen upon the island, the room where the Albanian patriot, the inciter of the Souliotes, met his death. The chieftain, Ali, was no respecter of women; he took his pleasure with a captured girl, and threw her into the lake. The high barred windows of the houses witness to Janina's fear of his prying eye. Only one woman he treasured, dark-haired Vasilikè, his queen. Bribed by the Sultan's emissaries, she persuaded him that he would receive a free pardon at Constantinople. Setting out by night he crossed to the island, and was inveigled into a small upper room, under which the Sultan's soldiers were waiting. Vasilikè disappeared down a secret passage and gave the signal. The soldiery, fearing

to meet the courageous Ali, fired at him through the floor, and the tell-tale holes still remain in the boards. Ali did not wait for death, but rushed out sword in hand, only to meet it upon the balcony from the rifles of soldiers who crowded up the narrow stairs to head him off. So died the hero of many a song, and the ravished virgins were avenged by the treachery of an unfaithful wife.

Three days were spent at Janina, and the West called us once more. We bade farewell before dawn, while heavy clouds were rolling over the lake, and a hazy moon lit up the minarets. In a carriage drawn by three horses we drove southwards all that day, through mountain gorges, galloping down winding roads cut out from the sheer wall of rock, with nothing but the driver's skill to keep us from falling over a precipice on to the plane-trees by the rushing stream below. At Philippiada we stopped one short half-hour, and then southwards again, passing Arta on the left, the first outpost of Greece proper, right down to the Ambracian Gulf, where Demosthenes, the Athenian admiral, exhibited his skill of old. We drove along the narrow peninsula of famous Actium, through the strange, desolate ruins of Nicopolis, that colony founded by Augustus to celebrate Mark Antony's defeat, down to the port of Prevesa. Here, after a night's rest and an enlivening dispute over passports, we boarded an Austrian-Lloyd steamer, which took us to Santa Mavra (Leucas), to the romantic coast village of Parga, past ancient Buthrotum, till, as evening closed in, the lights in Corfu upon the Fortezza Vecchia, Corcyra's Leucimmè, hove in sight. At nightfall we landed, and after a hasty meal once more entered a carriage. There we dozed, dozed as we jogged through Scriperò and over Mount Panteleemon, past ghostly vines and haggard olives, till we mounted the hill that brought us to our old Venetian gate and the courtyard of our villa at peaceful Cavalluri.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

WITH MY SALAMANDERS.

"SHALL I bring you back some salamanders?"

So ran the postscript to a letter written to me by our chaplain, who had gone for a few days' change of air to Schwartzburg.

Should I like some salamanders? Well, yes, perhaps I should, if I were only gifted to know what salamanders were.

I may as well acknowledge that not long since I should have written down a salamander as a species of either sand-fly or sand-shrimp to be met with in hot climates. "As lively as a salamander," or "Hot enough for a salamander." On dimly recollected and disjointed sayings of this type I might have built up a theory quite good enough for a man who was not invited to deal with the salamander *in propria persona*. But now, seriously athirst for information, I plied acquaintances here with inquiries, only to discover that in the matter of salamanders I was not much more ignorant than my neighbours. After the example of Rehoboam I sought advice from both old and young counsellors. But even so I failed to achieve my purpose, though a jolly old colonel, who might have sat for the portrait of the older Peveril of the Peak, and who appeared to have Ruff's Guide at his fingers' ends, was on the whole more truthful than his neighbours.

"Salamander?" he exclaimed. "Why, bless my soul, yes! I remember him perfectly well—won the Grand National, my boy, somewhere in the 'sixties. I can't remember exactly who rode him, but I can easily look it up. D—d fine jumper he was too, though I didn't back him."

A younger friend, an undergraduate, who having been educated on modern lines might reasonably be expected to know something of natural history, proved to be one of those truly delightful individuals who will hazard an opinion on any subject in the world.

"Salamanders? Great Scot, yes! Little devils of sorts. Come in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' don't they? Not Lucifer or Beelzebub, you know, but one of the other Johnnies."

My best friends in the long-run proved to be two fair residents in the town, who put two or three works upon natural history at my service, and in these I discovered that the ignorance of myself and my fellow-countrymen may be partially accounted for by the fact that the salamander is not found in England.

"The salamander is a harmless amphibious reptile. Of the newt tribe; black with yellow spots. Very limited intelligence, the brain being exceedingly small."

This last remark at once influenced me in favour of salamanders. Feeling that we should have something in common, I forthwith despatched an order for four of the creatures, and was not a little disgusted when two days later the parson arrived without them. His was the tale so often told by the sportsman whose wife has sent him out to shoot for the pot. The supply had been ample until a demand was created—heaps of salamanders had been on view until they were really wanted,—but so soon as they were in demand they had apparently disappeared from off the face of the earth. Not merely had the chaplain himself spent three weary hours and encountered perils by land and by water in vain search of them, but according to his account the whole male population of Schwartzburg had devoted their time and energies to the same quest. Stimulated by the munificent offer of half a mark per head for salamanders, the ditcher had neglected his work, the postman dallied on his round, the schoolboy played truant from school, the lordly waiter from the hotel neglected his clients—to be sure it was the slack season—and wandered along the river-bank. But one and all the searchers had failed to produce a solitary live specimen. To a roadmaker, indeed, had been vouchsafed a partial but wholly aggravating measure of success. One morning he arrived at the hotel with the welcome intelligence that he had caught two salamanders, and demanded a mark. But our chaplain, the last man in the world to buy a pig in a poke, was urgent for their production.

"Where are they?"

"I've put them by for you, in a box."

"When can I see them?"

"When I've had my dinner."

Unfortunately the roadmaker was not the only diner. The lid of a deep box had been left open, and one salamander had disappeared bodily. Mercifully a veil had been drawn over his fate, but suspicion of foul play was not wanting. For his companion in captivity had been partially devoured by an errant stoat—so at least the legend ran,—and the roadmaker was sensibly annoyed when the parson declined to become the purchaser of one hind leg and part of a tail.

However, the parson had left the order open, and a cigar-box with breathing holes bored in the lid behind him, and two evenings later an old woman arrived in our garden with a long message, of which the only words that appealed to my intelligence were the chaplain's name and "salamander."

Within five minutes I was in the chaplain's room helping to free the salamanders, which had been carefully packed in damp moss, and seemed none the worse for their journey. If the first view of them effectually dispelled any lingering idea of excessive liveliness, their colouring was so vivid as to be almost startling, and to recall my undergraduate's

declaration that they were "little devils of sorts." For were I called upon to reproduce the colours of the devil, I should certainly take the salamander as a pattern. With one reservation only. For the devil—so runs the proverb—is not always so black as he is painted; the salamander, per contra, is even blacker. I would defy the painter's brush to reproduce exactly the intense blackness of either a bit of shiny coal or the body of a salamander. The black grounding is well set off by the vivid spots, splashes, and longitudinal bars of gold, which, commencing from the eyebrow, run at irregular intervals almost to the end of the tapering tail. Underneath, as though the colours were being rubbed off by the process of crawling, both black and yellow are comparatively dull. In the matter of colouring my salamanders so far run in pairs, that on two of them the yellow is of the shade seen on the ordinary wasp; on the other pair the spots and bars are of the richer shade found on the hornet or queen wasp. The general effect is, as I have said, so vivid as to be at the first sight startling, and had my first encounter with a salamander taken place when it was in its natural surroundings, sitting, as the chaplain saw them sit, with the flat serpentine head alone protruding from a hole in a rock, I should in my ignorance have written the harmless creature down as a venomous snake, and should either have given it a wide berth, or sought to destroy it in the interests of society.

Here let me explain that what I am going to write is to be taken as applying to my own individual specimens of the salamander tribe. Inductive reasoning has its limits, and I am not qualified to lay down general laws on matters whereof my experience is limited. But having studied the creatures at pretty well every hour of day and night, I may at least claim to know more than even the 'Times' Encyclopædia could tell me about the habits and the happenings, the manners and customs, and the personal characters of my own salamanders.

First, then, came the question of housing the new arrivals, who were perforce condemned to spend their first night in the comparative discomfort of a cardboard box filled with damp moss, and—for they were a little shy in the presence of strangers—to go to bed supperless. Before ten o'clock, however, on the following morning, I had procured for them a square glass case, about fifteen inches every way, and with a flat lid. This serves the purpose well enough, but now I find that I might have dispensed with at least six inches of the height of the case, and that the lid is wholly superfluous. The chaplain had told me that he had on several occasions seen a salamander run up a wall, and I had yet to learn that the creature lacks the power of climbing up a glass surface.

Then for the furniture of the house. After various experiments I have finally settled down to the following arrangement, which seems to commend itself to all parties concerned. One corner of the aquarium is occupied by a large porous stone, in shape not unlike a church, whereof the tower is just far enough off from either wall of the aquarium to prevent its being utilised as a ladder of escape. Even Lucifer, far and away the most active and adventurous of the quartette, after sundry expeditions to the top of the tower, and as many attempts to win his way thence to the outside world, now regards it in the light of a view-place only, and is seldom to be seen there. My church is kept in its place by a flat bit of granite, on the farther end of which rests a pot of moss, which in its turn is firmly wedged against the farther wall of the aquarium. The other half of the aquarium, the recreation-ground I may call it, as opposed to the sleeping accommodation, is laid out with smaller bits of granite, shells, and mossy banks. It must not be imagined that my salamanders' furniture was selected at random. On the contrary, the "church" was purchased from the florist who supplied the moss; the granite was presented by the chaplain's children, and many of the shells and smaller pebbles by a young American lady. Nor has the care bestowed upon the preparation of their abode passed unappreciated by my salamanders. After due inspection each has selected his—or indeed it may be her—distinct quarters, and except when they are on the wander in search of food or exercise, each may be safely backed to be found in his proper place, Schiller and Goethe side by side, often indeed intercoiled in loving embrace, under the shelving wall of the church nave; Satan lying cat-like, with his head resting on his tail in the centre of the pot of moss; and Lucifer peeping out from under the overhanging moss on the side of the church opposite his classical brethren.

And why these names? Well, was it not natural that in a district where a hundred years ago Goethe and Schiller lived and sang, the two darkest, and therefore handsomest, of my salamanders should recall these great names. Moreover, the inseparable companionship existing between a pair of beautiful creatures, of which the one is portly, the other of graceful and slender build, practically dictated—in Weimar, at any rate—the choice of the names. Early rising habits and lively temperament suggested for a creature decked out in diabolical attire the title of Lucifer; while to the largest and most masterful of my salamanders—*pater ipse gregis*—of the same colouring as Lucifer, the name of Satan seemed wholly appropriate.

It was refreshing to find how people who only a few days before had not apparently been sure whether there really were such things living as salamanders, were now one

and all agog with authoritative information as to the correct method of "feeding the beast." My landlord, no mean authority, where mankind is concerned, on the matter of diet and hygiene, avowed that salamanders were vegetarians, and suddenly remembered that an American friend had kept a "whole boiling" of the creatures, and fed them consistently on lettuces. On the word, off to the garden sped his wife, and presently reappeared with half a dozen young lettuces, carefully put aside by the gardener for immediate planting — an act of larceny that by no means commended itself in a favourable light to the gardener. Though no believer in the vegetarian theory, I put the lettuces into my aquarium, where Lucifer, the adventurous, promptly utilised them as umbrellas. It transpired later that the American's so-called salamanders were chameleons, which for all I know to the contrary may eat lettuce.

Then different people suggested in turns water-weeds, beetles, insects, worms, snails, slugs, and other succulent morsels. Finally the scientific lady, who had conveniently forgotten her previous assertion that the salamanders were to be numbered with cockatrices and other extinct species, had her say in the matter, and delivered a highly scientific judgment.

"Milk," said "Minerva," "is undoubtedly the proper form of nourishment. I have noticed the conformation of these creatures' mouths, and I am convinced that they are members of the batrachian family. Now it is a well-known fact that toads will suck the milk from a cow. Therefore you cannot go wrong if you feed your salamanders on milk."

Curiously enough, I was in part inclined to agreed with "Minerva," having already arrived at the conclusion, albeit by an entirely different route, that milk was worth a trial. For I remembered that grass-snakes, the pets of my boyhood, had drunk milk with avidity. Why, then, should not the salamander, with its snake-like head, follow suit?

We tried milk accordingly, and at the first attempt three out of the four salamanders drank freely. And here I must make a short digression in order to clear *my* salamanders' character of two charges which one or other of the books had levelled at the tribe.

"The salamander is very timid, so far as its stupidity permits it to be so."

I have not got the text to refer to, but this was the substance of one remark. What evidence has the writer of the condemnation of either timidity or stupidity? The salamander in his natural state flies from the approach of man? If my esteemed friend the Editor were to be suddenly conscious of the presence in George Street of a monstrous beast, some thousandfold bigger than himself, I should write him down as a wise man, rather than either a coward or a fool, if he at once proceeded to

vacate the editorial chair and lock himself up in the cellar until he had ascertained that the unknown monster neither had polemical intentions, nor was likely to squash him flat through pure inadvertence. Probably the salamander in his wild state does shun the approach of man, even though the man may happen to be a naturalist. But from the moment that my salamanders were convinced that our Pensioners were benevolently disposed to them, they ceased to show the smallest trace of timidity. Hauled out of their aquarium, carried into another room, handed about from one admirer to another, stroked and petted on all sides, they "composed themselves to the situation," and on being offered in turns a saucer of milk, took their baths and their breakfasts at one and the same time. Goethe alone proved fastidious, being minded for exploration rather than for refreshment, and making three separate attempts to climb up my hostess's arm. But was not that other Goethe notorious for his devotion to the fair sex?

Yet another charge which has been brought against the tribe does not hold good of my individual specimens. "The salamander when frightened or annoyed is in the habit of exuding from its skin a form of moisture which is not only disagreeable, but very poisonous to smaller animals." Is this really so? I have long been aware that a toad has this power of exuding moisture of an acrid—I cannot answer for its being poisonous—type. For a dog that has mouthed a toad will shake his head, froth at the mouth, and do his level best to spit out the taste for a good half-hour afterwards; and after carrying a toad to my greenhouse, if I happen to have unintentionally squeezed or frightened the poor creature, I find it necessary to wash my hands. But so far from observing anything of the sort in connection with my salamanders, I have been struck by the extraordinary dryness of their skins within a second of their being lifted out of either water or damp moss.

From the first, I had been absolutely certain that worms must form the staple article of diet for salamanders, which after all are the Teutonic cousins of the English newt, differing from the newt in preferring the land to the water, but resembling it as being an innocuous, beautiful, and most unjustly abused creature.

However, having no particular desire to see a "Diet of Worms" wriggling about on my carpet, and knowing the elusive and slippery nature of the animal, I preferred to make my initial experiment with a worm secured by a bit of cotton tied round the waist. Unfortunately, at the time of trial my salamanders had not finally settled down into their new quarters. Satan, whose fresh moss litter had not yet arrived, had gone to sleep—that is, if salamanders really do sleep—in some of the travelling moss under a stone in one corner, and Schiller and Goethe

had taken up an equally unapproachable position in another. But, as Lucifer was prowling about on a voyage of discovery, I suspended my worm, putting the lid of the aquarium on the fool's end of the cotton, at about the height of his head, a few inches away from him, and then retired to a distance and watched the proceedings. Within a very few minutes Lucifer's attention was attracted by the worm, and, presently approaching, he favoured it with a lengthy inspection. Its wriggling performances evidently interested him, but after raising my hopes more than once by making feints at attacking it, he seemed to arrive at the conclusion that that must be an uncanny worm which was content to go on kicking in mid-air, and he eventually elected to leave it severely alone. But when in the course of the afternoon, having more time at my disposal, I put several loose worms into the cage, Schiller and Satan, on whom the taste of milk seemed to have had the effect of a sherry and bitters, turned to and made a hearty meal. Their method of attacking a worm recalled to my mind old memories of angling for newts—a prolonged stare, a sudden strike, a vicious shake, a pause as if for the purpose of strengthening the hold, and then a long, steady swallow. That boy will go home with an empty tin who strikes at the first strong jerk on his thread, but he who has the patience to wait till a steady strain denotes the return of the newt to headquarters, with the worm well swallowed, can catch these water lizards by the score. *Post prandium quies.* The salamander, following the example of the boa constrictor and the German Frau, digests its meal by a prolonged siesta, a process which does not recommend itself to the English mind. I do not happen to have a boa constrictor handy to refer to, but in the case of both Frau and salamander I can avouch that this method of digestion is eminently successful in producing a comfortable figure. Once the worm diet was firmly established, everything was plain sailing. For several days I was content to supply my pets with what I considered to be a sufficiency of small worms, and these were readily taken. But one evening, as I chanced to happen on a particularly fine lob-worm, when I was short of other provender, I introduced it into the aquarium. Possibly I might have preferred the thing to "come a-two" in my hand, but I could not harden my heart to intentional bisection, and could only hope that a hungry salamander's ingenuity would evolve some method of solving the Gordian knot. How needless my anxiety! That was the gallant Schiller who made the first assault —unsuccessful, alas!—on a dinner that was half again as long and not far off from being as heavy as the prospective diner. Instead of grasping the monster by the middle, as he invariably did in the

case of smaller victims, he seized it suddenly by the tail, and after the usual preliminary shake proceeded to swallow. But as, after much swallowing, the prospect in front of him only seemed to grow longer and longer, he arrived at the conclusion that he had got hold of the sea-serpent by mistake, and reluctantly abandoned the undertaking. I had it in my mind to remove the worm, which appeared to be as lively as ever, but just then the supper-bell rang, and I retired to my bedroom to wash my hands. It was then that Goethe — my Goethe of the lion heart, and appetite comfortable — essayed that truly Herculean task which had baffled the efforts of his distinguished brother-in-arms. For on my return I found that he had fairly tackled the sea-serpent by the waist, and was shaking it right manfully. The feeding of the beasts being quite as popular a spectacle in our Pension as it is in the Zoological Gardens, I hurried into the supper-room. "Goethe has got hold of a worm as big as himself!" and on the cry out rushed sundry of the younger members of the party. It took Goethe a good ten minutes to swallow that worm, and we knew that our own suppers were growing cold as we watched him. But an American girl remarked afterwards that she would have rather gone without food for a week than have missed the sight. Discarding Schiller's methods, wise old Goethe managed to get the greater portion of the worm down by holding on to the middle and working his way up to both ends at once. Towards the finish, when the tail end had disappeared altogether, and about half an inch of the head was still protruding, he rested from his labours and took a short nap. Then he suddenly woke up again, with three powerful gulps finished the business. And then he climbed up into Satan's berth, as being the handiest, and fairly slept the clock round, while Satan, recognising the urgency of the situation, acquiesced in the arrangement, and made up his own bed on the top of him.

Beetles, insects of any kind, slugs, snails—all these I was advised to provide, and these, too, are recommended by the books. Having many willing coadjutors, I practically tried them all. I am fairly amazed to-day as I run through the list of my salamanders' admirers and purveyors. There was a steady demand for my empty matchboxes and tobacco-tins, and willing helpers — mostly of the fair sex — ranged the fields and woods in search of creatures which, under ordinary circumstances, a lady would be unwilling to touch with the business end of her umbrella. One dear old dame, eighty if she is a day, stopped me in the street one morning to tell me that she had got in a matchbox in her pocket one of the most wonderful beetles that the world had ever seen.

It turned out on inspection to be a cockchafer, and as she had apparently been sitting upon it—matchbox and all—it was in a very interesting though flat state of preservation. I did not like to tell her that my salamanders will not prey upon carrion, and she firmly believes to this day that she rescued Schiller and Goethe from imminent starvation.

Of course there are beetles and beetles, but I had my doubts about the ordinary hard-winged species,—excellent provender, doubtless, for the bird that can peck or the mole that can gnaw, but for a creature that is in the habit of swallowing its food without chewing, about as digestible, I should imagine, as a crayfish in its shell, swallowed like an oyster, might be for myself. But that was a grand matchbox full of beetles which a fair American lady spent a long afternoon in collecting: beetles of all shapes, sizes, and colours; odoriferous, too, some of them. I poured the collection into my aquarium, and then sat down and watched the result. The whole gang by common consent started off on a two hours' obstacle race, my salamanders being among the obstacles. Satan's attitude when a big green beetle, which was wearing cricket boots, walked along the whole length of his body, and then sat down on his head to perform an elaborate toilet, was a perfect study. He winked and blinked, shrugged his shoulders, hitched up his back like a donkey starting to kick, attempted to scratch his head—in short, showed by every means in his power that he wished the d—d beetle had never been born. When they got tired of racing, and had quite decided that glass walls were not porous, the beetles quieted down a bit, and presently three of them, under the ringleadership of a glorious purple giant, made a combined assault on one of my three little snails, which they ate. As the snails in their turn had played the mischief with Lucifer's "umbrellas," may it not be fairly said that retributive justice had once again asserted her claim? However, the action rather startled me, and I presently threw out of my window the other two snails and the purple beetle, having no further use for the former, and not being at all sure that the latter might not next commence operations on my salamanders' eyes. Even so, I was not quite satisfied, and I got out of bed three times in the course of the night to see that all was well in my aquarium. To the best of my belief, neither did the salamanders take any notice of the beetles, nor did the beetles resent the presence of the salamanders. Still, there is no doubt that the beetles have gradually disappeared, and though some of them have, doubtless, been thrown away when I have changed the water, it is on the cards that some of the softer kind

may have been eaten by the salamanders.

The difficulties which beset the path of the bug-hunter in Germany are of a character which should be seen in order to be properly appreciated, and I have my own reasons for preferring to do my share of bug-hunting by deputy. These dear Germans are so essentially protectionist on the one hand, and so outrageously inquisitive on the other, that the appearance in the park of a man armed with an empty tobacco-tin and an umbrella is quite sufficient to arouse the suspicions of a park-keeper and to attract a small army of followers. It may be remembered how that prince of jokers, Mr Frank Webber, managed to secure the wrecking of the pavement in a main street of Dublin by the simple process of standing still and staring hard at the ground. Here he might have met with an even more signal measure of success. My fly-net in past days interested passers-by not a little: to-day, if I turn over a few leaves with the point of an umbrella in search of insects, men, women, and children rush in a body to view the result; and a park-keeper has dogged my footsteps for a whole hour when I have been in search of a harmless wood-louse. It is left to my imagination to decide whether these good folk write me down for a lunatic at large or a mighty naturalist; but I often wish that the devil would fly away with the whole pack of them. The failure—for under the circumstances it was a failure—to procure a solitary specimen of an insect which, when alarmed, prefers to convert itself into a sort of blue pill rather than run away, and is more amenable than other insects to the slow methods of the salamander, annoyed me not a little; and the sole results of a two hours' search for edibles that day were three snails, one wire-worm, and a sort of horny-headed maggot which looked, and probably was, both nasty and indigestible. The fate of the snails I have already described. They were a nuisance from start to finish. Had they confined their attention to the lettuce I could have forgiven them; but they apparently spent the night in wandering up and down the walls and leaving slimy trails behind them. However, as they were in the aquarium for a week and the salamanders had every opportunity of eating them, I shall take the liberty of disbelieving that salamanders, properly supplied with other food, will condescend to touch them. And the same holds good of some white slugs, most of which committed suicide by drowning. Black slugs I absolutely decline to have anything to do with. Ant eggs, purchasable and recommended by a small street urchin, seem to disappear, and are possibly eaten in the course of the night; but I have never seen a salamander even look at them in the daylight.

"The lions roaring after their

prey do seek their meat by night."

So too, according to one book, omitting the roaring, do salamanders in their natural state. If this does not happen to be the case with *my* salamanders — which seem to eat when they are hungry, to drink when they are thirsty, to sleep when they are gorged, and to take exercise when the spirit moves them,—I am quite prepared to believe that, as in my own case, their natural instincts and capacities have deteriorated under stress of education and confinement, and that, finding food ready to hand at any hour of day or night, they simply take advantage of adventitious circumstances. That in daylight, at all events, they hunt by sound rather than either by sight or by scent, I am absolutely certain. Satan, for instance, hears the rustle of a worm, and his attitude of attention at once shows that he is on the *qui vive*. Presently he advances very cautiously in the direction of the sound, and gropes about—possibly then employing his powers of scent—till his nose touches the moving object. Then he raises his head, makes a momentary pause, and strikes sharply. If — and this will be the case, perhaps, once in six times—he happens to strike short and knocks the worm off the stone or the leaf on which he had heard it rustling, he looks surprised for a second, and then remains on the alert listening for new developments. That is a wise worm which then remains quiescent. For if he hears no fresh sound, Satan presently concludes that he has made a mistake and walks away. But the worm which moves prematurely is a gone coon: the hunt will be renewed, and Satan rarely makes a second bad shot. That there is in daylight something defective in the sight of those beautiful eyes, which sparkle like black beads, cannot but appeal even to the limited intelligence of their watcher. For were it otherwise, why should the salamander ever miss his strike?

None of my salamanders pays any attention to a dead worm, and it is apparently a breach of etiquette to touch a worm that is swimming in the water. Many a worm has saved its bacon by reason of the presence in the aquarium of a large round polished shell, which was sent as a present to Schiller by a lady who, I believe, has some poetical aspirations. It is a clear case of "Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes." For that which is an ornament to many a cottage mantelpiece is a veritable stumbling-block to my salamanders, which can neither walk over it, nor obtain purchase for seizing a worm which is crawling on it, foot and nose alike slipping on the polished surface in the attempt. And the worm which, having been knocked off the top of the shell, is cunning enough to take refuge inside, is as safe as the homicide in the City of Refuge. My own observation would incline me to suggest that the hours of sunset and sunrise are the periods of most marked

activity with salamanders. It is so certainly in their artificial surroundings. Probably in natural surroundings also.

With Satan I am on the most easy terms. Hardly a day passes without my taking him out, and putting him on a piece of white blotting-paper while I examine his various points. That he is in excellent condition the glossiness of his skin, which shines like the surface of a well-polished boot, is a convincing proof. There is something singularly human about the hands, which are beautifully shaped, the joints and tips of the delicate fingers being clearly defined. The hand has three fingers and a thumb, but the foot is better equipped, there being a fifth though very small toe. Satan looks at his best when standing in an attitude of expectancy, with straightened elbows, and his attention fixed on some object below him. Then, as the prominent yellow eyebrows viewed from behind give the appearance of erect ears, he looks exactly like a cat uncertain whether or not to make a spring at a bird. The tail, generally straightened when the salamander is walking, but coiled round when the creature is at rest, is at once strong, elastic, and prehensile. In his early attempts to escape from the aquarium Lucifer seemed to try to stand literally on the top of his tail, and came several egregious croppers in the attempt. But, judging from the strong grasp which he has more than once taken with the organ on my finger, I should be quite prepared to see him hanging like a monkey from the bough of a tree by the tail only, in the act of descent.

To the best of my belief, salamanders are absolutely mute. Perfectly gentle and tame with myself, in their relation to each other my salamanders are the most tolerant and easy-tempered of creatures. I have seen Lucifer, in one of his periodical fits of restlessness, walk over every other salamander in turn, squeezing a passage between Satan and the glass, planting an unceremonious foot on the end of Schiller's nose, and stopping to take a short nap with his head resting on Goethe's portly waist, and the tip of his tail almost in Schiller's eye. But none of the defendants in the action has entered the slightest protest. Not even food seems to suggest itself as a bone of contention, the distinction between "meum" and "tuum" being by tacit consent recognised.

In fine, the salamander is at once a very beautiful, a very cleanly, and a very interesting pet, easily fed, and—so at least some naturalists say—a very useful as well as ornamental inmate of either fernery or greenhouse. The former seems to be more adapted to his habits, and if I ever have the good fortune to settle down again, and have a garden with a fernery, there my salamanders shall have a happy home and resting-place, and evil betide either gardener or stoat who attempts to meddle with them.

SCHWEINEHUND.

FOUR years have brought many changes to Belgrade. When I was last in the little peasant capital the Regicides were in the zenith of their fame. They swaggered down the sidewalks while more honest men took the wall. Their insufferable arrogance made the public cafés unbearable. Strange as it may seem, the sympathies of the people were with them. Never shall I forget the scared face of the Englishman I met in my hotel. He was to have been received by the hapless monarch the very morning that the latter's lifeless body lay cold and scarred beneath the window of the Konak. All ignorant of the crime that had been committed in the shadow of the night, my friend called the hotel valet to bring his clothes quickly, as he was due to have an audience of the King.

"Sleep on," said the valet, "the King is dead!"

"Impossible," answered the Englishman.

"If your excellency does not believe me," smirked the man, "pray look out of the window; you will see that the flags and decorations are up. Surely the King is dead!"

What a grim paradox! The King and his fair Queen lying dead in the garden of the Konak and their capital decorated to applaud the miserable event. But now the Konak has gone. It was pulled down to efface the morbid memories it evoked. Many other landmarks have also disappeared.

As I turned into the snow-piled street I fought my way in the face of the blizzard that was sweeping through this bleakest of promoted villages to the café where I knew that old Blank should be found. Here also the surroundings were completely changed. A new proprietor had taken the café in hand. A cheap imitation of Vienna opulence now held sway. I hardly recognised the place. But at last I beheld a familiar face. It belonged to "Boots" of the hotel above the café. He thought a moment and then remembered that old Blank had joined the great majority six months, perhaps a year, ago. Poor old Blank! He was a strange figure. None knew his history. Englishman he was without a doubt. An Englishman with a past. But long residence in that which, in his time, was semi-civilised Europe had so moulded the exterior of the old man that few among the foreigners guessed his nationality. Alien life, alien marriage, alien habits, disappointments, miserable adversities, perhaps also disgrace, had completely metamorphosed the husk. But the kernel I know was British.

Poor old Blank! He could tell more stories of the Balkans than any living man. He told them well, and as in those days it was comparatively a rare thing for him to meet a countryman, he was at his best when this chance presented itself. As long as he lived his stories were his own property.

Now that he is dead I am taking it upon myself to appropriate one of them. It is perhaps the best—at least it is the one which made the greatest impression upon me. Being back here again in Belgrade stirs the memory. The story is centred in Belgrade, in the very hotel in which I now sit writing.

The narrative goes back many years. It was when the railway reached no farther than Vienna, or at most to Pesth; when those who would reach Constantinople by land had to follow in the footsteps of the Crusaders and traverse the valley of the Maritza by carriage or on horseback. In those days it was no strange thing to see the officers from the Austrian garrison at Zemlin, across the Save, rollicking away the evening in the cafés of Belgrade. The Servian maidens had a *penchant* for the swaggering bloods from Vienna, who, expiating some youthful folly in the metropolis, were exiled to the frontier.

It may be that the period was that of the Crimean War, for it was when many fleet couriers passed between London and Constantinople. They came hot-foot from Pesth and, resting the night at Belgrade, pressed on again the following morning. What old Blank had to do with this service he never told me. He may have been an acting Consul or diplomatic agent, but no Foreign Office list that I have ransacked has ever shown his name. He was, however, certainly employed in the forwarding of these despatches, or the couriers carrying the documents. At the period of which he told the story there was not much love lost between Austria and England. It is upon this the story turns.

The couriers poured through. Sometimes they came at the rate of two or three in the week. They were of every kind. Soft-skinned aristocrats whom old Blank expected to die by the wayside; bluff soldiers whose impetuosity almost broke the agent's heart. Some even seemed to be but schoolboys, others no better than lackeys. Old Blank never knew whom he might find at his door. To-day it was a peer's son, to-morrow a nondescript. They rarely came twice. Some he saw upon the return journey. But the majority stayed in the Crimea.

One day old Blank was surprised by a tall, well-shaped youth who presented the well-known cartel. Blank remembered his name; but that does not matter here, for there is a chance that he may still be living. This youth needed assistance: a carriage for the stage on the following morning, advice for the road, and a change of money. Having supplied all these needs, Blank took the youth to the hotel, and together they sat in the open court of the café. Blank had sized up his companion as a young Irish officer, whose desire to get to the near East found him in the guise of Queen's Messenger. The café was crowded, and a party of Austrian Dragoons, over from Zemlin, were making merry near the vacant table which Blank selected for himself and friend. It was quite

evident to Blank that his entry with a Britisher had interested the gay dragoons, for the latter's talk became somewhat pointed. But as the Irishman did not understand a word of German, it did not seem to matter. Presently Blank's friend began to count his money. As he did so an Austrian note fluttered to the ground. The breeze seemed inclined to blow it away, so the Irishman put his foot upon it.

In an instant, as if by a concerted signal, all the Austrians jumped to their feet. One of them, a fine, big, strapping bully of a fellow, stepped over to the Irishman, brought his heels together with a click, and, pointing to the note still beneath the latter's foot, broke into a tirade in German.

The Irishman looked up at his visitor with that expression of perplexed astonishment which is characteristic in those addressed in a language they do not understand.

"What is the d—d fool saying?" was his sole comment.

Old Blank translated that the officer accused him of having insulted the Austrian Emperor by having trodden his likeness under foot. It was then explained to the Austrian officer that the offender was an Irishman and had not intended any insult, — that the whole thing was an unfortunate mischance. The swaggering Austrian drew himself up to his full height, bowed stiffly, and turned on his heels. Returning to his companions, he was received with a burst of mocking laughter.

The Irishman, who during the incident had not moved his foot, slowly picked up the note and replaced it in his pocket. Then, leaning across to Blank, he blandly said, "What is the most insulting thing that you can call a man in German?"

Never dreaming that his companion wished to put the phrase into immediate use, old Blank answered, "Well, if you say *Schweinehund*, you will generally find it will arouse some bitterness!"

The Irishman took a pencil from his pocket and wrote the word upon the marble table-top, adding, as he repeated it over to himself three or four times to impress his memory, "It's good to know a word or two like that in a foreign country, I'm thinking!"

For five minutes the young Irishman sipped his coffee and answered old Blank in monosyllables. Between times, as if he feared that he might forget it, he repeated the German word under his breath. Then suddenly, without warning, he rose and strode over to the group of Austrian officers. Bringing his heels together with a click that was an obvious travesty upon the mannerism the officer had affected when addressing him, he hissed out his newly learned anathema—

"Schweinehund."

It was an awful moment. For a second the Austrians were too astonished to move. Then, with hands on swords in the approved method of their caste, they sprang to their feet. The Irishman bowed politely, turned on his heels, and walked

back to his table. As he sat down he remarked to old Blank, who was struck speechless at the audacity of his stripling companion, "That seems to be a very potent expression of yours!"

Old Blank found his voice. "You must be a fine swordsman to do that!" he gasped.

"Never handled a sword in my life!" answered his companion, calmly lighting his cigarette.

"You cannot mean that: but you are then an expert pistol shot?"

"Never fired a pistol in my life as far as I can remember!"

"Man alive!" cried old Blank in genuine alarm, "do you not realise, then, that you are a dead man? You will have to fight that man. You have publicly insulted him!"

"That was my intention."

"But you will have to fight him. Such an insult cannot be otherwise condoned. In a public café, too!" And old Blank threw himself back in his chair.

The Irishman proceeded to roll another cigarette. Having arranged the paper to his satisfaction, he contemplated his work and replied casually—

"I shall not meet him."

"But you must. How can you get out of it? See, one of them is coming over here!"

Blank was right. After a heated argument, in which the six Austrians had all shouted and gesticulated together, the smallest had been selected to bring the cartel. He saluted old Blank respectfully.

"Was the gentleman the friend of monsieur? If not, to whom could he address himself?"

Blank referred to the Irishman.

"Tell him," said the latter, "that I am man enough to look after my own affairs, and that that is the end of it!"

Old Blank expostulated, but the Irishman would have none of it. Finally Blank, in a half-hearted sort of way, took it upon himself to intimate that he would meet the officer's friend later in the evening. With this assurance the polite little lieutenant returned to his comrades, and Blank set himself the task of explaining to his companion the gravity of the predicament in which his action had placed him. He pointed out that if he refused to meet the challenger with the weapons which were *comme il faut* for this sort of tangle, he would lay himself open to be publicly insulted in the streets. Possibly the offended officer would so badger him in a public place that he would himself be goaded into striking. Then the code would permit the officer to cut him down on the pavement. There was no way out of the trouble other than giving the satisfaction demanded without being branded as a coward and openly insulted.

The Irishman listened unmoved to all Blank had to say. Suddenly he seemed to become unnerved. He covered his face with his hands, and, leaning forward, said with great feeling—

"Have I really got to fight? But it's nothing that I know about fighting. It's not me

that has ever handled a sword or firearm, unless it was a shotgun!"

His distress was more awkward than his *sangfroid.* The Austrian officers perceived it at once. They called for more beer and clapped the challenger on the back. They gave themselves up to hilarious enjoyment. The Irishman became more depressed. Old Blank, taking advantage of this depression, leaned across the marble table and suggested that, in the circumstances, it would perhaps be better to apologise and have done with it.

For answer the Irishman looked him full in the face as he said sadly enough—

"It's not me that will apologise to the *Schweinehund.*"

"Then you must fight."

"It's not me that wishes to fight, anyhow!"

Blank became impatient.

"Then suggest an alternative. Unless you can do so, you will, in the morning, be the victim of what passes for justifiable homicide."

The Irishman still stared into vacancy as he answered moodily, "It's not me that can think of an alternative." Then suddenly an inspiration seemed to strike him. He turned eagerly to his companion. "Have you got a drop of whisky?"

Now old Blank had a small store of this then very precious liquid in his quarters. When the Irishman heard this the fit of depression vanished instantly. He became almost gay.

"You have some. Well, that's a piece of luck. Nothing matters now at all!"

Blank was stupefied at this mercurial change.

"What has whisky got to do with it?"

The Irishman was now on his feet.

"Do with it? Why, there's a power of strength in the stuff. With two whiskies inside o' me I'll be another man, and then I'll soon arrange this affair to everybody's satisfaction!"

Totally mystified, Blank accompanied the Irishman to his lodging. There he was unable to elicit anything from his strange companion beyond the fact that now he had some whisky he would be prepared in the morning for any eventuality.

"But I shall have to arrange the meeting for to-morrow morning," the elder man protested.

"All right; I'll be ready for you in the morning. There's a power of sound sense in a whisky."

And tucking the bottle under his arm, the Irishman stepped gaily out to return to his hotel, while old Blank, more perplexed than ever, sought out the little officer who was to act as the bully's friend.

. . . . . .

In the early morning old Blank, accompanied by the little Austrian officer who was to act as the insulted man's second, arrived at the Irishman's hotel. Blank invited the officer to await him in the café while he had a short final interview with his principal. Having mounted to the floor above, Blank knocked at the Irishman's door. Receiv-

ing no response, he gently pushed the door open, quite prepared to find the bird had flown. But the Irishman was there, peacefully asleep in bed. Old Blank looked at him with startled admiration. Here, sleeping the sleep of a child, was a man who had never handled pistol or rapier, and yet he was due in half an hour to meet a noted bully in deadly earnest. His attitude was so restful and his face so tranquil that for a full minute old Blank had not the heart to wake him. It seemed that it would almost be an act of sacrilege to call him back to consciousness of the awful fate immediately in store for him. Then old Blank thought of the highly nervous little man waiting in the café below, and, suppressing his qualms, he rudely awakened the sleeper.

"Hullo! What's up?" said the Irishman, as he sat up in bed.

"The duel, man. You must dress quickly; you must not be late at the rendezvous!"

For a moment the Irishman looked up into his friend's face as if he did not comprehend Blank's meaning. Then a broad smile lit up his boyish features.

"Oh! It's that affair that's the trouble, is it? I told you that the whisky would work the trick. That's all settled!"

"Settled?" old Blank almost screamed in his amazement. "Settled? Why, I have the other second waiting in the café below!"

"Waiting, is he? Well, let him wait. He is out of the hunt now, anyhow!"

"Explain yourself. This is a serious matter!" Old Blank was now angry.

For answer, the young Irishman picked up a sheet of paper from the floor. Handing it to old Blank, he said cheerily, "Read that; you can take it and show it to your friend downstairs!"

Blank took the paper and found, written in execrable French, the following weird legend:—

"Your Royal Highness,—It has come to my knowledge that you have in the regiment of which your Royal Highness is Colonel a first lieutenant who is in no wise a fit person to be the associate of officers and gentlemen. I hasten, therefore, to inform your Royal Highness of this fact. The discovery was forced upon me in the following manner. I am a humble and inoffensive Messenger in Her Britannic Majesty's service. While in Belgrade, in pursuance of my duties, I have been gratuitously insulted by this officer of your Royal Highness' regiment. The insult, coming as it did without provocation, is so gross that I must refuse to consider it upon personal grounds. In my capacity of a Queen's Messenger it would be beside my duty to gratify the vanity of this unworthy officer, either by challenging him or accepting a challenge from him. He is too small a thing for my consideration. But the public has a just grievance against the regiment which suffers him in its midst. I cannot, therefore, permit the gross insult which the regiment thus places upon the public to pass unchallenged. Therefore, your Royal Highness, in bringing this state of affairs existing in your Royal Highness' regiment to your august notice, I humbly beg of your Royal Highness that you will accept, on behalf of *all* the officers of this regiment, my challenge to them to give me personal satisfaction in order of their seniority, beginning with the Colonel-Commandant down to the last-joined cadet, always excepting your Royal

Highness' august person, which my humble station does not privilege me to include in my petty affairs of honour. Having confidence that your Royal Highness' sense of justice will enable your Royal Highness to send the senior officers of the regiment to Belgrade with as little delay as possible to take up my challenge, and thus not unduly delay me in doing my duty both by my Queen and the public at large.—I am respectfully, your Royal Highness' humble servant,

———

Queen's Messenger."

Old Blank looked up from this extraordinary document in amazement.

"What does this mean? Is it a joke?"

"Sorra a bit of a joke. It is dead earnest. The French Messenger took on my challenge yesterday to Vienna. That is but a copy of the original that I thought your friends here might like to see. It's an instructive document!"

Old Blank passed his hands through his hair.

"Tell me some more!" he gasped.

"It is all quite simple," said the Irishman, as he searched among his clothes for cigarette papers. "After I left you last night I met de Pré, the French Messenger, and he came back here with me. I told him of the little *contretemps*, and then we had some whisky. It's powerful good stuff. De Pré knew all about the regiment that your *Schweinehunds* belonged to, and as soon as he told me about the Archduke being the Colonel of the regiment, why, I knew what to do!"

"But you cannot send that to the Archduke!"

"Cannot? Why, that's just what has been done. De Pré started last night, and he'll be in Vienna to-morrow. He took the challenge with him. It's little fighting I'll be doing this morning, I'm thinking. But I may have my hands full next week!"

Old Blank put down the paper. The whole picture rose up before him, and he sat down on the bed and indulged in the heartiest laugh he had enjoyed for weeks. When he had composed himself he put his hand on the young Irishman's shoulder and said—

"There is no fighting in store for you. God alone knows what put this idea into your head; but it will be the finest story that Vienna has heard for years. Why, the whole world knows that the Archduke is opposed to duelling, and the Colonel of the — Dragoons is nearly ninety, and has not left his bed for two years. It is a master-stroke. You will be the hero of Belgrade for some time to come. I must go down and inform the impatient gentleman downstairs."

Matters fell out much as old Blank had predicted. Instead of fighting out at Thopchida Park that morning the young Irishman received a deputation of Austrian dragoon officers. They came in humble spirit to see if they could avert the *démarche* at Vienna. Old Blank never knew which they feared most, the anger of the Archduke or the ridicule of the Viennese cafés.

DIARY OF RECENT EVENTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY ONE ON THE SPOT.

Tuesday, April 13th. — At breakfast-time my Croat valet, in a state of alarm, informed me that severe fighting was going on in Stamboul, and that the streets were "flowing with blood." As he is somewhat prone to give alarmist news (he killed the ex-Sultan on at least four occasions last autumn), I did not attach too great importance to this sanguinary statement. In the streets of Pera signs of alarm were, however, very apparent, and it was clear that serious events were taking place on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn. Down by the ramshackle bridge that unites Galata with Stamboul, the streets were filled with hurrying and questioning crowds, full of uncertainty as to what had happened. Out of the cloud of rumours that filled the air the truth only slowly emerged, and is perhaps not fully known yet. A large number of troops of the Constantinople garrison and of marines from the arsenal had undoubtedly mutinied, bound or imprisoned or, in many instances if report be true, killed their officers, and flocked to the square by St Sofia and the Chamber of Deputies. There, jointly with many *hodjas* and *mollahs* (real or false), they demanded the Sheriat, or religious law of Islam, a change of Ministry, the dismissal of Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Chamber, and the downfall of the Committee of Union and Progress. For a whole day they continued to "demonstrate," while Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, in command of the loyal troops at the War Office, breathed fire and fury against the mutineers. Some little fighting did take place; but the day was mainly marked by other grave incidents,—the assassination of Nazim Pasha, the Minister of Justice, for refusing to give up a revolver instantly on the demand of a soldier; the murder of Emir Arslan, deputy for Latakia, in mistake for Djahid Bey, editor of the 'Tannin,' and some others of a like kind. By the evening, however, the mutineers had gained most of their points: Hussein Hilmi Pasha's Cabinet had been dismissed; and the late Sultan had promised amnesty to all the mutinied soldiers and absolute respect for the Sheriat. Towards ten o'clock in the evening the demonstrators began to return to their barracks, firing off their rifles in the air as they went. The noise of this continuous fusilade was at first taken for that of serious fighting, and was in truth not a little alarming until its real character was ascertained.

Wednesday, April 14th.—

Much excitement throughout the town. Soldiers and marines continued firing their rifles in the air through most of the day. A more wasteful or dangerous form of amusement it would not be easy to imagine: not less than a million cartridges must have been fired in the last twenty-four hours; and a leaden hail of bullets had fallen on the roofs of many houses. Nett result: over 500 persons wounded and at least a score killed. I saw one group of some 150 men deliberately leave the Galata bridge for one of the floating landing-stages by the side, and, drawing up in regular ranks, proceed to fire their rifles in the air for five minutes without ceasing. This was no exceptional incident. To-day Tevfik Pasha, formerly Foreign Minister and recently named ambassador in London, was appointed Grand Vizir, and a new Cabinet formed—clearly, however, of a stop-gap character. In the afternoon he rode, as usual on such occasions, on horseback in state procession, from the Sublime Porte in Stamboul to the palace at Yildiz, at least four miles away. The troops forming the escort unceasingly continued their "feux de joie" along the whole route. Many new Grand Vizirs have ridden along that same route, but few with such strange and unnerving accompaniments.

On this day Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, whose action yesterday had earned him the hatred of the mutineers, took refuge in a private house on the other side of the Bosphorus and ultimately escaped. Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Chamber, Djahid Bey, Djavid Bey, and the other leaders of the Committee party, fled or were in hiding, their whereabouts being mostly unknown. The offices of the Committee and of two of its leading newspapers were completely sacked yesterday by the mutineers.

Thursday, April 15th.—The Committee's supporters began to rally. It became known that an army was collecting in Salonica, to be despatched to Constantinople as soon as possible, in order to teach the mutineers a lesson. The cry was raised—not wholly justified — that the capital had turned reactionary, and was endeavouring to re-establish the hated *devr-i-istibdad*, the rule of tyranny,—in a word, the old Hamidian *régime*. Dire threats were uttered against the promoters of Tuesday's outbreak, and those who yesterday spoke and wrote openly against the Committee's despotism in the past and the "lesson" they had now received, began to fear for their own heads.

Friday, April 16th to Friday, April 23rd.—Suspense. A curious blend of impending tragedy and actual light comedy. The movement of Salonica troops on the capital became a reality. An unknown number — variously estimated at from 15,000 to 30,000—concentrated at and near San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmara, some seven miles from the walls of Stamboul. The Senate and members of

the Chamber met there, as a National Assembly, in the rooms of the San Stefano Yacht Club. Proclamations were issued by Mahmud Shevket Pasha, in command of the invaders, promising safety to all law-abiding citizens, and exemplary punishment to the recalcitrant mutineers. Curious sightseers flocked in numbers to the camp: it was a new form of outing for the quidnuncs of Pera. Picnic parties were formed, in the always disappointed hope of catching a glimpse of the troops as they entered some of the main avenues that lead to the city. But the comedy note soon gave way to a more serious one. On the Thursday and Friday (April 22nd and 23rd) the feeling of suspense palpably increased. The very air seemed electric, and pregnant with some grave event. This is no rhetorical figure, but a simple statement of fact. The life of this seething city went on outwardly much as usual, but with a difference: there was a hush in the air, a something unusual even in the outward aspect of that very seething life, and a tendency to slight panics for no very evident reason. On the Friday evening the invading army, which had seemed an object of picturesque interest rather than a serious fighting machine when no nearer than San Stefano, had reached the suburbs of the city. Part of it had actually entered Stamboul, and (though most of us only learnt this later) some fighting had occurred there. At 8 P.M. I learnt that the troops intended for the Pera side of the Golden Horn had advanced up the road from Kiat-Hané and the tip of the Horn, and were bivouacked some three hundred yards away from my house. All that evening their cries were clearly to be heard. About ten o'clock other cries—of suffering this time, as of men being roughly handled—blended with them. Yildiz, it was known later, had sent out spies to learn the enemy's movements, and four of them, including the late Sultan's coachman, were captured, and it may well be that it was their cries that we heard.

Saturday, April 24th.—The day broke, as each day recently, sunny, warm, and calm. At 4.30 A.M. all was silent. At 4.45 the Salonica army began to enter the suburb of Shishli. They seized, without opposition, a guard-house just below my windows. For the next half-hour the procession of troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, consisting of several batteries of field-guns and machine-guns on armoured automobiles — continued to march from the country into the now awakening and alarmed town. The majority of the men wore rough khaki or blue uniforms, small white caps (many inscribed with the words, *Ya huriet, ya ulum*,"—"Liberty or Death"), and whitey-grey gaiters, cross-gartered with black braid, like so many Malvolios. All were in heavy marching-kit, and many showed marked signs of

exhaustion even at that hour. It is now known that the arrival of the army had been actively hastened at the last moment. During the preceding days of suspense, amid the welter of forces at work in Stamboul,—political, religious, patriotic, personal, liberal, reactionary, and a thousand others,—the forces of evil-doing for the mere sake of evil-doing had not been idle, and serious disorders (if not, as some say, a general massacre) were anticipated for the Saturday. The army fortunately arrived in time to prevent this—if anything so serious was ever really intended.

To return to that army. It advanced silently save for the clatter of the artillery over the cobble-stones, along the main tramway line that runs from Shishli, through Pancaldi and Taxim to Pera proper. At Pancaldi it occupied the large barrack-like buildings of the *Kharbié*, or Military School, and there the fighting began. Precisely at 5.25 A.M. the sound of rifle-firing was first heard: it began, not with dropping shots increasing to a maximum, but at its maximum of volume and speed from the first. The noise resembled in every way that to which we had become accustomed in the previous week. But this time it was clear that it was no mere firing in the air — no mere "feux de joie"; it "meant business" this time: and when, a few minutes later, the boom of cannon and the rattle of machine-guns were added to the din, the mind realised, with a start, that a serious engagement had begun, and that the familiar peaceful streets were already the scene of a veritable battle. From then until eleven o'clock the racket never ceased. From my windows and roof it is possible to sweep with glasses the whole country on the east, north, and west; but southwards, where the fight was going on, the view is hidden by houses. The hills on the country side were held by groups of the invading army, and the procession of troops was still, at intervals, pouring into the town. Shortly after seven o'clock it became known that the number of wounded was already considerable, and that outside medical aid would be acceptable; so, accompanied by the aforementioned Croat servant, who rather rejoiced at the scent of powder, I went out and succeeded in getting to the Military School at Pancaldi, some half-mile nearer to Pera than my house. The streets were empty of civilians, and entirely held by the invaders. These willingly allowed us, however, to pass and to enter the school. There some of the cadets' dormitories were converted into improvised hospital wards, and wounded were being continuously brought in. The open tramway cars had been taken over by the invading army and made serviceable ambulance-waggons, the stretchers being placed lengthways over the backs of the seats. Later these same cars brought in the many dead. By noon some sixty or seventy wounded had

passed through our hands, receiving first treatment: as the day wore on they were transferred to the hospitals, and notably to the Hamidieh Hospital at Shishli—the creation of the late Sultan, whose name it has hitherto borne. Now, however, it is to be known as the National Ottoman Hospital!

The two centres where the most active fighting occurred were at Pancaldi and at Taxim, or what may roughly be described as the two middle fourths of the tramway route from Shishli to Pera. The mutineers held some large and solidly-built barracks, the most important of which are those of Taxim and Tash-kishla, and around these most of the serious fighting took place. The Tash-kishla barracks resisted through the greater part of the day, in spite of a steady bombardment from a battery of field-guns, drawn up in the parade-ground of the Military School. This battery, of six guns, was ranged under the very windows of the building in which the wounded were receiving our first aid. The noise of cannon, rifle, and machine-gun firing was nothing less than deafening; but the spectacle from our windows was in truth an extraordinary and absorbing one. Shell after shell was fired at the opposing barracks; each shell burst in a cloud of dust and smoke as it hit the building; a hundred jagged holes were torn in the solid stone walls; yet still they stood—and they continue to stand to this day, tattered spectres, grim records of a morning's work that few of us will forget who witnessed it. The "enemy" had, fortunately for us, no cannon at Tash-kishla with which to return our fire, or, if they had, they did not use them; otherwise our position in the Military School would have been a more anxious one than it was. The mutineers had, however, a certain number of cannon elsewhere, and during the morning many shells hurtled over Pancaldi to Shishli, exploding harmlessly in the air or burying themselves in the fields and kitchen-gardens that lie between Shishli and Yildiz. One such shell struck the Hamidieh Hospital itself, shattering a room and killing instantaneously a woman attendant: the empty shell is still preserved as a relic of a memorable day.

In the meantime there had been hot work about the Taxim barracks, some half a mile farther in the town. A sortie had also taken place from Yildiz itself between nine and ten o'clock, and some fighting followed on the country roads beyond Shishli. By eleven o'clock all firing had ceased; the Taxim barracks had surrendered; the Tash-kishla still held out; but elsewhere the Salonica army had gained the day. A little later crowds of curious sightseers flocked into the streets. Large numbers of prisoners were brought to the Military School, and made rather pitiable groups in the courtyard behind the main building. Still later I walked

into Pera, and then saw something of the damage done, not only to the bombarded barracks but also to many a private house and shop along the tramway route, and as far as the beginning of the Grand Rue de Péra itself. Between four and five o'clock, on attempting to return with others, we found the streets once more cleared by the troops, and the sightseers hurriedly flocking back to town in something of a panic. Still the Tash-kishla men had not yielded, and fighting was expected to be renewed at any moment. Once again the troops allowed us to pass, though at our own risk. Back at the School again we saw the same battery of field-guns, that had been withdrawn, re-enter the parade-ground, and take up the same position that it had occupied in the morning. The guns were once more trained on the opposite barracks; but this threat seems to have sufficed, and shortly after the Tash-kishla enemy definitely surrendered.

Sunday, April 25th. — Calm after storm. A multitude of tired, dusty, and perspiring prisoners have been continuously led past my windows and out into the country. Their lives are to be spared. The air was full of rumours; but the only definite facts seemed to be that Yildiz still held out, and that a large number of mutineers, on both sides of the Bosphorus but particularly at Scutari, had yet to surrender. The old red flag still floated over the palace at Yildiz. At the "National" Hospital at Shishli, 67 wounded and 48 dead had been brought in, and there were large numbers at the other hospitals. The total numbers of casualties in yesterday's fighting will perhaps never be known accurately, but it has been roughly estimated that between 400 and 500 were killed and between 700 and 800 wounded.

In Pera the streets were once more filled from morning till evening with a seething crowd of characteristic Perote *flâneurs* (there is no crowd in the world quite like it). Before night, however, a "state of siege" had been proclaimed, and after sunset those same streets were as silent as the desert. At Yildiz, too, where hitherto the palace lights have shone brilliantly at night, all was dark, both last night and to-night. The gas supply, as also the water supply and provisions of all kinds, have been cut off. Yildiz is veritably in a state of siege, without inverted commas.

Monday, April 26th. — At nine o'clock a couple of batteries of artillery, with some cavalry and infantry, passed out of town, and worked round towards Yildiz. Their movements could be watched step by step from my upper windows and roof. The artillery took up position some half mile from the palace; the infantry and cavalry went on, until they were under the very walls of some of the outbuildings. The situation was a truly stimulating one; as had an engagement taken place, it would have been fought out (as yesterday's at

the Military School) before our eyes, the park and buildings of Yildiz forming a panorama spread out on the hills, on the farther side of a valley that divides them from the ridge on which my house is built. No fighting, however, took place. At 1.40 the old red flag was still flying; at 2 P.M. it had already given place to a white —and we knew that all was over, and that the invaders were in possession of Yildiz!

As a matter of fact, they must have been in possession of a great part of the palace a good deal earlier, for very shortly after the white flag was hoisted a large group of prisoners from Yildiz passed my windows, being led into the town. A more remarkable sight can rarely have been witnessed. Among them were men of all ranks, classes, and ages: pashas, eunuchs, grooms, scullions, spies, and the general scourings and sweepings of the hated palace; grey-beards and youths; men in old Turkish costumes and men in European dress; Turks, Jews, negroes, and one knew not what—all in a truly pitiable state of exhaustion and terror, covered with dust and perspiration after their tramp, by a long detour, from Yildiz to Shishli, and thence to the military school at Pancaldi, into which they were marched. Many were only partially dressed, and all had evidently been packed off just as they were seized. One pasha—the First *Tufenkdji*, or head of the personal body-guard of the Sultan—had been put in a small country carriage, in which he lay back half fainting. Another was on horseback, with a boot on one foot only. Later they were transferred to the Galata Serai prison, in the heart of Pera, and thence to Stamboul.

Many other incidents of interest occurred to-day. The crowds of military prisoners, just as yesterday, were continually led by and out of town. One large group in khaki—Salonica chasseurs who came here last autumn, and had since, it is said, been bought over by the gold of Yildiz—were tied arm to arm with a white cord that surrounded the whole group; more, it would seem, as a mark of ignominy than for greater security, since they were surrounded (as were all the other groups) by troops heavily armed and with fixed bayonets. About noon the funeral procession of fifty-one of the killed in Saturday's fighting, all belonging to the invading army, passed along the same road. Each coffin, rolled in white linen, covered with a Turkish flag in red or green, and bearing a fez on a small stick at one end, was carried shoulder-high by four soldiers. They were buried in a large common grave, dug in the open moorland, some quarter of a mile outside the town, just where the army camped on the night before the battle. A religious discourse was pronounced by a mollah, followed by excellent and moving patriotic speeches by Enver Bey and Selaheddin Bey. I saw many of the troops seize the revolutionary

leaders' hands and kiss them after the ceremony was over. A monument is to be erected over the grave, and the spot is to be called the Hill of Liberty.

Tuesday, April 27th.—Events move rapidly. The Senate and Chamber, sitting jointly as a National Assembly, met to-day and decided to depose the Sultan Abdul Hamid and to declare his brother Reshad Effendi his successor, under the title of Mahomed V. The ceremony of the *beiat*, or homage to the new ruler, took place at the War Office in the afternoon. The Galata bridge and many of the streets were blocked by troops and filled with expectant sightseers, for most of whom, however, there was nothing to be seen. At night the town was beflagged and illuminated, the "state of siege" was temporarily suspended, and there was once more a considerable waste of ammunition in the firing of rifles in the air.

And this night another scene, which few however witnessed, was being enacted. The fallen Sultan, lately the most absolute sovereign in Europe, now a prisoner, deserted, with half a score of women of the harem, a servant or two, and with no more luggage than a single porter could carry, was taken secretly to the railway station, put into a special train, and sent off, heavily guarded, at two o'clock in the morning to Salonica. The bare statement of the facts perhaps brings home to the mind, better than any clumsy comment, the drama, the tragedy of it all. The Sultan is deposed! Long live the Sultan!

Friday, April 30th.—Mahomed V. attended his first selamlik, very rightly held at St Sofia. The ceremony with which the new ruler passed in procession to and from the mosque was very simple, but the occasion lent it an unusual interest, and added one more to the countless historical scenes that the grey walls of the great temple have looked down upon. One detail may be noted. The new Sultan wore a simple lieutenant's uniform in rough khaki, such as the men of the Salonica army wear. There was some opposition, it is said, on the part of the wearer; but if so, the opposition was overcome, and the fact is perhaps symbolical.

Monday, May 3rd.—Thirteen of the prisoners were hanged to-day—five in front of the Chamber of Deputies, three at the Stamboul end of the Galata bridge, and five near the Bayazid mosque. The bodies were left hanging until two o'clock in the afternoon—a gruesome sight for those who were compelled to witness it. Many other such public executions are promised in the near future.

Wednesday, May 5th.—The Ministry has been once more changed. Hussein Hilmi Pasha again becomes Grand Vizir; there is a new Sheikh-el-Islam, and a few other changes have been made. Those that have given rise to the most remark have been the nomination to the Ministry of the Interior of

Ferid Pasha, who was for so many years Grand Vizir under the old *régime*, and that of Djavid Bey to the new post of Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Finance.

Monday, May 10th. — The wheel of Fortune has come full turn. Mahomed V. was to-day girded with the sword of Othman in the mosque of Eyub. No giaour was permitted to witness the ceremony. The state procession went from the palace of Dolma-Bagché, on the Bosphorus, to the mosque, which is situated near the tip of the Golden Horn, by water, and returned by land, passing through the entire length of Stamboul. As seen near the Adrianople Gate of the wonderful land walls of the old city, it formed a curiously interesting rather than a truly impressive sight. A strange note was struck from the very opening of the procession by the appearance at its head of a grey armoured automobile, bearing one of the machine-guns used in the recent fighting. The army, and particularly the Salonica troops, fresh from their victory, were prominent throughout, and by far the larger portion of them were in no parade dress, but in the rough clothes of actual warfare. The Lancers alone lent a touch of the bright colour and showy uniforms that are usually associated with great state ceremonies. For the rest there was an endless succession of open landaus, carrying the great personages of the Turkish Empire. These made a brave show, in their gold-embroidered uniforms, civil or military, and a welcome degree of variety was lent to the spectacle by the presence of the dignitaries of some of the principal religions in this country of many creeds. The Moslem *ulemas*, in green robes and white turbans, naturally predominated, and were indeed very numerous: they were followed by the high representatives of the Catholic, Orthodox, Armenian, Jewish, and other of the principal cults. And near the end came the fine state coach of the Sultan and Caliph, with coachmen and running footmen in resplendent liveries. Facing his Majesty in the same coach sat Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the only surviving hero of the Russian war of 1877-8.

The crowd was moderately demonstrative in cheers and hand-clapping, but became enthusiastic when it recognised some favourite. The loudest and most genuine cheers were given to Mahmud Shevket Pasha (the commander of the invading army), and to Niazi Bey, the "hero of Resna." If Enver Bey was in the procession he passed unrecognised. Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Chamber of Deputies, who had been in no little danger of his life not four weeks before, rode in the same carriage with Saïd Pasha ("Kutchuk Saïd"), ex-Grand Vizir and President of the Senate. Others whom the crowd readily recognised were Tevfik Pasha, so recently and for so short a time Grand Vizir; Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, whose dramatic escape from the mutineers of the 13th-14th

of last month was referred to above; Fuad Pasha, a year ago the solitary and insulted exile and prisoner at Damascus. Truly the wheel of Fortune has come full turn!

Wednesday, May 13th.—It is just a month to-day since the peace of the city was rudely disturbed by the mutineers. Much has happened in those brief four weeks. One Sultan has been deposed (just as were his two immediate predecessors) and another raised to the throne — not without the occurrence of grave events in the capital and still graver in the Asiatic provinces. Now order is once more restored; the air has perhaps been cleared; the forces at work, for good or for evil, have to some extent declared themselves, and the genuine reformers have to that extent become better informed as to the obstacles in the way of progress and the real difficulties that they have yet to overcome. They will need all the tact, all the courage, energy, and wisdom that they can command to attain success; and they will certainly not lack the encouragement they deserve from the well-wishers (and they are many) of Turkey.

It has been truly a memorable month.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

UNIVERSITY "REFORM"—LORD CURZON'S PROPOSALS—THE POOR MAN—ABILITY OR POVERTY?—THE DUTY OF THE UNIVERSITY —IDEALS OLD AND NEW—DEGREES FOR WOMEN—CONVOCATION TO THE RESCUE!—THE BUDGET—FINANCE OR REVENGE—AN UNSETTLED WORLD—THE PROFITS OF LITERATURE.

It is a rash and delicate task to attempt the sudden "reform" of an ancient university. The task is still more delicate when it is essayed by one man and in response to popular clamour. The progress of institutions, to be beneficial, must needs be slow and unconscious. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge especially are bad material for the careless hand of experiment. They have grown up sometimes in defiance of good sense, always in scorn of the baser sort of logic, to be the admirable instruments which they are, and the best service which their friends can do them is to leave them alone. Their very faults lie on the side of excellence, and it is out of the respect we feel for them that we would not have them in any single respect other than they are. It is easy to imagine a University better fitted than they for what are called "the national requirements." But we would recommend those who are in search of "the perfect University" to turn their eyes towards the provinces, and to leave Oxford and Cambridge to their noble history, their ineffaceable traditions, their wise prejudices. Nothing short of complete reconstruction would satisfy the demands of their enemies, and in the process it is very sure that every one of their virtues would perish.

However, Lord Curzon is a brave man, and in a recent pamphlet he has set forth at length what he believes are the true Principles and Methods of University Reform. He has passed in review the constitution, the purposes, and the resources of Oxford. Though he sits in the Chancellor's chair, his is not the attitude of defence. He does not think that his high office imposes an inflexible loyalty. He is a niggard neither in change nor attack. It is impossible not to admire the energy wherewith he plans the approach and assaults the citadel, thus involving the University, which his duty binds him to protect, in a state of civil war. We wish only that he had looked upon Oxford with the eye not of a politician but of a statesman. From beginning to end he writes with an air of management. There seem to be certain interests which demand accommodation, certain classes which insist that they should

have what was never intended for them. It is as though Oxford were asked not to do her duty but to pay a ransom, and now and again we cannot help thinking that Lord Curzon suggests what is the lowest price the other side is likely to accept. But the time has not yet come for surrender; an accidental parliamentary majority is no proof of a changed heart; and we are of good hope that the University of Oxford will continue to do its work for many years, without even half an eye turned upon the polling-booth.

The cause of the frequent discussion is clear to all. The prime hero of the twentieth century is "the Poor Man." He has taken the place once held by the Knights of the Round Table. He is Sir Galahad, brave as a lion, spotless as a dove. The glass of fashion and the mould of form, he engrosses all the virtues of the human race, and alone among men is entitled to the universal respect. It matters not that his head is as empty as his pocket. He is noble, he is intelligent, he is supreme. Is he not poor? And does not poverty, honest poverty, carry with it something far better than mere brains or common energy? At first sight it looks as though the Poor Man — we use the term in its modern and political sense—were the creature of philanthropy. The romance of sacrifice and generosity seems to cling about him. But, unhappily for the perfectibility of our race, this is but an amiable legend. The Poor Man was born on the hustings, and the millionaire is his godfather. A general election has proved him numerous, and Mr Carnegie has duly blessed him as the saviour of society. It is plain, therefore, that the University of Oxford was built for his reception, and thither he must go at all costs or none, and there he must learn just as much or just as little as he chooses. The Poor Man's champion, the Bishop of Birmingham, whose respect for accuracy is not irreproachable, has informed us that Oxford is "not in any serious sense a place of study at all." And therefore its portals are to be thrown open to the Poor Man, who will not be asked to pass even the modest barrier of examination which lies in the path of the "idle rich." How this will enhance the University's reputation for learning we do not know, nor does it matter vastly. The chief thing is that the Poor Man should find his way to Oxford. What he does there is of secondary importance. The Commissioners of 1850 had in their eye the poor man (without capitals), whom they wished to qualify for "the service of the State or the Church." But, as Lord Curzon says, "they were more concerned in helping real ability than they were in compensating real poverty." This, one would have thought, was sufficient. To help real ability is, indeed, the one and sufficient duty of a

University, and so well has Oxford performed this duty, that in the last half century few men of real talent who wished to enter there have been excluded from its colleges. Scholarships have been thrown open, exhibitions have been founded, the Non-Collegiate system has been elaborated. And only one condition has been exacted from the beneficiaries: that they should devote their hours to study, and pass in due season the examinations prescribed by the University. In other words, there has been made no distinction of class. The University, having granted its scholarships, knew not the difference between rich and poor. It respected industry and intelligence, and went not beyond its province into the cockpit of politics.

But the Poor Man has changed all that, and the University is asked to find in "compensating real poverty" a new and wholly undesirable function. The Poor Man is to be sent to Oxford, not because he possesses ability, not because he will get any profit when he gets there, but because he is poor. An uncomfortable childhood, we are told, merits compensation, and compensation is to be sought and found in colleges, which were founded to instruct those who wish to learn, not to solace those who have fallen by the way. In other words, Oxford is regarded by Lord Curzon and his friends as a vast workhouse, where a sojourn is not an opportunity of learning, but a sort of "consolation prize" in the race of life. Thus a double injustice is proposed, first to the University, then to the Poor Man himself. Oxford cannot assume this ungrateful task of "compensation" without lowering her standards and debasing her coinage. If, as Lord Curzon says, it is her object to give "a broad and liberal education," she is not attaining that object in presenting the Poor Man with "an admixture of History and Geography and English Literature and Natural Science." The Working Men's College, which Lord Curzon wishes to found, would lie far outside the scope of a University. It would teach nothing that could not be learned with greater ease at Cardiff or Bristol or Liverpool, admirable centres of instruction, which Lord Curzon goes out of his way to underrate. The students who frequented it would neither proceed to a degree nor carry away a single ounce of authentic scholarship. As a large concession the Chancellor would not confine the normal course "exclusively to Sociology and Economics, since it is doubtful if of themselves these are capable of ensuring a liberal education." He would therefore permit the "admixture" mentioned above, and his college would be very fortunate if it escaped a constant succession of strikes.

The injustice done to the Poor Man would be greater even than the injustice done to the University. He, the wretched dupe of an impossible

compromise, would be told that he had received a University education when he had not, and would suffer for the rest of his life from the deception practised on him. And even if the deception do not inflate him with a false pride, he would not get an adequate return for the time he had wasted at Oxford. Education is not an excellent thing of itself. It is often the worst possible clog upon a journey through this world. It is a thousand times better to be a good carpenter than a bad smatterer, and a smattering is all that Oxford can offer to the Poor Man. Yet this smattering, small as it is, will be sufficient to turn the Working Man against his craft. If Lord Curzon's college were established, it would achieve no other purpose than is achieved by Ruskin College. That is to say, it would turn decent working men into agitators, Secretaries of Trades Unions, and Labour Members. In brief, the Poor Men would not take back to their workshops a better-trained mind. They would use the University as a means of getting out of their workshop altogether. And the world cannot show a more bitterly tragic figure than the aimless, half-educated loiterer who believes himself too good for one trade and is manifestly not good enough for another.

The University, in fact, has a plain and simple duty to perform. It is the patron of learning, the guardian of scholarship. It touches remotely the practical work of life. It is not asked to fit its *alumni* for the profitable exercise of trade or profession. Its very uselessness should be its greatest glory. To those who have a talent for humane letters or for science its door stands open wide. It asks of them not what they have in their pocket, but how they can turn their brains to the best account, not for worldly profit but in the cause of knowledge. The scholarships and exhibitions offered by the colleges fall into the right hands. No more than six per cent of those who gain them, Lord Curzon admits, could proceed to Oxford without their aid, and though it would be well for the six per cent to resign their emoluments, few institutions show so narrow a margin of waste as this. For the rest, as it is not a philanthropic institution, Oxford welcomes all those of the leisured class who can pay her fees and pass her examinations. They, one would think, need no apology. They help to provide the money, without which not even a college can exist, and in fair exchange they carry away with them a memory of discipline, which lasts for their lifetime. If they are found incompetent to learn, they are summarily sent down, and abundantly do they deserve their fate. Lord Curzon would make an exception in favour of "the poor Passman, poor in intellect and previous training as well as in funds," who should be

ploughed as often as he likes without reproof; and it is difficult to understand the motive of this clemency. Surely the University would act the kindliest part in telling "the poor Pass-man" that he had missed his way. What mercy will the world show to one who, "poor in intellect as in funds," has nothing to support his incompetence save a pass degree? However, as we have said, the leisured class, which contributes largely to the prosperity of Oxford, needs no excuse. And it is the sign of a mad age that Lord Curzon defends this class with some zeal and energy. "In opening the University to the poor," he writes, "we do not wish to close it to the rich." At first we thought that Lord Curzon was pleasantly ironical. But no; he is merely making a rash concession to a disfavoured class. The Poor Man, in the grandeur of his soul, and those who indiscreetly champion his cause, have no desire, as yet, to exclude the miscreant who carries the fatal brand of leisure upon his brow from the benefits of Oxford.

Somewhere in the course of his argument Lord Curzon declares that he holds to the old ideal of Oxford education. We are sure that he does. We wish only that, in his love of policy, he had not wantonly suppressed that ideal. Every suggestion that he makes, every proposal that he brings forward, renders its realisation impossible. Nothing can be more bitterly opposed to the old ideal of Oxford than the making of agitators in a workingman's college, except another project, hastily outlined by Lord Curzon, of training business men. "I should like to see," says Lord Curzon, "a substantial two years' course with instruction in Modern History, Commercial Geography, Political Economy, the Methods of Accounting, and the Principles of Exchange, culminating in a Diploma, specially constructed for the requirements of a business career." If a man, destined for business, can spare a few years for Oxford, no doubt he will be the better for it. He will not be the better for it, if Oxford fumbles to teach him what he can learn only in the hard stress of competition. He might as well practise the art of swimming on land as attempt to pick up the rudiments of commerce at Oxford. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and Oxford is prevented by her "old ideal" from inculcating the true principles of accounting and exchange. She would prove as ill a hand at the making of clerks as at the making of agitators, and they will best serve her who frankly recognise her limitations. Unless she be first destroyed, she cannot be converted into an intellectual restaurant, where dinners are served *à la carte*, and where each man may order, at his own price or none, the chop or steak which suits him best. Her banquet and her charge are fixed, and they had

better stay away whose palate she cannot satisfy. After all, no one is forced to submit to a University education, and the only diploma which is worth anything to a business man is a successful balance-sheet.

Those who will be at the pains to discover Lord Curzon's point of view will not be surprised to find in him a stern opponent of compulsory Greek. And though he has discussed this well-worn theme at some length, he has not brought forward a single argument that is not equally applicable to Latin, Mathematics, or any other study that the wit of man has devised. Greek, he says, is a formidable barrier to those who have not studied it or do not wish to study it. So are Latin and Mathematics to those who know them not. Greek, again, "operates very hardly upon those students who propose to take a degree in Mathematics or Science." Mathematics and Science "operate" with precisely the same hardship upon those who propose to take a classical degree. "If the average Oxford Passman were to be examined at the age of thirty upon his knowledge of Greek, what relics would as a rule survive amid the general *débris?*" Precisely the same relics as would survive of Latin, Mathematics, and Religious Knowledge. The truth is, Lord Curzon is arguing not against compulsory Greek, but against compulsory knowledge of every kind. And, as compulsion is always distasteful to the Poor Man, habituated to strikes from early childhood, our violent reformers would doubtless find it convenient to vote for the abolition of knowledge. (It may be said in passing that the question of Greek does not at present affect the Poor Man. From him — the heroic, the great, the good—no such paltry test as a University examination will be exacted when he comes into the possession of Oxford.) Before, then, we can satisfy ourselves that Greek should be abolished from Responsions, we must cut out compulsion as a common factor, and prove that Greek is a less desirable subject of study, elementary or advanced, than Latin or Mathematics. This we believe to be impossible. So long as students are busy about the past, Greek and the history of Greece are indispensable. Without them the beginnings of literature and politics, of science and theology, are unintelligible. To suppress the origins of modern knowledge and the modern arts and to retain whatever is derivative seems to us a wanton juggling with sound sense. Shall we declare war upon the loftiest poetry, the noblest philosophy, the wisest history, that ever were composed, merely because there are those in this modern world who believe that an unfamiliar alphabet is the invention of the evil one? Is it not the peculiar duty of Oxford and Cambridge zealously to guard the study of Greek, which their greatest sons have illustrated, and which has played a larger

part than any other study in the making of our poets, our scholars, and our statesmen? Even if gratitude be silent, the voice of prudence has a claim to be heard. For, of course, it is not merely Responsions that are affected by the argument. The consequences of this single abolition will reach much further than a mere pass examination. Lord Curzon himself recognises the danger. "It would be a serious objection," he says, "if the disappearance of Greek as a compulsory subject in Responsions were prejudicially to affect our Public Schools." Of this prejudicial effect there can be no doubt. It is for Oxford to dictate the curriculum which she chooses her scholars to pursue. The schools will provide not a jot more than Oxford asks of them. And if Greek go, what security will there be for Latin? "Tunc mea res agitur paries quem proximus ardet," once said a witty professor of Latin, and he was right to scent the danger. Latin will perish, and Mathematics will follow Latin into the void. And at last a neat test in joinery, economics, and bookkeeping is all that will be asked of those who come to Oxford with the intention of leaving it fully qualified clerks, engineers, agitators, and governesses. Only one thing will profit by the abolition of Greek —the University Chest. "One would-be benefactor of Oxford," says Lord Curzon, "wrote to me that he was prepared to make a contribution of £30,000 to a definite scientific object if I could assure him that the barrier of compulsory Greek would be removed." Lord Curzon was regretfully unable to make the assurance, and the £30,000 did not change hands. Thus it is that the interests of the University are put up to auction, presently to be knocked down, no doubt, to the highest bidder. And Oxford was once called the home of lost causes!

It is the worst fault of the sanguine reformer to believe that reform and the desire of reform die with him. With a voice which has nothing of Canute's irony, he says to the waves of progress, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further." And the waves of progress overwhelm him as fiercely as the waves of the sea beat upon the throne of the Danish monarch. So Lord Curzon trusts that the abolition of Greek will not affect the Public Schools. So, still more hopeful, he believes that degrees may be given to women, and no harm done to the Constitution of Oxford. "I am not in sympathy," he confesses frankly, "with the proposal that women should become members of Convocation, or of Congregation, or should sit upon the governing bodies of the University." But how can he confer upon them the privilege of degrees, and make that privilege in their esteem a barren honour? Had he considered the history of women's encroachment upon the Universities, he would surely have recognised that it is impossible

to give the degree and withhold the vote. With a determination which does them infinite credit, with a lack of good faith which has proved ominously successful, an army of women has during the last thirty years been stealthily breaking into the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. They have employed all the weapons of the argumentative burglar; bravely they have wielded the jemmy and crowbar of the intellectual cracksman. At each entry into the houses which they attempt to batter, they have promised not to advance a step further, and so they have managed to get off scot-free. At the outset they asked, with the voice of humility, permission to attend lectures. With an indiscreet generosity this was granted them, and they protested in a broken voice of heartfelt gratitude that they were satisfied. Of course they were but on the threshold of exaction, and their next demand was to be examined with the men. Again they were given, or they took, what they wanted, and again they declared that they went empty away. To be taught and to be examined availed them nothing, if they were not assigned their proper places in the class-lists, and shown to all the world as equal competitors. Thus they have made each concession granted by a generous University an argument for a further privilege. And now they demand that degrees should be conferred upon them, not as a favour but as a right. Suppose the degrees be conferred upon them, will they cease their agitation? Assuredly not. They will then urge, with the greatest plausibility, that Oxford, having granted degrees, must instantly welcome them as members of its governing bodies. Nor will they long be kept at bay. The weak concessions of the University will have shown them the easiest method of attack. Once more they and their friends will murmur those foolish words, "progress" and "reform," and the ladies of Somerville Hall will masquerade up and down the High Street in cap and gown, as though they were at a fancy fair or some foolish pageant. Nor will their cupidity be even then assuaged. If they have degrees and exercise the vote, why should fellowships be withheld from them? Why should they not have the pick of college-rooms, feast sumptuously at high tables, and take their ease and a cigarette in the legendary common rooms of Oxford? Nor even then will they permit themselves a quiet and grateful rest. One last duty will remain to them: they must rid Oxford of the men who now infest it; and they will clamour of injustice to women so long as a single base male survive to play in a cricket match, or to show his prowess on the river.

Their demands have been made in the name of education, and education, for its own sake, has never been in their minds.

A University for Women, the only proper solution, has been offered them, and they have rejected it with scorn. What they have wanted always is not a woman's university, but a man's university; they have persistently striven to lay their hands upon what was not intended for their use. A mixed university may or may not be a good thing. There can be no doubt that Oxford and Cambridge are not the places wherein to try this fateful experiment. For centuries our two ancient Universities have cherished, rightly, an ideal of monasticism. It is not for them to open their doors wide to the encroaching sex. Even if they wished to make this sacrifice, they would not have the right to make it. Those who are responsible for the proper conduct of our universities and colleges hold those institutions in trust for them who come after. If they put a vague love of "reform" or a facile obedience to clamour above their duty, they are disloyal to their trust, they are contemptuous of the confidence that has been reposed in them. For the moment, the question of woman's degree had been forgotten, and Lord Curzon has deserved very ill of his University in reviving it without even the politic excuse of immediate pressure from outside. However, one fact emerges from the consideration of the Chancellor's pamphlet, and that is the imperious necessity of preserving Convocation unaltered and unimpaired. Now, Convocation is the body which in the last resort controls the legislation of the University. It affirms or rejects the Statutes passed by Congregation. It is a large and democratic body, consisting of all such graduates as have proceeded to the M.A. degree—of all, that is, who have chosen to pay the very modest fee of £12. To call this a pecuniary franchise, as does Lord Curzon, is, we think, a trifle misleading. The sum is small enough to be within the compass of the most modest purse, and if it be not paid it is withheld, we are sure, rather by indifference than by poverty. At any rate, the members of Convocation number 6700, and there are enough of them to test, by the approved method of the sacrosanct democracy, the feeling and opinion of the University. But, by an accident, which does not win the approval of the hardy reformer, the majority of Convocation is rigidly conservative. A threat to change the Constitution of the University rallies the schoolmasters and the clergy to the voting-place. Convocation, for instance, has wisely decided that Greek shall not be abolished from Responsions, and that women shall not be presented with degrees. Naturally the democrat is furious. He loves not his own constitution when it opposes his policy of revolution, and with a fine inconsistency he demands a contraction of the franchise. Many schemes have been proposed by him, which shall en-

sure a majority of "reformers" in Convocation. Hitherto his gerrymandering has failed, and we can only trust that his failure will persist. For in Convocation lies the last hope of Oxford. If that turn against her, then, indeed, will she be the home of a cause irrecoverably lost, and she will be forced to make the best of the agitators, engineers, and governesses, who, as we have said, will be her only graduates.

The concessions which are being made in the Universities and elsewhere to the spirit of change, are fast destroying the ancient amenities of life. The Poor Man, flattered and pampered for his vote by the unscrupulous politician, uses the power thus thrust upon him to fill his pocket. Class is set against class with a ferocity hitherto unknown. The Radical believes that plunder is the only proper basis of policy, and has discarded justice because he sees no profit in it. If the "philanthropic" cynicism of the present continued many years, it could result only in a crushing defeat on sea and land and in a subsequent revolution. That it will not continue many years is due to the conservatism inherent in Englishmen, who will not for ever permit their pride and decency to be smothered by doles. Meanwhile the Ministers, who use the public funds for the purchase of votes and turn the Treasury into a hatching-ground of vengeance, are living through a golden age. They are indulging their spite at no cost to themselves, and they are posing as almsgivers on the same liberal terms. For the first time in our history the budget has been employed not merely as a means of getting money but as a chance for paying off old scores. It is not the financial aspect of the budget that need distress us. Englishmen have borne heavier burdens with cheerfulness when they knew that their safety was threatened, and they will bear them again. It is the moral aspect of Mr Lloyd-George's policy which all honest men will resent, on the ground that it strikes a blow at all honest government. Financially it has not in it the seeds of success or continuity. It is very doubtful whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer understands his own proposals, some of which are in direct opposition to the declared policy of our Governors. "Back to the land," they cry, and by putting heavier burdens upon the land they make it less worth going back to than ever. It is very certain that the Chancellor will not attempt to put all his threats into practice. It is one of those budgets which are made "for all time" and superseded next year. Mr Asquith composed one such work, and Mr Lloyd-George is not far behind his leader. But the stain of animosity and unfair dealing will survive. Liquor and the land have dared to oppose the Radical party. Therefore they must pay for their contumacy. Thus a new weapon is forged for the

armoury of politics. Next year it may be the manufacturers who affront the sensibilities of Mr Lloyd-George, or the shipping industry, and they in their turn will be required to suffer for the indelicacy of their opposition. Thus we have party politics reduced to an absurdity. Henceforth he who calls the tune will pay nothing for the piper. Why should he, when he can exact a heavy tribute from those whose views of harmony differ profoundly from his own?

The result is a deep and universal disquietude. Compared with 1909 the year 1848 was a year of unbroken calm. All over the world the same ideal of depredation is cherished, and all over the world is the same threat of misery and disorder. England is in a far worse case than other European countries, because she has slipped without warning into the morass of Socialism. Pauperisation is considered the highest task of government, and the national defences are neglected that our citizens should think it worth their while to vote straight at the next election. Never were the vices of popular government more conspicuously displayed than in the last six months. Germany with her ten docks on the North Sea smiles triumphantly upon our undocked coast, and Ministers refuse to build docks as they refuse to build ships that they may squander the nation's wealth on pensions and pamper the Poor Man until he become a pest. And when at last an enemy do attack our undefended shores, what will it profit our Ministers that they hold the reins of office, or their patron that he receives every week a dole of five shillings unearned and undeserved?

And in the general collapse literature suffers like the other arts. Nothing so serious as the pursuit of letters finds a place in our modern polity. In a speech delivered recently at the Royal Literary Fund dinner, Mr Andrew Lang touched upon one hardship of these times with the gay irony and gentle humour of which he is always master. When we spoke of "literature," said he, we meant novels, and when we spoke of novels, he might have added, we meant those which can be read without effort and forgotten without regret. The world thinks as little of serious fiction as of serious history. It asks to be amused, for its idleness to be beguiled, and it vastly prefers the outsides of matchboxes or paper-bags to the best book, which demands some thought or attention of its reader. Since an unhappy Act of Parliament made education imperative, the people's ideal of "literature" has been a journal, which to a vast collection of snippets and stories adds some sort of ill-disguised lottery that promises a fortune even to the fool. Thus time is killed and the common feeling of greed pleasantly indulged. How could the graver forms of literature survive this in-

sidious competition? They have not survived it, and their professors must needs pay the penalty for their arrogance and temerity. "The historian," said Mr Lang, "was out in the cold; the essayist had ceased to be." Commercially this is true. The historian and the essayist are in the position of manufacturers who can produce only that which the public despises. It is seldom that they are rewarded even by a grudging meed of praise. It cannot be said of them with truth: *laudantur et algent.* They have as little applause as halfpence. But, asked Mr Lang, "regarding all authors, why are they so destitute and deserving?" It is all the fault of the public, which wants nothing but trivial story-books. "The rich deny themselves nothing — except books. Nobody buys books." The greatest height to which the wealthiest can aspire is to borrow of the circulating library. The truth of what Mr Lang says is beyond doubt. Except as a topic for discussion at the dinner-table literature is out of fashion, and any one may be efficient in that discussion without troubling to read a single book. That the fashion will change is certain. Snippets and motor-cars are a mixed diet that will presently pall upon the roughest palate, and aeroplanes will not always satisfy the universal appetite. In the meantime Mr Lang "begged young authors who are not novelists not to try to live by literature, not to break the bank of the Royal Literary Fund, and only to write dull books if they had other resources." It is excellent advice, and worth giving. Yet in our optimism we hope that it will be sternly rejected. There is enough of the spirit of adventure left in the world to make Mr Lang's wise counsel of no effect. Young authors (and old) will still write the books and make the researches, for which the people refuses to pay, for no better reason than the best, that they are impelled to write the books and to make the researches. The commercial argument, as none knows better than Mr Lang, is easily confuted, and the largest balance at the richest bank cannot blunt in others the prick of the artistic conscience. Moreover, the man of letters who does the work for which his talent has fitted him, finds a perpetual joy in the exercise of his craft, and would be the first to acknowledge himself content with a smaller recompense than is given to more commonplace, less arduous professions. That here and there one falls by the way need not be a fatal discouragement to the others. There is no calling that has not its accidents, and he is happy who dies on any battlefield. It is true that industry and sacrifice are necessary for the success, literary not worldly, at which the courageous writer aims—that if for a moment he fail in the fight, his best solace is the example of his masters. Yet who would not take heart when he recalls

the victories the masters have won? Even now the death of George Meredith, great in character as in genius, reminds us of the heavy burden he assumes who is determined to pursue his art for its own sake, and to make no concession to the popular taste. For half a century this valiant artist, this aristocrat of the mind, strove not to catch the passing favour, but to reach that lofty standard of excellence he proposed to himself. He was rewarded by years of neglect and ridicule. Those who understood not what he wrote thought his talent an affront. Why, they asked and are asking to-day, did he not stoop to the common understanding? And they knew not that his perfect sincerity permitted him to express himself thus and thus only. When his books failed to please others, he resolved only to please himself, and he could look back at the end of a long life upon a career unsullied by compromise or thought of self. The genius of Meredith is given but to one in a generation, his courage to no more. And the world is an immeasurably better place because he has passed through it—better not merely for his wonderful gift of insight and fancy, but for the example he set of loyalty and devotion freely offered in the service of his craft.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

COMTE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

In the April number of 'Maga' Sir Henry Brackenbury told the story of a dinner given by M. de Blowitz in Paris to Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, and related the substance of a speech made at that dinner, in which M. de Blowitz gave a romantic version of the events leading to the marriage of M. de Lesseps.

Comte Mathieu de Lesseps writes to us as follows:—

"The story concerning my grandfather M. Autard de Bragard and the marriage of my mother is quite a fairy tale. My grandfather, although he came to France on account of his wife's health and his daughters' education, was so far from being ruined that, at his death, his six children inherited each 600,000 francs; at that time this was not considered poverty. My grandfather was never employed in the works of the Suez Canal, and never thought of asking for that employment. He only got acquainted with my father, Count F. de Lesseps, at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, to which he was invited by the Khedive as first Magistrate of Mauritius Island and as a distinguished traveller. It was on this occasion that my father first met Mademoiselle Autard de Bragard, and was struck by her beauty and her charm, and married her. My mother belonged to a very ancient French family of the Dauphiné, established in Mauritius Island at the end of the eighteenth century."

We have great pleasure in publishing this statement; and Sir Henry Brackenbury, to whom we have communicated the letter of Comte Mathieu de Lesseps, writes as follows:—

"I am grateful to Comte Mathieu de Lesseps for stating the facts as regards his mother's marriage. My article in your April number related faithfully the substance of the romantic story told by M. de Blowitz at the dinner in question in presence of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. I made a note of the story at the time, but I am, of course, in no way responsible for what M. de Blowitz said. Had I known the facts were so different from his version, I should not have repeated, after this long interval of time, M. de Blowitz' story. That 'fairy story' was so graciously told, and occurred in a speech so generous in praise, that I can understand Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps did not like to correct it at the time, or to contradict his host at his own table; but the fact of his silence and his reply to my question at the time led me to believe the story was more exact than it appears to have been."

INDEX TO VOL. CLXXXV.

Abdul Hamid, despotic rule of, in Turkey, 2 *et seq.*—efforts of, to stamp out rebellion, 7 *et seq.*—a constitution granted by, 10—the new forces arrayed against, 743 *et seq.*, 863 *et seq.*

Abruzzi, the Duke of the, ascent of Mount Ruwenzori by, 63 *et seq.*

Abu, Mount, 307.

Achilgar, the Jain temple of, a visit to, 309 *et seq.*

Actæon, 574.

Admirable Crichton, the, 691.

Adrianople, description of, 272 — the first General Election at, 273 *et seq.*

Aehrenthal, Baron von, the diplomacy of, 582.

Albany, the Count of, a reminiscence of, 154 *et seq.*

Anglo-Indian Worthy, an, 706.

Ardagh, Sir John, 627.

Ardagh, Sir John, attainments and early services of, 627 *et seq.*—appointment of, as British Member of Bulgarian Commission, 631 *et seq.*—Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff in Egypt joined by, 635 *et seq.*—acceptance by, of post of Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India, 640 — charge of Intelligence Department undertaken by, 642 — retirement and death of, 644.

Ardmillan, Lord, some legal dicta of, 514 *et seq.*

Arnold-Forster, Mr, patriotic character of, 592 *et seq.*

Arnold, Sir Edwin, friendship of Sir Henry Brackenbury with, 361.

Arthur Young, Sir John Sinclair and, 658.

Balkans, Bluff in the, 579.

Bazaine, Maréchal, conduct of, at the siege of Metz, 213 *et seq.*

Bengal, causes of the late disturbance in, 286—the outlook in, 287.

Black Sea Ports, Tiflis to Constantinople *viâ* the, 70.

Blowitz, M. de, story of the romantic marriage of Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps told by, 487 — letter from Comte Mathieu de Lesseps contradicting story as told by, 886.

Bluff in the Balkans, 579.

"Bluidy Mackenzie, the," 368.

Board of Agriculture, establishment of the, 660 *et seq.*

Bornu, the Nigerian province of, climatic conditions of, 646 *et seq.*—life in, 650 *et seq.*

Boswell, 233.

Boswell, James, Lord Macaulay's injustice towards, 235—letters of, to William Temple, 236 — the sterling qualities of, 237—introduction of, to Dr Johnson, 238—studies of, for the Scottish Bar, 241—visit of, to General Paoli, 242 — short career of, as an advocate, 243—rejoins Dr Johnson, *ib. et seq.*—tour of, with Dr Johnson, 245 *et seq.*—last meeting of, with Dr Johnson, 250.

Bounder, the Cockney, 520.

Brackenbury, Sir Henry, part taken by, in founding the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, 29—services rendered by, to the sick and wounded, during the Franco-Prussian War, 31 *et seq.* — honours conferred upon, 44 *et seq.*

Interview of, with the Empress Eugénie, 203—experiences of, in Paris, during the Commune, 204 *et seq.*—meeting of, with Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst, 212—work on the French conduct of the war of 1870 written by, and its suppression, 213 *et seq.*—lectures on Military History to H.R.H. Prince Arthur by, 215—appointment of, as Assistant Military

Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley, 218.

Narrative of the Ashanti campaign by, 352—appointment of, to Natal, 354—articles by, in 'Maga,' 356, 361—contributions of, to the daily press, 357 *et seq.*—friendship of, with Sir Edwin Arnold, 361—appointment of, to Cyprus, 362—in Zululand, 364—becomes Private Secretary to Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, 365 *et seq.*

Appointment of, as Military Attaché in Paris, 483—recollections of M. de Lesseps by, 486—meetings of, with Marshal Canrobert, 488 *et seq.*—sending of, by Government, to Ireland, 491—tour of, in Spain and Morocco, 494—joins Lord Wolseley's staff in Egypt, 498—appointment of, as Head of the Intelligence Department, 504.

Letter from, regarding story of M. de Blowitz as to the marriage of Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, 886.

Breaching the Bureaucracy, 595.

British Navy, the, relegation of, to coast defence, 143 *et seq.*—true design of, 150—relative weakness of, 280—the necessities of, for efficiency, 281 *et seq.*—neglect of, by the Government, 753 *et seq.*

'British Tar in Fact and Fiction, the,' by Charles Napier Robinson, R.N., notice of, 537 *et seq.*

Broquant, Jacques, adventures of, as a corsair, 120—imprisonment and escape of, 121 *et seq.*

Budget, the, of Mr Lloyd-George, moral aspect of, 882.

Bureaucracy, Breaching the, 595.

Bush, a Fight in the, 546.

Business men, Lord Curzon's plan for the university training of, 877.

Bute, third Earl of, life of the, in retirement, 554 *et seq.*

Butler, Samuel, the "Characters" of, 768.

Calcutta, a Cateran in, 171.

Cameron Highlanders, history of the regiment of, 443 *et seq.*

Carr, Robert, meeting of Sir Thomas Overbury with, 192—life of, at the Court of James I., 193 *et seq.*—becomes Viscount Rochester, 197—intrigues of Lady Essex with, 198 *et seq.*—resolve of, to ruin Sir Thomas Overbury, 201 *et seq.*—becomes Earl of Somerset, 386—marriage of, to Lady Essex, *ib.*—trial of, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, 389—fate of, 390 *et seq.*

Cateran in Calcutta, a, 171.

Chalmers, Rev. Dr Thomas, the Christian Socialism of, 127—continuation of the social aims of, 128 *et seq.*

"Characters," 757.

Church and Social Problems, the, 126.

Clerks of the House of Commons, the, history of, 322 *et seq.*—the Assistants of, 326 *et seq.*—incomes of, 329 *et seq.*

Clitumnus, the river, classic associations and scenery of, 813 *et seq.*

Clonmel, Earl of, a novel revenge upon, 20 *et seq.*

Cockney Bounder, the, 520.

Colenso, Bishop, reminiscences of, 354.

Company of the Marjolaine, the, 151.

Compulsory training, benefits of, 277 *et seq.*

"Confederacy, the," examination of the magazine article entitled, 347 *et seq.*

Constantinople, Diary of Recent Events in, 863.

Coquelin, Constance, merits of, as an actor, 438—contrast between Sir Henry Irving and, 439 *et seq.*—characters sustained by, 441 *et seq.*

'Corsaires, Les,' by Henri Malo, notice of, 117.

Coup d'État in Turkey, the, 742.

Crabbe, 78.

Crabbe, George, characteristics of the poetry of, 79 *et seq.*, 88 *et seq.*—studies of crime by, 83—tales in verse by, 84 *et seq.*—the versification of, 90.

Crichton, James ("the Admirable"), parentage and youthful accomplishments of, 691 *et seq.*—achievements of, at Paris, 693 *et seq.*—straits of, in Genoa and Venice, 695 *et seq.*—disputations of, at Padua, 698—combats of, at Mantua, 699—the murder of, 701—learning of, 702—writings of, 704.

Crichton, the Admirable, 691.

Croker, John Wilson, Lord Macaulay's hatred of, 233 *et seq.*

Curzon, Lord, scheme of, for the reform of Oxford University, 873 *et seq.*

Cuvée Reservée; or, the Widow's Cruse, 49.

Damascus, a journey from, to Medina, by the Hedjaz Railway, 219 *et seq.*

"Danvers and Rayner," Crabbe's tale in verse of, 86.

Day in a Game Reserve, a, 770.

Deas, Lord, characteristics of, as a judge, 511 *et seq.*

Democracy, the dangers of, 141.

Diary of Recent Events in Constantinople, 863.

Dilwarra, the Jain temple of, a visit to, 309 *et seq.*

Dog, When Dog eats, 418.

Dominating Issue, the, 449.

Dunand, Charles, the privateering feats of, 123.

Earle, John, the 'Microcosmographie, or a Piece of the World Characteriz'd,' of, 766 *et seq.*
EDITORIAL NOTE: COMTE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, 887.
Egan, John ("Bully Egan"), duels fought by, 23 *et seq.*
Elcho, Lord, narrow escape of, in Switzerland, 353.
ELECTION, AT A TURKISH, 272.
Essex, Lady: *see* Howard, Frances.
FIGHT IN THE BUSH, A, 546.
FitzGerald, Edward, homage to the memory of, at his centenary, 723 *et seq.*
FLEET, OUR MANACLED, 143.
Fourmentin, Jacques-Oudart ("Baron Bucaille"), exploits of, as a corsair, 123—engagement of, by Napoleon, for a descent on England, 124.
Free Trade, unsound reasoning in support of, 459 *et seq.*—prosperity of Britain not due to, 463 *et seq.*—injury to Britain by, 465 *et seq.*
FROM SHAM TO THE CITIES OF SALIH, 219.
GAME RESERVE, A DAY IN A, 770.
German navy, the, rapid expansion of, 145, 149—menace to England of, 146, 148 *et seq.*, 738 *et seq.*
Germany, the contrast between France and, 730 *et seq.* — rivalry between Great Britain and, 736 — the new warships of, 738 *et seq.*
GODS, THESE BE YOUR, O ISRAEL! 300.
Gokhale, Mr, note by, on Indian reform, 604.
Government, the, composition of the majority of, 301 *et seq.*—loss of public confidence in, 750 *et seq.*—destructive legislation of, 753—neglect of the Navy by, *ib. et seq.*
Grattan, Henry, duels fought by, 25—attack upon, in the Irish Parliament, 26 *et seq.*
Greek, the compulsory teaching of, Lord Curzon's opposition to, 878 *et seq.*
Hall, Joseph, the "Characters" of, 758 *et seq.*
Hastings, Warren, difficulties encountered by, as Governor-General of Bengal, 710—duel between, and Philip Francis, 712 *et seq.*—last public duty of, in India, 718.
Hedjaz Railway, a journey by the, 219 *et seq.*
Herbert, George, 'A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life,' by, 767 *et seq.*
Hermand, Lord, some legal opinions of, 507.
HILLS OF SMOKE AND THE IMPERIAL PORPHYRY QUARRIES OF THE ROMANS, TO THE, 472.
'Historical Records of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders,' notice of, 443 *et seq.*
Home defence army, the need for a, 429 *et seq.*
HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE OFFICERS OF THE, 321.
House of Lords, the campaign against the, 449 *et seq.*
Howard, Frances, marriage of, to the Earl of Essex, 197—attempts of, to poison her husband, 198—the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury resolved on by, 200 *et seq.*—marriage of, to the Earl of Somerset, 386—trial of, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, 389—fate of, 390 *et seq.*
IMPERIAL PORPHYRY QUARRIES OF THE ROMANS, TO THE HILLS OF SMOKE AND THE, 472.
Import duty, result of the imposition of an, 468 *et seq.*
IN MEMORY OF SWINBURNE, 733.
INDIA, THE TANGLE IN, 286.
Indian Councils Bill, the, passing of, 595—reception of, in India, *ib. et seq.*—popular election under, 597 *et seq.*—power of councils under, 601—omission of third clause in, 602.
INTERLUDES, POLITICAL: COMIC AND OTHERWISE, 344.
Invasion of Britain, the possibility of, 435 *et seq.*
Ireland, Mr Birrell's attitude towards crime in, 588.
Irish House of Commons, fights on the floor of the, 19, 25 *et seq.*
IRISH LIFE, OLD: DUELS, 13.
ISSUE, THE DOMINATING, 449.
Jains, the Indian sect of the, 308 *et seq.*
'James Boswell' by W. Keith Leask, notice of, 238.
Janina, a journey from Corfu to, 834 *et seq.*—description of, 839 *et seq.*
JAUNT TO JANINA, A, 834.
Johnson, Dr Samuel, Boswell's introduction to, 238—Lord Macaulay's portrait of, 239—Boswell's devotion to, 243 *et seq.*—tour to the Hebrides of, 245 *et seq.*—last days of, 249 *et seq.*—Boswell's biography of, 251.
Jonson, Ben, lines of, in praise of Sir Thomas Overbury, 195—sending of, on an embassy to the Countess of Rutland, 199—Masque written by, in honour of Lord and Lady Somerset, 386 *et seq.*
JUNE, THE NEW: XLVII.-LII., 91—LIII.-LXI., 252—LXII.-LXXII (Conclusion), 392.
Labour Homes, organisation of, by the Church of Scotland, 130.
LADY LOUISA STUART, 554.
Lang, Andrew, speech of, at the Literary Fund dinner, 883 *et seq.*

LAW REPORTS, THE LITERARY SIDE OF THE, 506.
Leopards, a hunt for, in the Transvaal, 776 *et seq.*
'Les Disciplines de la France' by Paul Adam, notice of, 730 *et seq.*
Lesseps, Comte Ferdinand de, Sir Henry Brackenbury's recollections of, 486—story of romantic marriage of, 487—letter from Comte Mathieu de Lesseps regarding marriage of, 886.
Lesseps, Comte Mathieu de, letter from, as to his father's marriage, 886.
'Life of Sir John Ardagh' by Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, notice of, 627 *et seq.*
LITERARY SIDE OF THE LAW REPORTS, THE, 506.
Literature, speech of Andrew Lang on, 883 *et seq.*
LOSS OF A LUSTRUM, THE, 428.
Lytton, Lord, reminiscences of, 367.
Macaulay, Lord, attack on Croker's edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' by, 233 *et seq.*
Mackenzie, Sir George, the early years of, 370 — the first book of, 371 — becomes King's Advocate, 373 — prosecution of the Covenanters by, 374 *et seq.*—life of, at Oxford, 377.
"MACKENZIE, THE BLUIDY," 368.
MacMahon, Marshal, reminiscences of, 360.
MAN'S MAN, A, Chaps. I.-III., 605—IV.-VI., 785.
MARJOLAINE, THE COMPANY OF THE, 151.
Martin, Richard, duel fought between James Jordan and, 13 *et seq.*
MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885, SOME: III., 29 — IV., 203 — V., 351 — VI., 483.
Moncreiff, Lord, gifts and character of, 518.
MOON, THE MOUNTAINS OF THE, 61.
Morgan, Henry, taking of Panama by, 116.
Morley, Lord, proposals of, for the government of India, 288 *et seq.*—flaws in the scheme of, 295 *et seq.*—enactments of the Indian Councils Bill of, 595 *et seq.*
MOUNT ABU, 307.
MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, THE, 61.
Mountains of the Moon, the, Ptolemy's description of, 61 — attempts to explore, *ib.*—the true discoverer of, 62—solution of the riddle of, 63 *et seq.*—description of the approach to, 65 *et seq.* — accurate knowledge now gained of, 68.
"Mr Balfour's Sum in Subtraction," examination of the magazine article entitled, 344 *et seq.*
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD: *January*, 133 — *February*, 276 — *March*, 438 — *April*, 585—*May*, 723—*June*, 873.
Mynshull, Geoffrey, the 'Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners' of, 764 *et seq.*
Napoleon III., meeting of Sir Henry Brackenbury with, at Chiselhurst, 212.
National army, need of a, for home defence, 146 *et seq.*—duty of the people as regards a, 276 *et seq.*
National Service League, scheme of the, 277, 281.
National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, the, founding of, 29—work done by, during the Franco-Prussian War, 30 *et seq.*
NAVAL DEFENCE BY PANIC, 735.
Neaves, Lord, judicial idiosyncrasies of, 515 *et seq.*
NEW JUNE, THE, XLVII.-LII., 91—LIII.-LXI., 252—LXII.-LXXII. (Conclusion), 392.
Norfolk Commission, the, composition of, 428—analysis of the Report of, 429 *et seq.*
NORTHERN NIGERIA, THE YEAR ROUND IN, 645.
OFFICERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE, 321.
OLD IRISH LIFE: DUELS, 13.
Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, the, organisation and working of, 5 *et seq.*—rapid success of, 6 *et seq.*, 742—reins of government assumed by, 10 *et seq.*—the forces arrayed against, 743 *et seq.*—dislocation of, 746 *et seq.*, 864—re-established confidence in, 864 *et seq.*
OUR MANACLED FLEET, 143.
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS: I., 192—II., 380.
Overbury, Sir Thomas, early career of, 192—doings of, at the Court of James I., 193 *et seq.*—plot of Lady Essex against the life of, 200 *et seq.*—consignment of, to the Tower, 202—scheme for the poisoning of, 380—occupations of, during his imprisonment, 381 *et seq.*—death of, 385—arraignment of the murderers of, 387 *et seq.*—the "Characters" of, 757 *et seq.*
OXFORD, PAST AND PRESENT, 181.
Oxford, the admission of working men to, 133 *et seq.*, 340 *et seq.*, 728 *et seq.*, 876 *et seq.* — Gibbon's indictment against, 181 *et seq.* — the extended curriculum at, 183 — social changes at, 186—the Tractarian movement at, 188—change in political opinions at, 189—university degrees for women at, 190, 883 *et seq.*—variety of nationalities at, 335—the debating societies of, 336—habits of the undergraduates at, 338 *et seq.*—the Rhodes scholars

at, 343—Lord Curzon's scheme for the reform of, 875 *et seq.*
Oxford Undergraduate, Past and Present, the, 335.
Painters, the Two, 107.
Palmer, Sir Hugh the, 720.
Panic, Naval Defence by, 735.
Paoli, General, Boswell's interview with, at Corsica, 242.
Paris under the Commune, description of, 207 *et seq.*
Parliamentary Situation, the, 749.
Past and Present, Oxford, 181.
Pearse, Thomas Deane, parentage and education of, 706—early services of, in the Artillery, *ib. et seq.*—command of the Bengal Artillery undertaken by, 708 *et seq.*—share of, in the duel between Warren Hastings and Philip Francis, 711 *et seq.*—troops opposed to Hyder Ali commanded by, 713 *et seq.*—last days of, 718.
Petra, the rock structures of, 228 *et seq.*
Political Interludes: Comic and Otherwise, 344.
'Popular Government' by Sir Henry Maine, notice of, 139 *et seq.*
Porphyry quarries of the Egyptian Desert, a journey to the, 472 *et seq.*—description of the, 478 *et seq.*
Prisoner of War, the, 821.
Private Affairs, Urgent, 567.
Privateer, character and daring of the old-time, 115—Woodes Rogers as a, 117—the French corsair or, *ib. et seq.*
Queen Victoria's Journal, publication of extracts from, 585 *et seq.*
'Religious Stoic, the,' Sir George Mackenzie's first book, teaching of, 371.
Rescue work, interest of the Church of Scotland in, 130—need for united action by the Churches in, 131 *et seq.*
River-head, a Sacred, 813.
Robertson, Lord, literary gifts of, 519.
Rochester, Viscount: *see* Carr, Robert.
Rogers, Woodes, privateering feats of, 117.
Rosebery, Lord, speech of, on the subject of Thrift, 284 *et seq.*
Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers—*see* Norfolk Commission.
Royal Literary Fund dinner, speech of Andrew Lang at the, 883 *et seq.*
Ruskin College, Oxford, insubordination of the working-class students at the, 728 *et seq.*
Russo-Japanese conflict, far-reaching results of the, 1, 4.
'Ruwenzori; An Account of the Expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi,' notice of, 64 *et seq.*
Ruwenzori, Mount, the true discoverer of, 62—subsequent explorers of, *ib. et seq.*
Sacred River-head, a, 813.
Sailor, the, universal type of, 536—qualifications of, 537 *et seq.*—life of, on shore, 542 *et seq.*
Salamanders, with My, 844.
Salih, From Sham to the Cities of, 219.
Santa Chiara, description of the town of, 152—adventure at the Tre Croci inn of, 153 *et seq.*
Schweinehund, 856.
Scott, Sir Walter, friendship of Lady Louisa Stuart with, 560 *et seq.*
Seaman, the, 536.
Sea-Wolves, 115.
Servia, the political position of, 579—the national sentiment in, 580 *et seq.*—submission of, to the Powers, 583.
Sevastopol, present-day aspect of, 74.
Sinclair, Sir John, Parliamentary efforts of, 658—friendship of, with Arthur Young, 659 *et seq.*—Presidency of first Board of Agriculture assumed by, 661—scheme of, for a Statistical Account of England, 662—the 'Statistical Account of Scotland' compiled by, 665 *et seq.*—the treatise of, on Health, 668 *et seq.*
'Sir George Mackenzie: His Life and Times,' by Andrew Lang, notice of, 368 *et seq.*
Sir Hugh the Palmer, 720.
Sir John Ardagh, 627.
Sir John Sinclair and Arthur Young, 658.
Sir Thomas Overbury: I., 192—II., 380.
Situation, the Parliamentary, 749.
Social Problems, the Church and, 126.
Socialism, the problem of, undertaken by the Church, 128 *et seq.*
Some Memories of My Spare Time, 1856-1885: III., 29—IV., 203—V., 351—VI., 483.
Somerset, Earl of: *see* Carr, Robert.
Somerset, Lady: *see* Howard, Frances.
Stanley, Mount, the ascent of, 67.
'Statistical Account of Scotland, the,' compilation of, 665—some curiosities of, 666 *et seq.*
Story of the Young Turks, the, 1.
Stuart, Lady Louisa, 554.
Stuart, Lady Louisa, early life of, 554 *et seq.*—the household of, 558 *et seq.*—friendship of, with Sir Walter Scott, 560 *et seq.*—interest of, in Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' 564 *et seq.*
Swinburne, in Memory of, 733.
"Tales of the Hall," the, by Crabbe, description of, 85.
Tangle in India, the, 286.
Tate, Nahum, the "Characters" of, 764 and note.
Territorial Forces, weakness of the, 589 *et seq.*, 739.

Theophrastus, the "Characters" of, 758.
THESE BE YOUR GODS, O ISRAEL! 300.
Thirty-six Commandments, the, for regulating duels throughout Ireland, 15 *et seq.*
Thrift, Lord Rosebery's speech on the subject of, 284 *et seq.*
TIFLIS TO CONSTANTINOPLE *VIÁ* THE BLACK SEA PORTS, 70.
TURKEY, THE *COUP D'ÉTAT* IN, 742.
TURKISH ELECTION, AT A, 272.
Turkish Revolution, the, beginnings of, 3 *et seq.*—rapid success of, 6 *et seq.*, 742—attainment of the purpose of, 10 *et seq.*—the Mohammedan factor in, 743 *et seq.*—the second rising in, 744 *et seq.*, 863 *et seq.*—quelling of the mutiny in, 747 *et seq.*, 869 *et seq.*
TWO PAINTERS, THE, 107.
UNDERGRADUATE, THE OXFORD, PAST AND PRESENT, 335.
UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSE AND CURE, 459.
Union between Great Britain and Ireland, moving the resolution for the, in the Irish Parliament, 26 *et seq.*
University degrees for women, the question of, 190, 883 *et seq.*
URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS, 567.
VENTURE, A WINTER, 671.
WAR, THE PRISONER OF, 821
WHEN DOG EATS DOG, 418.
WIDOW'S CRUSE, CUVÉE RESERVÉE; OR, THE, 49.
"William Bailey," Crabbe's tragi-comedy of, 87.
WINTER VENTURE, A, 671.
WITH MY SALAMANDERS, 844.
Working-classes, admission of the, to Oxford, 133 *et seq.*, 340 *et seq.*, 728 *et seq.*, 876 *et seq.*
Working Men's College, Lord Curzon's scheme for the founding of a, 877 *et seq.*
WORTHY, AN ANGLO-INDIAN, 706.
YEAR ROUND IN NORTHERN NIGERIA, THE, 645.
Young, Arthur, friendship of Sir John Sinclair with, 659 *et seq.*—appointment of, as Secretary of first Board of Agriculture, 661 — latter years of, 665.
YOUNG TURKS, THE STORY OF THE, 1.

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